

probably with wild horror they viewed the wave, in which, as it rolled on like a vast mountain, they read their final doom; and, perchance, as they were being entombed in the deep; they rested their cares upon Him who directeth the winds, and pointeth out to the stars their course.

At the approach of spring we behold revolutions which should fill every attentive observer with admiration. Nature gradually assumes the life she seems to have lost during the winter; the earth is ever spread with verdure, and the trees open out in bloom. Everything is animated, everything revives; and new life which is manifest in nature, is produced by the return of warmth which awakens their productions and puts in motion their recruited powers. These changes are but too often permitted by the unthinking to pass unnoticed.

Now the drying winds of April are sweeping over the earth, and preparing it for the soft fertilizing spring showers which are the usual hand-maidens of April, and now the first promises of spring are realized, and the commonest weed is regarded with interest, and is beautiful to the eye, long accustomed to the sombre uniformity of winter. The book of nature now opens her leaves to inquirers, who, in the first sunny days of spring curiously examine the awakening of plants from their winter's sleep; as the loose-bound earth thaws into life, so tender in appearance as to afford little hopes of its successful contention with the biting frost.

In Canada scarcely has the spring made her appearance, when we find ourselves in the full leaf of summer, and it is startling to behold how far in a few days the season has advanced. It almost seems as if the remark that America has no youth, were applicable to her seasons. In Scotland each season may be almost said to be wooed by its successor to yield to its advances, and even should grim winter maintain its place, and prove abdurate to the whispings of the sweet south, his lingering icicles, when constrained to yield to the more ardent advances of the year, but serve to carry fertility to the parched fields. With this advance a striking change comes over the landscape, and the pale green of the woods and fields assumes a deeper and a stronger tint, emblematic of the growth of the year.

Of course we miss the quiet beauty of Scotland, when we compare our somewhat tame landscape with the stern grandeur of her mountain scenery. But despite the alluring attractions of the Mother Country, in Canada the sun sheds its brightness over a country whose aspect offers a purer and higher charm. As we gaze on the wide-spread though rough cultivation, and mark the smoke ascending from many a homestead, although unobscured by trees, the reflection arises that these homesteads are owned by a happy and independent class, who can never be exposed to the vicissitudes that would mark their pilgrimage in their native country—for each man sits under the shadow of his own roof, fervently blessing the Almighty dispenser of all good for the change. Spring, then, is the merry carnival of nature, and most profusely her treasures poured out, if to make room for her larger approach.

Within the city of Toronto, as we ramble on a fine spring day, the air just bracing, and affords a pleasant stimulus to the system, the falling of the buds in the trees, the flowers in some shady nook, the twittering and chirping of the birds, and the busy work, all combine to make the most essential use to mankind,

hardihood through many wintry hours, have at length been subdued; blown away by the winds, washed away by the rains, burned by the frosts; and it is still too early for the flush of the spring flowers.

At the latter end of April plants which only commence to pierce the soil and modestly peep out, during May shoot out into full leaf, and, towards the latter end of the month, even expand into blossoms. Then, flowers, with which the earth becomes carpeted, affords a means of simple enjoyment, and a source of most innocent gratification to the senses. The advent of this season of flowers amongst the Greeks was always a cause of exultation. The same feeling is also to be found amongst the Israelites. "Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and simments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us." Amongst that solemn and poetical people flowers were commonly regarded as the favorite symbols of the beauty and fragility of life. By them man was compared to the flower of the field—the grass withereth, the flower fadeth. But of all the poetry drawn from flowers, none is so beautiful, none so sublime, as that of the Messiah. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin, and yet, I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The sentiment built upon this is entire dependence on the goodness of the Creator; it is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by one who was more than a mere man; but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing that it delights to enliven and adorn with these radiant creations of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter myriads over the very desert where no man dwells.

In the vegetable kingdom, one species succeeds another from the commencement to the termination of the year; scarcely are some visible when others are ready to appear, and these are followed by others, which spring up each in its turn and allotted time. Whilst one plant brings its fruit to maturity, nature excites others to propagate, that its fruits may be ready when the other has accomplished its end. Thus we constantly receive a succession of flowers and fruits; there is never any want, and from the one end of the year to the other Nature watches over and preserves her productions.

Mr. Phipps, the Conservator of Forests in the Province of Ontario, has been searching through the forest in quest of the knowledge which he disseminates through the press and on the platform, must have enjoyed much pleasure in communing with nature as she indulges every sense with sweetness, loveliness, and harmony. He has written very able articles on the planting and preservation of trees; the great advantage of forests, and the pleasure we derive from their appearance. They certainly form one of the greatest beauties of nature, and it has always been regarded as an imperfection in a country to be destitute of wood. Our impatience when the leaves in spring are backward in appearing, and the delight we experience when at length they open out, proves how much they adorn and embellish nature. How dull and sterile would the earth appear, if no trees waved their verdant heads above the surface, and if no groves diversified its plain! Forests, then, being of the most essential use to mankind,

Nature herself has the care of perpetuating them. If their preservation and increase had been abandoned to the casual vigilance and industry of man, they would have perished long ago. But the Creator Himself has preserved the trees of the forest; He alone has planted and supported them. He disperses the small seeds over the country, and gives them wings, that they may be easily wafted by the winds to the distant places destined to receive them. He alone has caused these large trunks to rise up majestically in the air, and meet the clouds with their spreading foliage; it is He who has established them firmly in the earth, where their branching roots enable them to defy the winds, and brave the storm.

TORONTO, ONT., APRIL.

### GLINTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE J. JACK.

"It is not summer yet, I thought it was," said a little nine-year-old, as he scanned the almanac. And so many people forget that summer does not begin till June 21st. The florists warn us that it is not safe to plant out tender blossoms till June, for cold winds and frost may come to blight them; but often with our human flowers we are not so careful, and the premature laying aside of winter clothing often causes a blight from which it is difficult to recover. But in spite of chilling winds and influenza there is no season of the year that possesses the same delights as springtime. It is the first, and so the best of the yearly miracle of growth and fruition, and so anticipation exceeds realization in most earthly things. No flowers are so clear as the earliest violets, no after fruit can rival the aroma of the first gathering of strawberries. And now that this fruit is so cheap, and easy of access, either by growing or purchase, is sought to take the place of butter in the home, while it lasts, being more healthful for the evening meal, and a better dessert than pie-crust ever can be. When house-cleaning is over, and one feels like having a little leisure, then preserves and the extra attendant work comes on. It would be very pleasant if there was a co-operative method of doing this work that would make it as good as it can be done in the home,—but perfection has not yet been reached in the flavor of canned fruit. It has to stand so long before it is made up that color and aroma are lost. And so to give the very best of dainties to those who share our home life we work and store away the treasures of the season, as the bees do their honeyed sweets.

And speaking of honey, it is a useful thing to know that eaten in the comb, it is a soothing and healing medicine in all bronchial troubles, and sore throat. Mixed with vinegar and warmed it is valuable in all throat troubles. There seems to be a roaster tendency toward malaria, and pulmonary complaints of late years, colds are frequent, and yet people seem to take better care of themselves in many ways. To make home-life pleasant, good health must be enjoyed by its members, and that can only be obtained by regularity of living and strict attention to the demands of "light, water, and air." I took some bulbs out of the cellar lately that not only were musty, but had long weak shoots of sickly yellow, while others of the same sort that had been in the light of the sitting room were in full bloom and loveliness, having enjoyed the three requisites I have mentioned. So it is with the human flowers of the household.

CHATEAUGUAY, QUE.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. O. ARKENS, Rose Cottage, Crow Road. —Your letter with enclosure received, but unless you send us your post office address we cannot give you the proper credit. Many thanks for kind words as to TRUTH's excellence.

WALTER E., Sandy Hill, N. Y. —Anyone who has competed in Tetra competition, can also compete in Ladies' Journal competition by answering the questions and enclosing \$1 for year's subscription.

W. L. Hamilton. —The history of Roman Literature dates back to 240 years before Christ. Roman poetry was for a time confined principally to the translation of Greek poems, especially those of Homer.

BARTISHER, Ft. Edward. —We think you are right in your contention. The traffic of London exceeds that of any two cities in the world. Some idea of the enormous business of the city may be gathered from the official statements furnished some time since to the Metropolitan Board of Works. The report says that the average traffic over the bridges of the metropolis in 24 hours was as follows: —London Bridge, 110,525 pedestrians, 22,242 vehicles; Southwark, 25,507 pedestrians, 3,340 vehicles; Blackfriars, 72,198 pedestrians, 13,875 vehicles; Waterloo, 35,816 pedestrians, 10,370 vehicles; Charing Cross, 16,130 pedestrians, no vehicles; Westminster, 44,460 pedestrians, 11,750 vehicles; Lambeth, 9,800 pedestrians, 810 vehicles; Vauxhall, 17,828 pedestrians, 5,453 vehicles; Chelsea, 14,500 pedestrians, 2,338 vehicles; Albert, 8,134 pedestrians, 725 vehicles; Battersea, 10,260 pedestrians, 1,342 vehicles; Wandsworth, 1,900 pedestrians, 386 vehicles; Putney, 5,245 pedestrians, 1,407 vehicles; Hammersmith, 7,740 pedestrians, 1,167 vehicles. The total was therefore 384,042 pedestrians and 76,235 vehicles per day.

### Where the East Wind Comes From.

In the winter the sun is vertical to the south of the equator, and the southern hemisphere is being heated, which causes the air to expand, and it is gently flowing off in the upper stratum of the atmosphere into the northern hemisphere, and by this means the accumulation of air becomes very marked, especially over Russia and Northern Europe, where the cold is intense and the air consequently denser. Its exceptional height to which the barometer commonly rises in winter and in early spring amply proves what might otherwise appear theoretical. As soon as the more southern portions of the northern hemisphere become heated, air ascends, and an indraft or general flow of air sets in from the north to supply its place. The east wind, which is indeed air from the northward deflected to the east by the earth's rotation, has blown for the most part overland before it reaches the British Islands, and, although cold, it is at every stage of its progress towards the south becoming relatively warmer by sheer contact with the earth, of a somewhat higher temperature on which it is impinging, and the air is thus constantly becoming capable of holding more moisture by its well-known physical property; but owing to the low temperature at which it started, and the consequently small amount of moisture which it could possibly hold in solution in the form of vapour, it is ever ready to lick up more moisture in whatever shape or form available. It is this dryness, coupled with a certain degree of cold, which renders the east wind so intensely disagreeable and unhealthy in its effects, since it saps the moisture from our bodies, and tends to warm itself by conduction, and robs the human frame of a large amount of animal heat, and thus levies a severe tax on the constitutions of all exposed to it. It is seldom in this country that an east wind is accompanied by damp weather, although occasionally it does so happen; but, whether dry or moist, it is unmistakably disagreeable and notoriously unhealthy. The greater the dryness of the air the greater the energy with which the human body exhales from every pore of the skin, and more especially from the lungs and the more delicate parts of the mucous membrane. —London Standard.

The invention of the type writer dates as far back as 1714, when one Henry Mill obtained in England a patent for a device that "writes in printed characters, one at a time and one after another." But it was not until 1867 that it was improved so as to work satisfactorily.