

a golden beauty ; yellow harvests, and golden, or purple fruits, joined to the haziness of a September atmosphere, which gives the rays of the sun a mellow tinge, constitute its peculiar charm. But, after all, it may be fairly doubted whether any or all these, exceed the charms of Winter, even in the most hyperborean parts of it from which the writer hails. The beauty of the first three seasons has some analogy to each other—Winter has a glory all its own. They are lateral beauties, which will bear, and indeed require, to be studied, to enable us to appreciate their attractions ; and the more they are meditated upon, the more charming Canadian winter scenery will appear. Whether you view it in town or country, in settlement or woodland, you still find something to admire. Suppose we begin with the first, and proceed till we reach the last ? “Agreed.” We arise on a clear, cold morning in January about sunrise, and find our windows covered with every pattern of frost work, embracing crystallization of every imaginable kind. Most generally it assumes the form of *vegetation*—from the flowering plant to the broad-leafed fern, of the coal-measure type, or the stately oak or palm-tree. The more they are studied, the more beautiful they seem. If we employ the eyes of youth, or the aid of a microscope, to examine the individual flakes of the newly fallen snow, which lie in feathery layers upon the window-sill, we shall find every variety of beauty which shape and form can assume. Here are prisms, coves, globes, cylinders, radiated circles, squares, triangles, and pentagons of every imaginable number of size. Our house is on a slight elevation, which overlooks the town. We open our window, and look down on the clustering habitations of the citizens. The newly kindled fires are rolling a mass of smoke and vapour from every chimney. The vapor, freezing as it rises, assumes the appearance of a graceful umbrageous tree, through the foliage of which the rays of the morning sun are trickling, and being reflected and refracted in every imaginable form. We seem to be in the midst of an oriental “city of palm-trees,” another *Damascus*. The writer does not remember, among all the winter pieces over which he has pored in rapture, to have ever seen an attempt to transfer this unique appearance to canvass. It is much to be wondered at that some competent artist has not tried his pencil upon this particular subject. We are called down stairs to a smoking breakfast in a cozy little eating room, whose windows look to the south and east, admitting the slanting rays of the bright and glorious morning sun across the apartment. How cheery we all are ; and how grateful we ought to be to that “Benign and Saving Power,” who has tempered severity with so much mercy. We join in the family devotions with thankful hearts and ready tongues. Having fortified the “inner man” in two different senses, we