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Selected Poetry.

LIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled bleak and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair.
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy stars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of Eden bowers
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth amongst the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storms dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast
Night's funeral shadow slept,
When the shepherd swains on Bethhelem's plains
Their lonely vigils kept,
When I flashed on their sight, the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the high and low,
On the just and unjust I descend,
To the blind whose vain spheres roll in darkness
and tears
I feel my smile the best smile of a friend;
By the flower of the waste by my love is em-
braced
As the rose in the garden of kings;
As the chrysalis hier of the worm I appear
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY MUMMY.

WE have read of Egyptian mummies
our early days with a kind of religious
veneration and awe; as though a spirit
lived on the threshold of the gloomy

crypt—a shade of hoary antiquity, a sort
of ghostly reanimation hovered about
the dried yellow-skinned son of a heathen
—just ready to gobble us up. But,
shades of Pharaoh! we ran across so
many of these venerable specimens of a
mental-azoic age, that though the contact
has made us redolent of a sort of spiri-
tual gum-resin, yet we trust we have re-
turned a wiser and sadder man.

Our nineteenth century mummy, or
dummy, for he is a fashion-block to show
off to advantage the antique costumes of
the past, is sublimely unconscious that
his theories are tattered, or that he him-
self has become rather thin, from the
attritions of the ages. He fancies that
in this age of manly declension and fast
horses he alone is left of all the wise
who knew too much to believe that Cook
could sail around the world and not fall
off. We were making our calls one fine
morning in one of the delightful villages
of our country, where the hard flint rocks
develop the self-reliant character of the
children of the soil. We stepped brisk-
ly in and saw a fat-bellied mynheer who
made us hot and cold with embarrassment.
Calling on Osirus and Isis as a sort of
propitiatory invocation, we made known
our mission and struck up a brisk con-
versation. The crops and the weather
and other sublunary subjects occupied the
attention of the venerable Ajax, but at
last we burst desperately through all
conventionalities and struck right out
from the shoulder. We enlarged on the
goodness and power of the Creator, how
He holds in His hands the immense of
worlds, and scatters gigantic suns in im-
mensity. "Gott in himmel! You dinks
I'm fobbs. What holds 'em up? Git out
mit your lies!" We gathered up our
dry goods and sorrowfully left him to
enjoy his afternoon nap under the shade
of the pyramids.

We were almost disheartened, but the
grit of our ancestors was aroused and we
determined to do or die. The next speci-
men we met was tall and angular; he
looked as though he had fallen from the
top of Pompey's pillar sideways. We
stepped up to this hoary friend of
Cheops and shook hands (we have been
unable to make that hand available since

in the fine arts). "Sir," we said, "is it not
wonderful that the beneficent Creator
has so adapted the earth to our condition
as to make it perform a mighty revolution
in 24 hours, thus giving us night and
day?" "Vat's dat?" says he. "Yes," we
said, "yon sun is motionless; we are rush-
ing through the air with enormous veloc-
ity." "Young man," said he, "go in peace."
In vain we argued. The bible spoke of
the sun standing still, but it was a
miracle. Common sense too, told him
that we could not stand such rapid travel,
and that the earth could not be otherwise
than flat. With diminished numbers we
withdrew our forces, buried our dead
and made a bee line for home. We are
thankful that we were delivered from the
land of bondage. We faint at the men-
tion of such skeletons, and go around a
hundred miles rather than meet them.
We are now at college repairing our
shattered health with clean cut logic.
We are content to live with flesh and
blood, and eschew the society of the
mummies.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

HOWEVER numerous the points of
likeness traceable by the zealous scientist,
between his own species and the most
manlike of the brute creation, in one
particular at least the resemblance blankly
fails. When the sanguine evolutionist
shall have established to his own entire
satisfaction, the cheering conclusion, that
our remote ancestors were most intim-
ely related to a respectable line of the
genus *Simia*, then shall his fancies fond
be o'er toppled, and the approachless
dignity of man be forever vindicated, by
forth-showing him in his unique super-
iority as the only animal who laughs.
The monkey can jabber and chatter, it is
true, and it would be no mean compli-
ment to certain individuals of the genus
homo, to assert that they could perform
the linguistic feat to as good purpose.
The monkey can weep, and howl and
whimper, and render all the variations in
the minor key with perfect ease, but
when it comes to the laugh—here he
utterly fails, and sadly relinquishes his
pretensions to the honored position of a