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On the Hill.

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I stood on the hill at morning
Ere the sun was in the sky;
The light wind kissed me on the cheek
As it was flitting by;
The turf was emerald 'neath my feet,
The east was a ruddy flame,
And the brown hare ran like a phantom fleet
Across my path as I came.

I stood on the hill at morning,—
I stood and looked below;—
I saw the silver-winding stream
Along the valley flow;
I saw the village windows fire
With flames from the rising sun,
And a golden future coming nigher,
And a glorious life begun.

I stood on the hill that morning
Watching the day-spring gleam;
My heart was perfect harmony,
My life was all a dream;—
No sombre clouds to meet my sight,
No trouble my heart to weigh;
Oh, why should a dreamer dream of night
At the very dawn of day?

Alas! for the heart is bitter
When it finds its dreams are vain;
When its prophecies are shown to be
The fruits of an idle brain;
Alas! when the light shall fade away,
And the cherished hope shall die;
When the gold of the cloud has turned to gray
In the overhanging sky.

I stood on the hill at morning,
And the yellow leaves were there;
The frosts had dyed the beeches
And the maples rustled bare;
My hopes were parted then and gone,
They were as last year's flowers;
And I was a sad and a weary one
Over the empty hours.

I stood on the hill at evening,
And the airs of heaven were keen;

The moon hung in the sparkling sky,
And not a cloud was seen;—
And the snow laid ghostly on the firs,
Which, when the wind did blow,
Nodded their dark tops to the stars,
And the dead that slept below.

But the dreams had flown forever,
And the night had deeper grown,
The haze from fancy's eye had passed;
The real lived alone;
The future looked not as it did
In the light of the morning flame;
But a field before my feet was spread
For work, and not for fame.

The olden gathers round me
With its dim familiar look;
It comes like the wind that rustles
The alders by the brook;
And the moon shines on the hill-side,
And the spring-morn breaks the same,
But they see no more the boy in his pride
In the light of the morning flame.

Macaulay and Westminster Abbey.

Thinking of the opposite tides of tendency that flow forever through the human breast, of the strange inconsistencies and contrarieties of the soul, and of the innumerable and diverse elements which make it up, my mind reverted to the deep desire of England's great historian—a sepulchre in Westminster Abbey.

“How, I said, is it possible, that to find repose amidst the dust, even of such heroes and dignitaries, could ever be such a glory-beaming goal for the aspiration of a man like Macaulay?” Yet I know not if such aspiration be inconsistent with the highest genius or unworthy a soul of profoundest emotion. To lie down with kings and prophets of a glorious past, to repose within the sanctuary of a nation's pride and love, to be united, even in the tomb with the dust inhabited by lofty souls of kindred power and excellence, might have no