

# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

READ BEFORE THE ALUMNI BY D. W. LOCKHART, '78

Pilgrims we throng to Wolfville once again,  
Where oft our feet have roved in halcyon days,  
Where oft our spirits thrilled with joy and pain,  
And where the olden stood we stand and gaze  
On a fair temple throned on the height  
Which looks down on Acadia's Arcady.  
Now beams the eye of Athens with new light.  
And Homer's song yet answers to the sea,

As Jewish exiles from a land of sighs  
With joyful footsteps to their Zion come;  
Exult to see her walls and towers arise,  
And hymn with praise their spirit's temple home,  
And tune their harps, long silent and unstrung,  
To deeper notes than woke the by-gone years,  
So we, in presence of the triumph young,  
Sing hope triumphant over loss and fears.  
The muses trip once more with twinkling feet,  
By our re-opened spring of Helicon,  
And through the future vistas far withdrawn.  
Resounds the lofty song prophetically sweet.

Noble and fair thy new proportions rise,  
A young Acadia! founded on the old;  
Dear classic grounds we reverent hold  
As consecrated by the fathers wise,  
By memories and melodies of yore,  
I may thy prouder pillars nevermore  
In fiery fragments face!  
But even in hoary ruin call  
The future pilgrim to thy haunted shrines.

Go and fulfil the destiny  
The opening ages hold for thee.  
Let light of heaven thy life adorn,  
So shall a sovereign God exalt thy horn.  
Preserve inviolate the faith  
That laid thy pillars deep in earth.  
Cast out the spirit force which lurks  
In Protean form behind the works  
Of science. Search where lie  
The germs of a divine Philosophy.  
Drink deep Castalia's crystal fount,  
Bathe in the naiad-haunted streams;  
But hold, 'bove graudest Grecian dreams  
That Cross whoreon ye mount  
Higher than flight of classic lore  
Olympian mounts untrod before  
By mythic men and gods.  
Be Christ the glory and the song  
Of thy deep soul; and be the throng  
Of Bards and Seers of old  
The Gentile chorus prelude  
The coming age of Gold.

Within thy ample halls shall stand  
The flower of our progressive land.  
From South and North, from West and East,  
They come and gather round the feast.  
Some modern Horace drinks his fill  
Of honey from Hymettus Hill;  
A new-born Plato steals the gleam  
Of the old Plato's God-rapt dream;  
Another Newton through deep laws of time  
Discerns the eternal cause.  
A Galileo oils his car  
To travel to the farthest star.  
Like bees I see an exodus  
Of souls drenched in the calculus  
And differentiated well—  
Infinite, infinitesimal.  
The music swells; the Dorian late  
Commingles with the Lydian flute;  
The deeper-toned Ionian lyre  
Burns with the red Æonian fire,  
And science blows his organ too,  
With strength that Bacon never knew,  
And on this hill in coming time,  
I see a nobler host arise,  
To purge man's spirit from its slime,  
And light his darkened eyes.  
The sons of soul's like Crawley, who  
On India's plain the trumpet blew  
Whose echo never dies.  
They drink from wisdom's sacred rill,  
They list the oracles which fill  
Their hearts with power divine.  
Some Paul, read in all modern lore,  
Some John, by love taught to adore,  
Shall speak the word sublime.  
Here too, with equal rights shall come  
The daughters with the sons,  
From cottage roof, from stately home,  
The mingled current runs;  
And ladies' grace with manhood's strength,  
Shall educate the land at length,  
In Christian chivalry.  
So cultured mothers, cultured wives,  
Shall give Acadia fairest lives  
With brain as well as brawn.  
No poet shall lament with tears,  
In looking on those happy years.  
A golden age that's gone.

The song was hushed. I turn back to the old  
And muse on scenes time never can restore,  
And think on friends these eyes no more behold,  
But whose familiar footsteps evermore  
Make music in the glades of memory.  
By many a stream, in many a haunted grove  
I wander, dreaming of the past and ye,  
Brooding upon the severing of our love  
On the mere marge of life's unsounded sea.

Shafner and Campbell, your familiar names