

of coal and other minerals,—these things conjoined, with what reasonable hope seems to prognosticate, cause the Provincial to cherish a justifiable pride in the sweet clime of his nativity; gorgeous is its summer with fast developed luxuriance, pleasant are its humming-birds and fire-flies, bluff and agreeable too is the winter with its whitest mantilla, its festooned trees, its music of sleigh-bells, and its more substantial glories. It is cheering to run through the great forest tracts, and when sated with nature to behold art and culture encroaching on her domain, and the clearing of the settler widening and beautifying from year to year—the majestic streams, the forest regions with their various foliage and their ever recurring patches of culture—these things and many more in the mind of the writer, stand associated with the reason, the fancy and the feelings by links many, tender and delightful.

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## THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

'Twas May—month sung of poets—and we prepared to leave the Island of Guernsey. But though 'twas May in name, and though the hedges were covered long since with blossoms, and the banks with violets and cowslips, and though a cuckoo poured forth her strange monotonous note from an adjacent grove, still there blew a raw east wind, chilly and penetrating. For two months and a half, the whole time of our stay in Guernsey, with the exception of an interval of two days, this same east wind continued to pester us with its baneful breath. During those two days a soft south west breeze prevailed, and had that breeze continued our recollections of a Guernsey spring would be more flattering. But scarcely had we thrown off our warm clothing and begun to rejoice in the balmy weather, when round went the vane again and remained pointing to the N. N. E. as if glued to its spindle. Morning after morning did we repair to the window to look at this weathercock, and morning after morning did we still find it pointing towards the land whence came the wise men. The sky became like brass, hard and unrelenting. If a shower of rain fell it was cold, savage and sharp. And as every one must speak of things as he finds them, I pronounce the spring climate of Guernsey cold and tiresome. Of course we were told that the weather was very unusual—such a spring had never been seen before, and all that sort of thing. All I can say, however, is that knowing nothing by experience of past springs in that Island, and hoping to know nothing of future ones, I most confidently pronounce that one in which I am competent to speak, to have been unequivocally bad.