

Thus the light was for all ; and life's battle raged fiercer and all unconfined ;  
 Not the fury of brand clashing brand, but the kinglier conflicts of Mind.  
 For the earth was not made to dream in, nor yet was man made but to dream,  
 Not a couch, an arena the world is, and to act, ever act, is the scheme  
 By God meant for man at creation ; so as grimlier gathers the strife,  
 He must arm at all points ; have each weapon a-glitter with keenness ; that life  
 May gather a harvest that's worthy ; and as the sun toileth all day  
 Through night-rolling vapors whose volumes obstructed his ruddiest ray,  
 Bursts into the azure ere sunset, and the clouds, which were darkness before,  
 Gleam gorgeous with gold and with jasper and purple and crimson all o'er ;  
 And Phœbus in robes of such splendor as circle the Lord on His throne,  
 Sinks under the west, leaving heaven and earth with its glories sown.  
 Such is the course of the mortal, who, dauntless, strives fiercely and long  
 With the barriers Fate rears against him, and the sorrows and trials that throng ;  
 But at length fighting down every foeman, with victory's robes round him cast,  
 All things overcome by his manhood, emblazon his triumph at last.

'Twas the hour when numberless forces opposed every inch of the race,  
 And Duty called loudly "Up, arm ye ! thrice arm against defeat and disgrace !"   
 Thus spake she, nor vain were her accents ; they sounded in willing ears,  
 Telling the spirits within that a glorious future was theirs  
 If they worshipped at Truth's holy altar and followed where Wisdom might lead ;  
 Thus waking a noble ambition, and straightway, the thing was decreed.  
 The roses of twice twain Summers have yielded their dulcet perfume,  
 The tempests of twice twain Winters have mantled the planet in gloom,  
 Since to thy halls, Old Acadia, all glowing with life's crescent flame,  
 A band, till then strange to each other, of youths and of maidens came  
 From shores ever lashed by the surges and whitened by Fundean spume,  
 From isles where Atlantic's broad billows unceasingly thunder and boom,  
 From the banks of the swift tawny Avon o'erflitted by many a sail,  
 And the Valley of Orchards whose blossoms yield odorous wings to each gale,  
 And where on thy strand, o'd Port Royal, thy waters low murmuring pour,  
 Like phantom billows that beat on the sands of a fairy shore.

Unknown were we first to each other ; but long did not strangers remain ;  
 For soon were the golden links woven of Friendship's infrangible chain.  
 Happily, happily forward, the hours in sunshine flew,  
 While page after page of the Volume of Learning was turned to our view.  
 As Freshmen, oh ! we were the people, with whom doubtless Wisdom would die ;  
 And Knowledge no region held hid from our restless, omnivisient eye.  
 Month after month marched along to the still-gaping tomb of the Past,  
 Till we woke one clear October morn, and behold, we were Sophomores at last !  
 Oh, wondrous sublime consummation ! was ever man raised so before ?  
 But what marvel was this ? the horizon was widening more and more ;  
 And numberless objects appeared which appeared at no previous view ;  
 When we fondly imagined all known and nothing on earth could be new.  
 Then a grim, dark, suspicion came o'er us, like a cloud o'er serene summer skies ;  
 The suspicion that other things, yet undiscerned, to our vision might rise.  
 A year rolled a ray ; and, as Juniors, we found our suspicions prove truth ;  
 And concluded to let the professors still teach our ingenuous youth.  
 As men when the billows engulf them, will cling to a straw in despair,  
 So, despairing, we clung to this hope : that we knew what we knew, sound  
 and clear.