

SPRING-TIME.

The Spring has come again !
 Once more the robins and the bluebirds sing,
 The winds are softer with the breath they bring
 Across the sea, and all the plain
 Puts on a delicate vail of tender green
 Where the warm glances of the sun has been.

So old, yet ever new,
 Is the sweet music of the morning hour,
 The growing leafage and the budding flower,
 Yet patient Nature, read by few,
 Will come each year with bird, and leaf, and bloom,
 To teach of life renewed beyond the tomb.

How wonderful the spell
 Wrought in the silent, snowy solitude !
 How changed the aspect of the field and wood,
 And even the lowliest dell !
 And can we doubt that this renewing power
 Will wake the soul as Spring has waked the flower ?

Oh, ye with vision dim !
 Unheeding, in your narrow worldly ways,
 The precious lessons of these April days,
 Ye lose the charm of matin hymn,
 The finest beauty of the flower ye miss,
 When hints of heavenly life come not in this.

But ye of keener sight
 Live in the gladness of a faith so clear
 That love Divine transfigures all things here ;
 Even the wrong subserves the right,
 Trust finds in darkest hours a coming dawn,
 And sees through all things " God's truth marching on ! "

STOP AND WEIGH.

One morning an enraged country-man came into Mr. M's store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

" Mr. M.," said the angry country-man, " I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half wal-nuts, and that's the young villian

that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

" John," said Mr. M., " did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs ? "

" No sir," was the ready reply.

" You lie, you little villian," said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

" Now, look here," said John. " If you had taken the trouble to weigh