

Heaven was a temple, earth a shrine,  
And wave and wind their melody.

Spot, where I framed my earliest lays,  
And breathed them on thine autumn gales !  
My feet are longing for thy braes,  
And solitude requires thy vales ;  
How memory doth each scene restore  
On which mine eyes were wont to look  
And bids me climb thy hills once more.  
And gather pebbles from thy brook !

Again I traverse hill and heath,  
I tread familiar solitudes ;  
I wander, rapt in dreams, beneath  
The glory of thine autumn woods ;  
Alone by brook or river-side,  
I linger out the sultry ray,  
Then 'neath the shelt'ring roof abide  
Where I was blest in childhood's day.

Ye haunted shores, and charmed glades,  
Ye silvery lakes and skies so blue,  
Where lived and loved the Indian maids,  
And warriors of the dusky hue !—  
Where Micmac hunter chased the deer  
That 'neath your hoary branches flew ;  
Or paddled o'er the glittering mere,  
At sunset hour, his birch canoe.

My play-ground green ! where Fancy sees  
Amid the gloam a peopled shade ;  
The fire-light flickering on the trees,  
The lodge in leafy covert made :  
Thy bowers are twined and reared anew,  
Where many a warbler flits and sings,  
Where evening comes, with fall of dew  
And heavenly healing on her wings.

Again a summer hour I spend,  
Throned on our grassy sunset hill,  
And see the golden orb descend,  
While balmy earth and air are still :  
O lov'd resort ! once ours, when free  
We hold the time to rest or rove,—  
The hours most sweet to memory,  
The scenes most sacred unto lovè.

Pleasant to sit, and look below,  
O'er twilight pastures stretching bare,  
O'er dark'ning woods, upon the glow  
Of sunset on the Basin fair,—  
To Blomidon, with silken veil  
Of fog white-brooding o'er his form,  
Where oft the slow, incautious sail  
Meets the swift angel of the storm.

To see the purpling isles and blue,  
Crouching along the further shore ;  
And the red bar, disclosed to view  
By the retiring tide, once more ;  
The silvery sails that come and go  
Upon the placid inland sea ;  
The banks where Avon's waters flow ;  
The sheltering coves of Cheverie.

Then, just below, the wheat unshorn ;  
The smooth-mown field ; the larches tall ;  
And the loved cot where I was born,  
With dusky roof and whiten'd wall ;  
The neighboring homesteads, the wild vines  
That clamber o'er the open door ;  
The orchard trees ; the sombre pines ;  
The bluffs that overlook the shore.

The "bluffs" are visible only to the eye  
of fancy, being too far beneath the hills  
that descend beneath us, slope on slope, to  
be discerned by the visual orbs. The  
"larches," which were planted by our  
father many years before, were just below  
the house, on either side of the gateway.  
One of them attaining a stouter growth  
than the other, seemed to stand for the per-  
son of the planter ; while the slenderer tree  
represented our mother. It seemed omi-  
nous on our coming at this time, to miss  
the larger tree, which was overthrown by  
the then recent storm, and the branches of  
which were piled up just outside the pales  
of the fence. The other still remained  
standing solitary. Behold the emblems fit  
to represent the present state of our family  
circle, and the perpetual absence of him  
who was the patriarch of the group.

We have tried also, a winter picture of  
this scene in the lines on "Snow in Octo-  
ber :"

O scarlet-vested Queen ! 'twas yesterday  
I saw thee glorious 'mong thy woods and hills,  
And heard the rustle of autumnal leaves ;—  
When, lo ! from Cumberland's blue hills and  
shores,  
And you bright Islets, set as if to guard  
The coast beyond them from the tumbling  
bay,  
And where swol'n Avon lifts his turbid wave  
Upon the sunny beach of Summerville,  
The snow gleams through the chilly morning  
air :  
New fall'n it is, as angel's plumage white ;  
Or like that throne of spotless majesty  
Reared in the heavens.

Soft speaks the wooing sun,  
And earth makes answer with a smiling light,  
Glad that the armies of contending clouds  
Have been dispersed by his triumphant beams,  
That have more power to dazzle than to warm.  
He reigns all radiant through his welkin-home,  
Levels his spears at crouching Blomidon,  
And levels all his golden arrows there ;  
And lights the five fair forms that slumbering  
lie,  
Charm'd mid the waters.

Darkens and withdraws  
The beamy god whose race was well begun.  
Eclipsed and shadowy, I behold them still  
Afair in Minas, rising from the tide  
All bridal-tired—daughters of the sea.  
Not as erst, drest in purple-mellowing light  
That flash'd from flowery summer as she  
passed,  
Nor garmented in spring's reviving green ;  
But in the brede of silvery-woven snow,  
Brought by the sprite that skims the Norland  
hills  
Out of the greyness of a sober cloud.

Ah, soon the glistening glory shall appear  
In billowy ridges by the fenced fields ;  
And the dark firs like Parian pyramids,  
Shall shoulder their white masses thro' the  
woods ;  
The pines and larches wail amid the cold ;  
The birch emboss her silver coat with ice ;  
The gaunt elms shout and wrestle with the  
wind ;  
For where the Indian Summer linger'd long,  
With the clear essence of distilled light  
And sweet'ning breath that sighing nature  
gives  
Where falling leaves are scattered, lying hid  
In wither'd heaps beneath the fleecy drifts :  
Of forest spoils the beechen shrub alone  
Holds fast its rustling leaves of paly gold.

Now on our reach of Avon's murky tide  
The snow descends from clouds against the  
sun  
Tumultuous piled ; the sparkling shreds of  
down  
Are glimmering fast, and far as eye can reach :  
While I stand gazing, do the Isles beyond  
And the dark-rolling waters of the bay,  
Become obscure ; while dim, the whitening  
fields,  
The near-hand farmhouse, and the orchard  
trees,  
Show indistinctly through the falling veil.

But this delightful morning has scarcely  
an autumnal much less a wintry aspect ;  
and all the features of the landscape, and  
the placid sea that lie beneath, seem trying  
to express the love that is unutterable, and  
to redeem the promises that were spoken to  
youth and hope, that are yet unfulfilled.

PASTOR FELIX.

Nature forever puts a premium on reality.  
What is done for effect is seen to be done for  
effect ; what is done for love is felt to be done  
for love.—Emerson.

The history of human opinion is scarcely  
anything more than the history of human  
errors.—Voltaire.

## PARIS LETTER.

The area of the city proper to-day is 20,-  
000 acres. In the thirteenth century the  
greater portion of this superficies was under  
cultivation for vines, meadows and kitchen  
gardens. A square yard of land then cost  
three farthings, to-day the freehold average  
price is 130 fr. In 1627, Louis XIII. is-  
sued Draconian decrees, prohibiting citizens  
from erecting villas outside the city ram-  
parts or boulevards, under a penalty of  
1,500 fr. for the artizans who worked at  
them, and the horsewhip for those who em-  
ployed their labor. Later, the Privy Coun-  
cil drew attention to the injury the suburb-  
an buildings inflicted on the capital, by  
hindering the circulation of air, preventing  
the emptying of the city refuse, inducing  
people from the provinces to there reside,  
and affording a refuge for thieves and assas-  
sins. Further, that occupying of the suburbs  
with building sites deprived the city of its  
natural gardens for raising fruits and vege-  
tables, and so aimed at the starvation of the  
capital. As the buildings were not desired  
to be increased either inside or outside the  
city, a fine of 3,000 fr. would be inflicted  
on the builders, and the right to demolish  
the structures accorded to any person. Only  
an enemy would seek to enlarge the capital.  
In 1284, an English shoemaker and his wife  
purchased six acres of land, now occupied  
between the Faubourg Montmartre and the  
Conservatoire de la Musique, for 245 fr.  
annually, during their natural lives ; to-day  
that area sells at 1,000 fr. per square yard.  
Had the cobbler and his spouse retained  
that landed property in their family, it  
would be worth to-day twenty-seven mil-  
lion francs. But they made a gift of the  
land to the Hotel Dieu, on condition that  
they would be boarded and lodged for the  
rest of their lives in that hospice, and  
prayers recited for the repose of their souls  
till the Day of Judgment. The only land-  
ed property that pays nowadays, either in  
France or any other country, is that crop-  
ped with dwelling houses, hotels, workshops  
or warehouses. Ask some English dukes,  
or Astor of New York, if it is not so !

The principal occupation for every one  
at present is to enjoy the lovely weather  
and visit the budding trees. Professor de  
Rosny, who is the Buddhist lecturer at the  
Sorbonne, has resumed his philosophic pic-  
nics in the woods around Paris, where only  
the feast of reason and the flow of soul form  
the menu. The professor holds forth from  
under a tree on the theosophies, as Saint  
Louis administered justice, or wends his  
way in the pathless wood with disciples  
and pupils as a peripatetic on a vaster  
stage. He is to be envied—save when the  
forest guards make an error and arrest the  
band as Anarchists on the loose. Every  
one hopes the weather is not going to play  
any tricks. The supply of flowers is prodig-  
ious, and so cheap that it does not pay to  
sell second-hand bouquets, those rejected  
by invites to soirees. The beautiful season  
too, enables invalids to cast off the dregs of  
their maladies and throw physic to the dogs.  
The time is so genial that almost wooden  
legs might be expected to sprout. It has  
had a wonderful effect on the taxpayers,  
who never before settled their annual bur-  
dens in advance so largely, and these taxes  
as usual have been increased. But having  
become mad for Wagner's music, when a  
dozen years ago the name of the composer  
acted like the red rag on the bull for French  
nerves, everything may be expected from  
the Gauls in the way of contraries. It