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Farewell.

When shall we part no more ?
When shall our tongues no more pronounce the sad
Farewell which lingers on our lips? When shall dwell
In peace together those who fain would lay
Upon Love's altar all the soul holds dear,
And sacrificing there its sweetest joy
Think itself blest!

Our hearts grow sad
At thought of the blest union which has bound
Their genial chords in closest bands being sundered
Perchance forever. But why despair? The souls
True friendship seals can ne'er on earth be severed
But, like the tendrils of the wood-biue, cling
To that which strengthens them.

We part to meet again :
If on the shores of time may it be ours
To drink still deeper of those streams of joy
Which to us heavenly wisdom's kindly given;
But if no more till life's short voyage is done
May it be ours to bow before His thrown,
The fount of all true love, and there to be
Forever-more with God.

Thought - Active.

SOME one may say, " 'Thought-Active,' well that's common place enough, I'm sure!" True, gentle reader, yet why on that account turn from it? Are all things common-place thus deservedly despised? Life is in a sense common-place and how often is it so regarded when shorn of all its attraction by the hand of dark disaster, misfortune or death! Evening too and morning may be regarded as common-place when viewed as the constantly repeated changes that have crossed the face of Nature ever since the first evening and the first morning were the first day. Yet who that has viewed the rosy tints of the morning or drunk in with delight the untold beauties of the evening sky, ever fires of the picture that remains as an ever-living source of

pleasure to the contemplative mind. What, then, though evening and morning be common-place if such influences spring from them?

So with the activity of thought: we have considered it before, but let us look at it again; it will bear another inspection.

Thought rules the world to-day, not listless, dormant thought, but energetic, active thought. Does any say No; that the world is ruled as much by the sword to-day as it ever has been. Be it so: I do not wish to convey the idea that I believe that the millennium has yet come, or that the lamb can yet lie down with the lion with impunity. But is it not possible, and is it not the fact that above all these several sceptres which show the force of temporal power there is a higher platform upon which the whole human race stand as one common brotherhood owning in their unity the rule of laws different from those by which the nations as such are governed? Here no contention for supremacy need arise, since in this kingdom one may be truly great without being the enemy or rival of his fellow equally great. Such is the realm of refined, noble thought.

Activity is an essential condition of thought. The proof of life in any department is adjudged by its developments. As in the natural, so in the mental. These developments in the human mind are evidenced by its expression in language either spoken or written. The pulpit, the pew, the bar, the public lecture room, the family circle, the columns of the literary periodicals and magazine are alike the legitimate spheres for its exercise.

Moreover thought exercised brings its own reward. Whether by the living voice or by the pen he speaks to the world, the thinker generally receives a ready audience. He may not always be deep, yet his combination of things is so striking that you cannot turn away. Though the