Aradia Athemaeum.

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"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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Life and Autumn

HEN the Summer days have perished. And in memory are cherished Their sweet smiles; When the meadow lands are ringing With the cricket's joyous singing, Which begalles All the longing from our laughter, All desire to follow after Summer's artful, subtle wiles :------

When the golden Autumn weather Falls as sofuly as a feather From the skies; And the plaintive woodland thrushes Thrill no more eve's holy hushes, And there lies Over all a peace, a slumber, While the dreams we cannot number From the olden days arise;--

When the Sun is large and lazy, And the world is dreamy, hazy, Then we roam Through a mellow mist enchanted Country by vague shadows haunted, Till we come To the goal of all our dreaming, To the substance of life's seeming, And the border-lands of Home. BRADFORD K. DANIELS, '94.

Old Books

N eminent writer of New England, in an autobiographical sketch in the Atlantic Monthly for February, mentions several books by which his intellectual life was affected in his college days,—back in the forties. The strangeness of the list in comparison with books in com-