

[For the REVIEW.]

Traveller.—Begone, you, sir! Here,
Shepherd, call your dog.
Shepherd.—Be not afraid, madame, poor Pierrot
Will do no harm; I know his voice is gruff,
But then his heart is good.
Trav.—Well, call him, then.
I do not like his looks. He's growling now.
Shep.—Madame had better drop that stick. Pierrot,
He is as good a Christian as myself,
And does not like a stick.
Trav.—Such a fierce look!
And such great teeth!
Shep.—Ah, bless poor Pierrot's teeth.
Good cause have I and mine to bless those teeth.
Come here, my Pierrot Would you like to hear,
Madame, what Pierrot's teeth have done for me?
Trav.—Torn a gaunt wolf, I'll warrant.
Shep.—Do you see
On that high ledge a cross of wood that stands
Against the sky?
Trav.—Just where the cliff goes down
A hundred fathoms sheer, a wall of rock
To where the river foams along its bed?
I've often wondered who was brave to plant
A cross on such an edge.
Shep.—Myself, madame,
That the good God might know I gave him thanks.
One night—it was November, dark and thick
The fog came down—when, as I reached my
house,
Marie came running out. Our little one,
Our little four year-old Louis, so she cried, was
lost
I called Pierrot. "Go seek him; find my boy."
And off he went. Marie ran, crying loud,
To call the neighbors. They and I, we searched
All that dark night. I called Pierrot in vain—
Whistled and called and listened for his voice.
He always came and barked at my first word,
But now he answered not. When day at last
Broke, and the grey fog lifted, there I saw
On that high ledge, against the dawning light,
My little one, asleep; sitting so near
That edge that, as I looked, his red *barrette*
Fell from his nodding head down the abyss,
And there, behind him, crouched Pierrot,
His teeth—
His good strong teeth—clenching the jacket
brown,
Holding the child in safety. With wild bounds,
Swift as the grey wolf's own, I climbed the steep
And as I reached them Pierrot beat his tail,
And looked at me so utterly distressed,
With eyes that said, "Forgive; I could not
speak;"
But never loosed his hold till my dear rogue
Was safe within my arms.
Ah, ha! Pierrot,
Madame forgives your barking and your teeth.
I knew she would.
Trav.—Come here, Pierrot, good dog;
Come here, poor fellow, faithful friend and true;
Come, come, be friends with me.

Last Friday evening there was another reception of the same kind, though more local, as there was no unusual concourse, as before, of visitors from abroad; it was given on this occasion by the college faculty. The assemblage was modestly denominated in the cards of invitation an "At Home," and was made up, in addition to those belonging to the college, academy and seminary, chiefly from inhabitants of the village. Here was a repetition of the most marked peculiarity of the reception given by the senate. Between three and four hundred were present on this the faculty's "At Home." The exercises were of similar character to those of the former occasion, and were such as to give general satisfaction and rational enjoyment, and put up to a greater extent than at the senate's entertainment, as the spacious halls of the college were not crowded as at it, but all had breathing room. It is usual in notices of this kind to extol the singing, but as I forgot to invoke the muses of history, poetry, eloquence, etc., I will not attempt anything more than to say that it was eminently melodious, harmonious, scientific, classical, modern and polite, and therefore deserving of all praise!

There is probably a meaning in this "new departure" of the authorities of Acadia College, and it seems to be one not difficult to divine. It is a well-known circumstance that in most towns and villages in which higher institutions of learning are situated, there is a degree of unfriendliness between the students of the latter, on the one hand, and the inhabitants of the place on the other, which disposition sometimes assumes very inconvenient and injurious