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WEAVING.

My life is Lut a weaving
Between my God and me;
I may but choose the colors—
He worketh steadily,
For oft he weaveth sorrow,
And I in foolish pride
Forget he sees the upper,
And I, the under side!

I choose my stand all golden,
And watch for woven stars;
I murinur when the pattern
Is set in burs and mars.
I cannot yet remember
Whose hand the shuttles guide;
And that my stars are shining
Ifpon the upper side.

I choose my threads all crimson,
And wait for flowers to bloom;
For warp and woof to blossom
Upon that nighty loom.
Full oft I seek them vainly,
And fret for them denied—
Though flowering wreaths and garlands
May deck the upper side.

My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I see the seams and tangles—
The fair designs sees be.
Then let me wait in patience
And blindness satisfied
To make the patterns levely,
Upon the upper side.

The following letter to the Salem O'server, from one of the many tourists who have this summer visited our fair Province, may prove entertaining to cur readers who are interested in Nova Scotia becoming a popular summer resort :-

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

Digby, Nova Scotis, Aug. 9, 1892.

If you have a week or two of vacation and wish to get the largest possible amount of rest and quiet enjoyment for the smallest possible expenditure of money, take our advice and visit Nova Scotia, the land of Longfellow's Evangeline and the tourist's paradise. Through the courtesy of Manager L. E. Baker, of the Larmouth Steamship Company, the writer and a friend were enabled to leave Boston list Friday on one of the staunch steamers of that line for this beautiful country, and now in the charming little town overlooking the famous Annapolis Bisin we are gaining renewed health and strength in the beauty and quietness of this little hamlet at the foot of the hills.

But let us say a word about our voyage across. Leaving the dock at high noon we were soon off soundings, the last land in sight being the familiar Cape Ann, and that only dimly seen. It was an ideal day for such a trip, the surface of old ocean scarcely broken by a ripple, and the Yarmoull, steaming along fifteen miles an hour, moved almost as evaidly as though coming up Salem harbor. The wind was so light there were faw sails in sight, but ever and anon we passed some collier or lumberman inward bound, though only one square-rigged vessel crossed our track. All the afternoon we sat and gazed across the placid waters, occasionally a porpoise showing his fin above the surface or perhaps a horse mackerel racing with the ship a little way. How eagerly we watched an approaching vessel with the ship a little way. How eagerly we watched an approaching vessel, and how interested in her welfare we were until she disappeared from view !

Then, too, we made the acquaintance of Captain McGray, the commander of the ship, a young man of twenty-eight, and steward Hopkins, both of them pleasant, genial cfficials, who seem to take genuine pleasure in adding to the comfort and enjoyment of the travellers placed in their cire, never tiring of the incessant questionings to which they are subjected, and ever

ready to do one a kinduess

The afternoon passed all too quickly in such pleasant company, and soon the sun, sinking to its rest in a blaze of glory, was replaced by the moon's bright beams, and until bedtime, the evening, like the afternoon, was all that could be desired, but we had scarcely stowed ourselves away in our bunks before the stentorien voice of the whistle conveyed the undesirable inform. tion that the ship had run into a bank of fog. However, a little thing like that did not disturb us, and in spite of the constant tooting all night long. we slept the sleep of the righteous and awoke next morning thoroughly refreshed. When we got on deck everything was wrapt in genuine Newfoundland fog, so dense that one could scarcely see from stem to stern; the vessel was still going ahead, though at reduced speed, and the captein and pilots, in heavy winter overcoats, were eagerly listening for the sound of the steam fog horn at the mouth of Yarmouth harber.

Shortly the sun burned through the mists, and so carefully and correctly had the efficers made their calculations, that when the fog finally lifted to that we could see the land, we found ourselves directly off the mouth of the harbor. Immediately the bell rang for full speed, and presently the ship was at the pier, and the passengers landed safely on foreign soil.

A long train with parlor car attached was in waiting, and after a short but highly satisfactory interview with general superintendent Brignell, of the Western Counties Railway, we were on our way to "Digby the Beautiful" for a few days stay. It was a pleasant ride of about seventy miles, especially interesting to American eyes, the customs of the people, some of them, quite at variance with those of the land from which we came, were ever a source

of much interesting comment.

One of the protticat bits of scenery along the way was at the town of Weymouth, a port of some considerable importance. The railroad crosses