

of taking that which the Almighty gave for the use of all.

Our adopted country has yet to don a garment worn by some of the counties of Merrie England at this season. Our fields have yet to clothe themselves with the nodding honours of the hop harvest. Howitt, speaking of this cultivation, observes, "we cannot boast of our vineyards; but we question whether Italy itself can show a more beautiful or picturesque scene than an English hop garden in picking time." This feature will not, however, be long wanting in our Canadian landscape, and some future Canadian poet may then be able to dwell on all the beauties of his, or her, native land as sweetly as Mary Howitt does, concerning an English August, in her *Lays of the Seasons* :—

Arise, thou child of nature, rise !

Arouse thy slumbering spirit now !

The Autumn sheaves are on the hill,

And solemn are the woods and still,

With clustering fruits on every bough.

There's merry laughter in the field,

And harmless jest and frolic rout ;

And the last harvest-wain goes by

With its rustling load so pleasantly

To the glad and clamorous harvest shout.

There are busy gleaners in the field—

The old, whose work is never done,

And eager, laughing, childish bands,

Rubbing the ears in their little hands.

And singing 'neath the autumn sun.

There are peasants in the hamlets low,

Busied among their orchard-trees,

Where the pleasant apples are red and gold,

Like token fruits of those of old,

In the gardens of the Hesperides.

And boys are busy in the woods,

Gathering the ripe nuts, bright and brown ;—

In shady lanes the children stray

Looking for blackberries through the day,

Those berries of such old renown !

—Grey mists at morn brood o'er the earth,

Shadowy as those on northern seas :

The gossamer's ilmy work is done,

Like a web by moonlight fairies spun,

And left to whiten in the breeze.

The sun bursts forth—the distant hills

Shine out, and splendid is the day—

A sombre radiance crowns each tree,

A fading glory solemnly

Hangs on each leaf in its decay.

Go to the silent autumn woods !

There has gone forth a spirit stern ;

Its wing has waved in triumph here,

The Spring's green tender leaf is sere,

And withering hangs the summer fern.

Now to the mountains turn thine eye,—

How shine they through the burnished air !

The little flocks, like drifts of snow,

The shepherds' sheiling grey and low,

Thou seest them in their beauty there.

Oh to lie down in wilds apart,

Where man is seldom seen or heard ;

In still and ancient forests, where

Mows not his scythe, ploughs not his share,

With the shy deer and cooing bird !

To go in dreaminess of mood,

O'er a lone heath, that spreads around

A solitude like a silent sea,

Where rises not a hut or tree,

The wide-embracing sky its bound !

Oh ! beautiful those wastes of heath,

Stretching for miles to lure the bee,

Where the wild-bird, on pinion strong,

Wheels round and pours his piping song,

And timid creatures wander free.

—Far sails the thistle's hoary down ;

All summer flowers have passed away—

This is the appointed time for seed,

From the forest-oak to the meanest weed,

A time of gathering and decay.

But go not to the autumn hills,

Stand not beneath the autumn trees,

If thy unchastened spirit brook

No warning voice, no stern rebuke,

For thy life's ceaseless vanities !

Now lift thine eyes, weak child of pride,

And lo ! behind yon branching pine,

Broad, red and like a burning sun,

Comes up the glorious autumn-moon,

God's creature, like a thing divine !

It is not, as our childhood deemed

The nightly moon, a silver shield,

Borne on some viewless warrior's breast

In battle from the east to west,

Along the blue etherial field.

Oh high magnificence of eve !

Thus silent in thy pomp of light,

A world self-balanced thou appearest,

An ark of fire, thou onward steerest

Thy upward, glorious course aright !