

cross each other's path till the last sad hospital scene, where they meet each other and death!

When the traveller has finished the legend, he may ascend to the top of one of the neighbouring hills, and from it behold one of the finest and most extensive scenes. If the hay be cut and harvested he will see a thousand cattle on the after grass. The farms here belong to many, but the meadow is one. Each pays his proportion of the expense of the Dikes which keep out the sea, and receives the benefit, cutting his own hay, but putting on so many head of cattle as is in proportion to his land. This is the rule wherever the Dike system prevails.

After leaving Grand Pre, we pass Horton Landing, Avonport, Hantsport, Mount Denson and Falmouth, and passing over the

Avon,

by the magnificent Bridge, arrive at

Windsor,

where some of our tourists have probably arrived from St. John in the steamer St. John, which has brought them up past Blomidon, and by the

Basin of Minas,

a name, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. It may have reference to Minos of Crete, the son of Jupiter, or to Minyas, the son of Neptune, or to some other divine man. It is however, as pretty a sheet of water *when the tide is full*, as flows about "the Isles of Greece," even though it should only have its name from its supposed vicinity to the mining regions. We feel glad that mines should be lengthened, and softened and made classical, and fit for poetic purposes by the vocal change. The beauty of name which belongs to the river, is only applicable at high tide, and not when the dense mud shews itself. Windsor on the Avon is a pretty conceit, and a lovely town. It has a big hotel,