

that she was there—all knew it, just as if the gates of Heaven had opened and shewed her a white robed spirit at the right hand of the throne. And why should any rueful lamentation have been wailed over the senseless dust! But on the way home over the hills, and in the hush of evening beside their hearths, and in the stillness of night on their beds—all— young and old—all did nothing but weep!

*The Season.*—Spring, with all its accompaniments of light and song, has burst upon us early. Already the merry bird has found his way to the long deserted woods, and you may hear him at the break of day, as he sits upon the leafless bough, chaunting his hymn to the god of day. Already is the flower bursting the swollen bud, and the unfolding leaf is shooting its tiny form forth to catch the rain and the sunbeam. Already the earth begins to be spread with nature's velvet carpet, while the flowers, fanned by the breathing south wind, are cracking their buds and distributing their fragrance to the zephyrs—and too, business with its bustle and noise is animating every village and hamlet, and furnishing employment for the great family of man.—What an interesting picture is that of Spring! Who is able to paint it! It is the key that unlocks the seasons, and bids the earth rejoice. The same routine of nature is about taking place which has been notched in the past centuries; yet it is ever delightful, ever new; and men always welcome each season as if it was the first that had been; and part with each as if it were the last.

But we lose ourselves in the vastness of the subject, and wishing our kind patrons all the delights that the season presents, we will lay down our pen to enjoy the refreshing breeze that is just now pressing through our window, carrying to the blanched cheek of a pent-up editor its life-stirring influences, as it is warmed by the mellow rays of the sun—and content ourselves by giving a short selected article on SPRING.

"In the beautiful language of the wise man, the 'winter is now over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' In these moments we are the witnesses of the most beautiful and most astonishing spectacle that nature ever presents to our view. The earth, by an annual miracle, rises again, as from her grave, into life and beauty. A new creation peoples the late wintry desert, and the voice of joy and gladness is heard among those scenes that lay in silence and desolation.—The sun comes forth 'like a bridegroom from his chamber,' to diffuse light and life over every thing he beholds; and the breath of Heaven seems to brood with maternal love

over that infant creation it has so lately awakened into being."—*Gem.*

"Love covers a multitude of sins." When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is, to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like the painter who, being to draw the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes, and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top.

In all things preserve integrity; the consciousness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business and soften the harshness of ill success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the time may rob thee of other due reward.

A very tall Gentleman asked a smart servant, "how far is it from here to yonder?" "About three lengths of a Fool," said he;—"suppose you measure it!"

What is a Quill? It is a thing plucked from the *pinions* of one goose to spread the *o-pinions* of another.

Dogmas have driven more people mad, than the hydrophobia. Skull-cap cannot cure them; nor all the poppy and mandragora in the world restore them to the sweet sleep of calm philosophy.

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## THE CANADIAN GARLAND.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1823.

Having indulged ourself in a short respite from the vexatious confinement of a printer's life, we find on our return that our little stock of patience is nearly exhausted, after viewing the heterogeneous mass of communications intended "to pass the fiery ordeal of our optics keen." We find it impossible to insert any of them in this number, but hope to give all on hand the "go-by," in number nineteen.

The wishes of Adelaide cannot be complied with at present.

*The Lady's Book.*—The April number of this justly esteemed publication is on our table. This, like its predecessors, contains a great variety of interesting matter, original and selected, with the usual number of embellishments.

*Canadian Literary Magazine.*—We have been favored through the influence of Mr. Gurnett, with a perusal of this work, and pronounce it worthy of an extensive circulation. We give a short extract from it on our first page, and intend to take another look at it before we issue another number. The typographical part of the work reflects much credit on the press of Mr. Dalton. We solicit a continuance of the exchange.