

. A JUNE BIRD-SONG.

BY REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT.

IN the break of a blossomy morning
Of the ever-glorious June,
I languid lay and listened
To the wild-birds' varied tune.

The lark with his high-keyed treble,
The robin's tenor strong,
The canary's wonted rapture,
Were mingled in the song.

But my ear caught a note in a minor,
So rich, so appealing, so calm,
It came to my heart like a vision,
It fell on its wounds like balm.

As one of the long-lost voices,
As my mother's used to be,
It soothed my fret and worry,
It spoke to the child in me.

It called to a soul that was simple,
Trustful, unselfish, and free,
It appealed to my higher nature,
It spoke to the God in me.

I had risen with the lark of ambition,
On passion and beauty had smiled,
Forgot that the heirs of the kingdom
Have the spirit of a child.

O bird of noble contentment !
Whatever thy name may be,
A voice in the wilderness crying,
A herald of Christ to me.

There are voices sounding from heaven
Across Time's white-capped swell,
They say with that bird of the morning,
"My child, it is well, it is well."

ANCASTER, Ont.