

THE
FOUR SEASONS;

OR

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN,
AND WINTER.



NEW HAVEN:
S. Babcock, — Church Street.
1837.



THE FOUR SEASONS.



Ah! if it would always continue to be Winter! said little Henry Siddan, who had just returned from sliding and skating on a large pond near his father's house, which had been frozen over one cold Winter night. Ah! if it would always continue to be Winter! said he, as he held his fingers to the fire.

Mr. Siddan, his father, on hearing these words, said to him, My dear boy, you will do me a great favor if you will write down that wish in my pocket book. Henry gladly complied, and wrote, while his hand trembled with cold.



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The Winter passed away, and Spring succeeded. Henry was walking with his father, one beautiful morning, through the fields, where hyacinths, auriculas, and narcissuses were in full bloom; he felt the most lively pleasure in looking at their rich and beautiful colors, and breathing their sweet perfume.

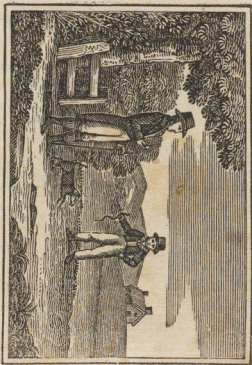
These are the productions of Spring, said his father. They are beautiful, but of short duration.

Oh! replied Henry, from whose mind Winter and all its healthy and invigorating sports had passed away, oh! that it were always Spring!

Be so good, said Mr. Siddan, as to write that wish in my book. Henry obeyed, while his heart beat with joy. The Spring very soon made room for Summer. Henry, one fine day, went out to take a walk with his mother and sister, to a neigh-

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boring village. Their walk afforded them a prospect some times of green corn fields, waving smoothly, like a calm sea slightly agitated by the breeze; and some times of meadows enamelled with a thousand flowers. On every side they beheld young lambs at play, and high spirited colts sporting around their dams. They saw the farmer, with his laborers out in the meadows, cutting down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the hot sun, to be dried into hay; and they delighted in the perfume of the fresh mown grass, as it sweetly scented the fields. At the farm-house they had cherries, strawberries, and other fruits of the season, and passed nearly the whole of the day in amusing themselves in the fields. When they returned home, as the sun was sinking in the west, Henry eagerly recounted to



his father all that he had seen, and how delightfully he had enjoyed himself during the ramble.

Do you not think, said Mr. Sidan, that the Summer too hath its pleasures?

Oh! replied Henry, I wish it would last all the year! At the request of his father, he wrote down this wish also in his pocket book.

At length the Autumn arrived.— All the family went to spend a day in the country, at harvest time. The grain was ripe, and the reapers with their sharp sickles were cutting it down and binding it in sheaves, while the active gleaners followed their footsteps and gathered all that was left behind. The weather was not quite so hot as in Summer; the air was mild, and the sky clear. The gardens and orchards were loaded with fruits. The round and



plump melons from their rich beds diffused a delicious odor, and the branches of the pear trees bent under the weight of the finest pears. 'This was a day of feasting for Henry, who was very fond of apples, pears, and melons; and he had the additional pleasure of gathering them himself. This fine season, said his father, will soon pass away. Winter is advancing upon us very fast, to deprive us of this delightful season.

Ah! answered Henry, I wish it would stop short in its approach, and Autumn never leave us; it is so pleasant to pick the fruit from the trees.

Should you be glad of that, my son? asked his father.

Oh! very glad indeed, papa, I promise you, answered Henry.

But, replied his father, taking out



his pocket book, cast your eye on what is written here. Read it out, my son.

Henry took the book and read, "Ah! that it would always continue to be Winter!"

Now, said Mr. Siddan, let us look a few leaves further.

Henry here read, "Oh! that it were always Spring!"

And what do you find on the next leaf, my son? continued Mr. S.

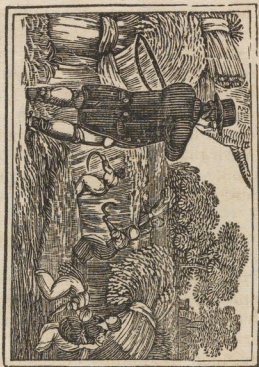
Henry turned over the leaf and found written, "I wish that Summer would last all the year."

Do you recollect, Henry, asked his parent, whose hand-writing this is?

Yes, sir, replied Henry, it is mine.

And what was your wish but just now?

That the Winter would stop short

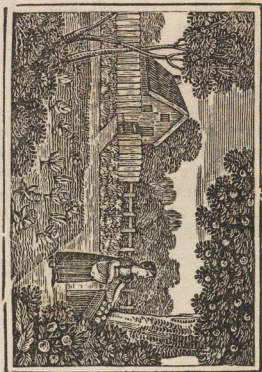


in its approach, and Autumn never leave us.

This is something very singular, said Mr. Siddan. In the Winter you wished that it might always continue Winter; in the Spring, that it might always be Spring; and in Summer, that that season would always continue; and now in Autumn you wish that it may always remain Autumn. Do you reflect what conclusion may be drawn from all this?

Yes, papa; that all seasons of the year are equally good.

True, my son; they are all blest with plenteous increase, and variety of pleasures: and God knows much better how to govern the system of nature, than we, limited beings that we are. If it had depended only on you, last Winter, we should never have had any more Spring, nor



Summer, nor Autumn. You would have covered the earth with eternal snows, and never felt any other pleasure than that of sliding and skating, and throwing snow balls.— Of how many enjoyments would you not have been deprived by such a disposition of things! We ought to feel happy that it is not in our power to regulate the course of nature. Every thing would be lost which was intended for our happiness, if our own rash wishes were heard.

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