

Joyous they sing amid the clustering leaves,
 Warbling their loves; their ærial arbours build;
 Their beauteous young comes forth where flowers spring.
 And kindred nature most of favor shows.
 Morn's earliest breath bears on its balmy wings
 Their sweetest note, where latest slumbers keep
 Their soft embrace, and with our ling'ring dreams
 Enchantment mingles: and throughout the day
 With merry chirping they pursue their toil,
 Till waning light directs their early rest.
 The Spring is ever fair; she plants her flowers
 And hangs her garlands on the rugged rocks;
 Her tenderest green, makes fresh the mountain dell,
 And bleakest spot where winter revelled free.
 The streamlet, now uncurbed, seeks out the plain,
 And gladly skips where pebbles scarce impede
 Its lucid wave; anon it rolls along
 With movement slow and gentle, and the ray
 Of noon shows all within its bosom pure;
 And as it flows it to the earth repays
 The beauty which it found supplied erewhile.
 Along its banks spring shrub and flower, which bend
 Their graceful foliage to be mirrored there,
 And with abundance stoop to kiss the stream,
 And weep their odors in the dews of morn.

S. K.

Pictou, 1852.

Another correspondent sends us some verses headed by the question—what is life? The subject is so hackneyed—almost every poetaster having tried his hand at the solution—that one grows weary of the enigma and its thousand answers. In the lines before us we have nothing fresh or original in manner or treatment, and can only insert a limited extract:

What is life? 'Tis but a vapour thin—
 That vanisheth away;
 A ripple o'er the waters blue—
 A span—a dream—a day!

'Tis as the summer foliage
 That was so bright and green
 And now in vain we look for it
 'Tis nowhere to be seen.

Lines for an Album, though probably well suited to the occasion by which they were elicited and acceptable to the person for whom they were written, do not possess sufficient general interest to be laid before our readers. The verses answering a child's question, "What is love?" possess but little poetic attraction and are therefore respectfully declined. Several other papers received and not noticed in this place, will have insertion hereafter. We conclude at present with the letter of a Correspondent, prefacing a narrative with which we have been kindly furnished, descriptive of a voyage to Europe:

"Having received by the last Steamer from a very old friend, long resident in Britain, the enclosed manuscript, I at once decided to place it in your hands, although it was originally never intended for publication.