

THE PROVINCIAL.

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"Winter shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white and cold and mute."

Is fully realized during the reign of February. We have now the intense cold, the concentrated strength of the frost-king—who feels that his empire will not be of much longer duration, so rules while he may with a tyrant's power. The crisp snow rattles under the footstep, and the blue frosty sky has the cold glimmer of the eye that belongs to a hard heart. There is nothing now in nature that we can sympathize with. All is grand, even beautiful, but cold hard, cruel in its majesty. It is the most trying month of the year to the poor; the demand for fuel has almost exhausted their slender means. Few know of the suffering and hardship experienced by many of their number during this inclement season of winter, although within the last few years it has been locally ameliorated by the benevolence of District Visiting Societies, so indefatigable in their exertions for the relief of the destitute. There is still however, much privation and want both in the country and town, and more in February than at any other season. We all begin to weary of winter in this month, and long for some change in the face of nature. The amusements entered into with so keen a zest at the commencement of the year, are losing their relish, and we desire once more to behold the sunny skies, and feel the gentle breezes of a warmer season. We must, however, have patience yet—there is many a frosty day and long keen night before us, ere we can hope for spring—so we must e'en make the best of the present time, and enjoy what it has treasured up for us.

Mrs. Sigourney calls winter

"The jewel keeper of the heary north
With revenue more rich than sparkling diamonds."

And Allen Cunningham tells us

"It is a happy time—God gives the earth repose,
And earth bids man wipe his hot brow.
The poet pours his rhyme, and earth awakes."