



SPRING.

SPRING succeeds to winter's day,
 Cheery, gladsome month of May,
 Thousand flowers beneath our feet,
 Bridal of the earth! 'tis meet.

Birds are hov'ring on the wing,
 And th' orioles sweetly sing,
 Safe ensconced within her nest
 Mother bird seems quite at rest.

Leaves are bursting out anew,
 Kiss the sun and sip the dew ;
 Gentle rains unseal your case,
 And the winter all efface.

Come you long imprisoned bee,
 Spring has come and sets you free ;
 Flowers are waiting on your call,
 Pollen, nectar, dew and all.

Resurrection of the year !
 Nature, her new drapery wears ;
 Cannot man believe and trust
 His resuscitated dust ?

Owen Sound.

MRS. DR. MANLEY.