

argued that too much praise is given our first season, and that autumn, with its mellowed lustre, its matured beauty, should be the greater favourite; unfortunately for many theories, love is no logician, and sympathy is as arbitrary as the winds and tides. No doubt autumn is the most rich and steady and useful of seasons; and spring is full of caprices as a spoiled child; no doubt the silvered head is more venerable than the flaxen ringlets, and while the one demands patience and attendance, the other is a counsellor and a support; but you will in vain tell the multitude that their caresses are ill bestowed, and that they should blend fondling endearments with their respect for the useful and mature. Spring is the season of youth, and of youthful hopes and expectations; it has many beauties, and the imagination is anxious to anticipate others which are only promised. It is an engaging and friendly stranger, which comes in the place of a blustering enemy. It brings stronger contrasts than any other season,—from the dense city to the hill summit; from the frozen stream and the snow covered soil, to the sparkling water and the flowery turf; from the fire side to the sunny field,—such are some of the contrasts which captivate the fancy, and silence the more sober judgment. Autumn, with all its riches, has all the appearances of age and approaching decay; it has fulfilled its beneficent promises, and has no more to make; it is an acquaintance who forbids increased affection, by continually reminding us that it is about quitting our sphere; there is a great sameness in its scenes and tones; and during its sultry and laborious hours, men begin to imagine how many delights surround the story-telling hearth, and almost wish that the officious visitor were gone, that the resting circle might enjoy itself more placidly. The petted and beautiful and promising infant represents one season; the settled, prudent and comfortable house-keeper represents the other,—and considering the nature of man, and the springs of his sympathies, it is easy to tell which is the object of love, which of respect; the poets, who are the organs of speech to the passions and feelings, have long ago decided the question. Autumn at best, is the paying, the providing season, and then becomes like the departing benefactor and friend, around whose memory melancholy blends with veneration; while spring is as the meeting of friends in heaven,—thoughts,