

Into his ear the beautiful herald pours the sweetest sounds of love. "You are welcome here, and worthy. You have early wisdom to break the bounds of superstition, and to seek these grounds where summer never ceases, and sorrow never comes. Hail! and welcome to the house of pleasure." There seemed to be a response to these words. The house, the trees, and the very air seemed to echo, "Hail! and welcome." In the stillness which followed, had the victim been less intoxicated, he might have heard a clear and solemn voice which seemed to fall straight down from heaven: "Come not nigh the door of her house. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of Death."

It is too late. He has gone in—who shall never return. "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks . . . and knoweth not that it is for his life."—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE SEASONS.

The changing seasons, as they pass o'er earth,
 Bearing bloom, brightness, beauty, and decay,
 The winter's chill, the summer's festive mirth,
 The autumn's sadness, and spring's verdure gay,—
 These all are imaged in the inner world;
 In the mind's unknown depths their shadows lie;
 As a clear lake, by careless breeze uncurled,
 Reflects the changes of the varying sky.

Hope is the spring-time of the soul, when life
 Wakes into beauty, blossoms scent the air,
 And gives the promise of a season ripe
 With nature's choicest bounties, rich and rare.
 Joy is the summer, when the hope fulfilled,
 Gladdens the mind, and bids all care depart.
 Beams in the eye, and, with rich pleasure thrilled,
 Sunshine and music overflow the heart.

Memory is autumn, shedding softened light.
 O'er the dear scenes of other happy years—
 Robing e'en sadness in a vesture bright,
 And decking mirth with half regretful tears.
 Sorrow is winter; when the flowers die,
 The leaves are scattered by the wind's rude breath;
 And white and pure the fallen snow-flakes lie
 O'er field and valley, like the robe of death.

It may be that some tender floweret hides,
 In its warm covert 'neath the mantling snow;
 Thine eye perchance, some straying sunbeam guides
 To look on high, from these drear realms below.
 Thus sorrow keeps some germ of future good,
 To bloom in beauty at some happier day;
 Thus light from heaven, in thy gloomy mood,
 Sheds o'er thy spirit its inspiring ray.

And as the sunshine melts the winter snow,
 So hope's bright rays revive the drooping heart;
 As spring's young buds in fresher beauty glow,
 So joy awakes, and grief and care depart.
 And if not here the winter's chains are riven,
 There is a land where they will melt away;
 Perpetual spring and summer dwell in heaven,
 And autumn's brightness freed from its decay.