

travelling by coach. A very pleasant drive it is from Halifax to the Bay in summer—in the month of June particularly so. The first portion of the road runs through a region of lakes, alternating with patches of forest, odorous with the fragrance of fir-trees, and in the early summer gay with the snowy blossoms of the wild cherry and the feathery bloom of the withrod. The remainder of the road follows the winding curves of St. Margaret's and Mahone Bays, giving the traveller charming pictures both of sea and land at every turn.

There are no monster hotels as yet in Mahone Bay, such as are to be found at Saratoga or Newport; no gambling saloons, no race courses, very few fast horses, and not many fast men or women. All at present is very simple and primitive; but there is no lack of respectable accommodation, and quite enough of creature comforts, both in quality and variety, to make a visit eminently enjoyable. Taking the village of Chester—where there are at least two capital inns—for a base of operations, you may drive out every day in some new direction; now to Blandford, along the shore till you come to Deep Cove—a very remarkable inlet, which you must not omit to examine. Arrived at this romantic spot, fail not to climb Aspotogan. It will cost you some effort, and, perhaps, a few

scratches to reach the summit; but once there, should the day be clear, you will be rewarded for your exertions by a view that will linger in memory. On another day you may drive to the westward through the settlement on to the pretty town of Lunenburg, and still further to Lahave, which is one of the finest of our rivers. The roads are excellent, and good horse-flesh at all times available.

If angling be your specialty there are lots of lakes and streams heareabouts. Gold River, two or three miles from Chester, is a famous locality. It would be too much to promise you plenty of fish, for the best of sportsmen are disappointed sometimes; but in the first months of summer you are certain to have lots of bites, and of a kind you will be apt to remember.

When the railroads now in course of construction come to be completed, one might hazard a prediction that Mahone Bay and its vicinity will become a favorite and, perhaps, fashionable place of resort. There is no good reason, at all events, why it should not be such to our countrymen and countrywomen of the Dominion. For a sea-side residence during the months of June, July, August and September, there is no spot in North America that combines a greater variety of attractions and advantages.

THE AGE OF LIGHT.

BY ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter morn,
Yonder comes the ages of a higher freedom born;
Yonder comes the dawning, and, behold, its light
appears,

Bursting o'er the fetters and the slavery of years.
Lo! the light comes up upon the ancient world of war,
But the sun glitters on the sheen of streaming steel
no more.

Hark! the ringing water in the cheerful underwood,
Singeth out its pleasure in a raptured solitude;
Singeth that the voice of wrong shall be forever
dumb,

That the hosts of hate are banished, and the reign of
Peace has come;

Blessed, 'mid these ages, are the nations that they live,
Blessed is the heritage their children shall receive.

The captive, in his dungeon, is no longer in the dark,
He hears the rush of waters, and the singing of the
lark;

And the rusty doors are open; and the sun-set is
unrolled,

And his gates with amber flooded are like bars of
burning gold;

And he standeth up, and knoweth that his guilt hath
gone away,

And his cell is left behind him ere the darkening of
the day.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter morn,
Yonder comes the ages of a higher freedom born;
The glowing soul of Nature hath the prophecy
revealed,

Her priest, the poet, heard it and his fount of joy was
filled—

For the very joy is floating from the spirit in his eye,
That rushes in the river, and that warbles in the sky.

No longer in the morass treads the weak and weary
slave,

Nor sinks in fields of cotton, nor upon the drifting
wave,

And dreaming of his freedom in the forests far away,
No more he starts or shudders at the hound's pursu-
ing bay;

For the winds upon the mountains have less freedom
now than he,

And the winds upon the mountains have been forever
free.

Yonder comes the promise of a better, brighter morn,
Yonder comes the ages of a higher freedom born;

Freedom that shall heart to heart with chains of love
unite,

Freedom that shall demonstrate a universal right.

Yonder comes the dawning, and the battle-flags are
furled,

And peace is on the nations, and its glory on the
world.