

THE VALLEY OF THE GASPEREAUX,
MONTON, N. S.

The Spring's embroidered kirtle hung gracefully
round the earth,
Starred with the rainbow blossoms of glad rejoicing
birth;
The green trees shook—the tassels in feathery
beauty hung,
And music filled the forest by a thousand voices
rung,
The loaded grass looked upward from the rich
and fallow soil,
And Sabbath beauty mantled the hours of happy
toil,—
While the sun from heaven's blue arches cast a
wondrous golden glow
On the glad and fruitful valley of the lovely
Gasperaux !

Fair slept the pleasant valley—a sweet Arcadian
scene,
As the lazy river sparkled the sloping banks be-
tween—
The blue flags cast a shadow of azure on its
breast,
And sedge-grass twined the mill-wheel now motion-
less in rest ;
The wild-rose shed its perfume upon the balmy
air,
And the graceful Linnaea trembled in lilac beauty
there—
While the green and graceful willows bent loving-
ly and low
Like a band of trusty wardens o'er the winding
Gasperaux.

Far in the hazy distance some feathery elm trees
grew ;
So graceful in their grandeur, so emerald in their
hue—
One like a broad umbrella of nature's own
design,
Caught the glistening dews of heaven and the
rays of glad sunshine,
Each lifting to the southwind a leafy diadem,
Whose soft green clusters shadowed the old cen-
tennial stem.
The elm trees and the willows brought back the
long ago
When Arcadian peasants wandered by the happy
Gasperaux.

Here in this peaceful valley they till the grassy
soil,
And lifted up the incense of simple hearts to
God ;
And here beside the river in purple oventide,
They set those willow saplings—now old and
sanctified,
Aye! sanctified by sorrow, by suffering and time,
By the dearer things of memory that stir the
spirits chime,
For those willows chant a legend by the river
where they grow,
Of the first Arcadian settlers by the lovely Gas-
pereaux.

The elm-trees and the willows are but memorials
now—
Through the rich and fruitful ridges, the waxes
spools his plough,

Rough English voices echo through the wood-
land's green expanse,
Where fell the silvery casques of the sunny land
of France.
The hearthstone is deserted and low the roof-tree
lies,
While Nova Scotia claims the soil beneath Acadia's
skies ;
But the exiles live forever! still their etorial an-
nals grow,
In the elm trees and the willows by the sunny
Gasperaux!

Strange mystery of nature—defying change and
time,
Keeping the soul immortal amid earth's frosty
rime—
The hands have long been lifeless, that set each
tender stem,
But these wave a living witness—a type and
pledge of them,
Like a good name after burial—each elm and
willow bears
Sign manual for the exiles of the land that en-
caves them—
And their hallowing presence lingers through the
stillness soft and low,
That wraps the pleasant valley of the shining
Gasperaux. M. J. K.

HALLAM, 1858.

COFFEE VS. BRANDY.

Concluded.

When Mr. Eldridge came home at
dinner-time, his wife said to him :
“ You needn't order any liquors from
Snyder.”
“ Why not ? ” Mr. Eldridge looked at
his wife with some surprise.
“ I'm going to have coffee, instead of
wine and brandy,” said Mrs. Eldridge,
speaking firmly.
“ Nonsense ! You're jesting.”
“ No, I'm in earnest. These liquors
are not only expensive, but dangerous
things to offer freely in mixed companies.
Many boys get their first taste for drink
at fashionable parties, and many reform-
ed men have the old fiery thirst revived
by a glass of wine poured out for them
in social hospitality. I am afraid to
have my conscience burdened with the
responsibility which this involves.”
“ There is no question as to the injury
that is done by this free pouring out of
liquors at our fashionable entertainments.
I've long enough seen that,” said Mr.
Eldridge, “ but she will be a bold lady,
who ventures to offer a cup of coffee in
place of a glass of wine. You had better
think twice on this subject before you
act once.”
“ I've done little else but think about
it for the last two hours, and the more I

think about it the more settled my pur-
pose becomes.”

“ But what put this thing into your
head ? ” inquired Mr. Eldridge, “ You
were in full sail for a party this morning,
liquor and all ; this sudden tacking for a
new course, is a little surprising. I'm
puzzled.”

“ Your son put it into my head,” repli-
ed Mrs. Eldridge.

“ Henry ! Well, that boy does beat
all ! ” Mr. Eldridge did not speak with
disapprobation, but with a tone of plea-
sure in his voice. “ And so he propos-
ed that we should have coffee instead of
wine and brandy ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Bravo for Harry ! I like that. But
what will people say, my dear ? I don't
want to become a laughing stock.”

“ I'd rather have other people laugh
at me for doing right ” said Mrs. Eld-
ridge, “ than to have my conscience blame
me for doing wrong.”

“ Must we give the party ? ” asked
Mr. Eldridge, who did not feel much in-
clined to brave public opinion.

“ I don't see that we can well avoid
doing so. Parties will be given, and as
Fanny is our niece, it will look like a
slight towards her if we hold back. No,
she must have a party ; and as I am re-
solved to exclude liquor, we must come
in first. Who knows but all the rest
may follow our example ? ”

“ Don't flatter yourself on any such
result. We shall stand alone, you may
depend upon it.”

The evening of the party came, and a
large company assembled at the house
of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge. At eleven
o'clock they passed to the supper-room.
On this time, the thoughts of the host
and hostess had passed, ever and anon,
during the whole evening, and not with-
out many misgivings as to the effect that
their entertainraent would produce on the
minds of the company. Mr. Eldridge
was particularly nervous on the subject.
There were several gentlemen present
whom he knew to be lovers of good wine :
gentlemen at whose houses he had often
been entertained, and never without the
exhilarating glass. How would they
feel ? What would they think ? What
would they say ? These questions fairly
haunted him ; and he regretted, over
and over again, that he had yielded to
his wife and excluded the liquors.