

THE YEARS.

When looking over the years we've lived,
How short they seem!
But look ahead! same numbered years
Seem long indeed.
But ah, the years we see ahead
Will quickly come,
And, passing by, then seem as short
As former ones.

Let's live to scatter joy and mirth,
While pass the years;
Each day fill, here on mother-earth,
With smiles and cheer;
Forgetting ills, and hurts, the wrongs
Of seeming friends,
By scatt'ring smiles, kind words, and deeds,
Till life, here, ends.

A SONG BIRD.

Often in the calm twilight,
A clear sweet song peals forth.
More often, in the morning,
The songster trills his note.
But, whether, morn or ev'n beams,
Fall gently from above,
Expectantly, we listen for
The song Canadians love.
In morn's misty, early hours,
E'er night's haze clears away,
Out in the prairie garden
He flits, from tree to tree.
Anon, he perches on a post,
And fills his chest, then hark!
You hear our sweetest songster,
The Canadian Meadow Lark.