

GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

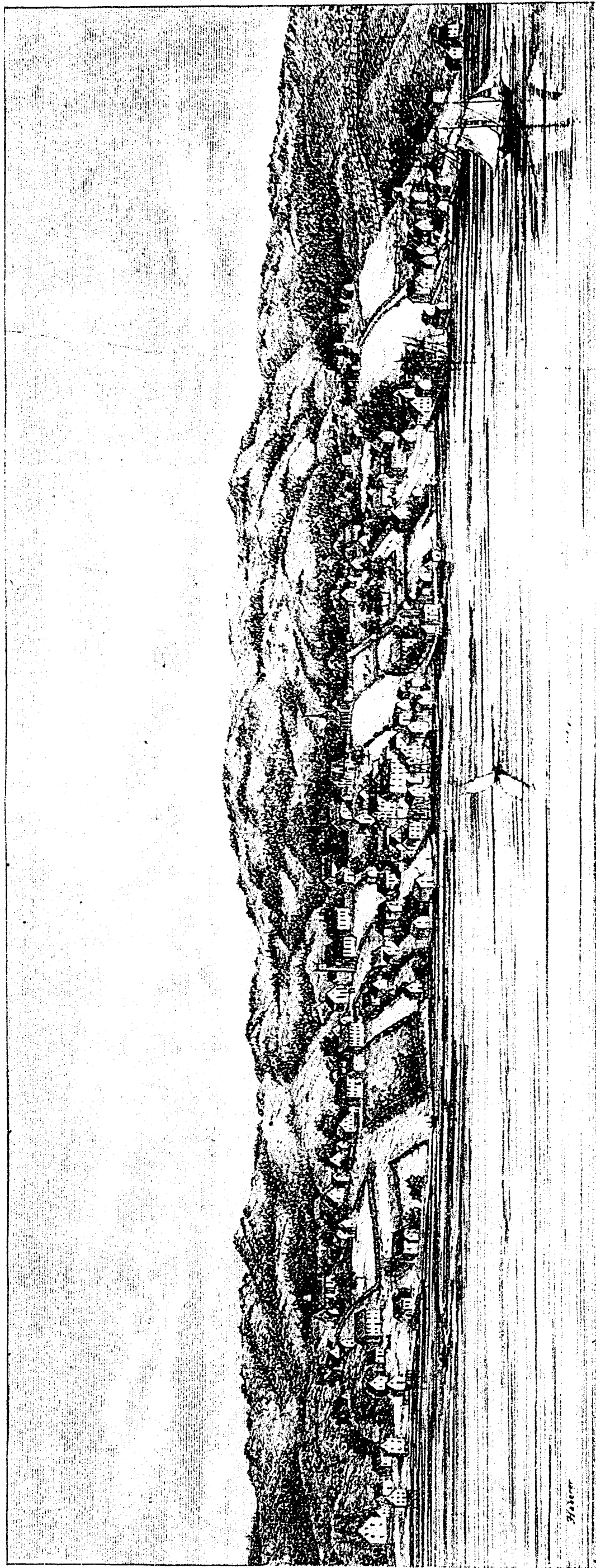
Guy'sborough is a flourishing seaport town of Nova Scotia, situated at the head of Chedabucto Bay on the west side of Milford Haven, in the township and county of Guysborough. It contains about a thousand inhabitants. The scenery in its neighbourhood is very picturesque. When more extensively known it will doubtless become a favourite watering-place and summer resort for tourists generally. The facilities for boating, fishing, bathing, &c., are most ample, and the inhabitants are an intelligent and industrious class of people who extend every courtesy to strangers. The harbour, from which the American schooner "E. A. Horton" was lately "cut out," is a fine sheet of water, completely sheltered from the swell of the Atlantic by a bar extending nearly across its entrance. The tide extends ten miles above the town, and in its picturesque windings affords many scenes of surpassing beauty.

THE FIRST SNOWBALL.

One of the great events of early life is witnessing for the first time a pantomime, or a Christmas extravaganza, when children look with shuddering awe upon the dreadful doings of ill-favoured ogres; whose headish tricks are, however, happily thwarted by a lovely fairy, that springs out of a deserting cloud, and, with star-tipped wand, puts to rout a host of evil genii and gnomes. What wondrous things, too, are Hecate, Cuckoo, and Pantaloon! and how the young ones' souls look out of their eyes at the transformation scenes, when a howling desert is changed—boy, presto!—into a blooming garden, with golden fruit on every bough, and with fairies tripping it daintily on the emerald greenward; or some deserted village, going to ruin, is, by the same house-piercing, instantly converted (as when the Fairy Prince kissed the Sleeping Beauty, thereby waking all things to sudden life)

this? What natural magic, what white art, by spirits of air, what celestial enchantment, has been at work? If the snowflakes should be still descending, the child wonders where all the feathers come from, and why, being so white, they darken the sky. She half believes what Nurse says about an old woman picking geese in the sky, although her strong-minded elder brother laughs the legend to scorn. He knows better than that. Has he not read "Hewer," and doesn't that explain all about snow and hail, and how they are made? It is all owing to the cold, he briefly sums up. You may be sure that the washing and dressing are hurried over that morning, for Mamma has promised that they shall have a good game with the snow. Directly after breakfast Lily, warily clad, is taken by Mamma to the doorstep, where, all tremble with fear and delight, she makes footprints in the feathery mass. A little confiding robin, perched on the window-sill, attracts

and, as he leaps out, shakes himself free from the snow, again to bury and to extricate himself, with the most obstreperous glee. Can any grown-up man see boys enjoying a game of snowballing without its calling to mind the skirmishes in which he was engaged when a boy? Ah! there was that huge snow-fortress, which resisted all attempts at scaling, or which was triumphantly stormed, and a shower of snowballs—one of which (surely it was an iron-ball thrown from a catapult) caught him a sparker full in the face, making both eyes flash fire and gleam with ten thousand sparks. Then, too, that snowball which he helped to set rolling, and which grew so rapidly as soon to resist the efforts of the whole school to make it budge, although its course was down hill, until some men from a building-yard, armed with levers, helped them, and the ball, now a snow mountain, was forced along, gathering in its course, not only snow but a coating of stones from



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Guy'sborough was first settled in 1753 by disbanded soldiers, and was named after Sir Guy Carleton, (afterwards Lord Dorchester) who died in England in 1808, at the advanced age of eighty-three. Its population have always maintained their reputation for loyalty to the British Crown, as becomes the descendants of those who wore the uniform; and they are no less distinguished for their commercial enterprise. Fishing, shipbuilding, and (in the county) agriculture are the chief pursuits, though something is now being done in the neighbourhood at gold mining. To mark its former military character there still stands the ruin of an old fort on a bluff at the entrance to the harbour.

A rural poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart, entitled, "I kissed her and rose." The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin, "I kissed her such nose."

for a moment the delighted attention of herself and brothers. Some crumbs are quickly taken, and the boys, well catered and with wags jostling round their necks, are soon up to their ankles in the snow. Master Tom rubs on this occasion his first snowball, and throws it at his little sister—to make her pay her footing, as he says—but Mamma's hand is ready to ward off the missile from her pet. But she need not trouble herself, for it falls harmlessly short. Jack, the eldest, has known several winters, and is an old hand. He has seen, bless you! ponds—yes, whole rivers—frozen over, and hundreds of men skating and sliding upon the ice; and once Papa took him upon it, and (we have his word for it) he was not the least afraid, and had a good slide without falling. He is about to set a snowball rolling to cheer, he says, the garden path. Meantime, tip, tip, tip, with delight, backs furiously, and makes desperate plunges at the snow, hurrowing in it.

the newly macadamised road. At the foot of the hill even levers failed to move the huge mass, and it was left, perforce, in front of someone's door, to be next morning sawed and chopped ere ingress or egress to the house could be obtained. The man who has not many such memories as these is to be pitied. Not even the mantle of oblivion—falling flake-like and quiet as snow, and more effectually concealing—which Time throws over the days of our past, can efface these reminiscences. They stand out ably distinct. And, happily, fresh generations are ever rising to have their first delightful impressions of a snowfall, and to see the crew while naked earth.

Clothed in white, nature wears wonderful

—*Ed. London News.*