

I call because I know ye well,  
 And of your virtues in too feeble strains  
 My faltering tongue crowhilo assayed to toll;  
 And you my brothers whom I never knew,  
 Dead with the battle-harness buckled on,  
 Dear Chipman, Very, Grant, the hundred true  
 Whose sun has risen in a nobler dawn;  
 Methinks invisible ye hover now  
 To press a kiss on our young mother's brow.

Those blackened stones, that dark and ashy mound  
 Those levelled vaults, this shattered masonry,  
 These old foundations razed to the ground!  
 Were they the only remnants left of thee?  
 Thou didst not die, thy spirit lives for aye.  
 Thy life's ethereal current pure and deep  
 Yet pours along from heart of sire to son.  
 Thou didst but weary go awhile to sleep.  
 And wake to find a greater youth begun.  
 Acadia! offspring of th' heroic past,  
 That leddest the van of culture in our land;  
 A fire pillar of the night which cast  
 Around a radiance over clear and bland—  
 Whose arm shall span the triumphs of the land,  
 What plummet sound thy depths of influence vast?

The immortal soul expands, and breaks away  
 The faded garment which enclosed it here;  
 And with perennial freshness in the ray  
 Of deeper suns, reclothes its power there,  
 With divine vesture for its high career.  
 Thou too a worn out garment didst ungird  
 And take a stronger body for the fight,  
 Even as the spirit of the fabled bird  
 Sprung from its body's ashes plumed for flight.

But yet the son weeps o'er a mother's clay,  
 And we were sad thy desolate walls to see.  
 No garret, class-room, hall or worn stair-way  
 But spoke with tongues a glowing history.  
 Each nook had serious voices of the past,  
 Blended with the laugh of Boys of Grand Pre;  
 And names were carved on thee that live no more.  
 Doubtless our vision piercing through the vast  
 Would see them carved far higher than before.  
 In the annals recorded of thy years,  
 Mid other names two names shall reign supreme  
 With that soft light which hallows and endears.  
 And when we pass—forgotten as a dream,  
 And other generations read thy page,  
 They twain, midst half-remembered forms shall  
 stream

In dual radiance o'er the closed age  
 Which saw thy loom of labor strenuous ply.  
 Crawley and Crampreved—the students friends,  
 No grave can quench their Immortality,  
 While truth with love in noble spirits blends.  
 Now let the Muse forget the tribute due  
 To those who still stand in the toilsome van,  
 But grateful, give the well-tried and the true,  
 The honor that true manhood pays to man.  
 They never failed in hour of deepest need.  
 And when the old bell rang in dying tones,  
 They stood afront, in word, in prayer, in deed,—  
 Firm Sawyer, rugged Higgins, kindly Jones,  
 And with them, hand in hand, the later three  
 Professors Welton, Tufts, and Kennedy,  
 Ye have a people's sympathy and love,  
 Ye have the benediction from above.

Enough. Oppressed, my daring Muse retires.  
 Time will not serve each generous heart to tell.  
 Farewell Alumni, brothers, reverend sires,  
 Not all shall meet here more—a kind farewell.  
 We go divergent ways as God hath given:  
 O may they end in truth—in home, in heaven.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY  
 AND TRAVEL. NO. 8.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

We next took the train for

COLOGNE,

which is situated on the Rhine, about 150 miles east or a little south-east from Antwerp. As we approached this City it became evident from the language we heard in the cars and at the different stations, that we were on German soil. I confess it was rather an exciting moment to myself. I had given a good deal of attention to the study of German, and hoped, therefore, that if I should not be able to converse with others in this language, I should yet understand them when speaking to me. But I was mistaken. I could fix up a question in my own mind, and put it as occasion required, such as: *Wann geht der zug ab?* When does the train start? *Soll ich hier aussteigen?* Shall I get out here? *Wo nimmt man die Billete?* Where are the tickets sold? And in the answer, when it came, had been as brief, and spoken as slowly as the question, I should possibly have understood it; but instead of this, its words were so many, and seemed so confused and blended in their utterance, that I found it impossible to separate between them with my ear as they were spoken, or to comprehend their meaning. I was now convinced of what I had never thought much of before, namely, the great difference between learning a language on the printed page through the eye, and as spoken through the ear. I believe a person may thoroughly master the grammatical structure of a language, and read it easily at sight, and yet not be able to understand it at all when he hears it spoken. Indeed, learning a language through the eye only, is only half learning it. It would doubtless be better if, in the study of the ancient Latin and Greek-classics in our Colleges, these languages were learned by sound as well as by sight. They are thus learned, particularly the former, in many schools in Europe. The German student is not considered fit to matriculate from the