

rocky doors in Ali-Baba's story, as by some magic "*open sesame*," they part and stand aside and close again behind us, vista after vista expanding in still increasing loveliness. How the smiling farm-houses wave welcome from the shore, and the patient churches stand like Moses interceding for the people's sins, invoking benediction on the land, and pointing weary mortals evermore to heaven. All nature wears a look of Sabbath calm, and seems to kneel with folded hands in prayer. See that lone sea-gull, "like an adventurous spirit hovering o'er the deep," or like the guardian angel of the little bark beneath. What a blessed calm broods o'er the scene! The very isles seem lapped in childhood's blessed sleep.

Isle after isle

Is passed, as we glide tortuously through  
The opening vistas, that uprise and smile  
Upon us from the ever-changing view.  
Here nature, lavish of her wealth, did strew  
Her flocks of panting islets on the breast  
Of the admiring river, where they grew,  
Like shapes of beauty, formed to give a zest  
To the charmed mind, like waking visions of the blest.

Red walls of granite rise on either hand,  
Rugged and smooth; a proud young eagle soars  
Above the stately evergreens, that stand  
Like watchful sentinels on these God-built towers;  
And near yon beds of many-coloured flowers  
Browse two majestic deer, and at their side  
A spotted fawn all innocently cowers;  
In the rank brushwood it attempts to hide,  
While the strong-antlered stag steps forth with lordly stride.

Yon lighthouse seems like a lone watcher keeping ceaseless vigil the live-long night for some lost wanderer's return; or like a new Prometheus, chained forever to the rock, and holding aloft the heaven-stolen fire; or like a lone recluse in his still hermitage, nightly lighting up his votive lamp to guide bewildered wayfarers amid the storm.

But the fairest scenes at length will pass. We are fast leaving behind us these fairy isles. They are like the childhood of the river in which it gaily disports itself before the sober after-life, or like the illuminated title-page before the graver subject matter