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LINES ON MARCH.

*The stormy March is come at last
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.*

*Ah, passing few are they who speak—
Wild stormy month!—in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.*

*For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast join'd the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.*

*And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day
When the changed winds are soft and warm
And heaven puts on the blue of May.*

*Then sing along the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.*

*The year's departing beauty hides,
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.*

*Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.*

William Cullen Bryant.