

with a bolder tide. So we bid farewell cheerfully to the last month of "fierce, deep unbroken winter," mindful of its pleasures and thankful for its good, freely acknowledging that though its skies are cold and its mantle white and frosty, we have experienced many enjoyments and blessings during the dominion of February.

HALF HOURS WITH OUR POETS.

FROM the noisy din of this busy and practical world, where strife and toil seem the necessary accompaniments of our existence, it is pleasant at times to turn aside, and hold commune with the gentle spirit of Poetry, that keeps her shrines and altars ever open for the worshipper, whose devotion will lead him to a pilgrimage. Despite the almost proverbial remark, that "ours is not a poetical age," there are many who love and reverence the unseen deity, and hold repeated companionship with her. In our Province for its numbers this would seem to be especially true, although from the reluctance of some writers to give their productions to the public, the prevalence of this taste may not be so generally known. Though Nova Scotia has not added a star to the bright galaxy, whose names are of immortality, she has given many a wild flower to the wreath of song, from the unpretending number, whose strains have gladdened the household, and appealed to the heart by their full knowledge of the joys and sorrows of human life. The Poet has been called "the prophet of the universe, the minister of nature and the interpreter of beauty," each of these high callings he nobly fulfils.—The lowliest devotee that ever laid an offering on the unsullied shrine of poetry, when his mission was sincere, and the tribute heartfelt and earnest, has already done something for the elevation of his race, and whispered though it may be in feeble words, of that universal bond of brotherhood which unites humanity. In the land where poetry is revered, there truth and sympathy will more prevail. It is then pleasing to know that young and uncultured as our country is considered, this beautifier of life and solacer of sorrow, has been appreciated; and we hope that the names of many who have given evidence of their labour and love in the cause and for the spirit of poetry, will become "household words" to the homes and hearts of their posterity. Since the columns of the Provincial are opened for the development of the intellectual, as well as the industrial resources of the Provinces, it may be our pleasant task to submit in the present and succeeding numbers, a few examples of the diversified poetical talent to which we have referred. Many who once gave utterance to those "wellings up of fancy," are now with the dead, but their verses still live as their sweet memorials, and from these scattered sources we have selected a few brief