

## SUMMER GLORIES.

List to the sweet birds singing,  
Away in the greenwood trees,  
How sweetly carry their voices  
On the wings of the sighing breeze.

Hark to the murmuring streamlet  
Gliding o'er moss and stone,  
Through quiet dell and through dingle,  
Wending its way alone.

See how the sun sheds its glory  
Over each heath-clad hill,  
And tints each, glittering wavelet  
Of the silvery rippling rill.

Look at the wandering cloudlets,  
All fleecy and soft and white,  
As they roam o'er a sky of azure,  
Kissed by the sun's bright light.

Ah, these make the music of summer,  
Bringing gladness to young and old,  
And thrilling each poet and artist  
With rapture and pleasure untold.

## MUSINGS AT EVE.

As I roam o'er the mystical moorland  
And survey all its wonderful store  
I think of its King and Creator,  
And acknowledge His power more and more.

What beauty lies hidden to many  
Who think not of earth's many joys ;  
Who seek but the wonders of mankind  
Where the great hives of industry rise.

They know not that calm, silent Nature  
Envelopes far, far stranger things  
Than a world of commotion and bustle  
In a lifetime of energy brings.

There is more to be learnt from Dame Nature  
In one short hour spent with her kin,  
Than years upon years of toiling  
'Mid the city's dread turmoil and din.