

That college road furnishes a type at once of his life-task and of the determined spirit brought to bear upon it. Let us believe that when his great release comes others will complete his present task as perfectly as his former one. But let us return to our theme.

The great tidal ebb and flow, with its frequent "red flood," has ordained that boating shall not be a characteristic sport at Acadia. Nevertheless we call to mind that in our day a few who were foremost at cricket found delight also in pulling a boat. Old Boys will readily call to mind the little shell, *LA NYMPHE*, the joint property for a time of "Poor Richard's" friend, and the Mustapha, and afterwards, we believe, of the latter only. Two could carry this shell, and it could easily carry two and Don in the bow, and in smooth water three. What glorious paddles we had in that boat—the Mogul getting courage the second year to share them with us! We explored the caves in the water-wrought sandstone at Starr's Point, tested the splendid fruits in Prescott's garden at Town Plat (always in charge of a genial horticulturalist who delighted to give his visitors his best), inspected Cornwallis Bridge from beneath, and traced the curious windings of the Cornwallis River above the oaks and the matchless cypresses which flourished between the Bridge and Kentville. The latter was counted a brilliant feat in a single tide. *LA NYMPHE* floated on the waters of the Canard River also, past the Big 'Batteau and along the dykes of the Grand Pre, and on the turbid current which sweeps around Boot Island. It was a vigorous pull home against the ebbing tide. More frequently, however, we took a spin far out on the waters of Minas Basin proper. Here we drifted and paddled at pleasure, and drank in delicious sights and sounds. There was a sense of freedom in the largeness of the open heavens. The isolation secured by placing a broad strip of water between one and the place of one's daily work gave a feeling of infinite rest. [The writer has also found this to be true since he left college, and has often obtained relief from nervous irritation and unrest in this way.] On one occasion we were belated in returning from the open Basin, a thick fog having closed over us. For hours we vainly sought the friendly shore. When at last our ears caught the sound of water lapping the sedge, we found ourselves near Town Plat. How weird were the sounds along the unseen shore that night—sounds which we had never

noticed by daylight. We can hear the echoes even now.

As it would not be considered good form to close these jottings without an example of poetry, we append a couple of extracts, Nos. VI. and XXI., from the *La Nymphian* sketches by the immortal Don. How true was his eye to see, and his hand (paw) to draw! Let the reader note the photographic realism with which the pictures stand out in No. VI.; and let him imagine himself in a boat on the Basin as he reads No. XXI., and he will hear his heart beat as the unique perfection of the bold picture stands revealed.

I sing, *La Nymph*, O bonnie boat!
The sights I saw in thee afloat.

VI.

I saw the golden plover fly
O'er lowlands, uplands, and on high.

And flocks of shorebirds, pearly bright,
I saw, gyrating in the light.

I saw the crane in reedy creek
Ply his long neck and horny beak.

And on lone foot, his flesh and bone
I saw turn into solid stone.

On solemn wings I saw him, too,
With heavy flap, mount toward the blue.

I saw the raven—heard his call,
Liquid and far and musical—

As from the upper air he broke
The silence with his miscalled "croak."

XXI.

Afar, I saw old Blomidon
In purple haze at set of sun.

And near, I saw the Horton slope
Flush to its brow, like youthful Hope.

While overhead a sea of gold
I saw, in noiseless billows rolled.

And, to, its counterpart beneath!
Ensphered, we floated still as death.

ONE man, perhaps, proves miserable in the study of the law, who might have flourished in that of physic or divinity; another runs his head against the pulpit, who might have been serviceable to his country at the plough; and a third proves a very dull and heavy philosopher, who possibly would have made a good mechanic and have done well enough at the useful philosophy of the spade or anvil.—*Clip*.