

Poetry.

SEA-BIRDS.

There's a flock of beautiful sea-birds
Alight on the sandy bar,
How they gleam in the morning sunshine
How white their feathers are,
The tide has almost covered
The Island where they stand,
And the little waves creep nearer
Along the yellow sand.

And there, at the edge of the water,
A hundred sea-birds play
Among the white-capped wavelets,
As foamy white as they,
Out there on the sandy shallow
They find their daily food;
The motherly Ocean feeds them,
Her countless and hungry brood.

She comes with a comforting whisper
And plenty of food for each
Of her little feathered nurslings,
Who wait for her waves on the beach.
Now, over the bar where they lighted,
The Tide her broad arms flings,—
Look, what a sudden uplifting
Of white and flashing wings!

Now, half of the flock are flying,—
How fair they are in their flight!
From the pale blue sky beyond them
Gleam out their breasts, snow-white.
They make me think of the angels,
With spotless robes and wings,
Or the thoughts of little children
On high and heavenly things.

And half of the flock are floating
On the dark blue sea at rest,
Like babes that are rocked to slumber
On their mother's heaving breast;
Like a bevy of water-lilies
Adrift on a quiet tide;
Or like hearts that were wild and restless
Now tranquil and satisfied.

(Written for The Acadian.)

Clamming Excursion.

BY HARL HARLEE.

I was "down east" searching for
wealth. Just six miles from where I
boarded, in a south-easterly direction,
was Clam Island. Clam Island is a
place noted for clams—hence its name.
If there is anything I like better than
fish, it is clams. I had often eaten
them, but had never dug any. To eat
by own digging was what I had always
wanted. So when I heard that I was
only six miles from where they grew, I
resolved to have a dig. Two young
fellows, boarder-mates of mine, concluded
to go with me. We decided on the
4th of May as the day of our excursion.
We thought it would be a good
way to celebrate the birth-day of our
queen; we knew she would be pleased
when she heard about it. It was now
the 23rd. On the morning of the 24th
we started. It was a charming morning.
Just the kind of a morning that
makes school boys sick when they think
of school, and excursionists happy when
they think of excursions. We felt un-
commonly happy. We had all the same
subject—clams, before us. We had
brown oxide on our little deficiencies, for

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we use to differ occasionally especially in politics and religion, and resolved to spend the day in the most peaceful of harmony. I like harmony,—they use to call me that at home. We "yehood" past things as Tom Pinch did when he went to London. Now along by the river, as it ripples and wrangles, and foams along; then over the bridge, with the broken down rail left on purpose to frighten horses; then on past fields thick with dandelions, and children gathering greens; past cottages with men standing at the door, and women at the windows staring (it is human nature to stare) at us, and hoping we are not their relations coming to make them a visit; then on, and on, until the long red bridge is reached and crossed and we are on Clam Island. We enquired at the first house we came to, for the best place for clams, and were directed to a place about a mile south. We then concluded to go just two miles north, but afterwards changed our mind and went south, thinking that perhaps people wouldn't misdirect you to clams if they would to blue-berries. As we travelled south we took a view of the island. It is about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It has a population of about 148 inhabitants, mostly children, with a few men and women as parents. Every pair of parents has a large family. I thought as I drove past their houses that they must have a contract of raising children for an immigration society. You would think to see the children outside, that each house owned a sabbath school picnic of its own. Selling cattle and farming are the chief occupations of the men; and spinning flax and going for the cows the principal employment of the women. The children don't do anything but mind the turkeys and wish for meal-time. The people are pious. I am told they know more about regeneration than a catechism. They keep sabbath to the very letter of the law. The women do not allow dishes to be washed on that day, and therefore you will not find a girl on the island but loves the sabbath. The men spend the day reading aloud out of Baxter's "Call to the unconverted" while the children sit around listening, and rolling gum in their hands which they dare not chew.

We had now got as far as our directions took us. As far as we could see was one immense clam-field. I had no idea clam-fields were so large. I had always imagined one to be about the size of a fish-house. Joe and Harry, the boys that were with me, thought this was about an average sized one. But I know it was very much above the average size. I never swear I have such poor teeth, but I did feel like it, to hear boys that never saw a clam-field before pretend to be authority on such an important subject. I said nothing, however. They were these wise boys. There are some people that know everything. I would rather undertake to make a small earthquake and set it agoing than try to tell them something they didn't know. It can't be done. As we had now got to the home of the clam, we went right to work and were soon knee deep in the red mud digging. After an hour's work Harry went ashore to build a fire-place and prepare dinner. It never occurred to him until he had the

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