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Original Poetry.

ALONG SHORE THOUGHTS.

Alone on the beach at even
As the shadows were drifting by,
I watched the pale Queen of Heaven
Rise fair on the eastern sky.

And the hand of the night-wind, stealing
Across the strings of my heart,
Awakened the notes of feeling
With more than a master's art.

While, touching the tide, a-quiver,
Caressed by the sea-ward breeze,
Pale pencils of lighted silver
Seemed writing upon the seas.

As when in the spirit's gloaming
Which some dark sorrow bears,
The rays of a love beyond us
Fall softly adown the years.

And I read, in the changing glory
That was traced on that living scroll,
The ever repeated story
Of God's sympathy for the soul.

While the great, strong heart of the ocean
Seemed throbbing against my own,
With a tenderness almost human,
And a deeper than human tone.

And the dark unrest of my spirit
Was calmed by the voices low
Of the night, and the glow, and the waters,
Those echoes of God below.

SPELLING MATCH.

At the close of the examinations in the Academy Hall on Thursday, there was quite an exciting contest for three prizes offered to the three best spellers in the Academy and Seminary. In order that it might be the more interesting, the ladies formed themselves into one class and the gentlemen into another, thus making the pride of sect paramount to all prizes. As they stood up in two long lines, twenty pairs of saucy, smiling eyes looking into as many determined ones, no person cared to hazard an opinion as to the result.

The words were given out by Mr. A. Coldwell, A. M., and Mr. F. Eaton, A. B., while Prof. Jones and Dr. Barsz were selected for referees.

The words first given were easy in order to insure confidence, and were readily disposed of by both sides. But

the end was not yet; for in the second round, a gentleman was not so narrow-minded as to know anything about *pusillanimous*, and therefore stopped down and out; making the first break. This was soon offset, however, by a young lady who spelled not very *dexterously* and with much pouting took her seat. Again even numbers were opposed. But the fate of the "lords of creation" seemed *inevitable* for they numbered one less before half the column had spelled. Bright eyes flash and red lips curl on the opposite side; but it is a little premature for they are not *immovable* as is soon seen by the file closing to the right to fill a vacant place. Confidence is again restored by each successfully handling a word, and then comes two who were not *familiarly* acquainted with the orthography of their word. With a quiet but determined smile the boys prepared to do better the next round which resolution was strengthened by seeing the *gustiness* of one of the opposite rank as she retired. It was in vain, however, that they stood close, one had to come down from a *Sycamore* tree and abide at his own desk. The titter that followed this fall was speedily suppressed as a fair one proved herself not *inaccessible*. As she moved away the sparkle in her black eyes and the toss of her dark curls clearly showed that if she failed in that spell, she yet had power to throw a spell around more than one strong heart, that would not be easily dispelled. One gentleman now proved himself unable to find a *ligament* strong enough to bind him to his class, while another made a *parricidal* attempt upon his "Alma Mater," but failed. A lady now proves herself too gentle to be *tyrannical*, and another after partly recovering is carried off by an *intermittent* spell. One short *cycle* now deprives the gentlemen of two and the ladies of one. This revolution of time is followed by some good efforts, until suddenly two ladies are bound by a *surcingle* and placed among the fallen. A gentleman is so full of *beneficence* that he puts in an extra eye, at the sight of which a lady directly opposite becomes *paralyzed*, and is not. In an attempted flight to *sideral* splendors a bearded youth falls into the blackness of darkness, and is seen no more.

But this warning was not heeded, for a fair one immediately begins *trafficking* with only one f and is soon in the bankruptcy court. Another tries a *stragem*; but it wasn't the one Webster speaks of, and therefore did not prove successful. Here hard words follow thick and fast, thinning both ranks. Then the few remaining ones dispose of several words each, when an attempt is made by a young man to prove his *innocence*, but it is as great a failure as if he belonged to the opposite rank. This was followed by a fair one, knocking an eye out of *indelible* and herself out of the ranks at the same time. A youth is so annoyed at this that he became *sacrilegious* and has to be expelled, while another proves himself too green to be *ignitable*, and is laid aside. At this stage of the proceedings three ladies are opposed to one gentleman. But this number is lessened by one being ignorant of the *Sibylline* books, and consequently receives no aid from Jupiter and has to go to the wall. The two remaining ladies and the single specimen of the bearded *genus* all agreed with Worcester as to the orthography of some half-a-dozen words, when one of the fair sect, who seems to be in a very merry mood, is entirely carried away by *exclamation* and does not return; thus leaving the contest to be decided by one from each rank. There they stood glaring at one another as if they were man and wife. But O! ye gods, is it possible? The gentlemen finds himself on the narrow *gauche* and is switched off, leaving the track clear for his fair opponent to take the first prize, which she did amid great applause.

The following were the successful three: Miss Lucy Curry, of Windsor, \$5.00; J. Thompson, Truro, "Life and Times of O'Connell," Miss Annie Brown, Wolfville, "Tennyson's Poems."

GROWDED OUT.

We would say to our contributors that their articles landed in for this issue have not been rejected but crowded out; they will appear next time. One excellent article, however, entitled "The Week of Sociality," must be laid aside, since it would be out of date by next month.