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LINES

Written on the death of the late Rev. A. J. Stevens.

Know'st thou a great man and a prince hath fallen
In Israel's ranks to day,
A standard bearer of the Host of Zion,
Hath fainted by the way?
And we are weak, though rich and fresh anointing
From heavenly hills hath come,
For a loved pastor of the Lord's appointing
Hath passed unto the tomb.
In bitter grief he leaves his flock lamenting,
And not his flock alone;
In other fauns than his, strong prayers presenting,
His tuneful voice was known.
His speech was rich in silvery Scripture phrases
That chiming echoes found
In every heart that loved Jehovah's praises,
That knew the gospel's sound.
God gave to him the learned tongue for cheering
The sad with fitting word.
And clear, convincing speech that scoffers hearing,
Might fear and turn to God.
Now sob the tolling bells. Now, ah, my brother,
And ah, his glory past,
In mournful speech we say to one another,
While tears are falling fast.
How lonely 'mid the leafless trees his dwelling
Of late so sweetly glad!
Chill hearthstone, parlours still, dim chambers
telling
Mutely the story sad.
But hath a great man fallen, or hath he fainted
That Zion's standard bore?
No, with the blest, the glorified and sainted,
He treads a radiant shore.
His hope, his treasure was laid up in heaven,
Thither did he aspire.
After sad struggling days there came at even
The call "Come thou up higher."
He heard, and quit his ruined fleshly dwelling
For one that shall endure,
Beneath the shadow of the trees of healing,
By gladdening streams and pure.

The light, the bliss, the glow heaven's jasper
portals

From outward sight conceal.
Even God's word when framed in speech of mortals
Is powerless to reveal.

But he is blest, for he is near to Jesus,
And he shall never know
The ills, the cares, the sorrows that oppress us
Who sojourn still below.

Greatly was beloved, and early taken
To shine with living beams,
Like those that gild the firmament unshaken
And light the starry gleams.

Unnumbered myriads those fair courts are
thronging

Thither we press to praise.
Brother with thee and all to Christ belonging,
At end of pilgrim days.

M. G. C.

—*New Brunswick Reporter.*

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 16.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

Fronting on the *Augustus Platz*, the finest
public square in Leipzig, stands the *Augusteum*
the seat of the

UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG,

with several of its collections, lecture-rooms,
and halls. This University is one of the
most famous seats of learning in Europe.
Among the 21 Universities of the German
Empire, it disputes with Berlin the claim to
the first place.

Some of the buildings of the University
are grouped immediately about the *Augusteum*;
others, as the *Chemical Laboratory*
and *Physiological Institute*, are located in
other parts of the city.

Leipzig University is in reality an offshoot of