

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

REFLECTIONS.

Autumn, with its gathered fruits, its garnered grain, and its many tinted leaves ; Autumn, with its days of glowing sunlight, when it seems as if Nature was gathering her forces for one, last, grand display before she is wrapped in her wintry shroud ; and, more than all, Autumn, with its sweet associations, and tear-bedewed memories, is here.

I love the Spring with its bursting freshness, and the Summer with its music and sunshine, but far *more* do I love their melancholy successor. In these days my heart is full of the past. Every falling leaf and passing cloud calls up some sweet, though it may be sad, reminiscence, and I live over again the Autumns of long ago.

As I sit by the bright wood-fire my thoughts are wandering away to a far off home, where the first bright years of my life glided away, with scarcely a care or a sorrow. *That* was the *Spring*, then came a golden-hued Summer, darkened ever and anon by storm-clouds, and shaken by deep-toned thunders. Here and there, some cherished tree, kissed by the hot-breathed lightning, withered away, leaving only a scathed and blackened trunk to tell what *might* have been ; but still it was *Summer*, and even amid ruins the song-bird's voice made sweet melody.

Now the Spring-time is gone, and the Summer, seen from the mountain I have been climbing, far away in the mist-shrouded valley, looks angel-faced. Over that valley wander loved forms, and sweet voices sounding there, wake an echo in my heart of hearts.

But not alone for its associations of the past is the Autumn pleasant to me. It is itself a beautiful *present*, and speaks in unmistakeable tones of a glorious future.

Gathered fruits and garnered grain are true and beautiful emblems of the labors and affections which crown a good life, and though Autumn, in its turn, must surrender to stern old Winter, it is ever done with a view to the verdant Spring-time approaching—just as man, when the bleak winds of life have swept over him, lies down in the winter of the grave, looking for, and believing in, the dawn of an endless life.

EDLA.

Montreal, October 19, 1854.