

# Acadia Athenæum.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

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## *BROOK AND LIFE.*

I trace, a little brook to its well-head,  
Where, amid quivering weeds, its waters leap  
From the earth, and hurrying into shadow, creep  
Unseen but vocal in their deep-worn bed.  
Hawthorns and hazel, interlacing, wed  
With roses sweet, and overhang the steep  
Mossed banks, while through the leaves stray sun-  
beams peep,  
And on the whispering stream faint glimmerings shed.  
Thus let my life flow on, through green fields gliding  
Unnoticed, not unuseful, in its course,  
Still fresh and fragrant, though in shadow hiding,  
Holding its destined way with quiet force,  
Cheered with the music of a peace abiding,  
Drawn daily from its ever-springing source.

RICHARD WILTON.

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## Marie Corelli.

Some ten years ago the reading public began to observe among the current literature of the day books bearing on their title page, "Marie Corelli." Those who ventured to read one of these books were at once impressed with their striking and intense character as well as the bold, almost daring, attempt of the author to get into the heart of the great problems of human life.

The first of these books which caught my own attention was the one now least known, because it has disappeared as being behind in merit the other numerous works which have flowed from this author; it was "The Soul of Lilith," and although, as I have said, this has not