

paddles. Far astern the clear waters of the bay lie sparkling like diamonds in the silver flood of moonlight. Now and then the tinkle of cow bells can be heard as the simple Acadian lads drive home their father's herds.

Here the bay rapidly closes in; soon it is but a narrow creek that runs for many miles up a deep and narrow valley. Faintly, but distinctly, echoing down this valley, we hear the sound of the far off church bell calling the devout to evening prayers. A hush falls over all. The scene is so impressive that not a word is spoken until we are aroused by the grinding of our canoe on the sandy beach. Unconsciously we have drifted and now a voice breaks forth—

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

The voice goes on until that touching piece is ended and then as the last sweet sound dies away, we separate—you to go back to the duties that are before you, I to my unfinished tasks. Let us hope that the scenes through which we have just passed may inspire us to greater efforts and that our labors may be lightened by a fuller realization of the goodness of God.

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