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After.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—1's. xxx. 6.

After the shower, the tranquil sun ;
Silver stars when the day is done.

After the snow, the emerald leaves ;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky ;
Quiet woods when the wind goes by.

After the tempest, the hull of waves ;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells ;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells.

After the bud, the radiant rose ;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed ;
After the furrow the waking seed.

After the flight, the downy nest ;
Beyond the shadowy river—rest.

The Eternal Freshness of Great Truths.

BY F. D. CRAWLEY, '76.

THE problem, that great truths are ever new, can receive no solution without inquiry into that marvellous constitution with which man has been endowed. He comes from the hand of the Creator, a living, thinking, immortal essence, dwelling on the outskirts of a vast realm of absolute truth—and environed on every hand by the great facts of his own existence, and that of countless other beings, all likewise covered by the brooding shadows of eternal verities. Nor can he be an indifferent spectator of the scene around him. Obeying the voice of an imperious instinct, he seeks to know all things. Unnumbered harmonies thrill through the universe God's vast organ—and awaken notes strange and strong and sweet. But there is also an inner scene. The soul of man

turns wonderingly its restless gaze in upon itself, and straightway discovers there too a new world, exhaustless in resource, and disclosing greater marvels than those of the material universe. How wondrous this awakening of mind. Thought turns in upon itself, and at once, the previously blank, unwritten page, glows with characters of living light. A harp once tuneless has been touched by the finger of Deity, and pours forth immortal melodies. A new orb of life and power has flashed into the firmament of being, radiant with ever growing splendor—a mental spiritual universe, no less conscious of the ten thousand marvels of its own being, than of the duller though still wondrous material world, has become responsive to the voices that clamor at the portals of sense. In the laws that govern the hidden workings of this complex sentient organism, must we look for the solution of our problem: *The eternal freshness of great truths.*

Sense, we discover, is soon sated by its appropriate objects. Thought is omnivorous, and owns exhaustless craving. Thus the mind soon becomes conscious of an undying element in thought. This mental power is like a divine presence ever nigh, and the grander the subject of thought the more surely is this august presence distinguished by a crown of perpetual newness, and thus the eternal freshness of great truths, becomes to the thoughtful mind a necessity, a certainty of which a man may be as inwardly conscious as he is of the very fact that he thinks. Minor truths indeed may fade or weary, but he feels assured of great truths, that they never die. Thus it is with a thoughtful mind, and such an one in some sense, understands thus his inward convictions. But even minds of a feebler power have a like consciousness, though unable to explain it.

It is this element of eternal freshness in the great truth of man's brotherhood with man, that has linked the ages together in one great chain.