

month come the first signs of revolution. The days are growing now. Daylight lingers a full hour longer than it did in December, when the sun seemed to hurry toward the west to escape the dismal scene. Storms come as fierce as any in January, and the mercury runs desperately low at times, yet nevertheless there is something in the air that tells of spring and keeps our spirits high with hope all the while. Then comes a summer day when the sun pours out a flood of golden glory. One feels like dropping all work and basking in its beams. The wasps sleeping in the crevices and nooks of old buildings are lured from their retreats and buzz in a Summer-like way on the south slopes. Everything is still save the dripping of water or the low, alto notes of a Chicadee flitting from twig to twig. There is something impressive about this stillness. Perhaps if you listen intently you will hear the steady strokes of an axe deep in the forest. "Only a weather breeder," says our pessimistic friend. We need not be deceived by the bright sun. On the hills the wind is still raw and chilly, and by to-morrow all our dreams of Summer will vanish in a piercing storm from the Northeast.

F. L. P.

"THE HEART."

Oh could we read the Human Heart
 Its strange, mysterious depths explore,
 What tongue could tell or pen impart,
 The richness of its hidden lore.

Safe from the world's distrustful eye
 What deep and burning feelings play,
 Which e'en stern reasons power defy,
 And wear the sands of life away.

Think not beneath a smiling brow,
 To always find a joyous heart;
 For wit' bright glow and reason's flow,
 Too often hide a cankering dart.

The bird with bruised and broken wings,
 Oft tries to mount to the air again,
 Among its mates to gaily sing;
 Its last, melodious, dying strain.

The fire that lights a flashing eye,
 May by a burning heart be fed,
 Which in its anguish yearns to die
 While yet it seems to pleasure wed.