

ALUMNÆ POEM

*(Read at the organization of the Alumnæ Association
of Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, N. S.,
June 1st, 1892.)*

Ring out, June bells, upon the breeze,
Floating the colors that we love,
In loyal greetings from above
The glory of the summer trees!

Bells of Acadia, strong and clear
Ring out your country's meed of praise
To those who, through the widening days,
Weave the white web of knowledge here!

The varied threads the ages span,
On busy spindles of the brain,
Are readjusted, till again
The loom shows forth the better plan.

Oh, busy spindles of the past!
Oh, whirring wheels forever still!
Dead spinners! who once sent the thrill
Through laden shuttles flying fast

Along your warp threads in the looms,
Long crumbled in forgotten dust;
The hinges of your doors are rust
That closed upon your spinning rooms!

Yet many a golden thread ye span,
And many a new design is wrought
On patterns which the weavers sought
To fashion for the use of man.