

# The Acadia Athenaeum.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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## THE DOOM OF THE GODS.

O gods, dethroned and deposed, 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 Swinburne'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 near 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