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Original Poetry.

THE GAIN OF LOSS.

Life gives us better than it takes away,
In brighter hope and broader, fuller day.

There is no past, but all things move and blend,
In sure fulfilment of a promised end.

We leave the misty capes and valleys we trod,
For the glad sunshine on the hills of God.

To slow grand measure, up the aisle of years
Love truths, enfranchised from long bonds and tears.

Hands that groped darkly for the truth of things,
Hold the clear signet of the King of Kings.

Broad waves that tossed in fierce white passion
heat,
Fall into psalm, and kiss the resting foot.

S. IRENE ELDER.

THE STUDENT.

(Selected.)

Alone, at midnight's hour, a pale-faced lad
Bends o'er his book and reads of things divine,
His face at times seems bright, at times seems sad,
At some engrossing, some o'erpow'ring line.

In mystic tales he dips his ardent eyes,
From Jove's high power adown to Circe's might,
With Cumea lives, with Pyramus he dies,
He starts aghast at Troy's disastrous sight.

With sage Ulysses he harangues the crowd,
He walks with Plato as a bosom friend,
And with the voice of Stentor cries aloud,
And tearful, mourns poor Philomela's end.

At length his task is o'er, and he retires,
Care-worn and wearied, to his nightly rest,
At dreamland hovers o'er him;—fancy fires
The finer feelings in his heaving breast.

Prophetic voices murmur in his ear,
Bright visions flash athwart his tooming brain,
He dreams of sea, and fancies he doth steer
Some heaving bark along the surging main.

Al in some far-off realm at length he lands,
And by his wondrous deeds excites applause;
Noble, greatly honour'd and renown'd, his hands
Are ever lifted in fair virtue's cause.

Then, fleet'er than the light, he homeward bounds,
O'er hill and dale, o'er lake and ocean sheen,
Nor stays to listen to enchanting sounds
Which flow from sirens of the waters green.

But, nearer home, he trembles as he sees
A fairy form in fairy garments drest;
It is—and why is he so ill at ease?
It is the dear one whom his soul loves best.

The old, old tale he tells with falt'ring tongue:
"I love thee, dearest, more than words can say;
I love thee, more than poet ever sung;
I'll love thee ever, stay, my darling, stay!"

A misty veil appears before his eyes—
The form is gone which lately near did seem;
The morning light steals in; he starts, he sighs,
And wakes, alas, to find 'twas all a dream!

ECONOMY OF TIME.

Seneca has truly observed that "of time alone 'tis a virtue to be covetous." Few act with a just appreciation of this fact. Frequently persons ambitious of fame, greedy of wealth, frugal of the other possessions they hold, display a lavish prodigality of their most precious treasure, time. To be prudent in its management and employment must doubtless rank as the leading precept to be learned preparatory to a successful life. Yet by a large majority its importance is not understood until continued violation brings its legitimate punishment on the transgression.

The minutes, hours, even years squandered, if wisely and sedulously employed would elevate many individuals from an inactive, sluggish disposition, a querulous, melancholy dejection and a narrow sphere of usefulness, to diligence, cheerfulness and positions of wide-spread influence. Scarcely any seem conscious of the fact that in a profuse waste of time, not only is invaluable material cast aside as dross, but habits are incurred which will divert the attention and impede progress during busy hours. Few we believe understand the great portion of their lives which passes unimproved. This ignorance is mainly due to neglect in considering how every moment could be most economically and successfully employed.

To no class do these remarks apply more appropriately than to students. The thieves which plunder their minutes are ever on the alert. The extra, luxurious sleep in the morning, the prolonged hour of recreation, the idle musings of fancy all play their part in the disastrous spoliation. Indeed the solitariness of the studio seems to attract and foster vain, chimerical imaginations which not only uselessly consume the time demanded for study, but so interrupt the current of clear, progressive thought, upon which they intrude, that it seldom flows onward subsequently in the same pleasing style. To some these fanciful aberrations are common, to others unusual. The best preventative is a rigid application to the work in hand according to a regular plan.

Much time, too, actively occupied is practically lost. If a man-searching in the mines of Australia or Mexico should discover a nugget of precious ore and lift it merely to gaze admiringly for a moment on its beauty and worth, and then let it drop, we would not hesitate to declare his time abused. But in this very manner again, and again mental labor is lost. As the mind is exercised industriously to collect thoughts on various subjects, frequently,—sometimes in a moment, on other occasions after extended pondering,—it is filled with grand ideas, beautiful, clear and forcible. These are the pure gold which should be carefully treasured in the archives of memory or secured on the written page. But too often their possessors appear amply satisfied with the pleasing sensation attending their introduction and the ideas themselves glide away with the time spent, never to return. Akin to this is the loss in conversation. We never not so much to the manifestly perfect waste of time in conducting idle meaningless talk, in applauding and condemning silly trifles, as to the loss incurred by failing to utilize whatever conclusions may have been reached or information imparted, in sound, instructive conversation. Much time is necessarily and profitably spent in colloquial intercourse. It awakens drowsy faculties, sharpens the mind to shrewdness of perception and keen penetration, and wears away the rust apt to be generated by solitary