

# Acadia Athenæum.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

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## SIMON.

Simon bent to his hissing saw,  
    Simon the chopper gnarled and tough,  
    All the years till his hands were rough  
As the clumsy shape of a bruin's paw;  
Knotted and big with his labor long,  
Yet sure in the work that made them strong.

Snarling with curse for his hairy throat,  
    Poverty feared his strong, rough grasp,  
    Sick with rage at the saw's bright hasp  
That flashed with howl and cut with gloat.  
The mother of death and a merciless fate,  
She filled his life with the gloom of hate.

Yet his heart strives upward to his tongue  
    Incomplete in shreds of song  
    To help his heavy days along  
Through life with mental clouds o'erhung.  
Harsh as the saw the tunes depart,  
Half made and dull from the singer's heart.

Simon is wise in days without tears    [sleep—  
    Though arms never rest and work cannot  
    Wise in the patience that never shall weep;  
And toil looms yet in the coming years:  
Ceaseless and hungry is human desire  
And Simon must feed the quenchless fire.

Poverty near and death at his heels  
    Simon is rich in the wealth of years    [tears,  
    Working for bread, without joy, without  
Till the changeless calm will gently steal  
Across his face, and will silence his song.  
Where riches are equal his rest will be long.

JOHN FREDERIC HERBIN, '90.

Wolfville, N. S.