

THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S., AUGUST, 1853.

THE MONTH.—AUGUST.

SUMMER'S own regal golden month! rich with beauty, glory, and luxury. The glossy leaves shake out their full green tapestry and murmur a song of triumph as the faint wind pillows itself to rest amid their drooping curtains. The flowers, and there is a legion of them now, so fair, so fresh and beautiful, so redolent with bright hues and lovely fragrance—the same glad birthright the Creator bestowed upon them in blessed Eden—spring up in every path and in every scene; nursing the sparkling dew-drops far down in their cells of sweetness; wooing the wind lovingly to fan their graceful petals, while he whispers of the kisses he has stolen by the perfume he bears to the homes of men. Beguiling the truant butterfly to rest awhile amid their sunny clusters, and folding the rifting bee as he bears away the choicest honey for his winter storehouse. Lovely they are those gentle children of dew and sunshine, shining amid the soft curls of the young and joyous, or speaking of hope and resurrection by the pale faces of the quiet dead, making a rich embroidery among the emerald grass, sending up sweetness and light from the very depths of the cold brown earth; what marvel that we love them, speaking as they do of the blessedness that we have lost, living emblems as they are of the glory that may yet be ours. Now is the harvest season of flowers and gaily do they smile beneath the warm sunbeams of golden August. The brightest crown of the fair summer, they have brought their richest jewels to glow in her proud diadem, we cannot love them too well. The more we commune with their spiritual beauty, the more will we regenerate the temple of the heart, until like the flowers, it may become a dwelling place for purity and an earnest of hope and perfection.

August is indeed the queen of the year, for she adds to beauty, power and plenty. The power of the fervid sunbeams, so intense in their sultry heat. She brings those dense warm days, which enervate the frame, but which bring ripeness to the fruit and plenty to the granary. The cherry laughs out in scarlet clusters from the drooping trees, and the simpler gooseberry in its many varieties catches the reflection from the bright crimson currants that