

it is securely protected from the chilling north and east winds. The neat white-washed cottages of the inhabitants are clustered around the village church; the placid river, its surface scarce disturbed by a ripple, meandering silently among the meadows now disappearing and anon reappearing in the distance, glittering like silver in the morning sun; its rustic bridge leading to the house of the pastor, which is snugly situated in one of the river's bendings, overshadowed by noble elms, and with a balcony in front filled with choice flowers be-speaking refinement as well as self-sacrifice, combined to make one of the most charming pictures of Arcadian repose and simplicity. Inviting as it was, we did not linger here, but hurried forward and at last reached our stopping place, where we received a warm welcome from our kind hosts. We started off at once to see the lake, which was about a mile distant. At first our way was through fields, which had but recently been brought under cultivation, and the huge stumps, that still remained standing, testified to the labors endured by the tillers of the soil; but as we approached the lake, we got into the forest by which it is surrounded, and proceeded singly along a narrow pathway. The foliage above our heads was so dense that the sun's rays scarce penetrated it, and around us in all directions nature appeared to have donned her most brilliant attire. Mosses of the softest velvet and of the most delicate green carpeted our foot-path, whilst ferns and flowers were mingled together in the most delightful profusion, tempting us to stop and admire them.

"Arrived at the water's edge, some of us looked around in consternation. 'Was this the place we had come so far to see?' A small circular basin lay at our feet, covered with water-lilies, whose singular oval leaves floated on the surface of the water. It appeared to be surrounded by a dense forest, and, although the scene was a pleasing one, still a feeling of disappointment was experienced by some.

"We were requested to embark in the canoes and sail across the lake, which we accordingly did. When we had reached the middle, we perceived a slight opening amongst the trees, to which we directed our course, and we presently found ourselves in a passage only wide enough to admit of one boat at a time.

"The trees on either side were very large, branching out and forming an archway above us. Everything seemed strange and new to us; a most luxuriant vegetation covered the banks, while the calm was only disturbed by the noise of our paddles in the water, and our voices calling to each other from the different boats. After we had sailed through this 'bayou' for what appeared to our impatient minds a long time, it widened, and we found ourselves in the entrance of the lake.

"A broad expanse of water was stretched out before us, enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, whose sides were covered by trees, clad in the bright leafage of mid-summer. The hills seemed to shut us in from the world, and we could almost fancy ourselves pioneers in a hitherto undisturbed solitude. The stillness which reigned supreme, hushed even the liveliest of us into a rare and quietness, and we sat in our boats silently gazing at the beautiful scene before us.

"Seven islands, some of considerable size, appeared to be the homes of the numerous wild fowl which abound on the lake, and whose melancholy notes rose shrill and clear on the summer air, re-echoing from the surrounding hills. One of these islands was nothing more than a bank of sand, with a single tall, shadowy-looking tree upon it, testifying to former verdure, but now blasted, probably by lightning, and bleached by the snows and suns of many a Canadian winter; it had a lonely and desolate air, contrasting strangely with the others, on the most of which shrubs and trees of a considerable size are seen. Along the margin of these islands, wild flowers of brightest hues were in full bloom, and the delicate perfume of the Canadian wild rose scented the air,—the waters reflected their lovely tints with subdued brilliancy; while the long shadows of the trees, thrown by the westerly sun across the waters of the lake, warned us that it was time to return."

KATE McDONALD.

Port Neuf.

EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.

"We read of a Persian whose life seemed blest
With all that was bright and fair,
Till he showed one day, deep hidden away,
A skeleton grim and bare,
That clouded the blissful light of his life
And darkened his envied fate—
His wealth and all—with a gloomy pall
That rendered him desolate.

"And far down in each human heart, there lies
A recess hidden away;
Deep in that cell may a skeleton dwell,
Illumed by no friendly ray.
Friends may be ours who are true and tried,
Who may know each seeming cure;
But that chamber dim, we keep from them,
They cannot enter there.

"Scarce one but keeps some unhealed wound—
A mysterious sorrow hid—
A dreary woe, that no mortal may know—
'Neath that darkened closed lid.
It may be the ghost of some blighted love—
A spectre of ruined hope—
A withered fame—a sullying shame—
On their life's fair horoscope.

"We know that the rose looks fresh and fair,
And its bloom will not betray
That a worm dwells in its inmost cells,
Which is gnawing its life away.
So many with bright and sparkling eye,
And cheek of the fairest bloom,
Have, hid from sight, a withering blight
That will sink them in the tomb.

"Aye, 'Every heart its bitterness knows,'
Each has its hidden care,
And every life hath its inner strife—
Its skeleton dark and drear.
And no eye can pierce the hidden veil
That covers our lives like a pall,
But His who hears our prayers and tears,
Who readeth and judgeth all.

"And long as we dwell on this sin-curst earth
Will our joys be fraught with pain;
Thus He fits us here for that brighter sphere,
Or else we might live in vain.
For when we pass o'er to that other shore,
Each sorrow and grief will depart;
There the mist will roll from every soul,
And the skeleton leave each heart."

LIZZIE T. AUERK.

Hemmingford.

Notices of Books and Publications.

Rio.—Shakespeare. Douuiol, Publisher, Paris, 1864. — 18mo.

BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The April number is the last we have received, the publication of this periodical having been discontinued. Our readers may recollect that the *British Canadian Review*, started at Quebec some time ago, met with the same fate.

QUEBEC GAZETTE, CENTENARY NUMBER. — There is, we are assured, but another sheet in America that has attained the hundredth anniversary of its foundation; at all events it is quite certain that no other journal in the British Provinces has maintained itself so long. The *Halifax Gazette*, first issued in 1751, ceased long ago to be published, and the *Montreal Gazette*, though it has attained a very respectable age, was only established in 1775.

In the centenary number of the *Quebec Gazette* the editors have prudently abstained from positively affirming that their newspaper was absolutely the first publication of any kind that issued from the Canadian press. The Swedish naturalist Kalm, who rambled through the country in the year 1749, asserts that although he found no printing establishment in Canada at the time of his visit, one or more had previously been in existence. In assigning a reason for the absence of any publication in the colony, the fear that the press might be used as an instrument to circulate libels against the King and religion, was freely urged; but, the narrator shrewdly adds, the real cause was rather because the country was so poor that a printer would not make enough to pay his expenses.

The illustrated number presented to the subscribers of the *Gazette* contains a great variety of valuable and interesting information arranged as follows: poetry by Rev. Mr. Dewart; a sketch of the periodical press generally, and more particularly of the British and Colonial press; a history of the *Quebec Gazette*, and a biography of the Hon. John Neilson, who was its able editor