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The mellow year is hasting to its close,
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast.
The shrill-piped harbinger of early snows,
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal faintly glassed
Hangs, a pale mourner, for the summer past,

And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of cosy brooks which no deep banks define
And the garnet woods in ragged scant array
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twined.

HARTLEY COLEBRIDGE.

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground."

TENNYSON.

"Calm and deep peace in this wide air
The leaves that redden to the fall."

IN MEMORIAM.