

THE
MCMMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1897.

SPRING.

Now snow and ice no more enthral
The earth rejoicing to be free;
God pours on them the rays of Sol,
And sends them laughing to the sea.

Earth's bosom now, mightily stirred,
Begins to feel life's throb and bound;
God speaks the resurrecting word,
And bloom and beauty deck the ground.

And now the ploughman breaks the soil,
And fertilizing showers descend;
God speaks a promise for his toil—
"Seed time and harvest to the end."

And lo! the birds with plumage fair,
And songs as sweet as e're were sung;
God moves them by an instinct rare,
To woo and wed, and rear their young.

D. M. WELTON.