

The robins chirp and warble
Their April roundelay.

Hepaticas are sprouting,
The sun is shining warm,
The trees are budding, though afraid
To meet an April storm.

The ice has left the river,
It curls its wavelets blue
Around the sun-thawed islands,
Where once the snowflakes flew.

The pines look just as lovely
And quite as free from snow,
As when I came to Brockville,
Just twelve long months ago.

I love the freshening west wind,
I love the shining sun,
Yes, Winter's gone and over,
And Spring, fair Spring has come.

THE HONEST COTTAGER.

Homeward the weary mower hies
Along the leafy lane,