

MORNING IN SPRING.

“Wake Child of Earth ! The blush of dawn is fading on the bosom of the wave—wake Child of Earth—arise go forth and tell me what thou beholdest.”

“I see amid rosy clouds in the east the sun broad and bright, rising above the horizon. The water beneath his rays is trembling in golden light—the spires of the churches gleam as if they were covered with fire. Now he is ascending higher ; the purple shade is vanishing from the western brow of the mountain, and in the green fields near thousands and thousands of dew-drops are glittering in his beams.”

“Look around thee, Child of Earth, yet again. What more dost thou behold ?”

“Around me I see the gay blossoms of the fruit trees, and the sweet opening flowers of Spring. I see cattle leaving the inclosures where they rested through the night, and scattering over the fields where the green young grass is springing. I see men going forth to labour