



DINING-ROOM.

Whether beneath the sole and spectral star  
 The dear severity of dawn you wear ;  
 Or whether, in the joy of ample day  
 And speechless ecstasy of growing June,  
 You lie and dream the long blue hours away  
 Till nightfall comes too soon ;  
 Or whether, naked to the unstarred night,  
 You strike with wondering awe my inward  
 sight.

And when the orange flood came roaring in  
 From Fundy's tumbling troughs and tide-  
 worn caves,  
 While red Minudie's flats were drowned  
 with din,  
 And rough Chignecto's front oppugned  
 the waves,  
 How blithely with the reflux foam I raced  
 Inland along the radiant chasm, exploring  
 The green solemnity with boisterous haste ;  
 My pulse of joy outpouring  
 To visit all the creeks that twist and shine  
 From Beausejour to utmost Tormentine.

And after, when the tide was full, and  
 stilled  
 A little while the seething and the hiss,  
 And every tributary channel filled  
 To the brim with rosy streams that  
 swelled to kiss  
 The grass-roots all awash and goose-tongue  
 wild  
 And salt-sap rosemary,—then how well  
 content  
 I was to rest me like a breathless child  
 With play-time rapture spent,—

To lapse and loiter till the change should  
 come  
 And the great floods turn seaward, roaring  
 home.

The traveller miles away on the  
 Intercolonial Railway, catches his  
 first full view of the Mt. Allison in-  
 stitution, a little Athens set upon a  
 hill. There is the University, a  
 splendid stone building, with win-  
 dows of stained glass. There is  
 the huge brown stone front of the  
 University Residence. There is the  
 long four-storied, many-windowed  
 outline of the Ladies' College,  
 in which the young ladies of  
 the University find a comfort-  
 able home. Even this roomy  
 building has been so taxed by the  
 influx of students of late years  
 that, in spite of its proverbial capa-  
 city for "swelling," it has failed to  
 meet the need. A new brick build-  
 ing, with accommodation for two  
 hundred and fifty young ladies, is  
 in process of erection. Lingley  
 Hall, the Academy, the Commer-  
 cial Building, the Conservatory of