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THE DOOM OF THE GODS.

O gods, dethroned and decessed, cast forth, wiped out in a day,
From your wrath is the world released, redeemed from your chains, men say,
New Gods are crowned in the city, their flowers have broken your rods,
They are merciful, clothed with pity, the young compassionate gods.

From Stieuburne's "Hymn to Proserpine."

I sing of gods whose immortality
Was won by men who at their shrines adored.
O love of beauty, heavenly power, vouchsafe
To tune my voice in somewhat loftier tone,
To celebrate the most supremest type
Of beauty, moulded by the minds, that wove
O'er Grecian mountains and o'er Latian plains,
A spell that clothed them with divinity.
The loveliness that comes when day smiles out
Refulgent on the world, or when the night
Glooms in her solemn majesty, and all
The soul delights in of the seasons' range:
The life-awaking Spring, the gorgeous bloom
Of Summer and the Autumn's perfect prime,
Tell to the mind, that, ever round us yet,
Hover the spirits of the bards of old.
As when at night within the darkling deep,
The sky with all the glittering host of stars
Is mirrored, and the mariner beholds
The all-ensphering heaven, he knows and feels
The universal presence of his God.
Upon that day when Mary's Son redeemed
Man from the powers of Hell, on many-peaked
Olympus, in the golden house of Jove,
The gods with all their consanguinity
Were gathered; for the earth, and air and sea
And realms beneath the earth, by force did yield
Their various rulers up. High on a throne
Resplendent all with gold, whose dazzling form
Blazed like a mirror in the noonday sun,
Hiding its structure, but in bold relief
Showing the mighty occupant, he sat:
The All-ruling Sire; the head, whose awful nod
Shook earth to her foundations, on his breast
Declined, a leaden weight; the crown had fallen
Upon the jasper pavement and there lay
Like beam of light upon a asanguine sea,
His hand no longer held the glowing bolt;
Which, falling, idly lay anear his feet,
Lifeless and cold. Beside him Juno sat,
In deepest sorrow, with her clasped hands
Reclining on her lap; her head upraised
And looks cast forward and steadfast as though,
Through golden pillar and amethystine wall,
The vision pierced; encountering far beyond,
The horrid features of Despair rise up
From utmost chaos. Her ambrosial locks
Fell o'er her snowy shoulders and her breast