

## THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

1.

Arouse to hail the beauteous morn-  
The sweetest day of all the year,  
When first the wild wood-flowers appear !

2.

Oh haste thee ! Gentle spring has come !  
All blue the skies ! I wait to lead  
Thee o'er the smiling, spangled mead.

3.

The naiads of the brook awake !  
I hear their voices murmuring low,  
While dreamily the waters flow.

4.

At early dawn the swallows came,  
And chattered on my window-ledge  
Betimes ; then flew to yonder hedge.

5.

A butterfly with gauzy wings,  
Hath ventured from its chrysalis,  
Touched by the warm sun's loving kiss.

6.

How delicate the robe of Spring--  
So softly green ! Buds from the trees  
Peep out, wooed by the whispering breeze.

7.

My heart longs for the green wood, child.  
It is not very long ago  
That earth seemed dead,—all white with snow.

MARY MORGAN (Gowan LEE.)

♦♦♦

## THE DOG "FETCH."

—

Old "Fetch" was a shepherd dog, and lived in the highlands of the Hudson. His master kept nearly a dozen cows, and they ranged at will among the hills during the day. When the sun was low in the west his master would say to Fetch—"Bring the cows home," and it was because the dog did his task so well that he was called "Fetch."

One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered shady and grassy nook he at last gathered all the cattle into the mountain road leading to the barn-yard. A part of the road ran through a low, moist spot bordered by a thicket of black alder, and into this one of the cows pushed her way and stood quietly. The others passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch.

As the cows approached the barn-yard gate he quickened his pace, and hurried forward as if to say, "I'm here, attending to business." But his complacency was

disturbed as the cows filed through the gate. He whined a little, and growled a little, attracting his master's attention. Then he went to the high fence surrounding the yard, and, standing on his hind feet, peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time, he started off down the road again on a full run. His master now observed that one of the cows was missing, and he sat down on a rock to see what Fetch was going to do about it.

Before long he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and soon Fetch appeared, bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace. The gate was thrown open, and the cow went through it. Fetch then lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper.

♦♦♦

## THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF A HAIR-PIN.

FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.

—

A woman can do more with a hair-pin than a man can do with any one instrument in existence.

She takes it to button her shoes, to crimp her hair, to fasten her hat.

To button her gloves and the waist buttons of her dress, to pin her veil, to manicure her nails ; and, alas ! sometimes to pick her teeth.

To clean her comb, and to cut the pasted label on her powder-box. And she can use it as a paper-knife, or a book-mark ; to open a letter, or to draw a device upon a seal.

If she twists the ends, it becomes a tape-needle, or a safety-pin, or a key-ring. It is a very decent bodkin.

In an emergency, it is as good as an ordinary pin ; better, in fact, for it can be made to do double duty.

It supplies many of the missing intricacies of buckles, suspenders, and supporters ; and repairs any damaged domestic article requiring a few inches of wire and a little feminine ingenuity.

A woman traces a pattern with a hair-pin dipped in her shoe-blackening ; and, smoked in the gas, she uses it to pencil her eye-brows.

If no one is looking, she will use it for a nut-pick ; and if her husband is not at home, she will take it to clean his pipe or cigarette-holder.

And if he is at home, and after he has broken his pocket-knife and hunted helplessly all over the house for a "piece of wire," she will draw her hair-pin with a pitying look, and clear out the gas-burner, or re-open the waste-pipe of the stationary bowl.

How often is the hair-pin the hidden power that holds back the lace window-curtain, or poises the autumn leaf-wreath on the edge of the picture-frame.

How often does it replace the lost furniture-pin in the valence or lambrequin.

A long, stout hair-pin placed over the stem of the door-knob, with the prongs through the handle of the key, will make a timid woman feel secure against that "ever-expected burglar."

A woman can use a hair-pin as a cork-screw for any kind of bottle she cares to open.

Ever ready to her hand, whether she uses it to pick her trunk lock, or to trim a lamp-wick, to mend her bracelet or her bustle, she handles it with a dexterous grace and a confident skill that are born of inherited knowledge and educated by long-practised use.