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THE MONTH.—MARCH.

Riotous old March with his tempest and fury is here again. The year is going through its childhood with rapid steps. Winter may well concentrate its strength for a final triumph, for his power is waning away, and his insidious rival 'green melodious Spring' is hastening to undermine his strongholds. March comes in with the panoply of battle. The boisterous east wind is its shrill voiced trumpet, it hangs out its gathering snowdrift as its banner of victory, and gleaming icicles and jewel-like hoar frost are its glittering lances and spears. But formidable as it is in appearance, and keen as are the weapons with which its strength is girded, there is a brilliance in those lengthening sunbeams too powerful for continued resistance. Spend thy fury, grim old winter, in the commencement of thy stormy ally, but thy strength will grow weaker long ere his days are numbered. The Mayflower will waken up and bud, even though there be a mantle of white glistening snow above its veined leaves. The sap will spring to life in the old forest trees, and speak of budding boughs and fresh green leaves, meet shelter for the singing birds, that even now are whispering of migration from their sunnier homes to the pleasant northern land of their last year's abode. Hard as adamant though the chains may seem that bind the strong waters of the lakes and streams, set as gems in the waste places of fair Acadia, the warm rays of the conquering sun have already pierced to the depth of their prison, and a voice of light and sunshine is bidding them leap forth once more and banish their oppressor to his Lapland home. As the darkness gathers deeper just before the daylight breaks, so even while old-winter seems to rage more furiously than ever, there is a power abroad for his destruction, and rosy mantled Spring is hiding beneath his frosty garment. But we will speak of what is, rather than of what shall come. We will paint old March in his robes of terror—standing erect on the dreary mountain with the tempest around him, and cold and shadow at his feet. One hour breaking forth in sunshine, and gilding nature with a flood of strong living light. Anon wrapping earth in darkness, and driving on the wings of