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## THE ALMOND FLOWER.

Sweet Almond Flower,

Come, with thy blossoms silvery and fair,  
The earliest tenant of the garden bower,  
The first lone watcher there :

While winter still—

Despotic ruler!—holds his withering sway,  
In sullen majesty ; well pleased to kill,  
And riot on decay.

Come from the tomb,

First fruit of sleeping gems ; arise ! foretell  
Nature's awakening, while frost and gloom  
O'er all her plains yet dwell.

Thine icy shroud

Haste to cast by, thou beauteous flower ;  
The first spring beams, which chase the wintry cloud,  
Claim as thy rightful dower.

They rightly call

Thee, snowy flower of Syria, Almond Tree ;  
First plant that walketh, first to burst the thrall  
Of Winter's tyranny.

Of being brief,

Like all fair things, thou early blooming gem,  
Herald of flowers luxuriant, yet thy leaf  
Stays not to cope with them.

Yet, yet, to thee,

White flower, the mystic privilege was given,  
Through Israel's generations once to be  
A fadefless type from Heaven ;

When Aaron's rod—

Destined to be a bright, perpetual sign—  
Budded and blossom'd in the Ark of God,  
The flowers it bore were thine.

Come to the heart,

Which hope deferr'd has sickened ; come, and bring  
Sweet promise ; bid its fears of want depart—  
Predict a plenteous spring.

From misery's brow

Erase the furrows, tell of hopes which bloom  
In desert wastes—upon the leafless bough,  
And e'en upon the tomb.

Speak to my soul—

Emblem of hope and promise—speak of peace ;  
Tell that the gathering mists which round me roll  
Shall speedily decrease.

The wintry cloud

Which wraps my spirit, say, shall soon be gone ;  
And flowers perennial shall my pathway crowd,  
While time rolls smoothly on.

## THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

Some years ago it was my destiny to reside in a New England village. Nothing can be more pleasant than its situation. All that nature ever did for a place, she has done for this. It is sheltered on the north by high hills, and fringed on the south with forests of oaks and elms ; it has its waterfalls and cascades, and, what is more surprising, they are suffered to flow on through meadow and valley, without being condemned to the tread-mill. In this country every thing is compelled to do duty. Our forests are cut down for fire-wood ; our rocks are hewn into state prisons, and some of our modern speculators mean to make old Niagara, that has roared and bellowed so many hundred years for its own amusement, actually work for its living, and support cotton and woollen manufactures.

But to return to my village. It is not called a flourishing one, for there is no distillery and no jail in it. But they have straw bonnet manufactories, working societies, and reading societies ; and the females actually raised ten dollars and fifty-two cents for the emancipation of the Greeks.

While I resided there, I became intimately acquainted with the clergyman, and it was my constant habit to call on him every evening for a stroll. He was just such a man as the ladies call a marrying man ; yet, strange to tell, he was still a bachelor. There was a village legend that he had been crossed in love ; but disappointments of the heart generate suspicion and misanthropy, and no one could be more confiding and guileless than he was. His sensibilities seemed to be in their first spring. His fair smooth forehead, his broad chest, and Boanerges voice, gave no evidence that he had wasted his health in scientific or theological pursuits ; yet he was well read in scripture, and could quote chapter and verse on every contested point. For many years he had made no use of a concordance, for he was a living one himself. The practical part of his profession formed its beauty in him. He might well teach temperance, for necessary articles of food were all he coveted : he could talk of charity with the "tongue of an angel," for it was not with him tinkling brass or empty sound ; from his five hundred dollars salary there was always an overplus, that brought upon him "the blessing of those that were ready to perish." Perhaps there was a little too much minuteness about worldly affairs, and yet it was an excellent example for others. There was likewise a little too much of the parish register in his cast of mind ; he could tell how many he had married, how many he had christened, and how many he had buried ; how many prayers he had made and how many sermons he had written. All this was very well ; but when he undertook to know people's ages better than they did themselves, it would have been intolerably provoking, if he had not always been able to prove he was right by parish records. He had a love for agriculture that contributed to his health, and agreeably diversified his employments. The piece of land that was set off to the parsonage was always in excellent order, and the invalids of his parish might count upon the first mess of peas, and the first plate of strawberries, from his garden.

Our walk often led by a farm that had once been the sum-