

noblest enterprise of man. To its prosecution all other pursuits and vocations should be as the tributary rills and streamlets pouring their waters forth to swell the majestic sweeping river. Let the foaming flood surge forward, carrying destruction to its rightful domain; let the renovating wave crash over the realm of profligacy and license and restore the defiled soil to its created purity. Then when every man shall have resumed allegiance to reason and moderation; when the robber shall have renounced his raids, and the plunderer ceased to pillage, when the drunkard's bowl shall be shattered in fragments to the winds, and the chambers of debauchery become laboratories of science, then shall the criminal tribunals be forsaken for want of criminals, and devastation end for lack of a spoiler.

In fact, however, it is of course impossible to effect such a regeneration among the degraded race of exiles from Eden. Yet an approach is certainly attainable. The practical measure of evil in the world is infinitude, and no human endeavor can begin to compass its extermination; but each rational creature has committed to him, a share in the grand work of balancing wrong with right, and turning evil to good. Let none slight his portion of the task, but, let each toil forward armed on the one hand with destruction for the offspring of the "Old Serpent," and bearing in the other implements for the production of all that is praiseworthy and useful till we have raised a tower, worthy the approving smile of the great ruler himself.

#### WOLFVILLE.

She dwells in sober length, between the river  
And the ridge, which lends to Gaspereaux,  
A shelter from the North-wind.

Backed hard against the hill behind, before her door,  
Do lie some dyke-lands, over which in times gone past,  
With vagrant zeal, the brown "Cornwallis" rolled,  
Nor gave one thought to Wolfville.

But now strong bands keep out his tide, save where  
"Mud Creek,"

With sinuous slime-encrusted course, doth welcome  
him,

As laden deep with soil, he, twice a day,  
His sticky tribute renders.

To East the Grand Pre lies, and along its outer marge,  
"Long Island" stretches far his red, wave-eaten side,  
And lends his woody back,—a burial-place and home-  
stead—

A shelter for his children.

With Northward sweep, the "River" rushes out to  
meet the "Bay"

Whose farther edge "The Cobbies" do enbrink,  
And from whose nearer breast the gloomy "Home"  
of Glooscap.

Towers steep its time-scarred side,

And bristling Westward in unbroken length,  
A back-ground forms, above whose ragged crest,  
Show tinted cloud, a shaded gray or soundless blue,  
Now twinkle night-lit stars.

Within this "Northward Wall," the far-famed "Valley"  
smiles,

As sloping from the West, she here doth sharply yield  
Her fertile sway to tide-dominion'd flats,  
Her rivers three to Minas.

To Westward, neath the evening sky, swell broken  
summits,

Which here protrude and there retreat their forms,  
As if they marked a conflict, vainly fought  
Against aggressive lowland.

Nearer drawn, their sides are covered thick with  
thrifty farms,

And orchard-bowered homes; while where the River's  
turbid flood

Is iron-spanned, a grayish knot and village spire  
Do mark the "Port of Williams."

In such a land, and mid such scenes as these,  
Does Wolfville stand, where she hath some time  
stood, nor backward draws

Though all the force which made her, and shall make,  
Should raise assault together.

About her still there clings the peace of "French  
Acadians,"

Unbroken by the rush and jar of "Old Earth's" sweep,  
Save when a ten-horse whistle scalds the air,  
And where there clangs the railway.

From East to West, from West to East, she drags her  
weary length,

And seldom turns her way aside; as one whose heart  
is bent

On some great purpose, but whose eyes are weak,  
The land she occupieth.

The gray old "Hill" above looks down as in com-  
passion,

For perhaps when he was young, she proudly held  
his crest

Until some heavier fresher grasped her by the heels,  
And dragged her gasping downward.