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## The Acadia Athenæum.

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From the Week.

## DULCE DOMUM :

A LEGEND OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

There is a beautiful custom still in vogue at Winchester College, whose students assemble at "Evening Hills," toward the close of term, and awake the echoes with the touching song of "Dulce Domum."

DULCE DOMUM! Sweetly homeward! Loud the old familiar strain  
Rolls its wondrous tide of sweetness, o'er the hills,  
adown the plain,  
Bearing happy thoughts of school-work, soon—oh bliss—to be resigned  
For the pleasant, dear home-corning—hall and studies left behind;  
And the gentle night-wind wafts it, over mountain, vale,  
and lea,  
Whispering softly to the white cliffs, and the white cliffs  
to the sea  
Echo back the glorious anthem; once again, and yet again,  
O'er the woodland slopes of Hampshire, roll the gladly  
sweet refrain:

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! But each word with  
anguish thrills  
One lone heart beneath the shadows of the grand old  
"Evening Hills,"  
One whose melancholy features likeness to his dead sire's  
bear,  
Round whose young life beams the halo of a sainted  
mother's prayer,  
And the scorching tear-drop glistens, rising nigh beyond  
control,  
For the iron of his sorrow pierces to his boyish soul,  
Whilst the memories of his childhood o'er his recollec-  
tions throng  
As he listens, in his sadness, to his school-mates gladsome  
song:

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! Homeless he, with  
none to bless;  
Not for him the hearth of welcome, nor sweet sister's  
warm caress;  
Chill his class-mates' careless good-bye on his heart des-  
pairing falls,  
Doomed to linger, through vacation, in St. Mary's gloomy  
halls,  
Dreaming of his happy childhood, and his gentle mother's  
love,  
Wondering, if she now beholds him, from her home in  
realms above.

But forever, and forever, through the dreary nights of  
pain,  
In his orphan ears are ringing bitter echoes of the  
strain

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! Soon the "long  
vacation's" o'er,  
One by one, the lads come trooping back to college life  
once more;  
But a face they've known is absent, and they hear, with  
bated breath,  
That their sad-eyed little comrade sleeps the unbroken  
sleep of death.  
Yes; an angel's voice had whispered at the hour of mid-  
night, "Come,"  
And the dear Lord, in his mercy, took the little orphan  
home.  
Bright and glad his parent's welcome, who had waited  
for him long,  
But the brightest, the most joyous, was the youngest  
angel's song:

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Toronto, 1884.

H. K. COCKIN.