

Virtue is the pursuit of the Beautiful and Beauty is Truth. The intuitive and acquired aspects of the soul are seen in Man's relation to the external world. Civilization, culture, art and religion are all results of his love for the Beautiful. Ideal culture is characteristic of Christ. From the depths of ignorance and despair a being endowed with the same flesh and blood that covers the creature has risen on the wings of the Morning, and flushed with a nectar that only the Eternal Father can control stands on the pinnacle of Truth. To dip into the dark waters of Death is not death. The light that shines over Eden can penetrate the dusk of Eternity. Shell-like on the bosom of Time the Soul floats on and on into the unconfined distance till with the rosy glow of the deep about him, the sailor hails from his bark the dawning of the Resurrection Day.

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**"In Pulvere Vinces"**

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THE fathers, who in days of old  
 With store of faith and dearth of gold  
 Built the white college on the Hill,  
 Wrought without fear, as hearing still  
 An inner voice of prophecy  
 Declaring: "Very few are ye,  
 And very weak, and very low,  
 But One hath willed ye conquer so."

The years flit by; a younger brood  
 Stands where the ancient fathers stood;  
 Many are we who say with pride  
 "Acadia hath been our guide;"  
 And many hopes and many fears  
 Have gathered with the gathering years,  
 Hear then, Her children, and give heed:  
 In parable is hid my rede.

Once in a desert, where the sun  
 Smote down with fiery anger, one  
 Did plant a seed; he gave it shade  
 And water in his hands conveyed,  
 Watching lest parching wind should burn  
 The tender shoot; and when in turn,  
 The frosty stars would blight with cold,  
 Spread his own mantle on the mould.  
 In time the seed became a tree;  
 The planter died; as heaven-free