

THE BURNING OF THE BRUSH.

HO, the busy time is here—
The upwaking of the year—
When the evening air no longer holds its hush!
How the children hail their outing,
Through the gardens merry shouting,
As they make a rubbish-routing
At the burning of the brush!

See the beacon-fires around
Signaling that Spring is found—
And no longer can the evening hold its hush!
Father hauls the branches over,
Baby bears the twigs, and Rover
Storms the tree where pussies hover
Near the burning of the brush!

Happy home-lights! "All is well"—
This the tale they surely tell—
As laughter voices ring the evening hush;
O, the gathering and the raking—
O, the crackling and the breaking—
And the jolly ready-making
For the burning of the brush!

'Mid the smoke and bramble scorch
Hope out-waves her cheery torch;
So, a-singing work we in the wakened hush;
Prepare we for the sowing—
Leaguings faith and love, as knowing
Every good has better growing
By the burning of the brush!