

Behold Earth's tepid breast disclose
 The crocus, cowslip and primrose,
 Which odours sweet exhale,
 And Flora's self with all her sweets
 The Snow-drop and the Lily greets,
 In every scented vale.

Behold the joyful Lambkin plays
 And winds about in sportive maze,
 Or clips the violet blue;
 Whilst vernal Sol is seen to rise,
 All glowing from his Eastern skies,
 To sip the silvery dew.

The soil long chill'd from wintery air,
 Now mellowing bears the glittering share,
 The plowman chaunts his song.
 The Oxen seem to know the straits
 And, in obedience to the rains,
 They stoly pace along.

This wholesome labor seems to cheer,
 When hope brings distant harvest near,
 The recompense of toil;
 Though long fatigue he's doom'd to bear
 And small the portion he shall share
 Of that productive soil.

But turn away from thoughts of gloom,
 Lo every flower yields fresh perfume!
 Throughout the odorous plains,
 Mild showers descending from above,
 Wake drowsy nature into love,
 For Spring divinely reigns.
 TH. BAILEY.

THE ANGELUS.

(From Rev. Handrick Van Doorne.)

Why the three times three are rung. Why the one
 nine. At what hour, and why.

As to the first question, the threefold repeated ringing
 puts us in mind of the connection which exists between Christ
 as incarnate man and the Blessed Trinity, by means or *via*