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"Prædesse Quam Conspici."

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Autumn's Close

HE saw the flush among the Autumn Hills,
Like some vain hope fade solemnly and slow ;
He heard the myriad voices of the rills
Crooning sleep songs mysterious and low.
He knew that Summer with her smiles and tears,
Endured sad exile in a distant land ;
That Winter, hoary with eternal years,
Must rule again with stern, relentless hand.
Yet in his heart was hope forever bright,
He knew the flower-crowned Spring would come
with song
To overcome the shadows of the night,
Fill woods and meadows with her happy throng.

BRADFORD H. DANIELS.

In "The Canadian Magazine."

Our Frontispiece

WINTER in the Colonies ! Of what are these words suggestive ! From a cursory glance at the Christmas cards and the Penny Pictorials our friends of the Old World conjure up a scene or rather a medley of scenes of unrivaled splendour, and in many cases of more value as products of the imagination than as representation of what really is. When Canada is concerned, the great, white, maidenly Canada, the speculation of the Homeland with regard to its first possession is, to say the least, characteristic of a people noted for their love of adventure. Snow ; till the ground is lost in drifts of soft, fleecy loveliness and the tips of the fir trees are bent and broken with their clinging burdens. Ice ; till the brooks and rivers are locked in sleep and the smooth, glassy surface flashes in the light of a wintery moon. Frost ; till the air is crisp and clear, so crisp and clear that the stars are like diamonds and the voices like notes silvery, sonorous. This is true ; that is for the Englishman for he