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Original Poetry.

LOVE'S WATCH.

When the shadows of the gloaming,
Softly roaming,
Leave the quiet wood-land hollows
Of the pine groves in the east;
And across the meadows glowing,
Sunset showing,
Fairy forms of twilight follow,
Heralds of the sable priest.

Of upon the hill-side dreary,
Sad and weary
Do I notice one who wanders,
Gazing far across the bay,
Tear-dimmed eyes far sea-ward straining,
And complaining,
As on some old grief she ponders,
Of the darkling of the day.

When the years with joy were laden,
She, a maiden,
Gave her heart to one who left her
For awhile to roam the wave;
And he pressed her lips at starting,
Sadly parting;
But the cruel sea bereft her,
Laid him in a sailor's grave.

And as slow the months departed,
Maiden hearted,
She would walk at dusk of even
On the hill-side bleak and bare,
Gazing out upon the ocean,
While the motion
Of her lips upraised to Heaven,
Told the burthen of her prayer.

Thus she watched and waited ever,
Failing never
In the trust of love's devotion,
As the seasons passed away;
Sighing at the long delaying,
Lonely straying,
Little dreaming that the ocean
Throbbed above her darlings clay.

Till her step had lost its lightness,
And the brightness
Of her soft blue eyes had faded,
With the watching for the dead;
Till her heart was crazed with sighing,
Slowly dying
All the hopes that love braided
In the texture of her dread.
And when sunset gilds the billows,
Troubled pillows,
Where the weary evening breezes
Lay their pallid spray-wet cheeks,
On the hill-side stands the maiden,
Sorrow-laden,
And across the sunset gazes
For the sail she ever seeks.

NOVEL READING.

THE present age is one of intense mental activity. The broad light of secular knowledge sweeps around the globe. We stand on heights hid by the rolling mists, from the eyes of our forefathers, and beneath us are the levels on which they lived and toiled. What to them was the grey dawn, is to us the day well widened and rapidly bursting into a golden noon. The watchfires of the past are growing pale before the blazing luminaries of the present. Men no longer grope by dull flickering tapers, but tread a path bathed in light.

True, dark clouds in which lie sheathed the death-dealing tempest still sail through the heavens. Many a long black shadow flung from the centre of retreating gloom still stretches through the years, and many a black hostile squadron still lines the horizon. But all these are among the necessary conditions of intellectual life and furnish stimulants to energy and activity. The sweat of hand and brain has reared numberless imperishable monuments, and stately enduring structures. Many a wide domain of solitude has been entered and the features of nature have been marred under the irresistible working of this strangest of creatures, man. His giant strokes have tunnelled mountains and linked continents with bands mightier than steel. With dauntless spirit he points the prow of discovery toward stormy seas night-wrapped, and ne'er sailed before, and the dim unexplored future opens before his adventurous daring, and reveals treasures more brilliant and more costly than the gold of Ormus or of Ind. In the words of a late writer "Steam forces iron fingers to turn our cranks in huge factories, and fight our battles with hostile winds and tides. The 'labor saving machine' strides into almost every sphere when once the toil and tug of human thews and sinews did the work, and drew the wages. It would seem as if the inventive genius of man were about to annul the decree of Jehovah, and eliminate from human life the curse transmitted to the race through the transgressions in Eden." The white sails of commerce swell to every breeze, and lands most widely distant are in the economy

of nature and of man bound most intimately together. The higher law of commerce is now known and recognized. The wide portals of the east are now unbarred and through them toward the setting sun roll huge waves of Oriental wealth and magnificence and from the spacious emporiums of western civilization flow back in streams of life and light a power less dazzling and showy, but infinitely more precious stores of knowledge. The besom of enlightenment has swept from earth much of the loathesome putrid corruption that has long poisoned the social atmosphere and hindered the march of truth. The gross and debasing ignorance that is one of the most marked features of past centuries is slowly certainly and forever stealing away from our homes and minds, to retreats more congenial to its hideous revolting nature.

We aim at the culture and development of mental energy and skill rather than of mere brute force so long the highest type of power. The burning restless spirit of the present soars high and with a mighty tireless wing beats ceaselessly against the narrow confining limits of man's knowledge. Along the delicate line of human analysis now trembles many a strange subtle truth ne'er dreamed of before, and in the crucible of human investigation lie elements that long eluded the deftest touch of mortals. The whole range of scientific knowledge has been grandly expanded by lately discovered facts, and the eye of a rigid scrutiny has traced and studied fresh phenomena in almost every intellectual department. Vast, rapid and almost startling are the changes that have furrowed the broad fields of learning, and nowhere are they more marked or more widely felt than in the region of Literature. No longer is the dim cloister the only abode of learning. Like the sunshine it touches everything, and is at once the repository of the past, and the storehouse of the future. Its mighty galleries rich with the spoils of the ages stretch around the world, and into them ever pours a full and ceaseless stream of thought both good and bad. But with the priceless advantages of an advanced civilization there come to our thresholds new faces. They would win our friendship, but there is a serpent in