THE PROVINCIAL.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

MAY! the month of poetry and flowers, according to the old chroniclers, is here again ; but we in the Provinces can say but little for its sunny skies and balmy air. It is, however, with all its disadvantages a pleasant month, after the frost and dreariness of winter. We have here the first sunshine that whispers of summer, the first flowers that tell of the lovely myriad yet to brighten the face of nature. The green grass springs up rapidly by the roadside, and the robin sings sweetly in the early light of morning. Everything speaks of brighter days, from the first tiny bud quivering on the rugged bough, to the denizens of the lower creation. The blue lake once more flows freely along, and its glad waves sparkle in the noon-day, and mirror limningly the rich hues of sunset far down in its bosom.

The alternate sunshine and showers of April have softened the sterility of nature, and vegetation wakes forth with renewed vigour. There is a chilliness in the east wind at times, but there are gentler breezes from the softer south, and the old trees sway playfully beneath its influence. March has gone by with its fury and tempest ; winter like an angry child expended itself there in passion, and will slumber for a long time in the exhaustion that ensues. April has also passed away with its tearful clouds and smiling sunbeams— nature finding again her simile in the child, whose short lived griefs give place to bursts of joy equally evanescent. She like an exploring messenger, prepared the way, and now May has burst upon us in the first fair raiment of the spring, and promises us a treasury of the richest beauty that nature can bestow.

It is very pleasant even now to go forth into the old woods and mark the first foot-prints of spring—

> " The pine wears a softer fringe of green,
> And the moss looks bright where its step hath been."

The maple is donning its robe of crimson blossoms, and the Indian pear and wood cherry contrast beautifully in their snowy raiment. And' there