

MAY.

The Spring—she is a blessed thing!
 She is mother of the flowers;
 She is the mate of birds and bees,
 The partner of their revelries,
 Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children, when they see
 Her coming, by the budding thorn,
 They leap upon the cottage floor,
 They shout beside the cottage door,
 And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
 Peeping, the withered leaves among,
 To find the earliest fragrant thing
 That dares from the cold earth to spring,
 Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

Up!—let us to the fields away,
 And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
 The bird is building in the tree,
 The flower has opened to the bee
 And health, and love, and peace are there.

Where is the man, who, when the winter is breaking up,
 and we are entering upon the month of May, cannot heartily
 take up the words of the Poet, and declare,

“The Spring—she is a blessed thing.”

Even now, I can look forward to the time when the sound of
 the “*Grelots*” shall be heard no more, when the blows of
 the ice axe shall cease, when the ice bands of the earth shall

