

gleam and sparkle on their graceful stems. The raspberry still bestows its welcome fruit, and the ripening blackberry, and tiny but abundant blueberry grow in shining contrast beside each other. The whole vegetable world is ripening to perfection. The garden gives a lavish tribute from its stores. 'The blossomed bean fields' have resulted in the green graceful harvest that droops from every tendril, delighting the horticulturist and the epicure. Our land would indeed seem the land of plenty beneath the reign of August, for the fields and woods and orchards all vie with each other as to who shall yield the richest spoil to the lord of them all—man the heir and recipient of all the treasures yielded by earth's fair domain. But even while he walks, and admires, and enjoys, he looks at the dark glossy leaf and sighs to think that its freshness has gone, that childhood and youth have passed, and that middle age has touched all those fair things of nature. There is ever a yearning in us—a love for the fresh and the unworn. We are so travel-stained and darkened ourselves, that it seems as if to commune with the young and fresh in nature brought back to us our own days of sinless childhood, and thus it is that we love the child-like bursting beauty of June better than the full and ripened glory of August. But 'twere folly, or worse, to cloud the fair picture by dark forebodings or weak repining, well knowing that time must perform its circuit, that seasons must come and go, and that the very brevity and change make their coming more welcome to us.

August we believe has not any days of festivity or celebration, if we except the birthday of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, which falls in this month. But important a personage as the Prince is in his wife's royal dominion of England, we in the Colonies do little to remember it, save the observance of a royal salute. No other holiday marks the passage of the month among us, but it has enough of beauty and pleasure to make its reign to the full as joyous without any such festal chronicle. Now is the time for the merry pic-nic in some of the sylvan retreats of our fair country. Many of the 'Societies' hold an annual celebration about this season, and then gay young voices are heard amid the listening woods, or blithe feet move to the sound of merry music on the carefully prepared platform. And tents lift up their white brows in the fairest and coolest places, with refreshments for the gay and light-hearted, who are glad to escape for a while to their shelter and repose. Now is the time for boating parties and aquatic excursions of every kind; and many a white sail glistens freshly from the blue expanse of our harbour, a harbinger of the laughing faces and light hearts that are floated by its aid. And now in the long still moonlight evenings, for this is the month when the harvest moon commences her reign of lustrous glory—may the gleaming oar be seen amid the fairy ripples of the blue calm lake, embowered among trees, and sheltering the fair resplendent lilies on its bosom, who fold up their beauty when the sun passes its meridian, and nestle lovingly among their glossy green pads, till their lord shall rise again in his glory and with a kiss of light open their fair and