

His numbers tuned: who, from the fount of truth,

Poured melody, and beauty poured, and love,
In holy streams, into the human heart,

And, from the height of lofty argument,
Who, "justified the ways of God to man,"

And sung what still he sings, approved in heaven.

Bk. ix. 501-508.

Rye.

R.B.C.

MUSINGS, &c.

I.

The Christian has a day of cessation from toil; so has the village pedagogue; and that day, like the Christian, he usually devotes to relaxation and his own peculiar pleasures. After impressing, mentally and physically, a number of urchins for five days of the week, how we shall spend the sixth is never a problem of difficult solution. If the day is fine, the solution most frequently presents itself to me in the form of *trout*—ideal two-pounders, bringing to my ears music of shady brooks. Trudging along the dusty road for a mile or two, with enough worms in my pocket to terrify every female in the neighborhood, in each snowy cloud that rests upon the hilly horizon or creeps up the sky, lurk promises of trout. Each group of thoughtless youngsters enjoying their first experience of the world's ups and downs on the road-side teeter, or swinging from the tops of fragrant young junipers seen to me so many dangling trout. At last a field of hummocks is reached, such as those among which we used to play, making a world of a six-acre lot, and peopling it with bright childish fancies. Oh, Grassy Mounds! we escape from the enchantments of youth only to find you graves hiding forever childhood and childhood's dreams. Down over the bank, near the brook, is a thick clump of ferns. Dyed brown by the early frosts they emit a pleasing odour. So Nature when dying wears her sweetest smile. The setting sun presents the liveliest hues. The parting spirit grows heavenly as it nears the Evermore.

A lazy walk along the grassy path, under the sombre trees, across a log that bridges a muddy pool—the paradise of tad-poles—brings me to the brook. Here the broad valley that stretches away for miles before me suddenly contracts, and through the narrow opening formed by the hills the stream breaks. It does not tumble tumultuously over the rocks as if glad to get away. The friendly hills have made it a soft bed over which it ripples with many a murmur of sorrow, reluctant to leave its old guardians. A mill once stood here; but, impatient at the hindrance, the giddy brook rising in anger swept it away. Of the old dam, a part still stands, and, like a man in his second childhood, seems to smile in its decay upon the beautiful children of the forest bending over it on either side. Here my first cast is made. None but a true lover of angling can have any conception of the pleasurable feelings that fill the breast at this moment. In what other situation will a man so ardently long for a bite! True, to the angler, when returning from a long day's tramp, the prospect of a succession of bites is pleasing; but now *one* bite is valued more than a thousand. For the hungry man each morsel while it tickles his palate carries with it the certainty that the succeeding bite will not be quite so agreeable. But under these circumstances each bite, yea the veriest nibble, intensifies one's fishy appetite to an alarming extent. There!—a quick jerk, a slow steady pull, an excited grabbing of—Bah! *an eel!* Not many casts are necessary to show that the day is too bright for pool fishing. On such a day the trout are to be found in the *quick water*. Streams are continually changing their level. Over each slope the water flows in a rough-and-tumble fashion, each ripple striving to outstrip its fellow and making a very respectable noise in the attempt. At the foot of this shallow, where it enters the deeper water, an eddy is formed. Here the trout love to lie on bright days. On I go then, wading at times, at times lying