

THE PASSING OF THE SEASONS.

OLD Winter king his sceptre hath
Surrendered to fair Spring;
No more do brake and forest path
Know his white snowy wing.

From bondage free, the rills and brooks
Sing of victory won;
While sweetly from the forest nooks
Gay answering voices come

Of gladsome exiles, just returned
From many a distant shore,
By Winter's angry legions spurned,—
To claim their heritage once more.

On hill, in dell, by lake and stream,
Down valley and thicket green,
Do Nature's children wake to dream
Of Summer days again,

Till o'er her fields of ripening grain,
Green trees, and flowering lea,
Sere Autumn's whirlwinds come again,
And all their tenants flee