

NOVA SCOTIAN WOODS.

To-day mild summer's mildest sun
 Smiles in the upper air;
 And in the woods the sounds of leaves
 Scarce die on breezes dare;
 And through the woods which skirt its track
 Clangs on the railway-car;
 And calls her train the partridge hen
 'Neath sky-bournes blue and fair.

The feathered fowls rejoice the sky
 Whose winds their carols bear.
 The alder mazes round the road
 In dark green vistas glare.
 The seed-fluff from the high-stalked stem
 The wandering breezes tear,
 Wandering on grassy carpeting
 'Neath sky-lands blue and fair.

 MOONRISE AT HALIFAX.

Thou hast remembered, Luna, to appear
 At thy dread hour above yon sombrous isle
 Named of MacNab, nor hast forgot thy targe
 Of warfare, coloured with a lurid red.
 So should the poet's pen, with such bright hues,
 Dipped in thy carmine, or when thou ascend'st,
 Dipped in thy mellow gold, paint Nature's moods,
 Or man's more worthy actions, leaving those
 That are less worthy, to the black of night.
 The gray light of the eventide is here,
 On mast, and sea, and slowly-moving boat.
 The hour of night approaches; the dull sounds
 Of unseen wavelets murmur round our feet.
 The wharfman leaves his labour, and returns
 To land the day-long fisher of the deep.