

Oh, come away to the bright old woods,
 As the sun ascends the skies,
 While the birdlings sing their morning hymns,
 And each leaf in the grove replies ;
 When the golden-zoned bee
 Flies from flower to tree
 Seeking sweets for its honeyed cell,
 And the voice of Praise
 Sounds its varied lays
 From the depths of each quiet dell :
 Oh, such is the hour
 To feel the power
 Of the magic bright old woods !
 Then, while sluggards dream
 Of some trifling theme,
 Let us stroll,
 With studious soul,
 Through the depths of the bright old woods.

SPRING-TIME IN CANADA.

MAJOR W. F. BUTLER (b. 1838).

When the young trees begin to open their leafy lids after the long sleep of Winter, they do it quickly. The snow is not all gone before the maple-trees are all green—the maple, that most beautiful of trees ! Well has Canada made the symbol of her new nationality that tree whose green gives the Spring its earliest freshness, whose Autumn dying tints are richer than the clouds of sunset, whose life-stream is sweeter than honey, and whose branches are drowsy through the long summer with the scent and the hum of bee and flower ! Still, the long line of the Canadas admits of a varied Spring. When the trees are green at Lake St. Clair, they are scarcely budding at Kingston, they are leafless at Montreal, and Quebec is white with snow. Even between Montreal and Quebec—a short night's steaming—there exists a difference of ten days in the opening of the Summer. But late as comes the Summer to Quebec, it comes in its loveliest and most enticing form,