

A chinese fan, its handle towards the "River," lies
the Port,
Where gentle patient shipping *may* find harbour,
inward borne
Upon the rising tide whose rhythmic flow recaptures
Yet again the oozy bed.

'Tis here coal-laden schooners furl their dirty wings,
From here the farmer drags his load of winter mud,
And here the troublous "small boy" lures the tom-cod
pale,
Here dwell the few "Mud-Creekers."

Beyond this "Creek," on either side doth stretch away
the "town"
Now studded close upon the one long-winded street,
And now in sweet retirement standing rigid back,—
Two facing jig-jag borders.

To right, with double twist a hill she over-rides,
Slow winding neath the fluttering weave of many trees,
Whose summer shade doth fleck the side-walk's narrow
course
With patches dark by contrast,

And moving still, doth meet her Eastern bound
Beneath a gilded cross, that tops the Catholic
Church;—
A site that marks the stay of many youthful feet,
For *what* of interest further?

To left, on gentle swell she clothes herself with business,
Though *thickly patched* with buildings not in "trade,"
And sadly *torn* in gashes wide by vacant lots,
Though much her looks belie it.

The narrow-waisted "Groceries" opening toward the
sun,
The Hardware's flatted roof, or "cranky" low-browed
front,
The "Dry Goods" scattered here and there about
In shapes long grown familiar,

The little *cheery* "Post" and "Bon-bon" store,
The "People's Bank," an "independent office," one or
two,
Three green-capped lanterns blinking out their kero-
sene,
Add much that else were missing.

Beyond this "buy and sell and get of gain," the town
Doth creep away as wearied past recoverance,
Her double course, thin-dressed with family smoke-
stacks,
Her motto, "Ever forward."

Behind the town, and part way up the hill,
Acadia lifts her spired top above her tears,
And marks the years that, shade-like, pass beyond her
doors.
Their B. A.'s in their pockets.

The "Alma Mater" of near six score boys,
To right, through willow-rain her *social* "Hall" she
sees,
An arrow's flight behind, her well-grown "daughter"
stands,
And still behind, her "Observ."

Some streets run now across, now up and down this
Hill,
And dwellings some are scattered here and there about,
A sort of *shivery* background for the town,
Or prey for some new freshet.

Thus art thou, "Wolfville Town," in thy completeness!
Thus morning finds thee peeping through her gold-
barred gates;
And still thou art the same 'neath evening sky,
Though perhaps a trifle sleepy.

Above thy head the "seasons" roll their wonted round,
And stamp with care each image on thy face;
Still "Change" hath touched thee with a finger light,
Perchance hath quite forgot thee.

And yet thou must grow old, as all things *dusty* must,
Thy strength will silent go as it did come;
Somemorrow's sun in vain will search the landscape'er,
To greet thy waking features.

When thus thy journey's done, and thou art gathered
hence,
And what now knows thee nevermore again shall
know,
It may with truth be written o'er thy place:—
"Old Wolfville!"
"Died unconscious."

COMMENTS.

ROMAN Catholic ecclesiastical authorities in Canada
are strong in their denunciations of dancing. The
"merry-go-rounder," they say, must go. It is already
being dropped as an amusement by high society in
some cities. The square dance is not prohibited.
Righteous consistency, this—cutting off the grown
bear, and allowing the cubs to live. Surely, if one is
worth choking, the other should not be spared.

THE U. S. Senate, probably with a keen eye to busi-
ness, have rejected the Extradition Treaty. You can
always depend upon the Americans for statesmanship
and pure disinterestedness when these trifling matters
don't conflict with their own interests. Meanwhile,
Canada has the honor to remain the most convenient
dumping-ground, hence likely to receive the benefit of