

hearted sailors, as ever walked a deck or climbed aloft.

We left the ship at four bells, morning watch, and lay once more at her side as the sun dipped the horizon in the west. We secured our prize alongside, took in sail, and then went below to seek refreshment and rest from the arduous exertions of the day. G. W.

St. John, June, 1843.



THE FIRST SWALLOW.

Out on the wisdom frozen
By ice-cold doubts and fears ;
Why should life's path be chosen
Through sorrow's vale of tears ?
A child, how I detested
The "ifs" and "buts" to hear,
When, with Hope's charms invested,
Some promised joy was near—
Still in my heart is shining
That light divine which lends
Each cloud a silver lining,
O'er storms a rainbow bends.

Then welcome little swallow,
Thou'lt bring the summer fair—
With pleasant thoughts I follow
Thy waltzing through the air ;
What though bright flowers have faded,
That once my pathway bless'd,
What though green bowers are shaded,
Where sunshine used to rest,—
Yet still my soul rejoices,
And every shadow flies,
When Nature's thousand voices,
In summer gladness rise.

There's not a plant that springeth,
But bears some good to earth,—
'There's not a life but bringeth
Its store of harmless mirth—
The dusty way-side clover
Hath honey in its cells,
The wild bee, humming over,
Its tale of pleasure tells ;
The osiers, o'er the fountain,
Keep cool the water's breast,
And on the roughest mountain
The softest moss is press'd.

Thus holy Wisdom teaches
The worth of blessings small,
That Love pervades, and reaches,
And forms the bliss of all ;
The trusting eye, joy-seeking
Some Eden finds or makes,
The glad voice, kindly speaking,
Some kindred tone awakes—

Nor need we power or splendor,
Wide halls or lordly dome,
The good, the true, the tender,
These form the wealth of home.

The pilgrim swallow cometh
To her forsaken nest—
So must the heart that roameth
Return, to find its rest,
Where Love sheds summer's lustre,—
And wheresoe'er 'tis found,
There sweetest flowers will cluster,
And dearest joys abound ;
Thus Heaven to all doth render
The prize of happiness,
The good, the true, the tender,
Earth's lowliest lot may bless.



PLANTING TREES.

THE culture of flowers, has, from the earliest times, been considered a feminine employment. When the first man was placed in the "garden to dress and keep it," his more fragrant companion wrought with him among the plants and blossoms, bright with dews of Eden. According to the text of Milton, she busied herself, also, in the training of trees, aiding her lord,

"Whenever any row
Of fruit-trees, over woody, reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed bands to
check."

The planting of trees, both for fruit and shade, has, in various parts of our country, been successfully pursued by females. On large estates, or in new settlements, where stronger hands have been monopolized by rougher toils, she has taken under her own superintendence a branch which was to bear directly on domestic comfort, as well as to heighten the beauty of the domain. In the vernal season, which is usually considered most congenial to this purpose, it is pleasant to see the lady of the establishment coming forth amid the new, springing grass, or turning awhile from the freshly broken mould of her flower-bed, to attend to the nobler, and more enduring productions of Nature. With the aid of a boy, and a few simple implements of husbandry, she will be fully equal to the science of transplanting. Some practical directions are subjoined for those who may be willing to operate in this useful department.

Each tree should be taken up with great care, that its roots may be broken as little as possible. Mark accurately the spot where you desire the tree to stand, and have the cavity