

ACADIA'S EX-PRESIDENT

A. W. Sawyer, D. D., L. L. D.

THAT strong, brave man we well may love which towers like an oak

Whose base is firmly bedded in an crevice of the rock,
Whose topmost heights the rising sun in golden glory folds,
Returning when the day is done to clothe with crimson cloak
That grand majestic form which stands resisting every shock,
That form whose rugged dignity a freedom spirit holds.
While all the world is gay and free and blossoms load the boughs,
We place on Sawyer's thoughtful brow these poor, frail, laurels now.
Long may he live, and happily, from wearing cares removed,
A peaceful rest may Heaven give when Autumn's fruit is housed,
Whilst all who bear the brunt of toil at workshop, desk or plow,
Test and prove best those principles his life so well has proved.



FRAGMENTS.

I THINK there is no pleasure half so sweet
As being loved by those we daily meet;
I know there is no passion that can move
Cold human hearts, like that queen-passion love,
Love is of God,—ah, God himself is love,—
Love reigns triumphant in the home above,
Nor can we humbler creatures rest complete
Until mild love has turned the gall of nature's crudeness into sweet.

Love is a passion that masters the mind ;
Turns a man to a, what shall I say,—makes him blind :
And, though hatred and jealousy slumber behind,
It will sweep o'er the steep and the deep unconfined,—
Love is the lever that lifts mankind !