

Earth with vigorous life is beaming,
Green the robes around her gleaming,
Fair the sunshine o'er her streaming,
When she welcomes Spring.

Spring comes gliding through our cities,
Whispering in the ears of man,
"I bring thee a sweet companion,
Come with me, her features scan."
Golden locks like sunbeams gleaming,
All the Graces round her dancing,
Beaming eyes and smiles entrancing,
HOPE comes with the Spring.

Spring comes teaching man this lesson—
That, as flowers renew their bloom,
We shall have immortal waking
Though our dust descends the tomb.
Then, when earthly ties are rending,
With the songs of angels tending,
May'st thou hear the "Well Done" blending
From the heavenly KING!
Thornhill, Scotland. DAVID CLARK.

TEETOTAL HYMN.

Farewell to the tankard, the cup, and the bowl,
Henceforth from their presence I'll flee;
They poison the body, they ruin the soul,—
They shall no'er be the ruin of me!
For the pledge I have taken, the pledge I'll fulfil,
And a total abstainer I mean to be still.

See, see how the tankard is foaming with rage;
But I laugh at its impotent spite,
For I mean if I can to attain to old age,
So I'll banish it out of my sight;
Let drunkards and publicans say what they will,
Yet a total abstainer I mean to be still.

The wine cup may sparkle and tempt me to sip,
It shall tempt me and sparkle in vain,
Not a drop of the poison shall moisten my lip,
While reason and life shall remain.
'Tis a vow I have made with a hearty good-will,
And a total abstainer I mean to be still.

The bowl in which thousands their reason have
drowned,
As its contents they drained to the dregs,
In my snug habitation shall never be found
Clothing me and my children in rags.
For I stand in no dread of the publican's bill,
As a total abstainer I mean to be still.

THE HOMESTEAD-FARM.

Oh, wanderers from ancestral soil,
Leave noisome mill and chaffering store,
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil
And build the home once more.

Come back to bayberry scented slopes,
And fragrant fern and groundnut vine,
Breathe the air blown over hill and copse,
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small
That life's essential wants supply?
Your homestead's title gives you all
That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many-dollar'd crave,
The brick-walled slave of 'change and mart,
Lawns, trees, fresh air and flowers you have,
More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom-willed,
With none to bid you go or stay;
Farm the old fields your fathers tilled
As many men as they

With skill that spares your toiling hands,
And chequic aid that science brings,
Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,
And reign thereon as kings.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE WIDOWED WIFE.

By Rev. T. Young, B.D., Ellon.

Mute and pale, beside her dear one,
Lying lovely in his shroud,
Sat his fair and youthful widow,
Heedless of the mourning crowd.
On his calm and marble features
Down she bent her tearless eye;
Fixed her look as though she felt not,
Till her anguish shaped this cry—
"Robin, hae ye gane without me?
I canna, winna, dae without ye!"

Prone she fell, in frantic sorrow,
Sobbing wildly on the floor:
Thrusting from her every comfort
Since her Robin was no more.
Flashed upon her anguished vision
Scenes that maddened more her brain—
Scenes of bygone love and glances,
Forcing forth this cry again—
"Robin, hae ye gane without me?
I canna, winna, dae without ye!"

From the grave where low they laid him,
Turned she to the cloudless dome;
And, by faith, through opened heavens,
Saw her Robin safe at home.
Vowed she that by grace she'd follow,
With his children at her side,
Though the way were rough and gloomy;
So, in holy hope, she cried—
"Robin, hae ye gane without me?
I canna, winna, dae without ye!"

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"Not a sparrow falls without your Father."

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought!
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old:
The litanies of nations came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe!
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles!