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The Diver

Like marble, nude, against the purple sky
In ready poise, the diver scans the sea
Gemming the marsh's green placidity,
And mirroring the fearless form on high.
Behold the outward leap—he seems to fly !
His arms like arrow-blade just speeded free ;
His body like the curving bolt, to be
Deep-driven till the piercing flight shall die.
Sharply the human arrow cleaves the tide,
Only a foaming swell to mark his flight ;
While shoreward moves the silent ring on ring.
And now the sea is stirred and broken wide
Before the swimmer's passage swift and light,
And bears him as a courser bears a king.

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Silas Alward, Q. C., D. C. L.

In September of 1856 Silas Alward began the work of his College course. He loved study, and for the prosecution of it had the necessary equipment—sound preparatory training, a fine physique, boundless good health, and a purpose that never flagged because it knew no infirmity. Indeed it seemed as if Hygeia had him under her special care and protection. He came to college to study, not to dawdle and read books saturated with raudlin sentiment. You could see from the beginning that it was no part of Alward's purpose to drop buckets into empty wells, and grow old in drawing nothing up. No doubt the Dr. will remember that his classmates frequently remonstrated with him on his devotion to study, and in sundry ways had to modify and curb an ambition that well nigh overleaped itself. The fruits