

things cheerfully, the little running streams crossing the road every hundred yards, and even the mud which is—noticeable, *very*. I think I should avoid ploughed fields. If a belated snow bank caves in letting you down into unknown depths of melting clay—why, all right. Perhaps, too, a cloud may break away from its moorings—and you have no umbrella. But almost the next minute the sun comes smiling out again, glistening through the hanging drops and playing in delicious waves of warmth over the moist ground. And the air! Every breath seems to draw in a sparkling life which brings a feeling of exhilaration and gladness, banishing, for a time, at least, the gloom of little failures and disappointments.

For—

“Is it a time to be cloudy and sad
When our mother Earth laughs around?”

Everywhere is manifest the charm of the early spring: On the brown fields stretching away to the left, there is a flush and brightness, though they are not yet enwrapped in the mantle of “living green”; not yet the joyous chorus of birds, but little twittering notes chirp away the silence, and ever and again you catch the liquid murmur of tiny brooks; not yet the perfume of violets and apple-blossoms, but just the fresh breeze itself is purest fragrance.

You wander on, pausing now in this field now in that over the first blushing May-flowers, until the shadows grow longer and longer and the afternoon wears away. A moment’s lingering at the stile to look back over the way, then you turn down the familiar hill. In the glamour of the sunset light, how beautiful is that landscape ahead! The far away hills with their blue, blue shadows, the waters of the Basin clear and still, the dykes simple and unvaried, and down yonder the well-known outlines of the college, now fading into softness, but in memory never to fade wholly from our lives. It a Senior, this is a reflective stage in the course and you look back, perhaps, to another spring four years ago, when your thoughts like those of the boy in the Danish song were very long and very vague, and the castles you built were large and fair. Then comes another vision, prominent, conspicuous, dream-tinted it may be, of a time near at hand when Wolfville seems quite Arcadian in its wealth of pink and white blossoms.

“When the trees are all a mist of green
The air a sea of song,”

Yet that goal will then serve but as the starting point for a more distant one. The spring opens into summer and another class passes out “from the life of a school into the school of life.” Before is the future unread and unreadable, where it is well to know how to conquer—and perhaps better still, how to submit. In the peace of evening,