

Joy's rainbow glories visit earth and go,
 Melting away to Heaven's far distant land;
 But grief's foundations have been fixed below:
 PLEASURE divides us—the divine command
 Hath made of Sorrow's links, a firm connecting band."

And thus we make no apology, in continuing these 'Tales of our Village,' for stepping aside to record a few passages in the life of a patient sailor, even though there is no tale of interest to attach to their recital.

James H— was born and passed the early years of his life in one of the Eastern Counties of Nova Scotia. His father was a shoemaker, and maintained his family by the wages derived from his trade. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when very young, and with two infant sisters, was left dependant upon their father for guidance and management. The task probably fell too heavily upon the parent, for he shortly took a second wife, one of those who fully merit the odium attached to the name of stepmother. James, however, did not long remain beneath her rule; he early had a fondness for a sailor's life, and at the age of fifteen shipped on board a merchant vessel in Halifax, and continued to sail from that port for several years.

From his own account, he was a wild, thoughtless boy, spending his money freely and carelessly, as sailors are wont to do; fond of the roving life he had chosen, but always glad to be on shore for a little time, and to know what it was to have a home. While his wages were good, and his hand so liberal, even his stepmother had always a welcome for him, and with the kindly feelings which seem synonymous with the name of a sailor, he was warmly attached to all his family, not excepting his second mother. He gave generously to all while his cash lasted, and went away with a light heart to earn more, so that he might distribute as freely on his next return.

After making a number of voyages from the ports of his native land, the prospect of higher wages induced him to seek employment in a large merchant vessel sailing from New York, and by this means he was better able to gratify his curiosity with regard to distant countries, as the owners of his new vessel were extensively engaged in commerce with distant ports, which he had never before visited. He continued in the service of American masters for seven years, and during that time he was familiarized with foreign lands and people until their scenes and manners formed a mingled mass in his memory, from which it was difficult to extract any clear detail, and it was amusing at times to hear him affirm with a pertinacity that knew no dissent, of customs and dresses among the Russians, which only could have belonged to the more excitable natives of sunny Spain.

His last long voyage was taken in 1844, and seemed to be the most interesting to himself, and one upon which his memory most liked to dwell. The ship was bound to Alexandria, touching at adjoining ports; and he had an opportunity of visiting Egypt and Jerusalem, with other interesting localities, which with all a sailor's enthusiasm he had longed to see for many years. He