

Fresh Trouts!

THREE short leagues from Acadia College at the early hour of 8 a. m. ! Trout fishing at a premium and Books on the shelf. Now for us the moss may hang over Olney's eyes to his toes and Sophocles and Demosthens may converse in classic Greek in some dark crypt of a book shelf.

Away we go—as jolly boys as ever sang a song or danced with a pretty girl at a country merry-making. And as the tintinnabulation of the bells sounded curtly on the crisp and frosty air our hearts beat time in exuberant glee. Whatever the future may have in store for us one day shall be packed as full of fun as an earthly day can be.

Yoho over the hill—down the valley of Evangeline's home, and up the high summit of the South mountain we go—6 miles an hour, for a merciful man is merciful to his beast—and we had not liberty to turn the horse into a locomotive, so we generously permitted him to cling to his genus. Away over the eastern hills the sun came up—hastening his progress, for seldom did his old orb ever light on such a sight, four students going out to catch fish, wild with freedom and boiling over with exhilaration.

What cared we for furrowed time with his scythe and glass or any other wild animal? With one pistol, pen knife and a few deadly hooks we were ready for trout, catamount and uncivilized denizen of the bush. If all these failed—a grand expedient was left—a dernier resort which could not be taken away, (without a knife and saw)—yea could we not say with the immortal Milton;—not lost!

What though the field be lost, all is not lost!
The unconquerable *legs* remain.

And armed with such weapons we were bound to do or die.

Thus with hearts fully manned we tied our quadruped and having slung our accoutrements over our shoulders we plunged into the “forest primeval.”

O ye, who living in continuous acquaintance—ship with the wild and solemn forms of nature; who growing accustomed to the grosser externals of her visible glory, behold them with indifference and all unmoved—can ye understand the feelings of that heart upon which all those things burst as a new revelation? The mind cramped up for 6 mos. by four artificial walls and living in the rigid, artful atmosphere of criticism and textbook scholarship, when once the clamps are taken off and it is allowed to expand under the grateful influence of nature—feels, if it have a vestige of poetry or tenderness of sentiment or

conception of beauty, a new and added impulse of thanksgiving and rapturous adoration go forth to the infinite Father for having reared the mountains and planted the forests and spread out the lakes, and shed over all a halo of light, and a matchless glory of song.

The sound of the axe was not absent—it savored of the Almighty dollar. Yonder is a lofty pine, fit to be the mast of some great admiral. “O woodman spare that tree.” God forbid that e'er a noble devotee of Neptune should ascend it with a slash bucket. Alas already it is marked for falling, for the noble *man* has measured it and calculates its worth to the fraction of a cent.

There is more beauty and poetry about a tree that we think of, with its leaves now mute and motionless in repose pendent and modest, now dancing beneath the sunlight to sweet Æolian music stolen from the sporting winds. Then the lofty column like the Corinthian Pillar that from a broad base rears a head symmetrically tapering to the heavens impresses you with the idea of strength and selfsufficiency.

However—we pass on to a lake hidden from the busy marts of men, in a delightful retreat. Here we unloaded, stacked our arms, built our camp, and arranged the plan of our attack on the finny monsters of the deep. It was agreed that we should lie in Ambush over divers holes and improve every opportunity to *worm* them out.

We gently lowered our wriggling deception, quieting our consciences with the thought that trout need not bite against their will, and then laid back with fond anticipation in our hearts and the savoury smell of a prospective fry in our nostrils.

O men and brothers in the divine piscatorial art! Have ye ever read of him, that old man of infinite sadness whose life was darkened, whose sun was held in partial eclipse until it sank forever, by the shadow of a Perch? He had fished for that perch up and down his native meadows in the old brook all his life. He had hooked one eye out, but the other with “all the seeming of a demon's” haunted him in his sleep or in his waking. That perch killed him. Sitting solitary by the little air hole we exhaust our art, we labor in vain, no trout speckled and shiny condescends to “give away his breath.” Alas for the lack of heroic spirits under the sun (ice) we thought. Are there none who aspire to the crown of martyrdom among the dwellers of the vasty deep?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)