

so justly proud, and in whose praise you never wearied, should soon be lying upon a strange and unloved shore, while—

"Rolling waters sweep between
The widow and his grave."

This was the last sad tale the family veteran lived to hear. In the wide sphere of his professional duty, he carried everywhere the comfort and confidence which his great experience, ability, and true manly feeling, were so well calculated to inspire. With many a story of household oppression and wrong was he familiar, nor did he ever fail the weak and helpless who made, perhaps, no audible appeal to his sympathy; but in a rare and noble exercise of strength invariably cast its influence around those who had but little of their own. Some called his stateliness cold, but I and many more have seen the stern old man lay a gentle touch upon suffering heads, and heard his deep firm voice quiver as he looked into weeping eyes, and strove to speak sustaining words. Many have a right to miss and mourn him, for all things great and good were revered and upheld by him, and shame and sorrow were safe and sacred in his honourable hands.

Nova Scotia may claim and count already not a few 'honoured heads in grassy graves,' and among these may well hold in warm remembrance the name and resting-place of D——r R——t H——e.

You say that occasionally a scrap of my rural experiences would be welcome, so if it suit your present mood, you may ramble about for a little time in our footsteps. Soon after you left us, we (you can imagine who composed the *we*) made an excursion into the diviner portion of the world, travelling for eight or ten days in surpassingly beautiful weather, through some of our inland counties. Sometimes journeying through lovely river scenery in the valleys, and again crossing the mountains, (of course you being a Scotsman would hold them in derision as hills) through forests splendid in their inimitable autumn colouring.

"And regally the gorgeous hills
Surround the valley homes;
And stretching down a thousand rills,
The axe-spared glory comes;
To stand like chosen guards beside
The loveliest haunts of summer's pride."

Well, sir, we made our first stoppage at a small country town, of which mention was often made in your hearing. You know already that the 'village proper' is the most dismal little hole on earth, that nobody ever walks in its streets, or looks out of its windows, or conducts him, or herself, in the ordinary ways of humanity at all. The very dead do not behave as respectable civilized inhabitants of church-yards usually do, but elbow the living in a most unceremonious and startling manner. For example, miscellaneous groceries and dry-goods are dispensed under the name and authority of persons who were naturalized in the realm of ghosts years ago, the appellations by which they were known in this life looking into the streets as familiarly and confidently as of old.