PRIMAYERA. The Spring has passed this way. Look! when she trod
The daring crocus sprang up through the sod
To greet her coming with glad heedlessness,
Serce wasting to put on its leasy for solessness,
Serce wasting to put on its leasy for solessness,
And further on—mark 1 on this genule rise
She must have paused, for frail anemones O'er the his runnel, that with thicking tongue Babbles its secret troubles. Here the stopped A longer while, and on this grassy sweep, While pensively she linguard, see 'she dropped This knot of love-sick rolest from her breast, Which, as she threw them down, she must-have kineed, d, ally these almond branches flush-

To great her, and in blossoms burst as she Swept by them—gladsomely and gracefully. Where is she now ! Gone! Vain it were to take her. Here, then, let us lie green bank and weave a wreath, and our full hearts the joyous praise of bridge on the ipring, all for these dear gifts she left behind—fastened to the bar wars, the grass, the soft and odorous knew. Pursuit is vain; for she, like all things fair, And caught and prisoned. Let us not be rude, Nor seek into her presence to intrude, But praise her in the distance. Then, per-chance. chance,
She may not flee away with winged feet,
But pause and backward cast a favouring glance
And waft a fragrance to us rare and sweet,
Too eager, we our present joy may miss
In the vain chase of an imagined bitss;
The ideal joy no human hand can seize,
The dream that lures us and before us flees.

The day is passing. Let us own its spell;
And as these trees, foeling within them swell;
The blind success to the same trees, foeling within them swell.
The blind success to the same trees, foeling within the same trees.
In leaves and blossoms their mute thankfulness,
So, grateful, it us take what Nature gives:
Love be our blossoms—gentle thoughts our
leaves.

Blackwood's Magazine, W. W. S. LOVE'S LOYALTY.

Christmas in the Australian backwoods away from settlement, and without a neighbour nearer than a termile ride, is scarcely so hopeful or likely to be an joyous as those which here in our Englant to the chart of the control with the heartiest of wishes, "A merry Christmas." Indeed, contrast the two, and in Australia Christmas is no Christmas without the charm of its season. The burning heat instead of, as here, the time-honoured snow-crowned day—the day when, of all other days, peace, goodwill, and charity, whether of the heart or the pocket—charity in forgetting and forgiving—is deepest stirred, and the words, "Peace and goodwill to men," rung out by the merry bells, strike upon the heart and cry to us, "Forget and forgive!" Hard, indeed, the life which has no tie on which to lavish something of a generous feeling begotten of that day. And yet in Australia, where this sad page of a life's history opens, no poverty met the eye to stir the compassionate feelings of the heart: no biting cold on that day called forth sympathy for less fortunate brethren; and no merry bells spoke out through the hot slow-moving air to call up memories of the past, and bid men live in "peace and goodwill." Yet there is a charm in the name of Christmas; and to all to whom it comes, memory is revived. For all the weary quiet life, sheep-farming in the backwoods, it has one influence for good—ciden memories of home.

In a cabin of rough-hewn logs in the haskwoods alone, and without a heart make have—and there haske woods alone, and without a neighbour and the company to the mear to the past company to the mear to the past company to the past and owner of no some proper to the past to the past and there haskwoods alone, and without a neighbour and the past company to the past of the past o

life, sheep-farming in the backwoods, it has one influence for good—ciden memories of home.

In a cabin of rough-hewn logs in the backwoods, alone, and without a hut within a ten-mile circle. Gerald Edwards ast in the silence which was hateful so him, wreating with the olden memories of home. The recollections of the past were heavy to him.

He was a man whom one, Iooking at, would have said was born for life in the swilderness. Powerful in frame, strong in spirit, fearless, bold to desperation, the world was as nothing to him. He braved the elements and feared no danger; was wild and reckless; maybe he courted death. Yes; life was a bitterness to him, and his heart was very heavy. and imppy lovers as even to are lost it.

It was true with Gerald Edwards; and And yet we find them memory carried him back to the Christmas of a year ago, in a quiet English homestead of the fine old county town of a midland other. The old scene came before him once gain; and, mingled with his vision of the interthoughts of what appy faces which had filled that homestead.

And this is the reason arms one fairs, brighter deserve faces the second of the contract of the contr

evening in the spring, little lights feet trod, and a girl of bright beauty gild at heart, and of merry voice, looked down upon the rushing waters how y while above the ratio the she y made her voice was heard singing a metry long, and filling the quiet evening air in over-gladness of heart in very gladness of heart in the she water, and yet he could not believe the fall futland, who lived at "The Eall" in

word of the cold milldam. The squire had gene on business into bown, and she keep the time he would return and also the very pot where she could meet him. And the had started for that purpose; but the rains had been late that season, and there were the time he would meet him. And the had started for that purpose; but the rains had been late that season, and there were and force; and the question had been add the given love of the green love of the control of the cont

is sare. It seems to me that the water is a sare. It seems to me that the water is an any moment."

"Do you think so?" she said.

"Yes," he answered gravely. "But I am going down the bank to examine it, and when I return I shall fknow if there is much danger."

Saying this, be tied one end of the long cord he carried round a post on the bank, and began to descend. Ida watched him nuriously as well as anxiously, as he went carefully down the slippery bank, and disappeared in the dim light beneath the supports of the old wooden bridge. She knew now the danger which threatmed the village, and as ahe stood thinking over it and waiting for the verdict of the man who was to her mind so noble, the quick steps of an approaching house and the rattle of wheels

Ida Rutland was the only daughter of Squire Rutland, who lived at "The Hall" in the village, and who was at once half lord, half slave, of the people. No one was more open to the imponition of any one who had pitfult take to tell, or who told one, true or not. His heart was so large, and his nature as good, that Ton, Dick, or Harry had but to sand word he was ill, and forthwith the squire might have been seen werding his way agross the fields to the cottage of the mortunate sufferer. Sometimes a servant carried a heakeftel of such eatables as would have satisfied the family of Hodge for a weed. The squire was at once master, friend, minister, and dootor. Food for mind or physic for body he would dispense with the ready heartiness of a man who asked the love of those bennessh him, and thought his trouble well spent. "Nothing like twenty-for Giles' wilful son who wouldar, he would dispense with the ready heartiness of a man who asked the love of those bennessh him, and thought his trouble well spent. "Nothing like twenty-for Giles' wilful son who wouldar, he would disponse to the same than the same of the same had not to the second curtainfours' bread and water, he would asy, for Giles' wilful son who wouldar, he was the had not the same than t

what?"
"Of the mill-dam giving way," he answered. "The water, I fear, is increasing, and certainly I think the bridgeshakes more than it 'id."
"I did not notice it," she said. "I was waiting for paps, and did not think of the danger. But what do you think, Mr. Edwards?"
"Going to the town, is he? ing. "Queer Gerald, love-mad."
Gerald started when he has

waiting for paps, and did not think of the danger. But what do you think, Mr. Edwards?"

"I am afraid there is danger unless the water goes down during the night. If it were morning now, something might be done to strengthen it; but as it is we must hope for the best. I have warned the good people in the cottage below that they must watch all night. They have a boat tied at the door, so that should the dam burst and the water reach the cottage they will take to the boat and trust to it."

"You are very thoughtful," she said gravely; "and that is wny loften wish I was a man. I should never have provided for such an emergency. But men are very brave."

"I am glad you think I have done rightly. Accepting your geompliment, Miss Rutland, will you now allow me to suggest that you should leave the bridge? I cannot think it safe. It seems to me that the water has loosened the support, and if so, it may go at any moment."

"Do you think so?" she said.