

Poetry.

SEASONABLE VERSES.

The following little poem is timely and good :

Come, gentle April showers,
 And water my May flowers,
 The violet—
 Blue, white, and yellow, streaked with jet—
 Thick in my bed are set;
 Gay daffodilles,
 Tulips and St. Joseph's lilies
 Bethlehem's star,
 Gleaming through its leaves afar;
 Merry crocuses, which quaff,
 Sunshine till they fairly laugh;
 And that fragrant one so pale,
 Meekest lily of the vale—

All are keeping whist, afraid,
 Of this late snow o'er them laid.
 Come then, gentle April showers,
 And coax out my pretty flowers.

I am tired of wintry days—
 Have no longer heart to praise,
 Icicles and banks of snow.
 When will dandelions blow,
 And meadow-sweet,
 And cowslips, dipping their cool feet
 In little rills,
 Gushing from the mossy hills?
 I am weary of this weather,
 Vernal breezes, hasten hither,
 Bringing in your dappled train,
 Tearful sunshine, smiling rain,
 And to coax out all my flowers,
 Fall, fall gently, April showers.

Music.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

HAPPY VOICES.

The val-leys and the moun-tains, The riv-ers and the foun-tains, The
 sun-shine and the rain, The stars that shine a-bove me, The flowers that deck the sod, Pro-
 claim a-loud the glo-ry of my God. Prais-es, ho-ly ad-o-ra-tion, Prais-es
 to the God a-bove; Prais-es thro' the wide cre-ation, Sound a-loud his great-ness and his love.

And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?
 Praise him, ye that live for ever;
 Praise him every heart and voice;
 Praise him, he's the glorious giver,
 Praise him in your sorrows and your joys.

And shall the voice of nature
 Thus glorify its king;
 And man, the noble creature,
 No grateful tribute bring?
 And will he not in solemn
 And with a voice in praise.