

As we propose to review the "rolling year" under the guidance of the author of the "Seasons," in a few short sketches, we shall conclude at present with a few lines from him in praise of a country life. It is not certainly, in drawing reflections from the scenes he describes, that the writer chiefly shines. His philosophical disquisitions and moral reflections about nature, are not at all equal to his exquisite descriptions of it.

"Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

* * * * *

"Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heav'n descends in showers, or bends the bough;

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Concealed, and fattens with the richest sap;
There are not wanting, nor the milky drove
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here, too, dwells simple truth, plain innocence,
Unsuited beauty, sound, unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased,
Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease."

Nature was the mistress of the poet's affections, and as it is more natural for the sincere devotee to clothe the object of her devotion with all the splendours and beauties which imagination can throw over it, than to pry into and philosophise about its more recondite properties, so this is the part he has best performed. All false transports are apt to find utterance in high flown and affected language, and there is something like affectation in the inflated terms in which the philosophic raptures of our poet are usually delivered, unlike the simple energy of words, in which his real admiration at the appearances of nature usually breaks forth.

He looked upon all nature with a poetical eye, but did not search into it with the curiosity of a philosopher. All her glories lay fully disclosed before him, the minutest traits and faintest hues of her more retiring beauties did not escape his notice, the secret mysteries of her more hidden

operations he did not importune her to reveal. It is as a poetical, not a philosophical guide, that we mean to follow him; and nature is presented to us by the Great Creator as a glorious show to be looked on and admired, as well as a field to be searched into and subdued to our use. J. C. M.

AN ALLEGORY.

The heart, the heart, still let it be, a pure and sacred thing.

PART I.

My father gave me the citadel, and charged me to preserve it as I would preserve his love; to keep it with all keeping, for out of it are the issues of life. He said that some of the neighbouring citizens, might seek to possess it, for the beauty of the gardens around it; of these I was to be particularly watchful. They would, most likely, seek to besiege the citadel by scaling the walls, and looking in at the windows, pretending to be only admiring the flowers, or listening to the music; but all the while seeking to ingratiate themselves with my attendants, by whispering soft words in their ears. Three of them are great favourites with the citizens, namely, Vanity, Pride and Ambition; because they never think of doubting the truth of their promises, nor perceive the hollowness of their praises. So you must endeavour to keep these attendants confined, lest any of the strangers should see them, never let them come to the gates or even look out at the windows. Indeed I wish they could be banished altogether, for they are discontented, disagreeable creatures, and often put the citadel in confusion. Ambition is less vicious than the others, and he may be made useful if kept in subjection.

But it is impossible to banish them altogether, for they have had possession there ever since the citadel was built, at least, I think they had.

But in order to preserve the citadel, you must keep the gates well guarded.

First by Prudence—and then Idleness and Poverty cannot enter; for they generally come together, and Sorrow and Suffering are ever with them. Next by Wisdom, and then Impiety and Vice cannot enter, even though painted and dressed in the trappings of finery. And lastly by Truth; and then Flattery will never seek to enter, for they hate each other with a perfect hatred.

The rose that all are praising, is just the rose for me.

PART II.

For sometime after these arrangements had been made, the citadel remained in perfect peace.