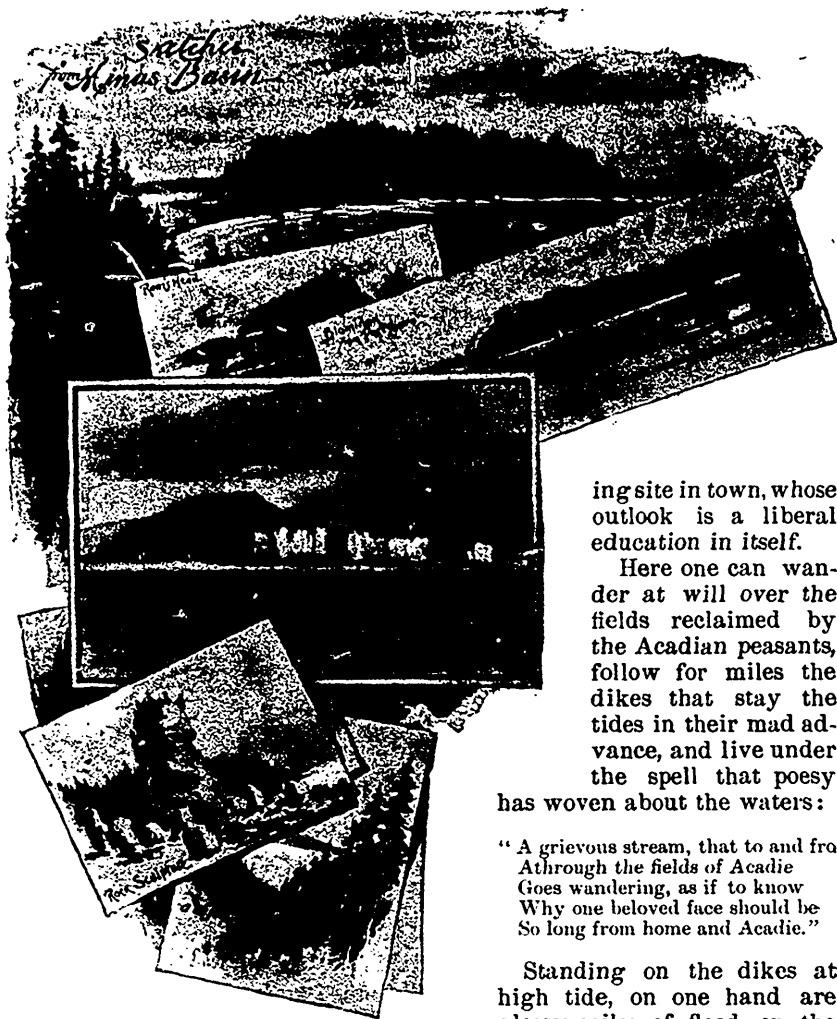




ing site in town, whose outlook is a liberal education in itself.

Here one can wander at will over the fields reclaimed by the Acadian peasants, follow for miles the dikes that stay the tides in their mad advance, and live under the spell that poesy has woven about the waters:

"A grievous stream, that to and fro
Athrough the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
Why one beloved face should be
So long from home and Acadie."

Standing on the dikes at high tide, on one hand are glassy miles of flood, on the other rippling fields of ripening harvest, or contented herds which crop the rich sward,—a contrast unique and strange, whose strangeness lessens not after many visits.

Three miles away is the dreamy hamlet of Grand Pré, nestling among elms and apple-trees, keeping alive the name bestowed by those people whom history has proven not unreserving of their fate, but whose memories live in romance like dream faces, undyingly; best described in the poet's own lines:

or gleaming farmhouse adding a touch of light.

The railway centre of the "Land of Evangeline," the beautiful valley of the Canard River, and old Blomidon's territory, convenient to the beautiful Gaspereaux Lakes, is Kentville.

More attractive, less commercial, pre-eminently scholastic, and nearer the Grand Pré fields is Wolfville. The handsome buildings of Acadia College and two or three preparatory schools occupy the most command-