

emotions arising from the varying scenery of the world, and of the rolling year. By the regular succession of them, "every year is crowned with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness." Harvest following seed time, and summer, winter, there is thus a systematic course of supplies for preserving man and beast; one set of supplies is not exhausted until, by a fresh round of seasons, another set is given, even to a wicked and unthankful world.—And how immensely plentiful is the work of producing bounty which thus goes on, without ceasing. It extends not only to the hundreds of millions of mankind upon the earth, but also to innumerable orders of other creatures—each order comprising countless individuals. How very true, then, is it that in the seasons, "the Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works. The eyes of all wait upon Thee: and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."—Psalm clix, 9, 15, 16.

In concluding, we do our readers the favour of setting before them, as a rich mental repast, an extract from a sublime hymn on the Seasons, by the great Poet of the Seasons, THOMSON, one of Scotland's illustrious bards:

"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! Tempest o'er tempest rolls,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force Divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful, mix'd with such kind art;
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd,
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
And all so forming a harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots, streaming thence,
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring!
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life."