

cles: It is one of nearly constant ice, frost and snows, varied with a short summer in which the snows and ice merely melt a little. Then we have the climate of the temperate zone, in which four seasons are more or less distinctly marked; this is our climate and that of most of North America. How beautiful are the changes! No sooner do we loose the snows and ice of winter than the genial breath of spring comes, gently fanning us from the south. In a day, as if by magic, we behold the little birds of spring appear with loved notes and songs to greet us, as often before, yet as welcome as when in our boyhood we loved to listen to them. The little Blue Bird sweetly whistles above us; the Robin chirps his merry lay from the budding grove; the Swallow twitters in the clear blue sky and seeks his last year haunts; the Woodcock soars aloft; and the Whippoorwill sings at dusk and ope of day. The groves just bursting into bloom, emit a balmy perfume, and scent the silent air. Sweet flowers burst from their winter sleep: All nature smiles with gladness. So the power of God hath called all nature to rejoice, to rise in songs—in love—in life and bloom. This jubilee begins in march and ends in June. Then we see nature arrive at perfection. The birds have paired and built their nests; they sing to their young. The Thrush, and the Cat-bird cheer the groves. The waving meadows resound with the music of various birds. The verdant grain waves like ocean water, to the gentle western wind. Then we see the glorious harvests, rich and lovely to behold. We see the tassled corn and various kinds of grain burden the fertile land. The orchards show forth their precious fruits. The deep blue Sky, and the clear bright Sun; the green waving fields; the golden harvests; the refreshing showers, with the vivid lightning, and looming thunder; are types of mature summer: this commences in June, and ends in September. Lo the grass begins to wither; the Cricket cherrups; the Birds have stopped their songs, and congregate in flocks and families; the leaves begin to drop suddenly to the ground; the forests, like man, begin to droop, and loose their greenness; the seeds lie buried

in the earth, awaiting a wintry sleep; bright sunny days, and cold nights, mark the change. This is autumn, from September to November; a beautiful and healthy bracing season. Then comes the sleep of nature, the hoary north sends forth its winds and clouds. Nature, like aged man, turns white, and sinks in death. All those changes are beautiful, and are necessary.

July 24, 1849.

FUTURE PREVALENCE OF OUR LANGUAGE.

THE history of the future is clearly foreshadowed by the prevalence of our race and language, both at present and in coming time.

The English is already spoken by a more numerous population than any other language.

Look at the table:

British Islands,	28,800,000
Canada and Northern Provinces,	2,100,000
West Indies, Guiana and Bermuda,	1,000,000
Australian Colonies & New Zealand,	250,000
India,	250,000
Africa—Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone and Liberia,	300,000
United States,	22,300,000
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Total, - - - - -	55,000,000

The French is spoken by about	35,000,000
The German " "	40,000,000
The Russian " "	45,000,000

Hindustan is divided into several distinct languages, though all derived from a common stock—the Sanscrit.

The Chinese are divided into a number of provinces, the people of which do not comprehend each other, though their written language is the same, and the Mandarin dialect is generally employed by the high officers of government.

From this tabular statement of the present, let us turn to the future. We know by mathematical certainty that, unless some unusual dispensation of Providence occurs, our own race in America in 80 years will number 240,000,000; and that there is nothing in human view to prevent their peaceable spread through the whole