

judging the actions either of nations or of men.

A thousand times has the sun set behind the distant hills at the bend of the Valley, while the writer inhaled the evening air fresh from the meadows of Cornwallis and Grand Pre; and often, alone, he has hurried over the upland toward the Gaspereau's mouth, or watched the ebb of the receding tide from a suspicious mound in some forgotten hollow, until he knows the country, hill and dale; and here he would simply remark what he has often felt, as his eyes measured the far-receding distances: that if the Great American Poet had ever visited the scene of the Exile, certainly he would have not been impressed with the height or nearness of the neighbouring mountains, on whose lofty pinnacles "Sea-fogs pitched their tents, but ne'er for a moment descended into the happy valley."

Dear spirit of Longfellow,—if such familiarity of address be not considered sacrilege :—

"A schoolboy wandering through the wood
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay."

Kirklaw, Bay View, P. E. I.

J. S. C.

