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An April Picture.

ALL Nature is awakening to the warm April sunlight which floods down and fills the valley brimful with gold. One can almost see the crumpled young leaves bursting out of their tight buds and covering the whole hill-side with a soft green veil. Here and there a maple tree adds its rosy powdering of dainty blossoms. From the woods close by come delightful and indescribable odors wafted over by the balmy breeze; the smell of sun warmed earth, of damp green moss, the fragrance of blooming Mayflowers, the promise of coming violets and of woolly ferns uncurling. The hepaticas are already here wrapt in their silvery furs, the brook babbling and gurgling on its way, rests a moment to take breath, then begins again to ripple gleefully over the shining pebbles. The old willow trees, newly clad in fluffy yellow catkins, forget that they are old and nod gaily at the giddy brook, at the same time offering the busy bees the season's first pollen. The sparrows chatter noisily and incessantly, the robins chirp cheerily, and the partridge happily drums his morning tattoo on the end of an old log. Each is doing his utmost to welcome the opening buds. A little red squirrel hopping from limb to limb stops every now and then to chuckle to himself over the fact that Mother Earth is waking up from her long sleep. The sky smiles and every living thing radiates happiness.

Suddenly across the bright sunlight flood falls a shaft of rain making a golden mist. It is the April shower and soon passes, leaving a diamond sparkling on every leaf and blade, and in the sky the many-colored arch against the blue. The spirit of Spring crowns the valley with a halo of transcendent beauty.

Light and shade, smiles and tears, our life is like an April day.

Enid G. Tufts, '10.