

fragrant petals. Then in that calm, still hour, when the stars walk in radiance amid the blue floating ether, and the moon sheds a flood of such rich silver light that earth clothes herself with the reflection and bathes every object in the full mellow radiance, the tiny boat may be seen gliding amid those blue wavelets and beneath that full canopy of stars. For those whose hearts are touched by any of those pure feelings, which at times like wandering angels come athwart the gloom of our hearts and make all light within, choose this calm hour to commune with the still and holy beauty of nature, or it may be that then 'soft eyes look love to eyes that speak again' and that in the first romance of gentle affection the night and the lake seem the fitting witnesses to its early brightness. These rich moonlight nights afford the only season when one feels he has a legitimate right to be romantic, and we say and do what beneath the frosty atmosphere of January we would feel and aver to be arrant nonsense. And so we must eschew all remembrance of moon and starlight by the calm surface of some lillied lake, lest we too grow enthusiastic, who are so very commonplace.

But what is there that does not savour of romance in this pleasant month of August. Earth and nature are so beautiful that our hearts are attuned to the same melody; and luxury thinks life is altogether ease and comfort. But we will tell you who does not enjoy this hot drowsy month, in its full perfection, and that is the farmer. Aye even though the earth is laden with fruit to swell his garner, and every burning sunbeam aids but in developing the harvest he has taken such pains to ensure. But though all works in his favour, this is the husbandman's busiest season, and while idle insects hum drowsily among the green branches, and the almost as idle butterflies of fashion and wealth recline in luxurious comfort in their well shaded rooms, the farmer has to plod and toil, to be at his work early and late, for the waving grass is ere now ready for the scythe and he must secure it for his barns. And though hay-making has been the theme of song and story, for its fragrance, its fun, and its pleasures, those who have toiled at it from morning till night beneath the scorching beams of a fiery sun, taking no rest, but working on incessantly lest their heavy swathes may be injured and their winter fodder spoiled, will tell that haymaking has more pain than pleasure. The gay and idle pass by in their carriages, and as they inhale the fragrance of the new mown hay, think not of the labour it has taken to render those perfumed heaps fit for the lumbering cart that stands ready to receive it—weary and burned and blistered the farmer and his family sink to rest at night, though it may be that that rest is all the sweeter for the labour. For as all things in this chequered world have their bane and their antidote, so has labor its punishment and its reward, and perhaps in the aggregate our fates are equal. As much 'rain may fall' into the life of one as another, while the light that each experiences must make forever a rainbow around the cloud.