

were of the Eternal, how insignificant becomes man with his hopes, his fears!—the creature of a day, a flower blooming in the morning faded at eve.

At all times is this scenery grand and beautiful, whether seen in the early morning when the rising sun tinges Mt. Baker with a tender rose color, at noon, when the snow fields gleam like polished silver, or at eventide, when Mt. Baker glows like fire, and the western mountains are bathed in purple, while the glassy waters reflect tints of green and gold changing into rose and lilac till the sun sinks behind the hills, and leaves the snowy peaks faintly defined on the sky, blanched and ghastly—all color—all life fled. After the torpor and gloom of the winter, nothing can be more inspiring than a walk to Beacon Hill. Freed from the din of the city, its gnawing cares, its feverish excitement, we breathe a while the purer atmosphere and revel in the sense of space. Reposing upon the green-sward, we yield ourselves up to the contemplation of the scene. Its grandeur and beauty sink into the heart,—the clear sky, the balmy air, the plash of the waves, the warble of birds, the voices of happy childhood, give a tone to the jaded nerves,—all sterner passions yield to quieter emotions of tranquillity, of tenderness and peace. Lulled into a reverie the present fades away, Fancy weaves her spell and takes possession—she sees a smiling land, a great city crowded with stately edifices, its broad streets resounding with “the hum, the shock of men,” its wharves crowded with merchandize, its garners filled with the wealth of the Indies, its ports sheltering the flags of all nations, its ships covering every sea—she sees a cathedral with tapering spire and fretted pinnacle of enduring stone, rivalling England’s proudest structures, while mansion after mansion, homestead after homestead greets the eye—she sees through the length and breadth of the land