

laden with the breath of May, will spring and shoot into stems, leaves and flowers. Thicker and brighter the fairy robes of summerland will flake the limbs of the pear, peach and apple-tree, all jewelled with blossoms. June will hang tassels on the larch, and embroider the willow till it droops from very weight of beauty and weeps that it cannot woo the sky.

Spring is here. Come, weary student; come, maiden, pale with heart sorrow, Spring will breathe the breath of life upon your languid frames, and with her magical dyes, paint your cheek with health.—Come, happy child, seek flowers bright as your youth; come, matron, wearied with winter cares, come out in the broad sunlight, and repent that you have thought life is a shadow, because its pulse beat under the frost.

Glorious Spring! exhaustless pleasure wait upon thy presence. Welcome! thrice welcome.—*Olive Branch.*

### A London Boy.

Young people in our favored land have very little idea of the sufferings of the poor in England and elsewhere. The following sketch will give them some idea of the truth:—

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools of the metropolis, I became interested in a lad of ten or twelve years of age, with a frank, open countenance, though somewhat dirty and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally and ask such curious questions of his teacher that I could but smile. His practical observations on certain portions of the Scriptures if clothed in eloquent language, would have done honor to men of education. There was a free-heartedness in him that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down beside him to ask him some questions.

"Where do you live?" I asked, "and how?"

"I live anywhere I can," he replied, "and almost how I can."

"But," said I, "what is your trade or business? What do you generally do for a living?"

"I am a water-cress boy," he replied, "and get up every morning, and go on foot three or four miles, and often six or eight into the edge of the city, to buy the water cresses. I get a basket for a shilling, and by crying them a whole day, generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging."

"But can you live on a shilling a day?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well, but often I don't make a shilling, and then buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under one of the arches of the London Bridge, or in some crate or box down on the wharves."

Just then the superintendent came along, and as I took his arm, he said—

"The lad you have been talking with comes here every night to learn to read, and although he cannot get to sleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up at two, yet he is always punctual."

Lately his mother was imprisoned for back rent—ten shillings. The brave boy almost starved himself, and slept out of doors, to save money to release her.

### To Correspondents.

B. T.—As we have said before, so we now repeat, postage stamps will be received as cash for all sums under \$1, either for the *Advocate* or *Cadet*. Send in the names, and be particular in naming the post-office to which you wish the papers sent.

ZERO.—We do not think you as cold as your signature indicates. Try again—spring has come—and you will not fail to get the number of subscribers you wish.

STUDENT.—There are many Latin Grammars in use, and, if you are going to a good school, you will, of course, use the one recommended by your teacher. But if you are about to study Latin without the aid of a master, we advise you to procure McClintock's First Book. It is an excellent work, and thorough in its details.

SENEX.—We thank you for your commendations and suggestions. We would rather make our young readers wise than witty. Notices of good and useful books for families may occasionally be given. They are often of great service, but require to be written judiciously, lest the notices degenerate towards the too common practice of mere booksellers' puffing.

P. L.—The League is destined to accomplish much good. We advise you to unite with it, if you are of sufficient age, to take an interest in, and aid its operations.

TEMPERANTIA.—"One Glass" not quite good enough.

AMELIA of Montreal. Her answer to the enigma of March correct.