

O SOFT SPRING AIRS!.....H. P. Spofford.

Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,  
Come from your silver lining seas,  
Where all day long you toss the wave  
Above the low and palm-plumed keys!

Foresake the spicy lemon groves,  
The balms and blisses of the South,  
And blow across the longing land  
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,  
The myrtle thicket where you sigh;  
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here  
The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood  
Thrills with the fulness you shall take,  
And wrapped away from life and love  
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,  
And tiptoe in the dusk and dew,  
Each sod of the brown earth aspires  
To meet the sun—the sun and you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more  
Create the old delightful things,  
And woo the frozen world again  
With hints of heaven upon your wings.

### THE ART OF ANGLING.

O how dearly Life Assurance men enjoy the holiday season at the lakes, and with what zest fresh water men of all occupations take to fishing in boats, or off the rocks at the seaside. For the moment I am forcibly reminded of a happy experience that I had some years ago fishing off the rocks of one of the many beautiful islands in Portland, Maine, harbor. Mine host, himself an ardent holiday fisher, told me that whether for Cunner or Cod, periwinkles were the choicest kind of bait, and that they were plentiful on the rocks. Taking his word for it I fished for some days with the periwinkle with fair success as regarded Cunner. They were to be

had in goodly numbers weighing from a half a pound to a pound and a half, but have to be skinned. Of Cod I had not a bite. Calling to mind the mussel bait with wupoo' used in my younger days on the western coast of Scotland, and the scalded cockles used for deep water fishing in the Hebrides, I resolved on trying my luck with clam for bait. At ebb tide clams could be dug from the muddy sand on the shore of one of the inlets. To me the periwinkle fishing savored too much of the kid glove, prunella boot, dress coat style of playing the fisherman. So one fine morning, rising early to catch the ebb tide, I doffed shoes and stockings, rolled up my pants and with grape fork in hand sallied forth in quest of the bait and secured a basketful of fine clams. It was undignified and perhaps unsuited to a man of kids and prunellas, but it was healthful and even necessary to ensure success and the highest enjoyment in fishing for the higher game—the codfish. Thus equipped and baiting with a fine plump tempting clam, I hunted from rock to rock in the deepest water alternately raising and lowering the bright, shining bait to escape the Cunner and to tempt the ever hungry Cod. Up to that day one Cod was the highest record for one fisherman any one day upon that island. That afternoon I proudly carried home nine Cod weighing from 1 lb. all the way up to 9 lb. I called that a jolly triumph for the clam bait. Next day the guests at the large hotel were clamorous to see line, hooks, bait and the spots where the catch had been made, and my host, determined to maintain the superiority of the renowned periwinkle, held that it was a mere happy coincidence, and challenged me for the morrow to a bout of Periwinkle versus Clam. Singular to relate and yet perfectly true, I repeated my previous catch of nine Cod, beating him something like three to one.

My object in writing this for the *Sunshine* is to show that the qualities of