

hostess after long demurring would at last yield, wondering how so great a man could stoop to such humble work,—and leaving deep impressions on her mind in regard to his deep humility. Not imagining for a moment that the coated viands were chosen by him, as well as his position, to prevent any contact with external pollution.

Of another we have read, who at one of his stopping places, in company with a fellow laborer, found filth and poverty so associated, as to propose himself as cook of the only article of food to be had in the shanty, viz., pumpkins,—selecting one of suitable size, he divided it into two equal parts, and after taking out the internal, loose, unpalatable portions, boiled what he designed for supper. After undergoing this necessary operation, he hands one moiety to his brother, retaining the other, then they pour milk into the cavity, and partake of as much as serves to quiet the cravings of hunger.

CANADIAN WINTER SCENERY.

As we are just now gliding into what is nominally a *Spring* month, although rude winter is still struggling for the ascendancy, it may not be amiss for us to give permanency to some of the pictures which the scenes that have passed before us during the last four moons have daguerreotyp-ed on our imagination and memory. We wonder at those who talk of the gloom of *Winter*: for, although spring, summer, and early autumn are pre-eminently beautiful; and each has a beauty of its own, which while it lasts may seem unequalled by any other season:—*Winter*, like the rest, charms the observant eye.

Spring is the beauty of tender, simple, loving childhood; *Summer* is the beauty of youth; and early *Autumn* is the beauty of ripe, symmetrical, manly prime. Who has not felt the grateful influence of the first warm zephyrs of early spring? His eyes gladdened by the deep green of the opening foliage of shrub and tree, the modest beauty of the violet, or the more gaudy color of the dandelion and cowslip? And scented with gratitude, the fragrance of the “Balm-of-Gilead,” and the “Smell of fields which the Lord had blessed?” How musical the hum of bees, and other busy insects! The twitter of numberless birds while constructing their nests in the

“Deep, tangled wild wood!”

Summer exhibits clear, azure skies, waving grass and grain, still green and in blossom, swaying in the wind, and scattering the clover’s fragrance far and wide on the perfumed atmosphere. The activities of man, with hoe, or scythe in hand, add to the interest of these scenes. Autumn’s is