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pared and sold by
AM B. MOFFAT,
of Anthony street, New York.

ENJ. PARSONS,
Sole Agent.
28 1848. 1

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June, 1849. n19-tf

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ICE is hereby given, that
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S. M. VIGER,
H. M. R. G.
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uron Signal,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
MAS MACQUEEN,
AND PROPRIETOR.
ET SQUARE, GODERICH.
Job Printing, executed with
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ICRON SIGNAL.—TEN SHIL-
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HURON SIGNAL.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME II. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1850. NUMBER LI.

Card.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL,
CAN be consulted at all hours, at *Mrs. Wm. F. Gooding's Front-St.*
Goderich, Sept. 13th, 1848. 33-

ALEXANDER WILKINSON,
Provincial Land Surveyor,
OFFICE AT GODERICH,
HURON DISTRICT.
Nov. 24, 9. 43

J. K. GOODING,
AUCTIONEER,
WILL attend SALES in any part of the District, on reasonable Terms. Apply at the *British Hotel.*
Goderich, March 9th 1849. 2v-5n

I. LEWIS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &C.,
June, 1848. GODERICH.

A. NASMYTH,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR:
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
Goderich, April 12, 1849. 2v-n10tf

ALFRED W. OTTER,
General Agent & Conveyancer,
COLLECTOR OF ACCOUNTS, &c. &c.
GODERICH.
Oct. 1, 1849. 2-n27

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER:
Three doors East of the Canada Co's. Office,
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
August 27th, 1849. 2v-n30

Stokes,
CHEMIST and *DRUGGIST,*
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
March 8, 1849. 2v-5n

JOHN J. E. LINTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner, Queen's Bench,
AND CONVEYANCER,
STRATFORD.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL,
AUCTIONEER,
BELL'S CORNERS,
SOUTH EASTHOPE.
March. 29, 1849. v2-n8

DR. JOHN HYDE,
[LATE FROM LONDON.]
MEDICAL HALL,
STRATFORD
July 31, 1849. 2v-26

WM. REED,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c.
LIGHT-HOUSE ST, GODERICH.
Oct. 25, 1849. 2v-n28

EDWARD CASH LL.
PAINTER & GLAZIER,
Corner of Light-House Street,
GODERICH.
October, 25, 1849. 2v-n28

WATSON & WILLIAMS,
DIXIE WATSON of Goderich,
GEORGE WILLIAMS, of Stratford,
BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. &c. and late of the firm of Hector, Weller and Williams, Barristers &c. Toronto, having this day entered into co-partnership, in the Practice, and Profession of Law, Chancery and Conveyancing, will in future keep their Offices at Goderich and Stratford, respectively, under the name, style and firm of WATSON and WILLIAMS.
DIXIE WATSON, Goderich.
GEORGE WILLIAMS, Stratford,
24th December, 1849. 2v-n47tf

☞ SUMMONSES required by the New District Court Act, and all other *BLANK FORMS* used in the District and Division Courts, on Sale at the *Signal* Office. Also, all kinds of JOB PRINTING executed on the shortest notice, and on moderate terms.
Goderich, July 19, 1849.

Blank Deeds and Memorials,
AND all kinds of DIVISION COURT BLANKS, and BLANK PROMISSORY NOTES, for sale at the Signal Office. Every discription of BOOK and JOB Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

☞ NOTICE ☜
To the Clerks and Bailiff's of the Division Courts.
THE increased demand for SUMMONSES and other BLANK WRITS, in connection with the business of the several Division Courts in the District, has warranted us in printing them in much larger quantities than heretofore, and consequently enables us to sell them much cheaper—therefore we intimate to the several Officers requiring these Blank Forms, that from this date, Summonses and all other Writs belonging to the Division Court, will be Sold at the *Signal Office* at the reduced price of
☞ TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE PER HUNDRED. ☜
Signal Office, Goderich,
6th September 1849.

LOST,
ON or about the 15th August, a POCKET MAP of the District of Huron, bound in a Black Leather Cover, (Scobie & Balfour), belonging to the District Surveyor, H. D. Any one finding it and sending it to this Office, or to the owner, will be paid for their trouble.
Goderich, Oct. 25, 1849. 2vn30-tf

Poetry.

From the New York Tribune.

A LESSON.

BY SAMUEL GASQUIONE.

Oh! list ye heartless thousands,
A lowly lesson learn:
All ye who think temptation
Your feet should never turn;
All ye who shout out "Guilty,"
Upon this felon's head,
And banish him forever,
Soon as the word is said:

Come, pause a little moment,
Ere ye; ye shout again—
Think not alone of human guilt,
But think of human pain:
Stay, stay, those wicked feelings,
That in your bosom burn,
And even from a lowly song,
A lofty lesson learn.

Learn that the guilty convict
Was once a little child,
Who found his only happiness
Whene'er his mother smiled;
Learn that his infant prattle
Might have a gentle tone—
Ah; gentle as the children's
Ye fondly call your own.

Learn, too, how soon the stripling,
Of parent was bereft,
Upon a strange and savage shore—
A little outcast left:
And, wonder not if guilty ones
Soon made his footsteps roam—
Oh! rather would it the wonder be
If they had stayed at home.

Then, while ye hear his sentence
Of banishment for years,
From home alike and human kind,
Scorn not his tardy tears;
But learn the lofty lesson,
E'en while your laws avenge,
The end of human punishment—
Reform and not *Revenge!*

Albany, Sept. 26, 1849.

AGRICULTURE.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER.

The winter may be said to have commenced about the 1st of December, although rather mild. We had not very severe frost, or much snow, previous to the night of the 22nd; but from that day to the 30th, a large quantity of snow fell, and the thermometer went down to 17 deg. below zero on the night of the 25th, with a high wind and drift. We were glad to see the land covered decently with snow before we had much severe frost, as we think it is always beneficial, in a Canadian winter, to have the soil covered, particularly meadows and pastures. The Canadian winter, far from being injurious to agriculture, is on the contrary, beneficial; where the lands are prepared properly in the fall by draining and ploughing, the frost and snow have a good effect, and they give bridges and roads to the farmers of the remoteste sections of the country, who would be shut out from markets if they had not this convenience unmasked without labor or cost to them.—Every country possesses advantages the most suitable to its situation and circumstances, and our severe winters are not the least of our advantages. We require of course to provide good shelter and good food for our animals and for ourselves; but when this is duly attended to, our winters will not be injurious to us, but the contrary. We would not think it possible that they should commence on the 1st of November, and continue to the 1st of May; but commencing, as this year, about the 1st of December, and continuing, (as we hope,) only to the 1st of April next, we shall have no cause to complain of a long winter. It is not of frequent occurrence that the winter continues after the 1st of April, or commences much before the 1st of December. We have frequently sown grain in this country from the 1st to the 7th of April; and if the soil is properly ploughed, and sufficiently drained in the fall, sowing may generally commence early in April, and the exceptions to this rule will not be of frequent occurrence. It may appear doubtful to some parties; but we are persuaded that a skillful and industious farmer, possessed of sufficient capital, will have it in his power, by judicious management, to lengthen the summers and shorten the winters, so far as it would be advantageous for him to do so. It is the unskilful and neglectful farmer that complains most of unfavorable and short summers, and long winters; because his land is not ploughed properly, or drained sufficiently, to admit of his sowing in time, or harvesting in good season. This management has the effect of forcing the work of one season into another, and not affording time or the most favorable opportunity for executing any work, or giving the crops a fair chance of the growing season. In our climate, it certainly does require that work should be executed, if possible, to the day; and loss is generally the result when this cannot be accomplished.—The object of this reasoning is to convince farmers that our climate is no reasonable excuse for bad farming and inferior crops; and so far as we are capable of judging, we would not exchange our country, our soil, or our climate, for that of any other State on this continent, notwithstanding all that is urged against our short summers and long severe winters. We may not be able to produce sugar cane, rice, or cotton, or many other tropical productions; but we are persuaded that this country can produce, *upon an average*, as heavy crops of wheat, barley, oats, rye, buckwheat, peas, beans, Indian corn, potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, mangel wurtzel, hay, and grass, as any country on the continent, from the Northern Frozen Ocean to Cape Horn.—We can also have domestic animals of every variety, as useful and profitable, (if not all so large,) as those of any other country in America, without exception. We are aware this is a bold assertion; but we make it advisedly, after a long residence in the country, and the most careful study of the subject; and we trust no true friend of Canada, or of the prosperity of her population, will dispute our proposition, without very sufficient grounds for doing so. We advocate the improvement of our agriculture, and we maintain there is nothing in our climate or soil to prevent its profitable improvement. Large crops of wheat, may, in some instances, be produced in other countries from fall sowing on fertile soil; but we feel almost certain, that even wheat, by careful management, and a selection of the most suitable varieties, we could rais in Lower Canada, as large an average as they generally do in the United States; and of other grain, roots, and hay, our averages here may be much larger than in that country. It may answer a good purpose, that we should, at the close of the past year, that has undoubtedly been a favorable one for producing crops, submit our proposition, that this country is not inferior to any other for agriculture, unless we make it so by out want of skill, neglect, or want of capital to improve its natural advantages to the uttermost. It would be foolish or useless to propose or suggest improvements that it would be impossible to introduce in consequence of inferior or unsuitable soil, unfavorable seasons, summers that were too warm, long winters, excessively severe frost, and very deep snow.

Concluded next week.

UNFADING FLOWERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Thirty years ago, a small, barefooted boy, paused to admire the flowers in a well cultivated garden. The child was an orphan, and had already felt how hard an orphan's lot. The owner of the garden, who was trimming a border, noticed the lad and spoke kindly to him.

'Do you love flowers?' said he.

The boy replied, 'Oh yes. We used to have such beautiful flowers in our garden.'

The man laid down his knife, and gathering a few flowers, took them to the fence, through the pannels of which the boy was looking, and handed them to him, saying as he did so,

'Here's a nice little bunch for you.'

A flush went over the child's face as he took the flowers. He did not make any reply, but in his large eyes, as he lifted them to the face of the man, was expression of thankfulness, to be read as plain as words in a book.

The act on the part of the man was one of spontaneous kindness, and scarcely tho't of again; but by the child, it was never forgotten.

Years went by, and through toil, privation and suffering, both in body and mind, the boy grew up to manhood. From ordeals like this, come forth our most effective men. If kept from vicious associates, the feel of feeling and mental activity becomes ambitious, and rises to society above the common level. So it proved in the case of this orphan boy. He had but few advantages of education, but such as were afforded he eagerly embraced. It happened that his lot was cast in a printing office; and the young compositor soon became interested in his work. He did not set the types as a mere mechanic, but went beyond the duties of his calling, entering into the ideas to which he was giving verbal expression, and making them his own. At twenty-one he was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence and force of character. At twenty-five he was the conductor of a widely circulated and profitable newspaper, and as a man, respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

During the earnest struggle that all men enter into who are ambitious to rise in the world, the thoughts do not often go back and rest, meditatively, upon the earlier time of life. But after success has crowned each well-directed effort, and the gaining of a desired position, no longer remains a subject of doubt, the mind often brings up from the far off past most vivid recollections of incidents and impressions that were painful or pleasurable at the time, and which are now seen to have an influence, more or less decided, upon our whole after life. In this state of reflection sat one day the man whom we have here introduced. After musing a long time deeply abstracted he took up his pen and wrote hastily—and these were the sentences he traced upon the paper that lay before him:—

'How indelibly does a little act of kindness, performed at the right moment, impress itself upon the mind. We meet, as we pass through the world, so much of rude selfishness, that we guard ourselves against it, and scarcely feel its effects. But spontaneous kindness comes so rarely, that we are surprised when it appears, and delighted and refreshed as by the perfume of flowers in the dreary winter. When we were a small boy, an orphan, and with the memory of a home forever lost too vivid in our young heart, a man into whose beautiful garden we stood looking, pulled a few flowers, and handed them through the fence, speaking a kind word as he did so. He did not know, and perhaps never will know, how deeply we were touched by his act.—From a little boy we loved flowers, and ere that heaviest affliction a child ever knows—loss of parents—fell upon us, we almost lived among them. But death separated between us and all those tender associations and affections that to the hearts of children are like dew to the tender grass, we entered the dwelling of the stranger, and were treated thenceforth as if we had or ought to have, no feelings, no hopes, no weaknesses. The harsh command came daily and almost hourly to our ears; and not even for work well done, or faithful service, were we cheered by words of commendation.

One day—we were not more than eleven years old—something turned our thoughts back upon the earlier and happier time when we had a true home, and was loved and cared for. We were once more in the garden and among the sweet blossoms, as of old, and the mother on whose bosom we had slept, sat under the grape arbor while we filled her lap with flowers. There was a smile of love on her face, and her lips were parting with some word of affection, when, to scatter into nothing these dear images of the lonely boy, came the sharp command of a master, and in obedience we started forth to perform some needed service. Our way was by the garden of which we have spoken; and it was on this occasion, and while the suddenly dissipated image of our mother among the flowers was re-forming itself in our young imagination that the incident to which we have alluded occurred. We can never forget the grateful perfume of these flowers nor the strength and comfort which the kind words and manner of the giver imparted to our fainting spirit. We took them home, kept them fresh as long as water would preserve their life and beauty; and when they faded, and the leaves fell, pale and withered, upon the ground, we grieved for their loss as if a real friend had been taken away.

It is a long, long time, since that incident occurred; but the flowers which there sprung up in our bosom, are fresh and beautiful still. They have neither faded nor withered—they cannot, for they are *Unfading Flowers.* We never looked upon the man that gave them to us that our heart did not warm toward him. Twenty years ago lost sight of him; but, if still among the dwellers of the earth, and in need of a friend, we should divide with him our last morsel.'

An old man, with hair whitened by the snows of many winters, was sitting in a room that was poorly supplied with furniture, his head bowed down, and gaze cast dreamily upon the floor. A pale young girl came in while he sat thus musing. Lifting his eyes to her face, he said, while he tried to look cheerful,

'Ellen, dear, you must not go out to-day.'

'I feel a great deal better, grandpa,' replied the girl forcing a smile. 'I am able to go to work again.'

'No, child you are not,' said the old man firmly; and you must not think of such a thing.'

'Don't be so positive, grandpa.' And as she uttered this little sentence in a half-playful voice, she laid her hand among the thin gray locks on the old man's head and smoothed them caressingly. 'You know that I must not be idle.'

'Wait child until your strength returns.'

'Our wants will not wait grandpa.' As the girl said this, her face became sober.—The old man's eyes again fell to the floor, and a heavy sigh came forth from his bosom.

'I will be very careful and not overwork myself again,' resumed Ellen, after a pause.

'You must not go to-day,' said the old man arousing himself. 'It is useless.—Wait at least until to-morrow. You will be stronger then.'

'If I don't go back I may lose my place. You know I have been home for three days.'

'Work will not wait. The last time I was kept away by sickness, a customer was disappointed;—and there was a good deal of trouble about it.'

Another sigh came heavily from the old man's heart.

'I will go,' said the girl. 'Perhaps they will let me off for a day longer. If so, I will come back, for I must not lose the place.'

No farther resistance was made by the old man. In a little while he was alone.—She had gone to work. Her employer would not let her go away, feeble as she was, without a forfeiture of her place.

About mid-day, finding that Ellen did not come back, the old man, after taking some food went out. The pressure of seventy winters was upon him, and his steps were slow and carefully taken.

'I must get something to do. I can work still,' he muttered to himself, as he moved along the streets. 'The dear child is killing herself and all for me.'

But what could he do? Who wanted the services of an old man like him, whose mind had lost its clearness, whose step faltered, and whose hand was no longer steady? In vain he made application for employment. Younger and more vigorous men filled all the places and he was pushed aside. Discouraged and drooping in spirits, he went back to his home, there to await the fall of evening, which was to bring the return of the only being left on earth to love him. At nightfall Ellen came in. Her face so pale in the morning, was now slightly flushed; and her eyes were brighter than when she went out. The grandfather was not deceived by this; he knew it to be a sign of disease. He took her hand—it was hot; and when he stooped to kiss her gentle lips, he found them burning with fever.

'Ellen, my child, why did you go to work to-day? I knew it would make you sick,' the old man said in a voice of anguish.

Ellen tried to smile and not appear so very ill; but nature was too much oppressed.

'I have brought home some work, and will not go out to-morrow,' she remarked. 'I think the walk fatigued me more than anything else. I shall be better in the morning, after a good night's sleep.'

But the girl's hopes failed in this. The morning found her so weak that she could not rise from her bed; and when her grandfather came into her room to learn how she passed the night he found her weeping on her pillow. She had endeavored to get up, but her head, which was aching terribly, grew dizzy, and she fell back under a despairing consciousness that her strength was gone.

The day passed, but Ellen did not grow better. The fever still kept her body prostrate. Once or twice, when her grandfather was out of the room, she took up the work of it while sitting up in the bed. But ere a minute had passed she became faint, while all grew dark around her. She was no better when night came. If her mind could have rested—if she had been free from anxious and distressing thoughts, nature would have had power to re-act, but as it was, the pressure was too great. She could not forget that they had scarcely so much as a dollar left, and that her old grandfather was too feeble to work. Upon her rested all the burden of their support and she was now helpless.

On the next morning Ellen was better.—She could sit up without feeling dizzy, tho' her head still ached, and the fever had only slightly abated. But the old man would not permit her to leave the bed, though she begged him earnestly to let her do so.

The bundle of work that Ellen had brought home, was wrapped in a newspaper, and this her grandfather took up to read some time during the day.

'This is Mr. T——'s newspaper,' said he as he opened it, and saw the title. 'I know T—— when he was a poor orphan boy.—But of course he don't remember me. He's prospered wonderfully.

And then his eyes went along the columns of the paper, and he read aloud to Ellen such things as he thought would interest her. Among others was a reminiscence by the editor—the same that we have just given. The old man's voice faltered as he read. The little incident, so feelingly described, had long since been hidden in his memory under the gathering dust of time. But now the dust was swept away, and he saw his own beautiful garden. He was in it and among the flowers; and wishfully looking through the fence stood the orphan boy. He remembered having felt pity for him, and he remembered as if it were but yesterday, though thirty years had intervened, the light that went over the child's face as he handed him a few flowers that were to fade and wither in a day.

Yes, the old man's voice faltered while he read; and when he came to the last sentence, the paper dropped upon the floor, and clasping his hands together he lifted his dim eyes upward, while his lips moved in whispered words of thankfulness.

'What ails you, grandpa?' asked Ellen in surprise. But the old man did not seem to hear her voice.

'Dear grandpa,' repeated the girl, 'why do you look so strangely?' She had risen in bed, and was bending toward him.

'Ellen, my child,' said the old man, a light breaking over his countenance, as tho' a sunbeam had suddenly come into the room—'it was your old grandfather who gave the flowers to that poor little boy. Did you hear what he said?—he would divide his last morsel.'

The old man moved about the room with his unsteady steps, talking in a wandering way, so overjoyed at the prospect of relief for his child, that he was nearly beside himself. But there yet lingered some embers of pride in his heart, and from these the ashes were blown away and they became bright and glowing. The thought of asking a favor as a return for that little act, which was to him, at the time, a pleasure, came with a feeling of reluctance. But when he looked at the pale young girl who lay with her eyes closed and her face half buried in the pillow, he murmured to himself, 'It is for you—for you.' And taking up his staff he went tottering into the open air.

The editor was sitting in his office, writing, when heard the door open, and turning, he saw before him an old man with bent form and snowy head. Something in the visitor's countenance struck him as familiar; but he did not recognise him as one whom he had seen before.

'Is Mr. T—— in? inquired the old man.

'My name is T——,' replied the editor.

'You?' There was a slight expression of surprise in the old man's voice.

'Yes, I am T——, my friend,' was kindly said.

'Can I do anything for you? Take this chair.'

The offered seat was accepted; and as the old man sunk into it, his countenance and manner betrayed his emotion.

'I have come,' and his voice was unsteady, 'to do what I could not do for myself alone. But I cannot see my poor, sick grandchild wear out and die under the weight of burdens that are too heavy to be borne. For her sake I have conquered my own pride.'

'There was a pause.

'Go on,' said T——, who was looking at the old man earnestly, and endeavoring to fix his identity in his mind.

'You don't know me?'

'Your face is not entirely strange,' said T——. 'It must have been a long time since we met!'

'Long? Oh yes! It is a long, long time. You were a boy, and I unbent by age.'

'Markland!' exclaimed T——, with sudden energy, springing to his feet as the truth flashed upon him. 'Say, is this not so?'

'My name is Markland.'

'And do we meet again thus?' said T——, with emotion, as he grasped the man's hand.

'Ah, sir, I have never forgotten you.—When a sad hearted boy, you spoke to me kindly, and the words comforted me when I had no other comfort. The bunch of flowers you gave me—you remember it, no doubt—are still fresh in my heart. Not a leaf has faded. They are as bright and green, and full of perfume as when I first hid them there; and there they will bloom forever—the unfading flowers of gratitude. I am glad you have come, though grieved that your declining years are made heavier by misfortune. I have enough and to spare.'

'I have not come for charity,' returned Markland. 'I have hands, they would not be idle, though it is not much that they can accomplish.'

'Be not troubled on that account, my friend,' was kindly answered. 'I will find something for you to do. But first tell me all about yourself.'

Thus encouraged, the old man told his story. It was the common story of the loss of property and friends, and the approach of want with declining years. T—— saw that pride and native independence was still strong in Markland's bosom, feeble as he was, and really unable to enter upon any serious employment;—and his first impression was to save his feelings at the same time that he extended to him entire and permanet relief. This he found no difficulty in doing, and the old man was soon after placed in a situation where but little application was necessary, while the income was all-sufficient for the comportable support of himself and grand-child.

The flowers offered with purely a humane feeling, proved to be fadeless flowers; and their beauty and perfume came back to the sense of the giver, where all other flowers were dead or dying on his dark and dreary way.

THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Alas! alas!" said the sorrowing Tree, "my beautiful robe is gone; it has been torn from me! Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot as he searches for his nut; they float upon the passing stream and on the quivering lake. Woe is me! for my dear, green verdure is gone. It was the gift of the Angel of the Leaves! I have lost it, and my glory is vanished; my beauty has disappeared; my summer honors have passed away. My Bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent into a thousand parts. Who will weave me such another! Piece by piece has it been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on air. The sweet sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my disolation—they have flown away with their songs.

"I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile; the zephyre breathed softly through its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them.—My shadow was wide upon earth; my head was lifted high, and my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me;—my head is shorn; my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shadow upon the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness is gone out of my bosom. The blood has retired from my heart and sunk into the earth. I am thirsty I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air; the keen blast comes pittiless among them. The winter is coming. I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion; mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the Angel, who clothed me, for the loss of this beautiful gift?'

The Angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentations:

"My beloved Tree," said he, "be comforted! I am by the still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs; but let my whisper console the. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me. Keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee abide and cheer thee through the coming Winter. Then will I return and clothe thee anew.

"The storm will drive rudely over thee; the snow will sift among thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms; but it shall soon dissolve to tears. It shall pass into the ground and be drunk in by thy roots. Then will it creep up, in secret, beneath thy roots.—Then will it creep up, in secret, beneath thy bark, and spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help to adorn them.—I shall be here to use it!

"Thy blood has now retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom, for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent, she knows all the wants of her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them. The sap that has for a while gone down will make thy roots strike deeper, and spread wider; and renewed and strengthened, it shall return to nourish thy heart. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every bough. I will unfold another robe for thee. I will color and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up of joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season!"

The Angel was gone. The cold, muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came and howled round the tree. But the word of the Angel was hidden in her heart. It soothed her amid the threatnings of the tempest. The ice-cakes rattled on her limbs, and loaded and weighed them down.

"My slender branches," said she, "let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction—break not! but bend, till you can spring back to your place. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the Angel will reward you for patience. You will wave in a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and a renewed beauty hang around you."

The scowling face of Winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to fragments; these scattered on the sky, and were brush-