

Things About Home.

THERE is one item of the course of Acadia which gathers about it an interest peculiar to itself. Prominent, conspicuous, dream-tinted, it rears itself above other objects of importance, and holds the eye with singular fascination. Matriculation Examination, that shadowy gateway into the fields of College life; the first Reception; Sophomore night, with its moonlight and moonshine; Anniversary, with its feast of reason and flow of soul, to say nothing of its Alumni dinner; the yearly cricket match; all these droop their heads and take a back seat, when this important incident is mentioned. The light thereof is flung back in ever dimming rays across the shadows of the whole course. The prospective Matriculant considers it and the diagrams of Legendre are tinted with a beauty not their own, while a new melody sings through the verse of Virgil. The toiling Freshman catches sight of it, and the cloud passes from the cheek, and the corrugated brow grows smooth as a school-girl's, we do not mean a Sem's, for she would have to corrugate her brow about as much as the rest of us, we imagine, and he chuckles grimly, even amid the stormy paths of the Greek Composition, and the special Expedients. The sober Sophomore, with an expression that belies his name settling down on his face, hails it from the summit of some new Hill Difficulty, and a restful feeling steals into his heart, while conic sections weave themselves into a panorama of gilded parabolas, and silver-plated hyperbolas and blossom-wreathed ellipses, passing radiant before him. The gay and festive Junior, drawing nigh the Delectable Mountains, builds fairy castles glowing with all the beauty of earth and air and ocean. The Solid Senior, with the remembrance of this episode on the one hand, and the anticipation of it on the other views it as the silver lining to every cloud. It yields inspiration for the dreaded graduating oration, it soothes his heart as he thinks of the old class-rooms he is soon to enter no more forever, it softens the sigh that he heaves as he remembers that soon upon his ear shall the laughter of the hash-bell fall for the last time, that soon his shadow will linger for the last time at the Seminary threshold. Like the music of a never-failing stream, the thought of it steals upon us whenever the

bustle of daily work and daily recreation slackens for a moment, gladdening, refreshing, energizing. It is the Geological expedition.

It came off this year as usual, only more so. Like a thing of beauty, it was a joy, and at the same time a source of discussion and anxiety during the winter time, especially with the Geological class. Every time the Mica Schist, the Argyllite, and the Eurychurites Irobachieusis made the circuit of the benches, there was seen written in scale and lamina, and spesie, "Expedition." From time to time, as the weeks trod one upon the heel of another, the ulstered Juniors might have been seen clustering about the leeward side of the Scientific Porch, calculating the probabilities of a fair May, or resolving upon the number of places they would honor during their absence from the ruins of Acadia. As *tempus irreparabile fugit*-ed an elaborate list of the various dishes required was prepared, and the amount of provision necessary for a two-days' trip, calculated with all the precision which a course in General Geometry (Olney) and the calculus could afford. At the proper time the schooner *J. E. Graham*, Capt. Davison, was engaged for the trip, the usual preparations were made, the theoretical part of the year's geology was brought to an end, and on Thursday forenoon, May 16th, 1878, A. D., the memorable excursion began. Prof. Kennedy, two Graduates, four of the Seniors, twelve Juniors, one Sophomore, one Freshman, a gentleman belonging to Wolfville,

"The captain brave and the mate so bold,"

with a couple of coloured boys, made up the party. The ropes were loosed, the mud-hook hoisted, the bow pointed out to sea, and soon, with prodigious waving of handkerchiefs, and noise of cheering loud, we left the green shores of Wolfville and started for the North. The long anticipated moment had arrived. The toils of the winter were over, the shadows of terminal examinations lay behind us, and care-free was the brow that was bared to the sea-breeze. The wind was contrary, and our progress Northward was slow; but we had plenty of time, there was no Mechanics, or Greek, or Philosophy, to get up for next day; we went out with the spirit of the winds and the waves and of jollity, so the hours wore pleasantly away. Late in the afternoon, as we finished one of