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A Thanksgiving.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the sound of waters gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm-anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies,
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty -
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds, that captain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty,
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll o'er-written,
With one dear name, adored;
For the heavenly in the human,
The spirit in the word;
For the tokens of Thy presence,
Within, above, abroad,
For thine own great gift of being,
I thank thee, O my God!

Lucy Larcom.

Hero-Worship.

"Great truly is the actual; is the thing that has rescued itself from the bottomless deeps of theory and possibility, and stands there as definite, indisputable fact," says Carlyle. Here is the key of hero-worship; here the principle which precludes submission; here the watchword of Conservatism. Which, then, is greater, the Actual, or the Ideal. We do homage to a great man, not so much for his intrinsic greatness, absolutely considered, as for his success. We do not stop to consider the means—the eye is dazzled by the triumph. The elevation accomplished, we are apt to think little about the accidents of the way; the vicissitudes which favored the mishaps which depressed. We all dote on famous men—or have a tendency that way. We feel honored by their slightest notice; we are proud to feté and caress them, and we don't trouble our heads overmuch about their antecedents or sundry private failings. Men are not perfect. Poor Byron! we say; he had a proud sensitive soul, and was brutally treated. His virtues were his own—his failings belonged to untoward circumstances. Of course one would