

a trouty-looking stream can make it. There are indeed rather too many mills for our wild Welsh taste; but everywhere upon the Continent the trout stream and the trout, are both more *exploites* than is usual in similar localities in an island; and the lover of either seclusion or fly-fishing—and we will boldly make confession of our love for that sport—will we think find some of the lovely mountain districts of Great Britain more to his taste than the perpetual nets and saw-mills; but we will not anticipate. There are but few trout in the Vesdre at Chandfontaine, but higher up they are said to be plentiful; at any rate the water becomes much more clear as you ascend the stream.

“THE WATER LILY.”—A POEM, BY ALBYN.

WE have received a work, in pamphlet form, bearing the above title. As a Nova Scotian production we call the attention of the readers of the “Provincial” to its contents—it is a panegyric on the loveliness, emblematic influence and effect of that beautiful denizen of our lakes and rivers—the graceful lily, and the strain has a few anecdotes connected with provincial life. We are unwilling to check, by censure, the developement of any literary taste in the Provinces, and we give this author due credit for an appreciation of the beautiful and love for the elements of poetry. Pruning and revision would do much for the “Water Lily,” as a poem, but we will let it speak for itself in the extracts here given from its pages:—

“When has the wildest of enthusiasts known
 Or dream'd of banquets equal to our own;
 Not banquets blent with bacchanalian rites,
 But these the soul to ecstasy invites;
 When the bright rainbow o'er the landscape cast
 In beauty stands magnificently vast,
 And soften'd sunlight mingling with its rays,
 In ev'ry tint imaginable plays
 On the blue mirror of the vestal host
 That shone in paradise ere it was lost,
 Another sun there and another bow
 Look upward from the azure vault below.
 And other Lilies to another sky
 Display the glories that upon them lie.
 The diamond's lustre and the ruby's gleam,
 With gold and beryl involved and seprate seem,
 Onyx and Opal—and the various hues
 That em'rals yield and living pearls infuse,
 Now one from one by discipline unseen
 Dividing spread and leave a space between,
 Now swept together like an ensign torn
 From the irradiant mantle of the morn,
 Or wove in bracelets clasping in the sky