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THE OLD AND THE NEW.

READ BEFORE THE ALUMNI BY E. W. LOCKHART, '78

Pilgrims we throng to Wolfville once again,
Where oft our feet have roved in halcyon days,
Where oft our spirits thrilled with joy and pain,
And where the olden stood we stand and gaze
On a fair temple throned on the height
Which looks down on Acadia's Arcady.
Now beams the eye of Athens with new light.
And Homer's song yet answers to the sea.

As Jewish exiles from a land of sighs
With joyful footsteps to their Zion come;
Exult to see her walls and towers arise,
And hymn with praise their spirit's temple home,
And tune their harps, long silent and unstrung,
To deeper notes than woke the by-gone years,
So we, in presence of the triumph young,
Sing hope triumphant over loss and fears.
The muses trip once more with twinkling feet,
By our re-opened spring of Helicon,
And through the future vistas far withdrawn,
Resounds the lofty song prophetically sweet.

Noble and fair thy new proportions rise,
A young Acadia! founded on the old;
Dear classic grounds we reverent hold
As consecrated by the fathers wise,
By memories and melodies of yore,
I may thy prouder pillars nevermore
In fiery fragments face!
But even in hoary ruin call
The future pilgrim to thy haunted shrines.

Go and fulfil the destiny
The opening ages hold for thee.
Let light of heaven thy life adorn,
So shall a sovereign God exalt thy horn.
Preserve inviolate the faith
That laid thy pillars deep in earth.
Cast out the spirit force which lurks
In Protean form behind the works
Of science. Search where lie
The germs of a divine Philosophy.
Drink deep Castalia's crystal fount,
Bathe in the naiad-haunted streams;
But hold, 'bove grandest Grecian dreams
That Cross whereon ye mount
Higher than flight of classic lore
Olympian, mounts untrod before
By mythic men and gods.
Be Christ the glory and the song
Of thy deep soul; and be the throng
Of Bards and Seers of old
The Gentile chorus preluding
The coming age of Gold.

Within thy ample halls shall stand
The flower of our progressive land.
From South and North, from West and East,
They come and gather round the feast.
Some modern Horace drinks his fill
Of honey from Hymettus Hill;
A new-born Plato steals the gleam
Of the old Plato's God-rapt dream;
Another Newton through deep laws of time
Discerns the eternal cause.

A Galileo oils his car
To travel to the farthest star.
Like bees I see an exodus
Of souls drenched in the calculus
And differentiated well—
Infinite, infinitesimal.

The music swells; the Dorian late
Commingles with the Lydian flute;
The deeper-toned Ionian lyre
Burns with the red Æonian fire,
And science blows his organ too,
With strength that Bacon never knew,
And on this hill in coming time,
I see a nobler host arise,
To purge man's spirit from its slime,
And light his darkened eyes.

The sons of soul's like Crawley, who
On India's plain the trumpet blew
Whose echo never dies.
They drink from wisdom's sacred rill,
They list the oracles which fill
Their hearts with power divine.
Some Paul, read in all modern lore,
Some John, by love taught to adore,
Shall speak the word sublime.
Here too, with equal rights shall come
The daughters with the sons,
From cottage roof, from stately home,
The mingled current runs;
And ladies' grace with manhood's strength,
Shall educate the land at length,
In Christian chivalry.
So cultured mothers, cultured wives,
Shall give Acadia fairest lives
With brain as well as brawn.
No poet shall lament with tears,
In looking on those happy years.
A golden age that's gone.

The song was hushed. I turn back to the old
And muse on scenes time never can restore,
And think on friends these eyes no more behold,
But whose familiar footsteps evermore
Make music in the glades of memory.
By many a stream, in many a haunted grove
I wander, dreaming of the past and ye,
Brooding upon the severing of our love
On the mere marge of life's unsounded sea.

Shafner and Campbell, your familiar names