

(ORIGINAL.)

SONG OF THE EARLY CROCUS.

Long, long have we slept in our cells deep and dark.
While o'er us his vigils so cold,
Stern winter has kept, and clutch'd us as fast,
As e'er clutch'd the miser his gold.

But gaily we laugh'd as we heard the soft fall
Of the feathery snow o'er our heads ;
And little he thought as he buried us so,
How warm we all lay in our beds.

The proud boasting aster that stood till he came,
And dahlia that flaunted so gay,
Grew pale at his touch, and trembled with fear,
While he kiss'd them, and pass'd on his way.

We heard the loud tramp of his icy-shod heels,
As swift o'er the earth he careered,
Enchaining the streams, and shrouding in snow,
The lawns, and the trees he had scared ;

And folding close round us our mantles of silk,
We scarce, save in whispers, dare speak,
Lest the tyrant should hear us, and pause in his
course,
To tear us from out our retreat.

But now, sisters, come, for forth I have peep'd,
And weak and recumbent he lies
His nerves all unstrung, his giant strength gone.
And death and despair in his eyes,—

While ever him dances the gay laughing spring,
Strewing buds on his cold pallid brow,
And calling us forth with her own gentle voice,—
Come, sisters, delay not, come now !

Peep forth through this crevice and see the bright
skies,
And hear the glad rush of the streams ;
Hark, hark to the song of the cuckoo and jay,
And look where the butterfly gleams.

I scent the rich breath of the violet's lips,
On the gale that has kiss'd her young flowers ;
And I weep that *they* first, should have burst into
bloom,
When to herald the spring has been ours.

Come forth then, faint-hearted ! come, follow my
steps,
For see, I have pierced the dark mould,
My petals expand to the zephyr's caress,
And the honey-bee pilfers my gold.

Then up from their couches that bright bevy sprang,
And round them like sentinels bold,
In liveries of green, the young leaflets stood ranged
To guard them from danger and cold,

And joyous they danced on their pale trembling
stems,
And blithe was the lay that they sung,
But none, save the ear of the tiniest fay,
Might catch the sweet notes as they sung.

Montreal, April, 1839.

E. L. C.

THE LINDEN TREE.

OF every tree connected with rural economy, perhaps the linden is the most valuable. In Russia its properties are so well understood that we see it growing in every hamlet and village, possessing a soil capable of nourishing it. The wood is not only manufactured into furniture, but into a variety of domestic utensils. Cords and matting are made from its inner rind, while its aromatic blossoms not only perfume the air and feed the bees, but make an agreeable tisane for the invalid. The Circassians feed their bees on the blossoms to produce the fine green honey, aromatic in odour and delicious in flavour, esteemed so rich a delicacy by the rich gourmands of Constantinople and Teheran. In order to ensure its good qualities the honey is removed from the hive previously to the blossom changing its colour. The young and tender sprigs, with their foliage, serve to mix with the fodder during the depth of winter, being highly palatable to the cattle. I have already, in my previous works, more than once alluded to this very useful tree, with a desire to promote its cultivation in this country ; for, independent of its utility, it is ornamental, and may be seen adorning nearly every public garden and promenade in Germany.—*Spencer's Travels in the Western Caucasus.*

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

Thy thoughts are heavenward ! and thy heart, they
say,

Which love—oh ! more than mortal, failed to move,
Now in its virgin casket melts away,

And owns the impress of a Saviour's love !
Many, in days gone by—full many a prayer,

Pure, though impassioned, has been breathed for
thee,

By one who once thy hallowed name did dare,
Prefer with his to the Divinity !

Requite them now ! Not with an earthly love ;
But since with that his lot thou may'st not bless—

Ask, what he dare not pray for from above—
For him the mercy of forgetfulness !

C. F. H.

—*New York Mirror.*

Bashfulness has as little in common with modesty,
as impudence has with courage.

Relatives are not necessarily our best friends ; but
they cannot do us an injury, without being enemies
to themselves.