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IN MEMORIAM.

FINLAY D. MARTIN, CLASS OF 1884.

I saw a bark upon the wide life-sea
Glide smoothly onward in the golden morn;
Soft favoring winds blew ever cheerily,
And calm the waves so oft by tempest torn.
The bark bore precious freight, - a Christ-
bought soul,
A heart that felt keen grief for human sin,
A purpose pressing toward that God-like goal—
From death to life immortal man to win.
But as I looked I saw a crested wave,
Huge, black, resistless, moving toward the
bark;
Who sat therein no earthly power could save;
His hour, alas! had come!—the sky grew dark.
The wave rolled on, and roared; the clouds
dropped tears;
From stricken hearts a mighty wail arose,
Which pierced the sobbing air, and, 'yond the
sphere,
Reached Him who wept and died for human
woes.
At His command came angels, like the two
Who said, "The Lord is risen. Why seek ye
them
The living 'mong the dead?" To mortal view
Unseen that throng, though bringing peace
to men.
A light ineffable bathed sea and sky,
And voices sang, as when the Lord was born;
They sang of life and heaven, that they who die
In Christ but haste to greet eternal morn.
And as they sing the clouds divide; the skies
Roll back their purple veil; the woful moan
Is changed to joyful song, for mortal eyes,
By faith made strong, behold th' eternal
throne.
And him whom blood-washed throngs surround;
And there in shining garments glist'ning
white,
Walks he whose light paled here, but who has
found,
Beyond the stars, the Fount of fadeless light.

OMEGA.

"THE COURSE OF TIME."

This is a didactic poem of real excellence. It indicates a fertile mind and is redolent of the spirit of piety. The warm reception with which it met from the public, testifies to the talents of its lamented author.

Robert Pollok was born at Muirhouse, about eleven miles from Glasgow, in the year 1798. His early advantages for receiving education were good. As a student he was diligent and precocious. At the age of twenty-two, after five years study, he received from the University of Glasgow the A.M. degree; and under Dr. Dick, of that University, he spent five years more in completing a theological course. Then he became familiar with those great and glorious principles, truths, and doctrines with which *The Course of Time* so richly abounds. His first sermon, preached in the city of Glasgow, contained parts which were awfully grand, as every one acquainted with his power would expect; and the impression it made was most profound. Over work had so reduced his physical strength, that the fatigue occasioned by this effort immediately prostrated him. From this illness he only partially recovered, and he afterwards preached but three times. Change of scene and climate, the best medical treatment, and the assiduities of friends all proved unavailing. He died at the early age of twenty-nine—a victim of intense application. Premature deaths of promising men from a like cause are not unfrequent; and yet many go and many will go to the same excess.

The subject of the poem upon which Mr. Pollok's literary reputation rests, occupied