

under the protecting trees, how often in the embrace of a snow-wreath blooms Acadia's own cherished blossom, the beautiful Mayflower! Peeping up from its embrasure of dusky green leaves, amid the crusted snow and moist mosses, are those fragrant petals, some purely white, others dyed from the faintest to the deepest shade of rose. Dear little messengers of love and beauty! like the sun-tint on the thunder cloud, the rainbow through the shower, the whisper of hope when the heart is sorest tried do they seem, in the wide spread scene of dreariness and gloom. *May flowers though they are called, they are April's children still: her sun and showers have ushered them into life, but May is their season of plenty and perfection.* The garden and wood may have many a lovely flower, but give us this nursling of the storm and the forest above them all. Well and beautifully has Frances Browne sung of the first—

"The first! the first! oh nought like it our after years can bring,
For summer hath no flowers so sweet as those of early Spring."

And truly, there is not one in our land whose affections do not cling more warmly to the simple Mayflower, than to the proudest blossom in the rich man's *parterre*.

It is the emblem of our Country,—a wreath of these beautiful flowers the device on her banners, with the appropriate motto—

"We bloom amid the snow."

Long may the Mayflower be the type of a true-hearted and a loyal people, bold to face the storms of adversity as *it* is to meet those of winter; and when the growing West becomes the Empire of the world, may the land of the Mayflower be like the now proud land of the Rose—the first in freedom, art, science, and philanthropy, rallying her children around her standard, giving battle to the oppressor, but a home and protection to the oppressed!

May, with us, is distinguished by no peculiar observance, but in "merrie England," the first day of this month is a gala-time with the country people, or was till very recently. Poets and Romancers have written so much of the sports and observances of "May-day," that they are familiar to us all. The May-pole, the garlands, the queen, the troops of merry children, the *largesse*, and the festivities are all too widely known to require comment here. Nor will we attempt a single quotation from the mass of beautiful poetry on this ever fruitful subject, lest we should not know where to stop. We will but allude to Tennyson's most beautiful and expressive poem, "The Queen of the May," in which the highest attributes of poetry, with its most touching simplicity, is blended.

In these Provinces, however, our climate is too cold and backward to indulge in much out-door celebration on the advent of this month, as May-day has more frequently a wreath of snow than of flowers. Spring is but a *myth* in Nova Scotia, that is, the Spring of the Poets; even in England, in some