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ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRE.

The sky was red that night in young December,
And not from sunset, for the sun was down,
But all the air, with flame and flying ember,
Seemed blazing, from the windows of the town.

The long-loved walls, the pillars, stately showing,
Crumbled beneath the fingers of the flame
At morning break, when pale the east was glow-
ing—

Her ashes, and her memory, and her name.

She is not lost, and oft in mood reflective,
She stands an honored temple to us still;
Her shining walls as precious, though subjective,
As those which erst looked grandly from the
Hill.

She is ours yet, our own, our loved, our cherished;
Tho' ruin's blazing foot her halls has crossed
We cannot think within us, "She has perished;"
All that she was she is, and naught is lost.

She is ours yet, as ere that twilight flaming;
We see her rising with her olden mein,
A place upon the Hillside ever claiming,
Though prouder walls may cast a fairer sheen.

She is ours yet; the new may win affection,
For love is like the loaves of Galilee;
But on the quiet heights of retrospection,
She stands immortal, home of memory.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 3.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

In England and on the continent, rail-carriages are not constructed precisely after the American pattern. Every car is divided into three or four cross-sections, each having sitting accommodation for eight or ten persons who sit *vis-a-vis*, and the entrances to these sections are at or along the side of the car.

The rate of speed, at least in England, is greater than that generally made in this country. Some of the express trains go about a mile a minute, which is as near flying as can be, carrier pigeons being able to do little more.

In passing over a well ballasted road—a road on which there is little rocking or swinging to the car—one becomes perhaps unaware of the amazing speed with which he is driven along, and does not consequently feel much concern for his safety; but let him once stand by a crossing and witness the same speed as the train passes, and he almost resolves never to enter the cars again. In fact, he can hardly be said to see the train at all. When its approach is announced he lifts his eyes to behold, but scarcely has he done so than it is already passed. He hears a noise, and feels the pressure of the suddenly disturbed air against his face; but the impetuous something that passes before him is too terribly swift in its motion to permit more than a momentary glance at its quickly vanishing form. He is assured, however, that he has seen what is called the lightning express.

I do not believe in driving cars at a rate that puts human life in jeopardy; but if people are to be killed in them at all, it is perhaps better to do it so instantaneously and thoroughly that they can never know what hurt them.

In no place that I have travelled by rail have I felt so safe as in Germany, where the roads are well constructed and most efficiently and carefully managed, where the rate of speed seldom exceeds thirty miles per hour, it being often considerably less, and where