

resurrection day of Him whose advent we erewhile commemorated as the greatest boon ever bestowed on earth, and yet this festival is even more important to his followers. So March is often the favoured month in which the pascal or full moon appears which heralds the coming of this blessed day, so dear to the Christian Church as the perfection of our redemption and the consummation of our pardon.

The poor and lonely hail the coming of March as the first index of a termination to the long dreary winter which has so oppressed them, though it is often a month of more privation and hardship than any of the preceding—as the scanty stores are often altogether exhausted, and want stares them boldly in the face—but each succeeding day brings hope of better times and sunnier hours, and the fainting heart takes hope and revives once more its failing courage. And March has often sadder things than want or care, for it brings to many a home the crushing down of hope in the death bed of some beloved one, whose life and strength which has been ebbing fast away during the long hours of dreary winter, cannot bear the reaction which comes with the herald of Spring, but droops away secretly, suddenly. The flowers fade and die when the chill autumn comes, but the roots and seeds are still there to reproduce the glorious multitude when the spring time returns; but earth's human flowers, the loveliest of the household, the dearest to the heart wake not up from the touch of the spoiler. While the green fresh things of nature bud and bloom again, the wounded spirit grows weaker and fades away forever; the rose-light of hectic pales upon the cheek, and the eye so bright, like the last radiance of the dying sun, gives its final look of love and opens no more on earth. Yes, March brings death to many a quiet household, and the holy incense of sorrow shadows many a loving heart during the term that marks its brief dominion.

But we will turn to thy brighter side, rugged old March, and dream of the days of light and melody which even thy stormy voice will aid to bring. Thou hast festoons of snow and icicles, but beneath them lies the budding wreath of our own cherished blossoms, the emblems of hope and rejoicing—Acadia's Mayflowers! Spend thy tempest and thy strength, for their dominion is nearly over, and we will not grudge them a parting volley. But we look beyond the snow-drift and the stormy cloud; there are brighter things and sweeter influences which shall ere long bring us the melody of singing birds and the breath of sweet young flowers, the murmuring of loosened streams, with the quivering of green leaves playing in the golden sunshine: these are the lovely things which shall follow, and are even now trembling into life beneath the dominion of the warden of storm and fury—grim old March.

