

which l'Escarbot has written so pleasantly. The country watered by the Annapolis and its tributaries is one of the most highly cultivated sections of the province of Nova Scotia, and is the abode of a large population, whose industry and prosperity are proved by the character of their farms and orchards. When we look at the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil, we do not wonder that Poutrincourt should have been so charmed with his new seigneurie, and should have so reluctantly given up all hope of making his home on the banks of the Equille.

Original.

IMPRISONED.—A CANADIAN SPRING
MELODY.

BY H. B. M., HAMILTON, ONT.

Thou art bound with iron, oh, river !
Icy mail thy breast doth ease ;
Steel blue lights about thee quiver,
Frost mists shimmer o'er thy face.
Tall and stark thy shores enfolding
Stand the trees, like spectres dread,
Thronged in serried numbers holding
Vigil o'er the silent dead.

Wintry death and silence reigning,
Soul and sense oppress and chill ;
When a sound of drear complaining
Sudden through the scene doth thrill ;
Weird as music in a vision,
Fifeful, melancholy, drear,
Like the wall of souls in prison,—
So it smites the startled ear.

Dost thou marvel, listening stranger ?
'Tis the sad voice of the wind,
Late a wild, free forest ranger,
Now in icy cell confined ;
By the Brigand Winter taken,
Doomed in caves submerged to roam,
Hapless, wailing, and forsaken—
Until Spring, deliverer, come.

When he cometh—oh, the ringing !
Crash and crack of breaking chains !
Soar the winds, their glad way winging,—
Wild birds freed, o'er streams and plains ;
Singing freedom songs, unsealing
O'er the world, life's frozen springs,

Bearing light and warmth and healing
On their soft ambrosial wings !

Soft auspicious winds awaking
All sweet voices of the woods,
Out the forest tresses shaking,
Scattering wealth of bells and buds
Bearing joy for human bosoms,—
Unto youth, of hope ye sing,
Unto age—of fadeless blossoms
Of the near eternal spring.

Winds unto your sphere ascended
Paint the moral of my psalm :
Know I spirits heaven-descended
Prisoned in an icy calm—
Calm of death—upon their nature
Sin hath twined his fetters dread,
Spreading bleak and wintry feature ;
Joy is silent, love is fled.

From that frozen realm there wendeth
Oft a wailing wild and low,
Not unheard, to heaven ascendeth
This the soul's blind cry of woe ;
Not unmarked its fond desirings
Mild its chains for freedom dear ;
Not unmoted its aspirations
For its radiant native sphere.

Breath of God vouchsafed from heaven
Bearing spring unto the soul !
Lo! the icy bolts are riven,
And the bursting fountains roll !
Upwards on rejoicing pinions
Springs the captive freed, to rove
Far through limitless dominions,
Spheres of light and warmth and love.

Love of God ! oh, high and holy,
Sweet and pure, with joy's full range ;
Thirsting heart that filleth wholly,—
Love that knows no end or change.
Love of man, which blessing giveth,
Scattering bounty where it goes ;
Scattering sunshine, and receiveth
More of bliss than it bestows.

But of all the joy and glory
Of those freed ones to rehearse,
And to tell the wondrous story
Fulleth thought and faltereth verse.
I shall be the theme describing,
When with them I join the psalm,
Through Eternal Courts ascribing
All the praise to God's dear Lamb !