

organism. Truly Wolfville is an ideal place for the study of geology. The botanist and the zoologist also find scope for practical work here so that in this respect Wolfville is almost an ideal town.

Its topographical and scenic features are second to none in the province. A walk on a fine afternoon to the top of the hill behind the college will fully demonstrate this fact. Below us to the south stretches the Gaspereaux valley dotted here and there with farm houses; and there among the orchards nestling in the valley far down between mountainous hills lies the picturesque village of Gaspereaux, and as we wonder at the marvellous beauty of the scene we are reminded that this valley was once thickly inhabited by a people that the poet has immortalized; and that those woods, the remains of which are seen stretching far away from the opposite summit are the very forests that afforded some of the Acadians harborage while the British soldiers were dragging their kinsmen into captivity, and this within ten minutes walk of the college.

Far down to the east of us the hill slopes down into the village of Grand Pre and we look far out into the upper portion of the Basin of Minas; in the distance we see the shore of Cumberland and Colchester counties. To the westward lies the beautiful Cornwallis valley and at a distance the North Mountains.

But who except the poet will describe the scene presented to our view as we look northward towards majestic Blomidon.

“About the buried feet of Blomidon,  
 Red-breasted sphinx with crown of gray and green,  
 The tides of Minas swirl,—their veiled queen  
 Fleet-oared from far by galleys of the sun.  
 The tidal breeze blows its divinest gale!  
 The blue air winks with life like beaded wine!—  
 Storied of Glooscap, of Evangeline—  
 Each to the setting sun this sea did sail.  
 Opulent day has poured its living gold  
 Till all the west is belt with crimson bars,  
 Now darkness lights its silver moon and stars,—  
 The festal beauty of the world new-old.  
 Facing the dawn, in vigil that ne'er sleeps,  
 The sphinx the secret of the Basin keeps.”

What wonder that American tourists throng the place during summer. Surely the most sluggish mind must be stimulated to greater activity by an afternoon spent in the contemplation of these things.

We can hardly imagine a town more nicely suited to the proper blending of study and profitable pursuits extraneous to the college course than Wolfville.

A city would offer to the student, it is true, greater opportunities for the cultivation of the social side of his nature; but it also affords opportunities for the maturing of any evil tendency which he may