

Hail revived reviving Spring,
Fair type of heaven's eternal year!"

Here indeed lies the chief glory of the season, the secret of its expanding influence on the heart of man: without these thoughts of another and a better world, spring would be a most miserable mockery to him; in connection with his immortal state, the year with its seasons is a lively and lovely type of his existence. Amid all the life and beauty of a May day, he can no more deem annihilation possible, than he can doubt the power and goodness of his Maker. The early winter months may bring days of blackness of darkness, which acting on the drege of life, conveys undefined horrors, distaste of living and doubts of immortality to the labouring breast; the ills which flesh is heir to, are increased a thousand fold, when seen through a sickly atmosphere; and the victim of spleen is ready to crawl into the tomb, half fearing, half hoping that he may sleep forever. But such feelings are impossible to a spring morning; and the man who beholds a lower creation rising into second life and beauty, is as confidently, thankful that a rest remains for the people of God, as the labourer immersed in the weeks toil, is satisfied of the approaching sabbath. If we are sometimes induced to sigh when we behold

"The Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
And turn from all she bears to those she cannot bring:"

It is a narrow tho' a natural feeling, and soon turns into rejoicing; for though our friends cannot come again to bless the earth, like the "fresh green tree" which appears redolent of buds and blossoms after the death of winter, yet we recollect, that they are not where we laid them, that they are risen again; that they enjoy that never ending spring, which in our best moments we who yet tarry, religiously anticipate.

When our first parents beheld the fearful approaches of the first winter after the curse, perhaps they greatly dreaded that the fertility and beauty of the earth were gone for ever, and that it should never arise from the barrenness and silence which was closing it around: death is as that first winter to every individual; but the light of revelation and of nature writes in the colours of