

Nature, that only grows by accretion, awes and imposes by its origin, not by its life. Yet how your heartstrings wake to the voice of animate Nature when you walk under the pine trees at the base of the mountain! Like you, sprung from a seed, they grow. Fear, awe, wonder between you and the high cliff. Love, sympathy, joy between you and the brooding fir-tree or the tiny twin-bells clustering at its base. How the great minds cling to the unfolding eyes of Nature's by-ways! Burns and his "wee crimson-tippéd flower." Wordsworth and his "golden daffodils." Linnæus and his flowers that heaped around him as he took his dream-walk in the garden. Bryant and his "blue gentian." Celia Thaxter and her "cup of the wild rose curved close to hold odorous dew." From Reed's castle at St. John we see the clear lakes in their green setting. From the height by Martello Tower we view the Nova Scotia shore and see the waves, white and angry, dash against the breakwater. If fancy brings Charnisay and his fleet as he sailed from Annapolis Royal in 1645, to attack La Tour's fort, do not put the thought away, but rather cherish