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Fragment.

Our higher life brings opposites extreme,
The child that lives and plays,
Recks not of passing days,
Thinks not he sleeps in visionary gleam
Of Youth an azure litten dream,
Which fled, torments with glory that hath flown.
The joy that comes from early innocence,
The bliss that springs from careless ignorance,
Are dissipated soon and are forever gone.
The cattle on the hills, the birds that sing
Content to eat, live, love and die,
Possess an heritage—perennial Spring,—
Untasted by the soul that soars on high.
On life's lower stages
We live in golden ages,
Wrapped in the silver fleece of sensuous joy.
Nor from boding hearts within
Do we hear the brazen din
Echoed from the destined strife of swift coming years.
The iron deeply lies
Hid from our listless eyes
And fancy loves the boy
Who night and day doth dream he hears
The subtle music choired by the spheres.
Contentment lies below.
He who would look above
Should count the agonies of the remove.
In every human heart
Are germs of infinite contraries
And infinite possibilities,
Which when developed, become part
Of our incorporate immortality;
The history of inner life that's penned
In strife and silence, and unkennd
By any foreign eye,
But scanned exclusively
By our secret selves and the all-seeing Eye,
The one who scorns to count his life by years,
Must count in part by tears
Shed or pent, burning; and by deepest fears;
High hopes; strong cries;
The bolts of doom that mar our destinies;
The gleams of light which do inspire our eyes.
True life is onward ever, and the way
Is difficult and weary, to the feet;
And syren voices from the past cry, stay!
But in the unsunned gloom we look for day,

And the high honors to our dangers meet,
At every stride new worlds come into view;
New hopes and pains and fears from out their sleep
In the low-lying caverns of youth's deep,
Bound to a birth fraught with vast influence.
Though it be at the terrible expense
Of capabilities of grief intense,
Give me the power to know and understand
What may be known of life and faith.
Teach me the secrets of yon boundless sky;
Teach me the secrets of the sea and land.
Far as imagination's wing can fly,
Let me explore mysterious paths and grand;
When the soul thrills with harmony of faith,
What boots this unsubstantial mortal breath.
Then let me solve the awful problem—Death,
Give me the God-like power to know and bear;
Give me the God-like joy, the God-like care;
“Tears from the depths of some divine despair.”

A Glance at what Canada has done for History.

It was before Prescott, Motley, Brancroft and Parkman took their place alongside of the historians of the world; before Longfellow, Bryant and Lowell vindicated their right to share in the praise given to Pope, Cowper and Wordsworth; before Cooper wrote his novels and Hillhouse “built the lofty rhyme”; before Kent wrote on Law, Porter on Metaphysics, Carey on Political Science, Pickering, Anthon, Felton, Whitney and Burritt on Philology;—that an English Reviewer contemptuously asked, “Who reads an American book?” It was more recently that an English publisher rejected the MS. of a Canadian author because “No one would read a Colonial book.”

It is true that in the realm of literature, Canada does not now occupy such an exalted place as does England or (even the) U. S.; yet that is due to her geographical and *historical* position, rather than to the absence of those mental characteristics, or the inferiority of those mental powers, which a people must possess before they