



LONGED FOR SUMMER.



SUMMER days have come at last—
 I've wearied for their coming ;
 The swallow bands are sweeping past,
 And wandering bees are humming.

The robins carol on the boughs
 Of my stately pussy willow ;
 The very lowing of the cows
 Makes the air feel mellow.

The school boy's shout at bat and ball
 Shows dreary winter's over,
 That would-be mother with her doll,
 And happy, scampering Rover.

Oh ! could I but walk again
 Throughout that clover field,
 Along the road and down the lane,
 What pleasure it would yield !

But here I lie, a stricken soldier,
 Who in life's battle struggled long ;
 Salvation's armor on my shoulder,
 Until my Captain calls me home.

Gladly shall I leave the field,
 For my Great Physician's sleeping balm
 For by His stripes I shall be healed,
 Then, oh, the crown ! the robe ! the palm !

GRANDMA GOWAN.

NOTE.—Our readers will join us in sympathy for our Canadian poet of horticulture, Mrs. Gowan, who has for some time lain quite ill at her home in Mount Royal Vale. This poem was written on her slate for us during her illness, and copied by her grand-daughter, Clara, for THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.