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NIGHT BY THE SEA.

The sea, like a sheet of molten glass,
Was tinged with the hues of the glowing
West:
It glittered and shone like burnished brass,
Kissed by the sun as he sank to rest.
Slowly the tints of the evening fade,
And night is in all her charms arrayed.

Rolling grandly on, the glorious moon
Gazes calmly down on a tranquil sea,
And the hosts of heaven are marshalled forth
Mid the azure depths most gloriously.
The twinkling orbs of night outshine
The diamonds bright of Golconda's mine.

Each glittering gem in yon cloudless dome
Is a world unknown, strange and bright,
And vaster far than this world of ours,
That hangs in the diadem of night.
Sublime and grand they roll along
To the measured march of Creation's song.

Not the slightest sound of ripple or swell
Falls on the ear, as we wander along
Over the pebbly shore that we love so well,
Or list for the merry mermaids' song
That peals anon from some moss-grown cave
That dark subaquean waters lave.

Anon, a boat shoots swiftly by
Across the calm, far-reaching sea,
That stretches on where shadows lie—
Fit emblem of eternity.
While fall the oars with measured plash
And fiery wavelets dance and flash.

A peace profound steals o'er the mind,
As we gaze afar o'er the boundless deep,
And think of the rest that we all shall find
After life's troubles and death's short sleep.
When we'll tread the shores of the Jasper sea
Through a joyously grand eternity.

KAYOSHK.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.—*Thomas Hughes.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Non omnis moriar! multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam: usque postera
Crescam laude recens.—*Hor., O. III., 30.*

While pens are yet busy giving sketches of the life and personal reminiscences of "George Eliot"—the gifted novelist, the greatest woman of her time—it is announced that the philosopher of Chelsea is dead. Many who know little of this man save that he was a great man in literature, will now begin to make enquiries as to his career; and few biographical sketches are likely to be more largely read than those of the illustrious Scotchman who passed from earth on the morning of the 5th inst.

Thomas Carlyle was born in Dumfriesshire, on the 4th of December, 1795. Both of his parents had excellent minds, and although their early educational advantages were confined to the common school, their extensive reading enabled them to do much toward the mental training of their children. The mother was an ardent admirer of Oliver Cromwell, and the impressions which her eldest son received from the home discussions respecting this character in history, afterwards found expressions in his work upon the Champion of Puritanism.

At the age of fifteen, Thomas Carlyle, with the knowledge gained at the home fireside and at the parish school, entered the University of Edinburgh, the "Wonderland of Knowledge." About this time began the lasting friendship between him and Edward Irving. The latter exercised a wholesome influence in developing the mind and character of his younger companion. The regular class topics especially delightful to