

TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

The Dwelling House.

Spot of my Infancy, 'tis here I formed the first projects of life, uninterrupted by sanguine expectations, or beclouded by pungent disappointments—gently did my dawn and night-fall glide; and my vision of futurity was fraught with felicity—hoary-headed time had scarce taught me mortality. I judged man to be more contented, I thought him more happy than he is—but the sun has risen and departed, more orbits than one have been circled since that hour, and experience foists me entertaining any longer such heart-cheering opinions towards him. Not he is unhappy, his follies have always a season in his heart.

The Birds.

The Sun has now streamed the rising cloud from the East, with his gorgeous colors; and nature as if impatient to gladden the morn, has handed us even a much beauty of the fair harbinger. His mighty stride seems to penetrate the bosom of the mist that has awakened from its slumbers, and bashfully retiring from the brow of our horizon. The warblers of yon heavens have met together, they have their habitations, they sing among the branches; are they conscious that man is an unthankful being? do they not prompt him to think? and do they not agonize his guilty soul as he reflects, that, their songs are ever new to the Lord? No half-birds appear to die in vain upon their tongues.

No hosannas are sent up to the Highest without meaning, as in man. Their sweet melodies are always uttered forth with expression.

O! happy little creatures of Creation, ye neither sow nor reap, nor idolize to yourselves store-houses or barns. Ye spread the wing before the peep of day, and salty forth in innocence, to take the crumbs let fallen from the fingers of Divine Providence.

Home.

The morning comes forth in the sullen draperies of the mist. She lights upon the countenance of man; she may let fall some drops, but she may yet be born to smile. Her breath is balmy and refreshing at my window, her appearance is congenial to my situation. I am upon the earth, but the earth is almost unknown to me. I am only conscious that it is the seat of mutability and rebellion. The friendship of a creature is as the cloud of heaven that passeth away. It assumes a thousand shapes in its flight, and it often leaves us to weep over the bigness of its promise. The friend! the friend of humanity, take to himself, a burden that ill requites those tender emotions which his bosom may become the re-

ceptant of, especially, should he make the arm of flesh his stay; he then wildly ranges from the source of true happiness, he is seen a child of folly on foot for the shadow.

The Daisy Field.

The babe of sorrow no sooner holds footing on the land of vice, then it becomes enamoured; though it scratches at all, and finds all transient. It plucks the daisy of the meadow with the insatiable avarice of an aged miser—and at the character of the man may be observed in its deportment. Do not stork the speechless field? its little spirit becomes flattered and fractions in unthankful. Does it observe some flower above all others, how it will scramble and forget itself, it will act no less; it such a moment to its breast who flies with equal vigor to scatter the seed. Is it not conscious of its purple beauty, and its beauty which fades and is then a no more.

Proud, impudently proud; thought excited as yesterday, to be sepulchred on the morrow.

The Grass.

There echoes no sound of hoop in the place, the striding sports no more after the golden butterfly; nor the school-boys meet to dally round the lolly chins; or see their tracks plough the smooth bosomed stream. Farewell visionary scenes of bliss, how oft from yon meadows have I gathered the tuncful reed, and filled my handkerchief with the yellow flowers, which nature had sprinkled over you months of green. Like the vivid orbs of the second heavens they would strike the eye at a distance. Like the galaxy way thy stream was seen sparkling when tinged by a western sun.

Like the imaginary residences of fabulous deities thou wouldst appear at vesper time; my cotton ball and my kite, shaped by the scissors of a sister that has since sickened and died, were once the objects of attention.

The bridge, the brook, and the retired cottage are all swept away for a noisy and thoughtless generation.

Children to play.

Spirits of diminutive knowledge, divest yourselves, entwine the lily and convolvulus, deck o deck thy baby ringlets with the wild rose that steals its way through the lattice work of thy arbour. Play with the silled acorn, let the cup and ball wear thy patience away; adorn thy image of life with all the habiliments wrought by thy finger; be happy! what awaits you is unknown, but the recollection of these smiling, these deceitful hours, the morrow will abide to the latest period of life.