

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR

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## Original Poetry.

### A LIGHT ACROSS THE RIVER.

"There's a light across the river!"  
So a little maiden said,  
As without upon the darkness  
Quick she gazed, but not with dread.

Christmas eve it was; and over  
Moorland, meadow, lake and glen,  
Now was thrown a snowy mantle  
Waiting for the spring again.

Not yet from behind the mountain  
Had walked forth the queen of night,  
Sprinkling earth, as when she shineth  
With her soft and silv'ry light.

And now overhead the stern clouds  
Gathered; threat'ning from afar,  
Soon to bring the angry tempest,  
As when terrors fond hopes mar.

Forth she walked into the darkness,  
And the distant river's roar  
Gently came and quickly vanished  
Like the wave upon the shore.

"There's a light across the river!"  
So the little maiden said,  
And her wavy, golden ringlets  
Hung in tresses from her head.

Then she thought of weary, lone ones  
Those whose ways were once more bright,  
Having now no light to cheer them  
Through the darkness of the night.

Near ambition's power had lured them  
Far from safety's path to tread:  
Walking upon grounds forbidden  
Now they're dying or are dead.

Then her heart yearned for the wand'ers  
Even now 't were not too late,  
Like Brangelina's for Gabriel  
Exiled by imperious fate.

And as out upon the darkness  
Of that night the maiden stood,  
Watching but the faintest glimmering  
As of garments rolled in blood.

Are there many, many lone ones  
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,  
Watching, waiting, softly praying,  
"Let thy brightness fall on me."

Look up! lone and weary wand'rer  
Bowed by suffering, care and woe,  
For thee are prepared green pastures  
Where pure waters gently flow.

There set free from sin and sorrow  
Shall thy spirit find sweet rest,  
Where no light thou'lt need to guide thee  
In the mansions of the blest.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE.

THE glorious sun had already passed the meridian, and was gradually lessening the distance between himself and the gentle undulated horizon, when a dear friend and myself, weary of the continuous din, and clamorous tumult of Boston's crowded thoroughfares, directed our steps to the far-famed Public Gardens. A short stroll brought us in view of the justly-celebrated Common, while farther to the west, through the intervening foliage, we could catch faint glimpses of the sweet beauties of the Garden. The air seemed pure and rural,—its peculiar quality giving to all objects, the utmost clarity. Such purity of atmosphere was, however, the natural and healthful consequent of an electrical storm, that occurred the previous evening, but which had now so far passed away, as that no other evidence of it was seen than this rare and opaline day. The sun had cleared every stain out of the sky. The blue vault of heaven was not dim and low, as is frequently the case, but curved and deep, as if on this particular day it shook off all the incumbrances which on previous occasion had lowered and flattered it, and sprang back to the arch and symmetry of a dome.

In transport we gazed upon the panoramic scene that lay before us, than which no fairer spot glistens in the sunlight or nestles under arching elms. Especially noticeable on the virescent esplanade, were the cleanly and well-decorated paths and avenues, now branching outward in true mathematical angularity, and again gracefully entwining themselves about gently receding slopes, or gliding in the curve of beauty around the brinks of artificial waters. While, in resplendent arborescence, the symmetrical elms (the pride of New England) towered loftily above us.—elms, indeed, which are as much a part of her beauty, as the columns of the Parthenon were the glory of its architecture.

Adown one of the solidly asphaltumed and elegantly bordered walks we leisurely rambled, witnessing, as we passed, the waters of a large fountain darting high in air, yet gracefully curling downward again in meek obedience to nature's universal law. Crossing a neat little

street we enter the portals of the Garden. If the common is beautiful this, in truth, is superlatively so. Whatever artistic skill can afford in embellishing is here lavishly expended. Art say, of a truth, be said to have assisted Nature in the production of the richest and most gorgeous scenery, by effecting regularity and precision, interspersed with pleasing monotony-relieving variations. The enclosure is oblong rather than square, and level rather than undulating, being intersected in every direction by gaily decorated walks, and studded with statues as are the "infinite meadows of the sky," with the ever enduring jewels of night. We pause before a finely chiselled bronze statue of Edward Everett—America's most polished orator. No man can gaze upon that statue and not be convinced of the greatness of its prototype. The arched brow, noble forehead and thinly carved lips are indicative of exalted ideas, a powerful intellect, and unswerving decision. What wonder that America shed bitter yet unavailing tears over the grave of her departed oratorical hero; and that this testimonial of respect and love was raised by the unanimous wish of a great nation to the memory of her dearly cherished son! A little farther to the west, sits, in comely posture on a stately steed, Washington, the Father of American liberty. This, of all objects is most likely to excite mingled sensations of sublimity grandeur and beauty in the minds of beholders. Scenes of old revolutionary story rush with lightning rapidity into the mind of one as he stands gazing upon the perfect image of a hero who, for a time, nobly endured sufficient afflictions, and with calmness suffered sufficient reverses to thrice crush the spirits of leaders of other armies who have ever been more than willing to arrogate to themselves a higher position in regard of all that pertains to true heroism and praiseworthy patriotism. We refrain from touching the chords of love that hold in fond embrace the memory of George Washington in the hearts of the American people. "Decision flashed upon his counsels." "His fame is eternity; his residence, creation."

Reverting to the scenery in the Garden we next direct our attention to the stately