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APRIL.

When Winter's dreary course is run,
And nature, sleeping in decay,
Shall wake to greet the vernal sun
And list the robins' roundelay;
When April buds shall burst to bloom,
And strew their glory o'er the tomb
Of Winter's lonely bier:
With joyful hearts we can but sing
Sweet blessings of the new born Spring,
The morning of the year. '00.



MY LADY OF THE FIELD OF BLOOD.

THE forest way seemed endless to Carl, as he trudged wearily along, with his heavy portfolio under his arm, and he almost felt himself wishing that he had not left the cosy little inn to tramp over the rugged hills. And then, too, he had seen little to repay him for his trouble. True, he had made a sketch of a miniature cataract, tumbling from its lofty height down upon great, gaunt boulders, trickling over their mossy