

In early spring encouraging the timid plants to trust to his protection, throughout the summer season he has nourished all the flowers and given life, and tint and fragrance to the many children in Flora's lovely garden. He has warmed the fledgelings in their nests, and smiled upon them as they learned to fly; has painted high in heaven's dome the bow which speaks of promise and of hope; has spread the same prismatic tints in blendings subtle, contrasts strong, o'er all the varied landscape, far and wide; has decked the insects' wing with jewels sparkling, bright; has mellowed fruits; has filled our garners; has cheered and warmed our human hearts, and gladdened all things by his generous glow. And now at last he seeks to rest can we begrudge him well-deserved repose? He never hides his face entirely from us as in far and frigid zone, tho' twilight and the gloaming are as strangers, or a passing dream.

To go afield in early autumn, (or, as our own western word suggestively expresses it,—the "fall") one sadly recognizes that the change is near. The woods and groves are ominously silent,—scarcely a song bird enlivens the scene. Those which still linger seem apprehensive of something wrong, and timidly hide in secluded retreat. Insect hum is almost hushed, the landscape grey with plants in full seed, or brown with fading leaf and naked bough. The maples are putting on their latest dress—their warm apparel of yellow and of red. The fields are shorn of their generous crops; bristling stubble spreads its cloth of gold where lately stood the waving grain. Above, white clouds course coldly across the impassive blue, or dark, nebulous strata form a curtain over all. Below, the fretful waters, sombre, reflect the sky. At our feet a few summer flowers still linger in blossom,—the "Eye-bright," the Yarrow, the White Everlasting; a Dandelion here, a Buttercup yonder. Now and then one comes upon a flower, stranger to the season,—a belated bloom, or a precocious adventurer; one, a poor individual with whom the world has gone wrong, the other, untimely, daring, deluded by some warm autumn days into thinking that the spring has come again, reliantly unfolds its petals.

But not yet has the grand orderly procession of flowers in carnival of seasons paraded its last beauties to gladden our eyes.