

his tempest the clustering snow-flakes, until the glistening drift rises like some miniature pyramid in the highway or by the homestead. And ere the fleecy pile has had time to harden, or complete its world of beauty, riotous March puts on a different humour, and renews the attack in showers of furious rain, still attended by his rocking tempest, and calling in his ready ally—Frost—hardens the drops as they fall, till every bush and tree and waving branch puts on a fringe of gleaming ice, shining in the morning's sun more radiantly than ever glistened jewels in a monarch's diadem. Beautiful indeed is stormy March in this fancy attire. When the sun wakes up from his Eastern halls, and looks out upon the face of nature, his smile of welcome is mirrored back in the thousand drops of congealed crystal that hang in festoons from the eaves of the household and the bending branches. But one by one, as his smile grows warmer, they break from their frail resting places, and at last with a stunning crash they fall like broken pearls in a crowded heap to the earth below. And once again the trees lift up their bowed branches, and the yet noisy wind rattles to and fro amid their leafless twigs, and still the sun shines on,—while the white snow drifts melt and the frost-jewels gleam and disappear forever! And higher, louder rises up the voice of the rushing wind, and the homestead shakes beneath its thunder, and the waves of the wide spread ocean are lashed into fury, beneath its restless touch. And now it dies away and then breaks forth fresh and louder like the stormy sobs of an angry child, until at last it sinks into a low melancholy wail like the lament of some wounded spirit; growing weaker and fainter as the daylight wakens, until its voice is hushed to sleep and the sun rises again to smile upon a calm and quiet earth.

March brings but few anniversaries or holidays of note, if we except Erin's high festival—the celebration of St. Patrick's day. The children of the 'green isle,' situated in Acadia still cherish the traditions and customs of their forefathers and make merry on the day set apart for the commemoration of their patron saint. The light hearted Irishman dons his shamrock (if haply to find one) or else a piece of the fringed fir tree, and after performing his devotions at mass, spends the rest of the day in the festivity most congenial to his jovial nature. Here they have a procession, attended by a staff of ragged urchins, who cheer lustily as the banners pass along, and hurra for St. Patrick or 'ould Ireland' whichever may be the watchword of their fancy. We do not know that this time honoured saint was famous for much in reality, but tradition has invested his name with a thousand sanctities and virtues, his reptile-extinguishing qualities not among the least of his merits. But whatever his claim to canonization his festival is dear to the heart of the Irishman wherever he wanders, and the air of 'St. Patrick's day in the Morning' finds response in the breast of every genuine son of the green Isle.

And March sometimes has a festival as in the present month, which the whole christian world may unite to celebrate. We allude to Easter. The