

tend to lessen the violence of storms, it also prevents our having excessive heat in summer, and extreme cold in winter; in the former case we have "three fine days and a thunderstorm," and in the winter the cold lasts long enough to tempt us to take our skates to the nearest pond, only to find on arrival that a rapid thaw has set in.

Taking all things into consideration, and carefully

balancing the good and the bad, there does not seem to be much ground for discontent on our part, and we can therefore all the more readily agree with Cowper when he wrote—

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still

Though thy clime be fickle,
And thy year most part drenched with rain."



Aubade.

Words and Music by WILLIAM H. HUNT, D.Mus., Lond., L.Mus., T.C.L.

VOICE.

PIANO. *Moderato.* *f* *p* L.H.

mf *mf*

1. The sil - ver stars, in
2. The sil - ver stars grow

f *mf*

my - riad train, Gem the calm sum - mer sky ;..... The
pale and die, Fad - eth the moon's bright ray ;..... A

rip - pling stream, the gras - sy plain, All bright with moon - beams
 man - tling blush o'er - spreads the sky, And her - alds in the

lie :..... The night - bird's song from out the steep Is ring - ing
 day :..... With ro - sy light the morn doth break, Loud sings the

sweet and clear ;..... (p) So sleep, my love— my dar - ling, sleep, Till
 chan - ti - clear ;..... (f) A - wake, my love— my dar - ling, wake— The

morn - ing light ap - pear !.....
 new - born day is here !.....

1st Verse. D.S. 2nd Verse.

L.H. D.S. f