

I long to see the grass spring up, —
 The first green corn appear, —
 The violet ope its azure cup,
 And shed its glistening tear.
 My cheek is wan with stern disease,
 My soul oppressed with care;
 And, anxious for a moment's ease,
 I sigh for sun and air.

Oh! month of many smiles and tears,
 Return with those bright flowers,
 That come like light, from Astral spheres,
 To glad Acadia's bowers!
 Young children go not forth to play, —
 Life hath small voice of glee,
 'Till thy sweet smiles, oh genial May!
 Bring back the murmuring bee."

What a plaintive, mellifluous flow of thoughts, and words are here. What graphic touches of scenery,—what sweetly expressed sympathy with animated nature,—what fine allusions to varied features of spring. The delicate, social, personal intimations of, resting amid our own; of the charities of the poor; of the wife; the teacher's walk,—and the wan cheek, are exquisite, as are many of the minor particulars of this poem.

McPherson's bitterest hours, seem to have had many merciful ameliorations. Beside the consolations of religion, and next to those best sources of support, he gratefully and loving, alludes, again and again, to the wife who nursed and solaced him; who heard his poems with sweet approval, from his pale lips,—and who, when his hand was too weak for the task, wrote fondly from his dictation, some of his latest verses.

His noble ambition, and worthy hope was, that his collected and published poems should afford her some pleasure and aid, when he had departed. She has a refuge from the requirements of such aid; but has frequently desired, faithfully, to see her late husband's wishes realised, and the volume presented to his child.

Nova Scotia has a duty in this respect;—the poet's letters, and a sketch of his brief history, might accompany his poems, and form a volume of the Provincial Library, having varied interest and beneficial tendency. He was not altogether neglected, thank Providence, while he lived; let his memory be honoured now, and let him still, according to his dying wishes, be, by means of the printing press, the "Bard of Acadia." T.

THE RHINE AND THE ALPS: OR, THE "BEATEN TRACK" IN 1851.

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CHAPTER IV.

SCHAFHAUSEN.—It not unfrequently happens that a fallacy runs through almost all the literature which treats of some particular subject. A fallacy once well started, appears indeed to be certain of re-appearing in print, and is most difficult to eradicate. This is particularly the case with regard to the