

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR

VOL. 2.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1876.

No. 5.

Original Poetry.

THE OLD SAW-MILL.

In a quiet spot on a lonely road,
Where the hum of life is still,
Where the May-blossom thickly the spring
has strewed,
And the silent water for ages flowed,
There stands the ancient mill.

Hushed is the cry of the busy wright,
And the voice of the flying saw,
Lonely and weird by day and night,
'Neath the golden sun or the moonlight white,
It touches the heart with awe.

O'er the crumbling mould of its rafters bare
The clustering mosses wreath,
And they quietly gather year by year,
Like the grasses o'er our buried dear,
And cover the death beneath.

And year by year as the seasons fly,
And the warm sun wakes the spring,
I visit the spot with a tearful eye,
And gather the blossoms that whisper nigh
In the silent song they sing.

For my heart is now like the ancient mill
All marred by the hand of time,
Like a shattered ruin it standeth still,
While the light and shadow alternate fill
From the morn of a golden prime.

When hope like the tooth of the flying steel
Stayed not for the knots of care,
And the mill-race of youth turned swift the
wheel

Of a spirit that had not learned to feel
The canker and mould and wear.

But now on the crumbling rafters bare
Of the joys that are passed away,
The mosses of memory cluster fair,
And they silently gather year by year,
And cover the sad decay.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

GLANCING down the dim vista of
memory, there come many pictures of
the past floating through the mind. Some
are sharp and well defined, others are
clothed in the misty garments of forget-
fulness. Some cause pain, and we turn
away from them wishing that they might
be blotted from the canvas of life. Others
present glad colors, and we love to linger

round them drawing happiness from their
beauty and freshness; so that many times
when life seems dreary and the flame of
hope burns dim in our hearts, sad with
failures and discouragements, those happy
scenes of the past glide into the weary
soul, stealing away the present sadness
and casting a flood of glad light upon our
dark pathway, and we inspired by their
memory take up the lightened burden of
cares and go trustfully on.

Among many pictures of the past there
is one strongly delineated on the canvas
of memory—it is the old school house and
around it cluster a group of memories that
will never grow dim.

It is a little red building almost square,
one story high, surrounded by a fence
which bears marks of a frequent applica-
tion of the axe and jack-knife, and
worn by the constant chafing of the tilt-
ing boards. The play-ground, rough with
hillocks, and carpeted with short dusty
grass worn here and there by the bases of
ball-players, and marked by the whirling
horse-shoe used in the place of the more
classic quoit, brings up recollections of
many hard contests over the foot-ball.
In imagination we can feel the tingling
touch of the snow ball upon our ear, and
hear the loud cry of triumph, as the en-
emy's fort yields to the snow artillery.
No trees are around it, to cast their grate-
ful shade on the group of hot and weary
players during the sultry days of August,
or to ward off the wintry blasts of March.
Who ever thought of planting trees
about such a place as the school house.
At a short distance off we see the pond,
surrounded by trees, where in the Summer
we took practical lessons in the art of
navigation, and whose glassy surface, in
the winter, tempted the truant to enlarge
his bumps of knowledge more expediti-
ously than by plodding over dull books.

So much for the exterior and surround-
ings, let us take a peep within. We step
into this "thinking shop of the soul"
through a door marked with many strange
devices, the first movings of the artistic
spirit in some young breast, whose imagi-
nation crystalizes itself into those fantastic
forms.

The ceiling is low and dusty, in the
centre of which is a square black hole
leading to the regions above. This is

termed the ventilator, a dark place filled
with terrors for the young transgressors,
and rife with plots against the ruling
powers set on foot by the leaders in the
opposition. At one end raised on a plat-
form is the teacher's desk and chair, near
which stands his sceptre a birch rod, fa-
mous for its many educational powers
"thrashing the seeds of knowledge into
the stupids at the end opposite to their
head." Behind the teacher's desk is
the black-board flanked by the ball frame
dark and fearful, inquisitionally used to
draw forth the hidden mysteries of
mathematics.

Around the room is run a long desk
behind which are ranged benches, all car-
ved and marked full of names, the only
scroll of fame on which many of them
will be handed down to posterity, and
though the rule of birch was strict, the
temptation to try a new jack-knife de-
spite the consequences often prevailed. A
ragged map or two, together with a stove
but slightly acquainted with blackening,
finishes the picture. No globe excepting
a rosy apple confiscated to the public be-
nefit, by some unhappy urchin whose
cravings in an unguarded moment over-
came his discretion.

Around this homely scene sweet memo-
ries cling like the ever-green round the
withered oak, hiding its deformity and
giving it life and beauty. It loses all its
deariness, when we think of it as filled
with happy light-hearted children intent
on study, or rushing out to play, filling
the air with jubilant sonuds.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

CHARLES READE in employing these
words as a title for his famous novel,
embodied therein a principle, related not
alone to the special case of social evil
which forms the purpose of his work, but
one which is of world-wide application
and universal value. In truth it requires
no very extensive powers of observation
or reflection to discover that a large pro-
portion of the marring and disturbing
influences which enter into the social
relations of life, arise from the failure to
observe in its spirit, this excellent precept,
Put yourself in his place. Consider the