

appellation of "Bird Town."* This place began to increase in population and importance; and now, in summer, when the trees that have been planted along the streets and around the neat cottages are in full bloom, and the fragrance from flower gardens is inhaled, a loving feeling comes over the passer-by, and the tourist leaving Simcoe has an inclination to return again.

* In 1816, the first grist-mill was erected here by Mr. Aaron Culver; the circumstances in connection with which we think worthy of mention. Governor Simcoe having visited this section of the country, pitched his tent on the ground upon which Mr. Campbell's residence now stands. Mr. Culver, hearing of the Governor's arrival, called upon him, and presented him with a sack of watermelons. The Governor at once understood the design of the gift, and generously procured a grant of a mill-site for Mr. Culver, upon which a mill was erected by him.

BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

Oh, night is beautiful,
When gath'ring round her form her robes of jet,
She chastely westward, like a startled fawn,
Flies swiftly from the touch of amorous dawn,
And bids him all his burning love forget.

Oh, night is beautiful,
When she unveils her multitudinous stars,
Like diamonds flashing in the raven hair,
Of Eastern princess fabulously fair.
And no rash cloud their beaming beauty bars.

The night is beautiful,
When glowing meteors from their secret halls,
Athwart its darkness, with eccentric powers,
Their brilliance scatter o'er its central hours,
Like colored spray of rushing waterfalls!

Oh, night is beautiful,
When Borealis, with uncertain freak,
From hidden fountains of electric fire,
Invokes the lights that zenith-ward aspire,
As phaseful as the dreams of its own sleep!

The night is beautiful,
When, at the full, her queenly moon doth fill
The heavens and earth with glory far and wide;
And Passion's pride and turbulence subside,
At her low murmur'd order,—“Peace, be still!”

The night is beautiful,
When o'er her skies—its beauty all unfurled—
She spreads her starry galaxy abroad,
Around the throne of her creating God,
Who made each shining star a living world!

The night is beautiful.
When on the virgin and untrodden snow,
Cloud-shadows chase each other in the rays
Of her pure moonlight, which their forms displays,
Like phantoms flitting ever to and fro.

The night is beautiful,
When she seals up the book that record bears,
Of man's dull, daily toil and daily strife;
And in the slumbers of suspended life,
Dissolves in dreams its ever brooding cares.

Oh, night is beautiful,
When, bending o'er the couch of dying day,
She lets her ebon tresses, like a pall
On his departing form in beauty fall,
And gently bears him from the sight away.

Oh, night is beautiful
In her grand silence and her holy rest;
Inviting thoughts serene, profound and pure,
And breathing faith and hope that will endure
Until the soul shall be entirely blest!