

From the Novascotian.
 "LONGINGS AFTER" SPRING.

I.

I long for Spring—enchanting Spring—
 Her sunshine and soft airs—
 That bless the fevered brow and bring
 Sweet thoughts to soothe our cares.
 I long for all her dear delights—
 Her bright-green forest bowers;
 Her world of cheerful sounds and sights—
 Her song-birds and her flowers.

II.

I feel for every human thing
 I hoard all human ties;
 Yet these too oft grow strange and wring
 Wild tears from loving eyes.
 But Nature, who hath charms supreme
 Throughout her varied range,
 Inspires me with a placid dream
 Unfalsified by change.

III.

These grant me oft a joy denied
 By every human tie,
 And make amends for heartless pride
 And cold aversion's eye.
 These yield the soul whose native mood
 Is governed by their own,
 A spell ecstatic yet subdued—
 A high and truthful tone.

IV.

E'en while the brumal King maintains
 His reign of dearth and gloom,
 How much of solid good remains
 To mitigate his doom.
 Sweet then to taste our well-earned cheer
 When Day's dull toil is o'er,
 And sit among our own and hear
 The elemental roar.

V.

Then, when the snow drifts o'er the moor
 And drowns the traveller's cry,
 The charities of poor to poor
 Go sweetly up on high.
 Then, while the mighty winds accord
 With Mind's eternal Lyre,
 Our trembling hearts confess the Lord,
 Who touched our lips with fire.

VI.

Yet give me Spring—inspiring Spring,
 The season of our trust,
 That comes like heavenly Hope to bring
 New life to slumbering dust.
 Restore, from Winter's stormy shocks—
 The singing of the birds—
 The bleating of the yeaned flocks—
 The lowing of the herds.

VII.

I long to see the ice give way,
 The streams begin to flow,
 And some benignant vernal day
 Disperse the latest snow.
 I long to see you lake resume
 Its breeze-kissed azure crest,
 And hear the lonely wild-fowl boom
 Along its moon-lit breast.

X.

The robin has returned again,
 And rests his wearied wing,
 But makes no music in the glen
 Where he was wont to sing.
 The blackbird chaunts no jocund strain—
 The tiny wild-wood throng
 Still of the searching blast complain,
 But wake no joyful song.

XI.

The ploughman cheering on his team
 At morning's golden prime—
 The milk-maid singing of her dream
 At tranquil evening-time,—
 The shrill frog piping from the pool—
 The swallow's twittering cry—
 The teacher's pleasant walk from school
 Require a kinder sky.

XII.

I long to see the grass spring up—
 The first green corn appear—
 The violet ope its azure cup
 And shed its glistening tear.
 My cheek is wan with stern disease,
 My soul oppressed with care;
 And, anxious for a moment's ease,
 I sigh for sun and air.

XIII.

O Month of many smiles and tears,
 Return with those bright flowers
 That come, like light from astral spheres,
 To glad Acadia's bowers!
 Young children go not forth to play—
 Life hath no voice of glee,
 Till thy sweet smiles, O genial May!
 Bring back the murmuring bee.

J. McP.

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 THE LAST OF SEVEN.

BY R. A. WILMOTT.

Oh, be not angry, chide her not,
 Although the child has err'd;
 Nor bring the tears into her eyes
 By one ungentle word.

When that sweet linnnet sung, before
 Our summer roses died,
 A sister's arm was round her neck,
 A brother at her side.

But now in grief she walks alone,
 By ev'ry flowery bed;
 That sister's clasping arm is cold—
 That brother's voice is fled.

And when she sits beside my knee,
 With face so pale and meek,
 And eyes bent o'er her book, I see
 The tears upon her cheek.

Then chide her not; but whisper now,
 "Thy trespass is forgiven;"
 How canst thou frown in that pale face?—
 She is the last of seven.