

HERE'S TO THE SPRING!

Here's to the Spring
In a long deep draught
Of air from west and south!
Life's in its depths—
Let the rising foam
Dash on the eager mouth.
Drink, drink! life and love
Fill the cup to the rim above:
Drink, drink!

Here's to the Spring
In a dewy waft
Of odors newly born!
Earth is a child,
And her breath as sweet
As the waking breath of morn.
Drink, drink! speed the hours
Drown their cares in the breath of flowers:
Drink, drink!

Here's to the Spring
In a thousand songs
A thousand throats set free!
How the ear thrills,
And the blood leaps strong,
And the heart laughs in its glee!
Drink, drink! pours the sound—
Ho for Spring in the merry round!
Drink, drink!

BLANCHE BISHOP.

A STRANGE LIFE.

We had been reading the life of Mrs. Shelley, and were quite delighted with the circumstances under which she conceived the story "Frankenstein;" so with that inspiration one of our number wrote the following story:

Edward Everett was just graduated from an American college of note; and with his Bachelors' parchment was journeying to his home. The son of wealthy parents, he had all the opportunities for improvement that one would desire. As he rode along, he was thinking of the future as it lay before him, and the life that he would lead. Suddenly, he was interrupted in his meditations by a jerking motion of the car, and then a halt; a bridge was drawn and further travel was impossible, so the passengers found themselves left in a small country village to while away the day as best they could.

Edward Everett sauntered along the quiet road until he came to a green bank where he threw him-

self down under a spreading tree and gazed up into the clear sky; his thoughts wandered across the ocean to the crags and woods of Scotland, where he was going to spend a few months in restful travel. The cool breeze that gently fanned his cheek was as the breath of roses so laden was it with the sweet perfumes of early summer. A slow, moving procession attracted his attention; it came along the quiet street, and as it moved, he saw its mournful sadness, a strong contrast to the calm and joyous summer day. It was the funeral of some loved inhabitant, he knew at once from the general sorrow of the crowd. All the while, a bell in the little church was tolling, and, when it reached the twentieth stroke, the procession passed through the little gate and into the village church.

Out of curiosity, and perhaps from a feeling of sympathy for his fellow beings, young Everett went with the people and listened to the service: the gray-haired pastor prayed for the stricken friends who that day were forced to bury their young daughter forever from their sight. He spoke touchingly of the blighted prospects of the young maiden whose remains were then before him, and urged the young to prepare for death. All this Everett heard in a dazed fashion, for he was thinking of his own bright future, and he felt almost defiant as it flashed through his mind that Death might wrench all from him.

Hope was high within him, and he looked forward to a happy and prosperous career. The service over, according to the local custom, all were invited to take a last glimpse at the fair form which used so often to move among them. On he went with the rest and looked in the narrow casket. What he saw there was burned on his brain to his dying day; a young girl fair and lovely, the bloom of health scarce gone from her rounded cheek; her long fair hair enveloping her like a veil; robed in white and covered with sweet and beautiful flowers; truly a vision for another world.

His gaze was riveted on that face and form. "Can that body have no life?" he thought, "can the soul have fled away?" "Can I have been led here by Fate to love a breathless piece of clay?" So his thoughts were running on. His whole passionate soul was aroused, and he loved, madly loved the form that lay before him; and, to the consternation of the people, he bent down and pressed his lips on her cold brow, then quietly passed out.