

a noble lord could be a fool, or a godly man a knave." More correct information on such subjects comes to us all soon enough. The Chief Justice was a man deservedly venerated for his personal character, as well as his station, and when he walked away, the boy reasoned out his position. "The Chief Justice," argued he, "must have meant what he said or he only intended to flatter me. But such a man would not stoop to flattery. He therefore was in earnest. And he is a competent judge. Therefore I must be a poet." Day dreams had chased each other through his brain before, but now he resolved to cast away trifles, and try to make himself a name. He continued to contribute pieces in prose and verse to the

newspapers of the day; before he was twenty-three years old, he and another youth bought a weekly newspaper; and as if that was not enterprise enough, at the close of the year he sold out to his partner, and bought the *Nova Scotian*, at his own risk, from George R. Young, one of the great names of the past generation in Nova Scotia—a name that still recalls to those who knew him a singularly vigorous and untiring intellect, high patriotic aims, and, alas! a career cut short at noon. And now as sole editor and proprietor of the *Nova Scotian*, Joe Howe offered himself to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of his countrymen.

(To be continued.)

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### FOR A DAY AND FOR EVER.

WAS it real love, do you think?—  
 Knowing little of your love-lore,  
 I called it a flitting fancy,  
 A liking perhaps—no more.

A boy-like worship of form,  
 Enslaved by a girlish grace,  
 And anointed eyes that saw not  
 What lacked to the girlish face;—

The apple-face, fair and round,  
 The shallow, shadowless eyes;  
 The rosebud mouth whose prattle  
 Was pretty, but so unwise!

The brow that never had frowned,  
 The eyes that hardly had cried,—  
 Like lakes without waves or deeps,  
 Untossed and unbeautified.

He dreamed of no better bliss,  
 He knew of no truer grace:  
 And the even years ran on,  
 Till he saw another face.

Why do you ask me of her,  
 Was she fair? I do not know;—  
 Must Love be the abject slave  
 Of Beauty,—whether or no?

Her spirit to his breathed life,  
 As the wind breathes life to the lake;  
 He awaked from his dreamless sleep,  
 As those that have slept awake.