

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

Vol. XXVIII.

MAY, 1937

No. 3

April in the Maritimes

Spring comes to us in hesitating way;
Shyly, with lingering and backward glance—
Clinging to Winter's cloak; her slow advance
Is that of one who has no mind to stay:
A wilful one, at morn all glowing—gay,
At noon as cold and cutting as a lance.
We hold our hearts and listen for, perchance,
Tomorrow she may sing a roundelay:—

Tomorrow she may call the crocus up,
And drape the birches in a tender green,
And give the sun's own kiss to daffodils;
Then, when gold glistens in the lily-cup
And meadows verdant wear a deeper sheen,
She'll vanish looking backward from the hills.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.