

THE CHANGES OF THE SEASON.

At this season of the year it is delightful to wander into the woods and see the varied colours of the trees. When we look upon the dismantled forest it begets a feeling similar to that which steals over the soul in a beautiful and quiet cemetery. Nature after a great effort is going to sleep. The leaves lately so green, are now of all the colours of the rainbow. The brightest red, yellow, crimson, green, pink and chesnut, at times meet the eye. A few solitary birds linger behind, hopping from branch to branch in search of food. The robins congregate in flocks and seek wild berries. The blue jay flies from tree to tree at the approach of strangers, no longer concealed by thick foliage. The partridge rises in sudden flight and perches on some high tree with body and head erect. The teal, wild ducks and wild geese congregate in our marshes lakes and creeks, preparatory to their southern flight. The little red squirrel sits upon the hickory tree and tumbles one by one to the ground his winter's store, whilst some naughty boy sits concealed on a neighbouring log, ready to avail himself of the squirrel's labours. The brown chesnuts lie on the ground, with their shells opening, to be gathered. The grey and black squirrels race over our wheat and corn fields, and along our fences, and in the silent forest fattening on the fallen grain or the abundant beech nuts. The deer bounds at the approach of the hunter, with tail erect. The luscious apples hang ready to fall into the farmer's hands; and the yellow pumpkins stand in golden beauty, ready for the good housewife's knife. The changes of the season are beautiful and destroy the listlessness of the mind. Give us four different seasons. The brisk white and bracing winter with its snowy coat—the bright and glad-some spring with its fresh young shooting leaves, its singing birds, its gay sweet-scented flowers, its glorious mornings, its gentle pattering rain. The mature and sunny summer with luscious fruit—deep blue skies—rich vegetation—waving grain the joy of the farmer—the sweet-scented meadow—the sleek herds and the busy husbandman. Then let us enjoy the mellow autumn, a mixture of summer and winter.

THE WILD TURKEY OF CANADA.

Some time ago when in the London District we took some pains to enquire if this bird was still to be found in Western Canada. We ascertained that it had become very scarce in the western counties. Few of us living in the eastern and middle counties of Canada ever saw a wild turkey. The bird is very similar to the tame turkey of our farm yards. The most striking difference is in size; the wild turkey being probably one third larger than the tame one. We conversed with many farmers in Western Middlesex and they all say that the wild turkey is getting quite scarce as compared with a period twenty years ago. Now and then a large flock will appear in the fields in the winter, or late in the fall. They are very wild and shy and exceedingly difficult to approach. Sometimes they will run on the ground when pursued, but generally fly high among the trees. A farm-

er told us that two were killed in Middlesex some years ago, that weighed together upwards of sixty pounds. Another person told us he had seen, a few years ago, a large flock in his fields. They are caught sometimes in pens by putting wheat inside of a log pen; having a low hole, just sufficiently large to allow the entrance of the bird. When the bird is inside and caught, it has not sense enough to again stoop to the low hole to escape. Many years ago these birds were common about the Grand River. A deceased relative of ours, in 1808, or thereabouts, saw a large flock midway between Ancaster and Brantford; whilst riding in the rude Indian trail of those days. They were very common when our father lived in the Long Point country, in 1805. He used to chase them over the plains with greyhounds. But they are fast departing from America. We never saw any in Illinois.

THE RED OR FIRE BIRD OF CANADA.

This beautiful bird, the brightest of our forests is common in all parts of Canada. It is only equalled in beauty of plumage by the Oreole, which, however, seldom visits the northern counties, confining itself to those lying south of Lake Ontario, and west of the county of York. The fire or red bird on the contrary may be seen all over Canada, even to the shores of Lake Huron, and probably beyond. It is not distinguished for its song. The bright scarlet and deep black plumage that adorns the male is what makes it an object of interest and attraction to Canadians. Few unacquainted with it would suppose that the male and female were so dissimilar in colour and appearance. For a long time we were not aware of the fact; supposing male and female both red. Whilst sitting in the forest under the mountain at Hamilton, in 1835, watching the movements of the male bird, we saw it enter a nest upon a maple tree, and saw the female leave. The female afterwards took the place of the male. We then discovered that the female bird was of a dark green mixed with a dark slate colour. She has no red or scarlet upon her body. We afterwards noticed this distinction upon several occasions. The red bird has a pleasant whistle, heard in a sunny day in June, among the highest trees. His wings are of a jet black and also the long tail feathers, but the other parts of the body are of the brightest scarlet. When seen in the month of June among the topmost branches of the maple or the elm sitting in the sun from bough to bough he seems like a flame of fire. How beautiful are the creatures of nature!

VALUE OF LANDS IN TORONTO
NOW AND IN 1805.

We were conversing a short time since with one of our oldest citizens concerning the rise of landed property in this city. He mentioned some curious facts within his knowledge.

The corner lot now owned by Mr. Baldwin, on the corner of Yonge and King Streets, west side, was once bought by a Mr. Dougal for £10, consisting of one acre. This acre is now worth

£40,000. Here is an immense rise in 45 years. The opposite corner, where Sutherland's store lately was, then consisting of one acre, was sold by its then owner for £12 10s. It is now worth at least £37,000. All the old town was originally laid out into acre lots, and many of them were bought and sold in 1810, for a few hundred dollars; whereas they are now worth, the least, valuable of them, \$100,000 the acre.

For the Son of Temperance.

WOMAN'S TEARS.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Is there a heart that never sigh'd,
That never sunk with woe?
Is there an eye whose briny tears
Have never learn'd to flow?
Is there a heart so void of love
That friendship never cheers;
A heart that never deign'd to yield,
Or melt at woman's tears?

Think of some fair, some loving form,
Whom long we've held most dear;
Should sorrow wrap her in its folds,
Or drop the scalding tear;
Perhaps she mourns some absent one,
That love to her endears;
Then who'd but try to soothe her woe,
Or banish woman's tears?

There is no heart so truly cold
But should affection try;
Might touch some chord and make it yield
To woman's gentler sway.
What despoils might in vain attempt
And misery yield to years;
Affection pure would soon effect
By lovely woman's tears.

Or if some long expected boon
By fate has been denied;
And disappointment's sources should
Pour forth their crystal tide.
Unfeeling then must be that man
Who coldly stops his ears;
Nor lifts a hand to dry her cheeks,
Or check dear woman's tears.

If leaning o'er lost virtue's pyre,
Or round disease's bed;
A sacrifice to pity's shrine
Her sorrowing tears be shed.
Or bending o'er the narrow grave,
Her grief charg'd sigh he hears;
Is there a heart too proud to share,
In woman's hallow'd tears?

Or sighs the warrior for the field
That gains a valiant name;
While empty honor he may win
And proudly boast his fame;
Yet says he not when widow's wails
Or orphan'd maids he hears;
That victor's laurels cost too much
When bought by woman's tears?

Tho' Fame may wind her brazen trump
Till echo shall return,
And honour's flag wave proudly o'er
The warrior's mould'ring urn;
The veteran wear his trophy won
Where conflict dints his ears;
Yet glory's shield will glitter not
If dim'd by woman's tears.

What e'er attunes pale sorrow's lyre
Or bids her bosom smart,
Will touch a chord to vibrate in
The pure affectionate heart.
Her sigh will thrill on every nerve
Responsive when it hears;
Nor man need blush to own his heart
Would melt at woman's tears.

The proud, the gay, the soulless one
Might blush with tears to part;
Or fear to tell a heartless world
He had a feeling heart.