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## Original Poetry.

### THE POET'S DREAM.

Once when I was filled with sighing, mid earth's dreary  
mazes lost,  
From the deep, mysterious silence, o'er my spirit  
tempest tost,

Softly fell a trance'd slumber; fell as from the heights  
eternal  
Ravishment of thought and feeling, ravishment of sight  
supernal.

And my spirit was enkindled, as a ceaseless altar fire,  
And strange chords of spherical music, bore my yearning  
being higher.

And I saw with sight prophetic, burning vision of the  
Seer,  
Forward, backward through the cycle of life's swift  
revolving sphere.

Saw with simple childlike wonder, visions of high  
inspiration,  
Unperceived by grosser senses, of a less refined creation.

And at last my form grew brighter, 'neath the rays of  
my new sun,  
Faintly past death's footsteps echoed, and immortal life  
begun.

Now, no longer was I laden, with the heavy moving  
years.  
And no longer was my vision, dimmed with quickly  
falling tears.

And my step was light and buoyant, with an undecaying  
youth,  
And I saw my Being traversing with God's eternal truth

All the mighty realms of fancy, and the latest fields of  
time,  
All thought's cells of silent labor, and the heights of  
heaven sublime.

And my heart by discords aching, to the jarring clamor  
slept,  
And in higher homes ideal, by the hand of song was  
swept.

And my trembling tongue made effort to transmit the  
spirit's fire,  
And my trembling hands ran wildly, o'er my lofty  
sounding lyre.

But th' embodied sound flew swiftly, floated down on  
winged speech,  
And the nations stop to listen wheresoe'er its echoes  
reach.

I had walked with man my brother, through the winding  
ways of life,  
I had mingled with the world, and felt its stern relent-  
less strife

I had seen the rule of passion, felt the Despot's iron  
sway,  
Seen the hopes of souls concentrated, in the limits of a  
day;

And the energies immortal wasted in the race for gold,  
And the seething flames of Mammon, o'er the blasted  
spirit rolled.

Seen the strained eye seek a beacon fame-fanned fires to  
heaven roll,  
Tidal waves of mad ambition dashing free from pole to  
pole.

I had learned men's ways and manners, read his life's  
mysterious tale,  
Stood within the sacred silence of the soul's secretest  
vale.

Oft had thrilled my heart with sadness for a burdened  
brother's tears;  
Oft had wept my plaintive dirges for his endless woes  
and fears.

As a reed upon the mountain answered to the changing  
wind,  
Sensitive, my heart responded to the passions of the  
mind.

Lo the dawn! life's mighty currents onward, onward  
ever roll,  
And this age of wild unreason rushes forward to its goal.

Break from swinging gates of orient changing waves of  
living light,  
And the burnished bars of sunlight falling on retreating  
night.

And the lines of wide convergence meet in unity at last,  
And the Symphonies eternal drown the discords of the  
past.

Yet I trembled and exulted, for I felt the dreamer wise,  
As I saw the glowing zenith, and new glories that would  
rise.

And my vision was not ended on the dim horizon's verge,  
Nor my plumed soul backward beaten by a mortal  
refluent surge.

Lo! the world redeemed forever! franchised from long  
bonds and fears,  
Rung through paths of high progression up the mighty  
round of years.

Love the song of Saint and Angel, sang the deep-voiced  
stellar choir;  
Love upon the glowing heavens burned in characters of  
fire.

And the air was filled with music, throbbing from the  
harps of Gold,  
Melodies of the eternal through each heart responsive  
rolled.

Oh thou glorious Age of Reason, crimson swathed  
purified!  
Art thou but a poet's vision? Answer thou the Crucified.

## SKETCH FROM THE STUDENT'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

It was only a few evenings ago; the vision is still fresh in my mind. It was in the same room where often before the hard lot of the student had been proven. The slowly moving hours seemed moving doubly slow that evening. Books were piled in disorderly heaps and irregular rows on the table. Scratched and half-written papers lay scattered about profusely. The comfortable stove sang its best evening lay, as the greedy flame devoured the wood. The blind dropped and shut two students in, and a dark rainy night out. Work! work! work! O! hill of knowledge, thou art hard to climb! But never mind, think not of this, before us lies the hill. The night is dark and the air damp and it affects the system. The heat of the lamp too makes the head weak, and the eyes of the traveller long for rest. A few moments ease may invigorate a weary pedestrian, up the hill of literary difficulty. Thinking such things, and half-dissatisfied with the prospect of such a journey, your student fell asleep reclining upon his lounge, and soon what occupied his mind as thought became the source of a peculiar dream. Your student saw the hill of knowledge, and himself a weary traveller up its rugged steep. Two principal guides were given me for the journey. These guides had different offices assigned them by the company who managed the affairs along the road. The third guide (for there was one principal) we only saw occasionally, and then he addressed us in such terse language and betook himself away again so soon that we never knew much about the man. The moon shone clear on that night, for it appeared night, and the Hill was covered with hard stunted trees and great uneven rocks, and one could scarcely pick his way along and not fall and kill himself, or keep continually knocking his shins against the sharp projections. This scene seemed strange to me, and more so as I noticed that upon flat portions of these rocks were all sorts of strange figures and characters. As we entered upon this very discouraging road I broke silence with my guides, who had up to this time evinced very little sympathy for