

I note that Time has dealt tenderly with them, has sprinkled his silver flakes but sparingly.

From the conversation I learn that this is no pre-arranged reunion, but the unsevered bond of unity and loyalty to Acadia, '94's prominent characteristics, have drawn a goodly number together to attend the Anniversary exercises, and that they have accepted Judge Ferguson's invitation to spend this hour at his home. "Do you remember Young," the host says to the gentleman at his right, "how you used to quote 'Tears, idle tears, I know not what you mean,' and how '94's children paraphrased it thus, 'Sems, idle sems, we care not what you do?'" My attention is diverted by the hostess. She is speaking to Mr. Dunlop. "I regret exceedingly that the Vincents are not present with us to-day." "Yes it is really too bad. Truly Vincent is a remarkably talented preacher. A few months ago I attended a service conducted by him. As I beheld his kindly countenance and listened to the oratorical deliverance of my old friend's eloquence, I did not wonder that his people loved him dearly and retained him as their pastor, though I suppose you know that in June of each year Vincent is strangely affected. I was told sorrowfully by one of his leacons—by the way, it was our old class-mate King,—that at such times Vincent is confined in a room, decorated with pictures of himself, where he busily turns a crank to the monotonous chanting of the word, 'millenium.' He is a true friend of Acadia and did much to obtain a government grant for the College."

The animated face of Mr. Ford, at the other side of the table now attracts me. He is talking with Mr. Slaughenwhite. "Have you read Dunnie's last book, 'The Evolution of His Uncle and Ant?'" "No, I have not." "Well, Dunnie has some awfully queer notions, but he's all right." "Yes," says Mr. Slaughenwhite, "I understand that he ranks at the head of the eminent evolutions of the age." "Yes indeed," replies Ford, "but have you kept track of Parker?" "Yes, after obtaining his degree of Bachelor of Divinity he went to Salt Lake City and engaged in the philanthropic and lucrative enterprise of selling the Mormon women silver-knotted cat-o'-nine-tails. They used these feline arguments for throwing off the yoke of domestic tyranny supposed to be taught in the Mormon bible, and secured for themselves the franchise in all things ecclesiastical and civil. In gratitude to their benefactor they deposed the president of the Mormons and installed the enterprising gentle preacher as head of the church of Latter Day Saints."

I turn to a familiar sight—Messrs. Blackadder and Davison animatedly talking. "Is it not grand about Moore? Do you know, I firmly believe he will gain his election?" "Yes," says Mr. Davison, "I should not be surprised if he did." "Well," Mr. Blackadder says, "who would ever have imagined that that rank Tory and loyal Britisher would ever offer himself as candidate for the presidency of Canadian America; but like our old friend Mr. Pickwick, he was open to conviction, and it was a good thing for him. I worked hard for the absorption of the United States, and I would like to see Moore president." "Yes," replies Mr. Davison, "he has proved a remarkably clever lawyer, and no doubt he is an equally clever statesman."

"Such a lovely lot of presents,—among them there must have been a dozen different editions of Wordsworth." "Why Estelle, I am so