

Acadia Athenæum.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

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BE NOBLE.

"For this true nobleness I seek in vain,
In woman and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again.
Look inward, through the depths of thine own soul.
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

My Descent into Hades.

BY SILAS ALWARD, D. C. L., K. C.

In my College days of the twelve books of the *Æneid* none possessed such charms for me as did the sixth, in which Virgil so graphically describes the visit of *Æneas* to the deep shades of *Erebus* to see his father *Anchises*. With scarcely less interest did I regard the *Alcestis* of *Euripides*, wherein the great Athenian tragic poet tells, in flowing numbers, the sacred devotion of the wife, who dying for the sake of prolonging her husband's life was rescued from the Plutonic shores and restored to the light of day by *Hercules*; also the story of how *Orpheus* with his Thracian harp and ravishing strains had power to recall his beloved *Eurydice* from beyond the dull shores of *Lethe*. There was