

harbour, with perchance the Admiral's ship in perspective. Scarcely one look at the cultivated portion of the scene and the snug farm houses. For many a happy fireside has Nova Scotia, and many more be her portion, when the crisis is past through which she is struggling; the cloud that overshadows her is dispersed.

Eager is the pace, if gratification be the object, with man, or his dumb servitor; but all equally enjoy the pause in their progress, which occurs upon the smooth green before the door, of the capacious, and commodious hotel, known as the Ten Mile House.

Not unmindful of its comforts, the traveller however will if time permit recal the beauty of that far spreading scene; that exquisite coup d'oeil from beyond the white bridge still lingering in his mind. We grieve to say, and of course blush to record another instance of the Nova Scotian's fickle and vacillating attachment to home articles, and inventions, as the unfourishing woollen factory in this instance exemplifies, passed by so frequently, so patiently and so modestly, upon the dusty highway side, asking a place in the estimation of the industrious searcher out of curiosities. Is knowledge never deprived of power, when it becomes by circumstances subservient to party?

It may perchance be upon the morning of the first week-day after the Sabbath, that the traveller stands gazing upon the scenery of Sackville. The sacred stillness of the consecrated hours still haunting the blue ether, still with mild but irresistible sway luring the world-loving from the traffic-dream; soothing the wayward and impetuous current of human cares, anxieties, false pleasure fancies, or avaricious and ambitious promptings—nature, glorious nature, will be worshipped or avenged. See now how the stream high up wavers in the sun light, winding in and around the turfy ledges, where the quiet lowing cows love to graze. See the shadows of the fir and spruce trees, our country's emblem, feathering the soft moss hillocks. But careless in its roving, without one blessing for the interest it excites, with the one only thought of fulfilling its destiny of doing its appointed work, hidden though it be for a time by the massive granite rock. But lo, while the traveller looks on, it has turned around all obstacles, all that *would shelter*, all that would impede, all that would *exanimate*; and here at his very feet its tiny orisons are offered to the Deity; and in its pleasant foam shimmering, dancing, gurgling, in its young momentary life, he reads an epigram.

The goad strikes home, for heaven's electricity speeds it, and the brook's voice ringeth in his ears, and again the constant song toucheth his inmost soul. Toil, toil, toil and labour, be thy progress onward; be thy course upward; before thee is the engulfing tomb,—beyond the absorbing eternity. Traveller to the eternal city—is not opportunity its golden latch-key? Shall it forever be lost, lost, lost?

E. A.