

gleaming beauty of the forest trees herald the ultimate decay and departure of their foliage.

There is much of melancholy in autumn, and the vivid imagination can conjure up many a striking image from the influences around

"When the warm sun is fading, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year,
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying."

There is much to cause us to turn from outward impressions, to that inner life whose changes and decay are so fraught with import to us all. Nature resembles humanity—in its beauty, its shadows, and its death. It were well if all marked the simile more closely, and gathered lessons of wisdom from its beautiful dictation.

October is here as well as in older countries, the sportsman's especial season. The forests abound with game for the fowler, and the bracing atmosphere makes his pursuit a healthful as well as an exciting one. The evenings are cool enough to make his return home to the blazing hearthstone and cheerful table, full of delight—

"An Autumn night with a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free,"

marks the approach of the wanderer to his fireside.

The farmer is making his preparations for winter. He surveys his fences and looks into every cranny of his habitation, and of his barns, to see that not a crevice appears to invite the entrance of the chill east wind, or coming snow drift. He gathers the last remnants of his harvest to the store house, and the golden pumpkins shine cosily side by side, smiling at the heap of rosy apples in the distance, bringing to the housekeeper's eye a vision of capacious pies and luscious preserves. This is the season

"When Autumn like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary."

Its failing strength is shewn in the falling leaves and the russet fields; but few singing birds recall the sunnier days of summer; and the hedges no longer bloom with floral treasures. Yet even now, here and there lingers some sweet flower, like an old friend that neither time nor misfortune can change. The pansy blooms lovingly beside the blue nemophila, which, constant as its colour, is the last to forsake the soil which gave it birth. One by one the glad denizens of earth have departed, until nature appears like a homestead deserted by its occupants. The glory for a time is ours, but as the month fleets onward we feel that October is indeed 'the angel of dread winter which comes, but not in anger.'

Ere its reign is over, we have the sharp glittering frost quivering on a thousand objects: the congealing of the dew of summer. But, oh how much more lovely the liquid globules! The band of faithful flowers grow thinner,