

THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S. JUNE, 1853.

THE MONTH.—JUNE.

THE herald of the joyous Summer has sounded its melody upon our shores. June—green, sunny, and beautiful, has come to us with its treasury of song and flowers. Nature puts on lovely raiment in this first month from the summer land. There is not a little twig or a mossy knoll that does not rejoice in some evidence of life, fresh, green and beautiful. From the hoary old mountain top down to the margin of the little stream that ripples lullingly in the heart of the forest, there is a mantle of beauty and bloom, a bountiful endowment from the hand of a munificent Creator. Nature—so long in chains and darkness, struggling through the months of April and May—to free herself from the thralldom of winter, breaks forth in loveliness, and rejoicing at her victory, gems every foot and object of her wide domain with tokens of rejoicing. She hangs forth her banner of triumph in the soft green leaves that glisten on every tree and bush and shrub; she pours forth her song of victory in the melody of her singing birds and gentle southern breezes; she makes a starry beauty in the waste places of creation—for flowers, fresh and lovely as the brightest images of a fairy dream, blossom in all our paths, till the air is fragrant with the offering of their perfume. The blue lakes slumber so quietly, while in early morning the delicate wreaths of vapour, with which like a curtain the night hours have covered them, melt away in light by the golden glances of the rising sun.

June is indeed 'the gladdest month in the capricious year.' It is so full of life—life in its brightest, richest aspect—like the full heart of a joyous child, which knows not how to express its exuberance of delight and feeling, and indulges in every caprice of its rich glad imagination. All is wakening—bursting—bounding. The perfect resurrection of Nature. The stalks which erewhile looked dead and withered, shake out their clusters of green leaves; the brown and barren hill side looks beautiful with its blushing clover and golden buttercups. Gay and painted insects flutter through the joyous air, and children rosy-checked and light hearted, take their place amid the scenes of this rejoicing picture.