

ity. When engaged in his sacred duties, you need but listen to the eloquent utterance of his benignant spirit to feel how far he is above all ordinary cant or arrogant affectation. At these times the very gestures and attitudes betray the unselfish personal unconsciousness of the man, and prove him to be absorbed in reverence for his calling, rather than admiration of himself; and those who agree with Cowper, in his fine sense of the becoming in these matters, may come to listen, saying—

"I seek divine simplicity in him  
Who handles things divine,"

And find what *they seek*. And those who do not hear, may read at home (for he is an Author) the evidence of his elegant spiritual and poetic mind. Perhaps I might analyze more closely, and with some success, but not even for your enlightenment will I speculate upon the pale weariness of the brow, or the subdued yet passionate melancholy of the voice, of one whose name I respect so much. Peace be with him, until he reaches the land—where 'fruition' still is rapture.'

I know, too, that you will not object to hear, that the fair daughter of our southward neighbour, is more charming every day, and will be always delightful with the smile that few can boast, modest womanly head, and sweet, innocent, musical eyes.

And now let me say—ere I conclude—that you and I have comfort which falls to the lot of few critics. We have made, or, to say the least, we deserve to have made, *no enemies*, for though we were not always desirous to conceal the application of our remarks—knowing that few were too fastidious to be admired—though our fairest interpreters have gone somewhat astray—we yet, in our less pleasant commentaries, kept the matter tolerably between ourselves, and (having a 'conscience void of offence') may afford to laugh a little at the very literal-minded people, who, seeing a sketch localized, run instantaneously to the avowed locality for every incident and character. Not understanding contrast to be one of the commonest necessities of writing, and feeling, perhaps, a conscience-twinge themselves, these expounders put an ugly cap upon the heads of others, and then quarrel with its unbecomingness—raising a little Halifax tempest, and fastening on objectionable head-dresses more firmly by the very strokes which might have tossed them off.

Both you and I are proud and fond of poor little Nova Scotia, and would gladly aid—would we not—in proving that she holds sons and daughters of the soil, and of adoption, within her narrow bounds, who are good, and wise, and fair, and honored.

I am anxious, too, to say here (what his well-preserved incognito will not permit me to say elsewhere) to the generous friend who sent from beneath the 'Star-spangled Banner,' words of delicate kindness and manly encouragement, to his unknown countrywoman—that 'Maude' can be grateful, and would