



Sweet Spring-Time.

Words and Music by HUMPHREY J. STARK.

PIANO. *Allegretto. f*

See each bud and bloom un - fold - ing! Na - ture's charms, once more be - hold - ing,

Fill our hearts with joy and glad - ness, And for e - ver ban - ish sad -

- ness. Ah!..... Glo - rious Spring! A - gain we greet thee!

rall. *tempo.*

Thou art ours! With songs we meet thee! Glo - rious Spring! Glo - rious Spring!

rall.
Thou art ours! With songs we meet thee!
colla voce. *f tempo.*

Drea - ry Win - ter now is fleet - ing—

Gone are days of storm and sleet - ing; Spring once more has

brought the mor - row From the night of win - ter sor - row. Ah!.....

tempo.

Glo - rious Spring! A - gain we greet thee! Thou art ours! With

rall. *tempo.*

songs we meet thee! Glo - rious Spring! Glo - rious Spring! Thou art ours! With

rall.

songs we meet thee!

rall. *tempo.*

A CONVERSAZIONE OF TELEGRAPH ENGINEERS.



HE profession of the telegraph engineer is one of the most modern of all the higher means of livelihood. Forty years ago it was hardly dreamed of, since the first public telegraph line had then only begun to be worked on a small and obscure scale between Paddington Railway Station and West Drayton, a distance of thirteen miles; and twenty-five years ago the first successful submarine cable had just been laid between Dover and Calais. It has risen into existence as a recognised profession, with the marvellous development of the electric telegraph which has taken place during the last generation. The construction and maintenance of overland lines, and the making, laying, and repairing of submarine cables, now employs thousands of gentlemen, specially trained in the theoretical and practical science of their work, and scattered all over the earth's surface,

some undergoing the monotonous career of a cable-station electrician, others watching the manufacture of cables at construction factories, or the erection of land-lines, and others at sea engaged in the exciting but trying work of repairing faulty cables.

The life of the telegraph engineer, who is employed in the service of the great submarine companies, is one of great uncertainty and change. Iron destiny, represented by the Board of Directors in some fusty City chamber, has him completely in hand, and he must hold himself prepared to obey their sudden decree, and start off to any point of the company's system, or farther, at a moment's notice. While he is enjoying the opera at Malta, the teredo-worm is, perhaps, at work under the sea gnawing out the "fault" which will summon him next morning to Bombay; or while he is spending a quiet evening with his friends in London, whom he has not seen for years, the telegram is on its way ordering him to Monte Video or to New Zealand. A young friend of mine who was