

THE EVENING HOUR.

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard,—
 It is the hour when lover's vows
 Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
 And gentle winds and waters near,
 Make music to the lonely ear;—
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars have set,
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue,
 And in the heavens that clear obscure,
 So softly dark, so darkly pure,
 Which follows the decline of day,
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

The contemplation of Nature in her various garbs and situations, has been to me, from my earliest youth, a source of delightful feeling and enjoyment. In the tender years of childhood, as on a fine still summer's evening, my sportive companions were all bustle and glee in the prosecution of some favourite game, I would steal away from the noisy throng to some sequestered spot, where, remotefully secure from their interruption and jeyous tumult, I would sit and gaze for hours on the moon as she slowly pursued her majestic course along