

is none here then so much the more need of a professor, a strong, muscular man, to sledge this rock sett into each fellow. Assuredly something must be done and that quickly.

REST NOT BUT WORK.

My friend with kindly nature born
And nurtured in the glow of life,
Reach forward in the nobler strife
And take the sunshine and the storm.

Strike wider bounds and plant thy thought
On the bold hills of this poor earth,
In the far times, the Day of Dearth,
Will show a garner richly fraught.

Break through the wet of sluggish times,
And free, climb thoughts far reaching peaks
To take the glow from purple streaks
That break along the horizon lines.

For, Truth is mighty in its play
And struggles sure with Error's Night,
E'en now the heights are red with light
The breaking splendors of the Day.

Draw in the clear and larger wave
That beats it crystal-shining tide
Against the banks which lie beside
The winding pathway to the grave.

Hold to the true—a faith shall chime,
Smoother and sweeter, with the soul,
And lure thee to the nobler goal
That lies beyond the bounds of time.

We obtained the above through the courtesy of Prof. Jones, who also wrote the introductory note. We understand that the "Words" was issued in manuscript form by the class of which Prof. Jones was a member.—Eds.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Jost, of the Junior class, has been suddenly called home by the death of his brother. The following, moved by A. R. Tingley and seconded by W. T. Stackhouse, was unanimously passed by the Athenæum Society:—

Whereas, Most High God has in his wisdom removed from the earth, the beloved brother of one of our fellow-students, and,

Whereas, we hold feelings of the deepest regard for our school-fellow, Mr. Jost, on whom this affliction has come,

Therefore Resolved, that we, the Athenæum Society of Acadia University extend to Mr. Jost our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, his sad bereavement, and,

Further Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Jost, and that they be published in the ATHENÆUM paper.

Acadia University, Jan. 22, 1892.

Literary.

SONG.

Love sayeth : " Sing of me !
What else is worth a song ? "

I had refrained
Lest I should do love wrong.

" Clean hands and a pure heart "
I prayed, " and I will sing."
But all I gained
Brought to my word no wing.

Stars, sunshine, seas and skies,
Earth's graves, the holy hills
Were all in vain ;
No breath the dumb pipe fills.

I dreamed of, splendid praise,
And beauty watching by
Gray shores of pain ;
My song turned to a sigh.

I saw in virgin eyes
The mother-warmth that makes
The dead earth quick
In ways no spring awakes.

No song ! In vain to sight
Life's clear arch heavenward sprang.
Heart still or sick !

I loved ! Ah then I sang !

B. W. LOCKHART, '78.

Chicopee, Mass.

AMERICAN POETRY.

The earliest development in the ancient literatures was poetry. Verses were written by the race in its infancy ; the first literary attempts having metrical form. The verse of those by-gone ages was in a very crude state, and yet it laid the foundation of the greater poetry which was to follow. In most of the modern nations also the first spontaneous outburst was in rhyme. In Germany, the " Niebelungen Lied," and in England, " Layamon's Brut," mark the birth of literatures rich in gems of poetry and prose.

America forms an exception to the rule that poetry comes first in a literature. But though not first, the