

get case-hardened as soon as they can, and look as glossy as beetles. The banks beside these ditches, instead of being white over with daisies, are strewn with broken crockery, while an old saucepan-handle occasionally shoots out, and here and there a rag flutters from the stunted alders, and throws a cooling shadow upon the fragment of broken bottles below. Part of an old hamper, yellow with rain and rot, at the foot of which a piece of old green baize has been thrown, may, if the imagination is vivid enough, be magnified into a root of primroses. Violets too, on a washing-day, where the women use plenty of stone-blue, may by the same imaginative power, be seen to wave on these banks when they empty their washing-tubs. The Zephyrs who 'fan their odoriferous wings' in these gardens, come in the shape of door-mats and carpets, and raise such cloudy perfumes as make a man sneeze again, with the silver showers rouse every Sabrina that sits under the cool translucent sewers. These London gardens are also rich in earwigs—great, nimble, long-bodied things, which if you chance to cut them in two with the spade, make nothing at all of it, but scamper off like an engine without the train, leaving that black and cumbrous body, the carriage, behind. They are accompanied with a genteel sort of worm, with a super-abundance of legs. In the bulbs, which you have left all winter in the ground, hundreds of little innocent grubs congregate, that come forth in due time, eat up every green leaf, and then attack the stalks. In vain do you apply soap-suds and tobacco smoke; their lives hang not by a slender thread, they were never delicate nursed, but born to endure every hardship. There are thousands of such gardens as these in and around London, and hundreds of pounds are expended in the purchase of flowers in spring time to decorate these little sunless patches of earth. As for sowing seed, you might as well expect to see a crop of gravel shoot up: a kidney-bean, by the end of a week, is occupied by a thriving family of grubs.

Spring in London is borne through our streets in barrows, or sometimes carried in triumph in a basket on the heads of her votaries; besides flowers she comes crowned with radishes and young onions; or like a gleaner in autumn, bears a sheaf of rhubarb on her brow. Her hair is entwined with the sprouts of broccoli, while in her hand she carries a cream-coloured cauliflower. Sometimes you see her crammed into a little sieve, where she sits looking out of the windows in the shape of a salad. There is no room for her to flaunt in all her gay attire in this money growing city. Her very violets, as if even the perfume occupied too much space, are rolled up in leaves and paper, and sold in a dying state; for London is a great cemetery of flowers—the grave in which all the beautiful daughters of the earth and sun are buried. They cannot live amid its high-piled walls.

'High up the vapours fold and swim,  
Above them floats that twilight dim,  
The place they knew forgetteth them'

How different is springtime in the sweet, green open country, where the sunshine seems to sleep like a wide unbounded ocean, stretching to the edge of the very heaven from which the golden radiance descends! Here the silver-footed showers of April leap and chase each other from leaf to leaf; and you might fancy that every rounded drop went dancing on until it became weary, then settled down into the bells of the flowers, or slept amid the opening buds that come forth in their array of green. You here the lark singing somewhere amid the dissolving snow of the clouds, but cannot tell whether it is hidden among the blue that hangs below the floor of heaven, or amid the feathery silver that streams out like the wings of a mighty angel. Through the vernal green of the grass you see the young daisies dawn, as if a new firmament was rising out of the earth, studded with another milky-way of unnumbered stars. The bleating of the young lambs falls upon the ear with a strange dreamy sound, and you seem wandering through a newly made world—a fresh formation, that has risen above the wreck and ruin of winter, and strewn the brow of its black, naked, and volcanic-like roof with flowers. You hear the babbling of childish voices in the winding lanes, and by the woodsides, and there is a cheerful creaking on the brown and dusty highway, which fills the landscape with sounds of life, where before the snow lay like a winding-sheet over the muffled lips of the dead. The streams have broken asunder their icy fetters, and like liberated slaves with the jingling fragments dangling about them, go dancing and singing down the steep hill-sides, as if their only delight was in the motion that accompanied the sounds they made. The bees, like schoolboys broken loose, come buzzing out of the hives, and murmuring to each other as they hasten along, ransack every hidden nook in search of flowers, and wage war against the velvet buds, while these dusky and noisy foragers, the rocks, either sally out to ravage the wide neighbourhood, or stay at home, brawling and fighting among the branches of their old 'ancestral trees.' The bark-peelers are busy stripping and felling in the adjacent forest, and you inhale the rich aroma as you wander along, and sigh when you think of the baked atmosphere which you are doomed to breathe in the burning summer of the city. If you ramble beside the clear river, there in the willow holt, you see the busy osier-peelers at work, hear the rods whistling through the brake, and behold the tall paper wands spread out in the breeze and sunshine to dry. Field and farm, forest and river, hill and valley, are all alive, and throbbing beneath the stirring influence of spring.

As the season advances, the day is cheered by the glad shouting of the cuckoo, and the silence of night awakened by the songs of the nightingale, for as the voice of spring deepens, it is heard everywhere, and a hundred different choristers come from distant lands to swell the great anthem which is poured forth in our wild greenwoods.

Spring-time is the youthful season of the year; it passes its babyhood in the lap of winter, wrapped in its swaddling clothes of snow, summer is the beauty of its full manhood; and autumn with its yellow and fallen leaves, the old year in its age and decay. We have not that love for the flowers of autumn which we extend to those of spring, beautiful as many of them are, for we know that when they are withered and dead, nature must sink into a long sleep before others will grow up to replace them. With spring it is different, the violet and the primrose are quickly followed by the rose and lily, and when the Hawthorn has shed its pearl-tinted blossoms, the sweet woodbine appears with her crimson-streaked cheek. Yet if we love the flowers of spring more, we see them pass with less regret than we do those of autumn. So with the loves and friendships formed in our youthful days, the broken and parting pangs seem more severely felt at the time, but they leave not the lingering regrets which make the heart empty and desolate in its old age. In the spring of our lives we shoot up amid sunshine and beauty, but bear no fruit, even that which hangs upon the summer of our manhood is green and crude, and scarcely worthy of being garnered until mellowed by the mists of autumn. When shed and treasured, the season is again in its infancy, for the spring leaps not up from the ashes of the dying year, but sleeps throughout the long night in the womb of winter. The child cannot begin with the knowledge we leave behind us when we enter the mysterious gates of the grave. There is a closer affinity between the out-of-door world of nature and ourselves than may at a first glance appear. The bud, the leaf, the flower, and the fruit, exhibit every stage of progression from infancy, youth, and manhood, to old age. The perfection of all intellectual growth is but a superior seed dropped into fruitful soil. The spirit of Shakespeare lives not when grafted on a dull human stock—the rose cannot take root in a heap of cinders and ashes—the mountain heath withers and dies in the swampy soil of the reedy marsh.

There was a time when, to our own minds spring brought but few associations, saving such as were connected with the lengthening of the days, the return of the singing-birds, and the coming again of the flowers. Even now we can ramble throughout the livelong day, and divest our mind of all graver memories, contented to watch the shifting colours that fade over the landscape, and to burrow about the banks and hedge-tops. But amid those grave and sable hours which slowly close the curtains of the midnight, almost every distinct object assumes a shape, and has a meaning, it becomes a part of one great whole, proving that

'The whole round earth is every way  
Bound with the gold chains about the feet of God.'

The sunshine of spring comes in light and gladness, and throws open hundreds of narrow courts and suffocating alleys in London, and in the warm mild evenings, you see the inhabitants congregated on the broad pavements of the open streets, or seated upon the kerbstones, or the steps around the mouths of those inhabited charnel-houses. The little, ill-clad, half-fed, dirty children are no longer driven to their pallets of straw or shavings at so early an hour as they were in winter. They now run riot in the streets, chasing each other like swallows, forgetting even for the time the pangs of hunger in the midst of their momentary happiness. The blessed sunshine, that God scatters like gold from heaven upon the rich and poor, even in these places, produces enjoyment not the less pure, because unpurchased by the worldly man's wealth. Many of these children are shoeless. After every romp, they have to stop to replace the little dirty frocks that have slipped off their thin spindly shoulders, for every pull and drag, and rent, they will probably, when they arrive home, receive a blow, this they appear perfectly conscious of from the exclamations occasionally uttered, yet they 'bate not a jot of heart nor hope,' but run after each other with merry whoop and loud halloo, until summoned in by the shrill voices of their mothers. Many of them during the daytime, had wandered from door to door, perfect in the very trick of the beggar's suffering look and canting whine, bearing a box of lucifers or a row of pins, under cover of which they escaped the vigilance of the police. It would be difficult to recognise these juvenile impostors amongst that merry group, were we not accustomed to meet them in their walks and ancient neighbourhoods.

The village poor amid all their poverty, can see the hand of spring at work as she hangs the tender green upon the branches, and scatters flowers of every hue over upland and valley. Unpoisoned by the malaria that rises from sink and sewer, the unadulterated air of heaven blows sweetly through the open doors of their thatched cottages, and their morning sunshine comes streaming in, bright and beautiful as when it first issued from the golden chambers of the east. Instead of the waving of ill-washed garments, which send up an unhealthy smoke as the hag to dry in the city courts, the long leaves are talking to them all day long, and in place of the bawling of the coterie-mongers, who from morning until night are ever breaking the peace of the streets, their ears are greeted with the mellow pipings

of the golden billed blackbird, the music the gushes forth from the speckled throat of the kestrel, or descends like a shower of melody from the clouds, where the twinkling wings of the skylark beat. The very child sent out to tend cattle in the long wandering lanes—where appears his hunger by a hunch of brown bread, and quenches his thirst at the wayside brook—finds a hundred objects to amuse him in his solitude, and shuns all those numberless vices which lie in wait at every corner of our thickly populated cities.

Unlettered, he can roam abroad,  
And as he chooses pass the hours,  
Can linger idly by the road,  
Or loiter 'mid the wayside flowers:  
For what cares he about the morrow?  
Too young to sigh, too old to fear:  
He has no time to think of sorrow—  
He finds the daisies everywhere:  
And still sings through each green retreat,  
And plucks the flowers around his feet.

From Tait's Magazine.

#### THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

When wilt thou save the people?  
Oh God of mercy! when?  
Not kings and lords, but nations!  
Not thrones and crowns! but men!  
God! save the people! thine they are—  
Thy children—as thine angels fair:  
Save them from bondage and despair  
God! save the people.

When wilt thou save the people?  
Oh God of mercy! when?  
The people! Lord! the people!  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
Towers of thy heart, oh God! are they;  
And shall they pass like weeds, away  
Their heritage a winter's day!  
God save the people.

Thy angels are our brothers:  
Let us like them become,  
And emulate in beauty  
The first born of our home.  
Lord! they are thine, and we are thine.  
In Eden rescu'd, let us twine  
With mortal virtues love divine,  
And be earth's angels.

#### THE BIBLE.

If the question be asked, why the lovers of general reading so often fail to acquaint themselves with the Sacred Volume, one reason that may be assigned is, they are not aware of its interesting variety. This feature of the Bible is well illustrated by Mrs Ellis, in the following extract from her work entitled 'The Poetry of life.'

'With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to their widest range, we can derive from the scriptures gratifications not to be found in any other memorial of the past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the track of the lavethian in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his eyrie in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust to the cattle on a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the clear crystal stream gushing forth out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste to the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the solitary in the wilderness to the satrap on the throne—from the mourner clad in his sack cloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawing of the worm to the seraphic vision of the blessed—from the still small voice to the thunder of Omnipotence—there is no thirst for excellence that here may not meet with supply, and no condition of humanity excluded from the scope of adaption and sympathy, comprehended in language and variety of the Bible.

#### AMIALE TEMPER.

It is like the flowers springing up in our pathway reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is like sunshine falling on his heart. The cares of life forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness predominating over the natural feelings. Smiles, kind words, and looks characterise the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study then to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains its freshness and power.

#### MAN AND WIFE.

There is much sense in the remark of a modern author: man seldom prospers in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in wise endeavours, and rewards with a smile, with what confidence will he resort to his avocations. Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for his happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

#### DEATH-BED ADVICE.

The last words of Senator Ashley to those who surrounded his bed of death, were "Prepare to meet me in heaven."

## Communications.

### GLOUCESTER COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The Annual meeting of the Gloucester County Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, was held in the Court House, Bathurst, on Monday evening, the 14th instant. The Chair was occupied by WILLIAM NAPIER, Esq. After prayer by the Revd. William Henderson, of Newcastle, the REPORT of the Society for the past year, was read by the Secretary. A variety of Resolutions were advocated by H. W. Baldwin, Esq. the Rev. Messrs. Henderson, Lockhart and McDonnell, and other Gentlemen. A collection was taken up at the close, and the meeting was concluded by singing the doxology and with prayer.

#### REPORT.

There are two sentiments written by the inspired Apostle of the Gentiles, which may appropriately be applied to those who engage in promoting the circulation and study of the Holy Scriptures. In his epistle to the Galatians (4 18) Saint Paul says—'But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.' And in addressing Titus (3 8) he tells him—'This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that those affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works.'

How worthy of this zeal and of this perseverance are the objects of a Bible Society! These are, to honor God by making known His will—that will which He has revealed for the world, for every child of Adam; and to benefit every family and each individual member of every family of mankind, in the highest degree, by bringing them acquainted with those sacred truths, which the spirit of Christ employs for quickening the spiritually dead sinner, and for sanctifying the subject of regenerating grace, until meet for the inheritance of saints in light. Such are the objects which we, in our own humble sphere, have proposed that as a society we should seek and we sincerely hope that we have not totally failed, though we have much reason for self abasement and regret that we and the community around us, have done so little in this noblest of causes. Let us, however, hope in God—in that God whose oracles of truth we entreat our fellow sinners to hear and to obey. His own mandate is—'Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.' Psal. 31, 24. In this spirit let us rejoice to continue and to increase our every possible effort in the diffusion of that knowledge, which, with the blessing from on high, will make its possessor wise unto salvation.

The principal item of intelligence which your Committee have to report for the past year, is the engaging of a Colporteur, who should travel through the Province, in order to circulate the word of God in the English and in the French language. The Committee were authorised in November last, by the New Brunswick Auxiliary Bible Society, to engage Mr Elias Bertram, a native of Jersey, and then resident at Shippegan, for one year, to act as the Colporteur of that society. Mr Bertram had become known to some of the members of your committee. Of his piety, earnestness, prudence, and general fitness for the situation they had been led to form a very favourable opinion, and in consequence, warmly recommended him for the situation which he now holds under the direction of the Committee of the New Brunswick Bible Society. Mr Bertram at once acceded to the proposals made to him, and entered upon his useful and honorable labours, commencing in the lower districts of this County, where he was enabled to dispose of upwards of sixty copies either of the Bible or New Testament, a large proportion of which were sold to members of the Church of Rome, and to the Acadian population. In a letter dated Shediac, 27th May, 1848, addressed to your Secretary, Mr Bertram states that for the books he had obtained from your depository, he had realized up to that date, the sum of £7 4 11. Surely every lover of that word of truth, which the Spirit of God employs as His instrument for the regeneration and entire renovation of the human soul, will, when it is told, feel the gladdening and refreshing influence of even such a commencement. This however, is but the commencement of our Colporteur's work—much more, it is believed, will be accomplished in other parts of the Province—and we trust that the day is not far distant, when, in New Brunswick, the number of labourers and the copies of the Book of God devoutly perused, will be greatly multiplied.

The account of your Depository states, that the number of books delivered, including those supplied to Mr Bertram, from November 8, 1848, are as follows—fifteen English bibles, forty-seven English testaments, one large bible, eight second size bibles, five large testaments, twelve French bibles, and fifty-six French testaments. The account also states that there remain for sale in the depository—thirteen English bibles, forty-eight Ruby English testaments, six bibles with marginal references, nine large calf-skin bibles, four second size, six large testaments, nine French bibles, and eighteen French testaments.

Your Committee lately prepared and remitted a Bill of Exchange for Seventeen Pounds Sterling, to the British and Foreign Bible Society, London. To obtain this they paid Twenty-one pounds five shillings, currency. All the sums received by the Treasurer and the Depository, are insufficient, after paying for