

THE PROVINCIAL.

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THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

THE daylight of the awakening earth has come and gone in our changeful, uncertain month of April, and now the sunrise of the husbandman and the horticulturist is breaking upon the landscape with the sunshine and showers of May. Nature is waking up from her long sleep, and the bursting influences of life and vegetation are at work within her; there is a sense of relief in every heart,—a brightening up of the dullest sympathies,—a quickening of the most languid pulse,—a freshness of feeling to the most jaded. There is no disguising it—we are glad Spring is coming. Although the past winter has been of a most unusual character—milder than that of old England's clime—bright, soft and pleasant, with little inconvenience from frost or snow, and passing rapidly away unmarked by many of the hardships that often characterize the North American winter—still we are glad to escape from that grim old season, even in its most mitigated form. We are tired of the fireside and confinement; we have been longing for the flowers and the singing birds,—for a long bright ramble among the green old woods and beside the rushing streams,—to feel once more the softened breezes of our pleasant land that sweep over the fair hill-side and ruffle the blue lake below,—for the careless pleasure, the reviving brightness of life and spirit which comes with the glad summer time. The man of business, the Student, the Farmer, and the Florist, are all eager for Spring's coming: for say what we may with regard to the unimportance of externals, they effect us more than we willingly admit. The embellishments of life are not the least among its blessings. It must take a great amount of inward sunshine, to make the heart bound as lightly beneath the cold grey atmosphere of a December day, as beneath the bright rejoicing skies of July. Nature exercises more influence over our spirits than we are willing to allow: and it is from this cause that mankind in general turns with eagerness and hope to the first awakening of Spring, and hails with pleasure any token of a newer and fresher raiment than the bleak earth has hitherto worn.

But while all expand and rejoice in the gladness and beauty of animated nature, there is a class of our population to whom the change (though it brings