

EDITORIAL.

Tenderly the spring winds woo the fair flowers, modestly the gentle violet peeps forth its young head 'neath its leafy shelter, lovingly twitter the Robins among the boughs of the Maple; the clear sky and the cheering rays of the sun, betoken the rapid approach of "happy, joyous May." No wonder the blood quickens its flow round the hearts of old and young as they reiterate the expressions, "joyous May, merry May." Here in our beloved country, the opening beauties of a gradual change of seasons are most warmly appreciated. From the swelling leaf-bud to the expanded foliage, every stage of vegetation excites emotions of pleasure in the beholder. Let any one take a walk in the environs of our city for a few days in succession, and he will be astonished at the growth of leaves and plants from one day to another, and inhaling the air perfumed with the breath of the lilacs and violet, and looking round upon "the mountain" and city, he will acknowledge the pleasing influences of the season. The tiny germ of future beauty and greenness was hid from the frost and cold through the long winter, but the enticing warmth of the sun invites it to come forth and gladden the world. Thus do youthful hearts in their purity, and freshness, and confiding trust, make loving and hearty responses to the voices around them!

Who does not know that the first day of May is regarded among us, in the good city of Montreal, as a day of wonderful importance? The reverence anciently paid to it dwindles into nothing, or may be regarded almost as a figment of fabulous times, compared to its dignity in these enlightened days, when everything is important, as it helps on the great business of getting and holding position in the scale of humanity. We have our remarkable days, our anniversaries, but none enlist all hearts so much as the first of May. Why, most astonished and incredulous readers, do you forget that the first of May is devoted by common consent to the important and trying, amusing and distressing, rejoicing and mournful business of *moving*? Such a rattling of trucks, and cabs, and carts, and carriages! Such a turning out of time-worn relics—such accessions to the auction warehouses of refuse furniture from all directions, destined to be cried up "as good as new"—such histories of ancient clocks, and venerated bookcases, and other heirlooms, at last brought to a close! What hurrying through the streets—men with looking glasses and picture frames, elbowing their way through the crowd! piles of beds and chairs, books and crockery, mingling in an admirable confusion, with innumerable smaller items crowning the unwieldy trucks, and presenting to the uninitiated observer an endless scene of confusion twice confounded. Within doors, cleaning and scrubbing, painting and papering, white washing and coloring, are carried forward with high success; and house-keepers, armed with authority and experience, receive their medley loads of furniture, and with skill and dexterity assort them all into their places. Dear reader, if you are a stranger to our city, do not visit it on the first of May; for though a lady might be forgiven for not recognizing her own cousin on that day, we assure you of a warm reception at any other time.

We were much pleased to receive a communication from a friend in Toronto. J. C. G. will appear in our next.

The conclusion of "Twilight Hours" is deferred for this number. We have another article from the same interesting writer, which we think will be read with pleasure, as it refers to the late Mr. Stephenson, whose son is expected, we believe, to come to this country, and superintend the erection of the bridge over the St. Lawrence.

The writer of "Shaw naga Falls" gives us, in his pleasant style, quite an idea of that wild region of country. We are glad to gather so much information on the subject.

We refer our readers to our Prospectus on the inside of the cover.