

JUNGE LEIDEN: A SPRING TROUBLE

All the meadowlands were gay
Once upon a morn of May;
All the tree of life was dight
With the blossoms of delight.

And my whole heart was a-tune
With the songs of long ere noon—
Dew-bedecked and fresh and free,
As the un-sunned meadows be.

'Lo!' I said unto my spirit,
'Earth and sky dost thou inherit.'
Forth I wandered, void of care,
In the largesse of the air.

By there came a damosel,
At a look I loved her well:
But she passed and would not stay—
And all the rest has gone away.

And now no fields are fair to see,
Nor any bud on any tree;
Nor have I share in earth or sky—
All for a maiden's passing by!

W. MACDONALD.