

workings of that mightiest of mysteries, the human soul; independent of those keys to such secret cabinets, there is much philosophic pleasure in the less reasoning—but not less delighted—glance which looks on the more outward parts of creation, and enthusiastically calls them all good. The painter who stands amid the mountains, exulting in soul to see the purple battlements support the snowy curtains of the sky; or who claps his hands as some mighty Nile winds far below him, the wealth of cities on its banks and the winged homes of the sailor on its breast—he has as much joy in his eagle vision, as the more minute philosopher has in analyzing the strata of the peaks, or in measuring the quantity and speed of the mighty waters. Influenced as he is, we would spend an hour on this eminence of life, in gazing at the scenery of the present season. Like him we would not attempt to be learned on the matter, we would not stop to enquire what kind of bird that is, which flying between us and the dense cloud, seems to dot its surface, like the first snow flakes of winter drifting past the embrowning wood; we would not ponder on the comparative mechanism of that vessel which shakes her white canvass to the sun, so distant, noiseless, yet distinct, that it seems like some fairy vision rather than a work of clumsy man; but like him, we would take a wide and desultory survey, refreshing our old imaginations, and gaining new pleasures from the free sketch.

Spring is the offspring of winter; nursed amid storms, the stripling rises from dissolving snow heaps and ice bergs; slender and wan at his first appearance, but with every line of beauty distinct on his animated countenance. His robe is of delicate green, and a few daisies are twined with his dark brown ringlets. All active and buoyant he paces earth with the west wind, and collects ornaments from hill and dale for his person. He takes the daffodil from beside the cool well, the crocus from the newly arranged garden, and the beloved primrose from the rural lanes, and exultingly displays them about his graceful figure. His triumph is short, just as his eye gathers a warmer lustre, as his chin no longer downy becomes serried, and his robe changing from its delicate green becomes of many colours; just as the sunbeams make the arbour inviting, and induce loitering walks by the sea