

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI HULLO DISCRIMINE ACETUR.

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## Original Poetry.

### LINES ON THE DEATH OF A STUDENT.

Life's joys are fleeting as the flowers,  
That wither in the noon-day sun,  
That fall from off our shady bowers,  
And tell us that their work is done.

Acadia's sons are called to mourn;  
The shades of death have o'er her spread;  
A Brother has been quickly borne,  
To silent mansions of the dead.

As fades the autumn leaf which falls,  
And withered on the earth is found,  
So from within Acadia's walls,  
Our Brother sank beneath the ground.

We miss the happy smiling face,  
Which used to greet us in the morn,  
We look upon his vacant place,  
And wonder why from us he's torn.

But God had need of him on high,  
In realms of glory, peace and light,  
Where Christ the Sun is ever nigh,  
And dissipates the darkling night.

'Twas his delight to serve his God,  
And to the world salvation preach  
Point out the path which Jesus trod,  
And by example sinners teach.

No more his cheerful voice is heard,  
To speak of Christ and of his love,  
We hear no more the warning word,  
Prepare to meet thy God above.

Our Brother Ross has left us here,  
And joined th' angelic choir above.  
There 'mid the ransomed souls to bow,  
And sing of Christ's redeeming love.

His toll on earth is ever done—  
His prayer will never more ascend—  
His joy in heaven is just begun,  
That joy which never more shall end.

There in the presence of the Son—  
Who for the world his life did give;  
He hears the joyful words "well done,"  
"Come, in my glory ever live."

J. D. S.

### CRISIS.

A crisis is a point of time when an affair is at its height and must soon terminate or undergo a radical change. The doctrine of critical periods is one that involves questions of the deepest interest to every thoughtful mind. It

deals with some of the most abstruse subjects of human investigation. It flings the plumb-line into many a dark depth, and tells us how far to the bottom. It streams upon the chaos enshrouding many an uncertain fact, and there is light. But whilst it unfolds many a strange and curious principle in the economy of nature, it also enfoldes many a hidden mystery. It is a source of light to some standpoints, and a centre of darkness to others.

The greater our knowledge of the history of nations and individuals, the more clearly will we understand this doctrine. It has height and depths, worthy of the steadiest heads and stoutest hearts. Its difficulty as well as the vast importance of its varied results, are seen in the same measure in which it is understood.

In the grand evolution of nature, there are periods—critical, marked and constant epochs, upon which we reasonably fix "as proper boundaries of particular seasons, and constituting eras, out of which to construct a narrative of events." There are seasons when the mightiest forces of nature appear to lie wrapped in slumber, and were their repose not broken by some resistless though unseen process, and they thrust in view, we could hardly become conscious of their existence and operation. Thus it is that earthquakes, famine, and various convulsions of the globe observe their allotted times and seasons. The paths of their revolutions are we doubt not regular and periodical, though no eye save that of the Creator, watches them, and no hand save His guides them. But by whatever means their occurrence is secured their appearance is critical.

Again we trace these critical periods in the condition of human beings. Periods of health, periods of violent disease, seem to alternate on the historic page. At one time some individual disease blasts a region, at another a complication of disorders hurries mortals into the tomb. One year cholera stalks abroad, and smites all classes, another, plague or consumption steals man's vital breath. The appearance, the rise, the maturity, the decline, the disappearance of diseases, are all periodical. These powerful assailants of man's

physical strength work, we doubt not, according to fixed laws. True, human brain has not traced their silent but deadly modes of operation nor ever seen them mustering for the onslaught. Yet no less surely do pestilence and plague acknowledge a controlling hand, than the blazing comet or flashing meteor. No shaft of death flies unseen by the eye of Omnipresence.

Again we trace critical periods in human history. The past is but a narrative of nations that have lived, flourished and died. Every century boasts of its ruins, splendid even in their desolation and decay. Why hordes of barbarians, linked by a common purpose have pressed on in the blood-red path of conquest, have swept away existing institutions and governments, and have built up a mighty nation, only to fall before the warlike prowess of more powerful foes; why it is that dynasties have shot heavenward, have for a few years sparkled in the sunlight of power, and have then tottered to their doom, is known only to the Infinite Mind. Let doubtless the rise, progress, and decline of empires, kingdoms and republics are unalterably fixed, and are critical.

Was it not a crisis in the history of the Jews, when the imperial eagle was raised aloft before the walls of their city, and the grim war-hardened soldiers of Rome thundered at their gates? Was it not a critical time in the history of England and France when their armies met in deadly strife, on the slopes near Hougumont and La Haye Sainte? Undoubtedly it was. In the events of commerce too we perceive crises. Behind the transactions of individuals and governing the intercourse of nations, there is an unswerving though undefined law. The prevailing species of commercial enterprise is continually varying.

One year sees some plan of business, very energetically employed. The next, sees it discarded, and forgotten. 1720 A. D. saw the inception, rise, and fall, of a gigantic scheme, that drove a nation crazy, and nerved many an arm with the strength of suicidal madness. 1847 A. D. saw the British people the miserable dupes of a crack-brained railway mania. 1849 A. D. heard the watchword "westward