

ing, the recollection of youthful joys, and friends with whom those joys were shared, causes the heart to beat with a painful palpitation; and a hallowed tear will fall to the memory of some dear departed companion, whose society was a charm that illumined the outset of our pilgrimage through life, but who, quitting the toilsome path, left us to wander on in regret and loneliness.

Thoughts like these make the hour strongly typical of the wane of human life, when the noontide fervour of youthful passion has gone by, and we can coolly give a backward glance to the past, and prepare for that future to which we are fast hastening.

The gathering shades of evening veil every object with a pleasing expression of softness, that, combined with the rich and delightful fragrance of blowing flowers, floating in the low whispering breath of the passing breeze, give a bewitching tenderness to this hour as peculiar to itself as overpowering in its influence,—an enthusiasm of sensation which the breast of a lover alone can truly appreciate. Oh! if there are beings to be envied as being blest with a more than ordinary portion of earthly bliss, it is the fond pair who roam forth in these transporting moments, to partake of their sympathy, and to hold that communion of soul of which the depraved sensualist can neither form an estimate or idea.

I have seen two such as I have here described, and who were indeed a world in themselves to each other, standing still, and lost in a delirious emotion resulting from the kindred effect of the moment, mutually gaze till the very tears streamed from their eyes from the intensity of empassioned feeling which language was denied them to express:—Reader, if ever you have fondly