

Jack in the Pulpit.

The following pretty and appropriate spring poem, a portion of which is published in the New Brunswick Series, Third Reader, and credited to John Greenleaf Whittier, is in another collection of poems said to be "edited by J. G. Whittier." An Ontario reader of the REVIEW says he has sought it unsuccessfully in several editions of that poet. Can any one enlighten us as to its real authorship?

Jack in the Pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow
High on their perch
Hear the sweet lily-bells—
Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit,
This calm Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Pencilled by Nature's hand,
Black, brown and green.
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres,—
Low singing bird-voices,—
These are his choirs.

The violets are deacons;
I know by their sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the look out, with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces
Beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets—
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold in their hair;

Innocence, * children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild wood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze drest,
Are all assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Look! white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking
Profanely so nigh?
Rebuked by the preacher
The mischief is stopped,
And the sinners, in haste,
Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind, with the fragrance
Of fern† and black-birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clean out of the church!

So much for the preacher:
The sermon comes next;—
Shall we tell how he preached it,
And what was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folk who play
At worship in churches
Man-built to-day—
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people
And they looked at us;
We saw all their dresses,
Their colours and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes;
We heard the wind-organ
The bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit
We heard not a word!

* Bluets (*Houstonia cœrulea*).

† Probably the so-called sweet fern (*Myrica asplenifolia*) is meant.

The cotton crop of Uganda last year was worth about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of our money; and in five years' time Uganda will have become the chief cotton growing country in the British dominions. A great exhibition of native products was held there recently, in which the native tribes for hundreds of miles took part, and at which a number of native kings and powerful chiefs were present.