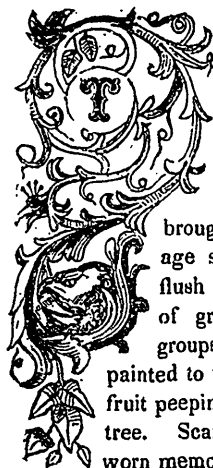


[For the Maple Leaf.

## AMERICA RICH IN HISTORIC INCIDENT.



HERE is scarce a spot of ground in classic Greece, or Italy, that has not been traced in description, by artistic travellers, and rendered vividly beautiful in the glowing colors they have spread so delicately yet lavishly upon it. The vine-clad summits of Grecian mountains have been brought before us, with their deep green foliage shading into richer hues, under the broad flush of southern sunlight. Heavy clusters of grapes purple and silver-tinted, with fair groups of sweet-scented blossoms, have been painted to the life, beautifully contrasted with luscious fruit peeping out amid the shining leaves of the orange tree. Scarce a ruin of ancient Egypt, lifting time-worn memorials of grandeur towards the skies, but has found its sculptured beauties shadowed forth in enthusiastic description by artist and tourist. The Alpine pass, and awful sublimity of the down-rushing avalanche have had devoted admirers. The dreamy serenity of Italian landscapes has been so aptly described, that one could almost hear the soft rustle of balmy airs, and the musical dip of the gondolier's oar, or the sweet cadence of the moonlight serenade, floating like the strain of some angel's lyre above the waves of the Mediterranean. A kind of halo rests on the craggy sides of Sinai, and fills with enchanting light the vales of Palestine. The thought of Lebanon with his venerable cedars, fills us with awe, and we call it holy ground where Horeb rears his head, or Pisgah's verdant top overlooks the fertile plains of Jordan. The Christian heart expands with delight as he sketches the scenery of that clime so rich in interest. While pondering the records of past ages he does not forget that the tide of human life which flowed rill-like from the earthly paradise, is destined to flow broad and deep into the paradise above. Look where we will in Asia, on the shores of the Mediterranean, or where the Himalayas, peak above peak, lift their majestic forms crowned with perpetual snow, or set ourselves down in imagination among the fanes of Benares and Mecca, and we feel im-