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AN EPIC PASTORAL.

CANTO I

'Tis sweet to roam when on the sight
There comes a lonely caterwaul,
Your dark grey hair turns black with fright,
As on the shades of night you call:—
"O, tell me where's yon music sweet
That burst upon my ravished ear:"—
Then accents low your spirits greet,
"Oh! 'tis the linnet in his lair."

'Tis sweet to skate when fields of ice
Are covered with a mantle green,
And swarms of pretty little mice
Rush swiftly o'er the glistening sheen:
Swift as the winged sloth you crawl,
Beneath a fiery blazing moon;
The dandelions quickly fall,
As swift you chase a rushing loon.

'Tis sweet to sail, when, o'er the land,
The gentle zephyr roars and shrieks;
Viewing the calm blue sea you stand,
While every timber bends and creaks:
And now with bleeding heart you sing
"A home upon the rolling deep,"
And now you make the welkin ring,
As softly in your cot you sleep.

'Tis sweet to swim, when, o'er the tide
Stern Winter holds his gentle sway;
'Mid icebergs tall to swiftly glide
Nor for the lordly minnows stay:
Now on a foam-capt wave you sit,
Now chase the swiftly rushing shark;
Now round the shores you madly flit,
Chased by an unrelenting lark.

'Tis sweet to stroll when sunlight pale
Rolls wildly o'er the moonlit seas,
And the gentle song of the lonely whale
Goes madly past on the starry breeze:
To sit beneath a mushroom tall,
And list to the tale of a toadstool sweet,
While aloft in the trees the carrots bawl,
And the turnip goes by on a rushing beet.

CANTO II

How sweet to roam when morning light
Resounds across the deep,

And the crystal song of the woodbine bright
Hushes the rocks to sleep:
When the blood-red moon in the blaze of noon,
Is hid by a crumbling dew,
And the wolf rings out with a glittering shout
Too whit! too whit! too whoo!

How sweet to stroll where the pale moonlight
Shrieks madly overhead,
And the ruby song of the midget white
Rushes by on a panting sled:
While the sands of time rush madly past,
Like a shark upon the wing,
Or sit upon a cloudless blast,
And a song of triumph sing.

How sweet to sweep the briny deep,
On the crest of a mighty star,
Or to seize the tale of a comet pale
In those pearly depths afar:
To swiftly fly through the azure sky
On a red hot lightning rod,
Or to plunge the sun for a bit of fun
In the mouth of a mighty cod.

KAYOSHK.

MORNING.

When soft-fingered morning awakens in glee,
And with roguish delight opes the eyes of the
East,
The hot flush of love mantles wayward and free
To her fresh, downy cheeks; while her lips
are a feast
So invitingly ruddy, so temptingly sweet
With the nectar of ripeness, the glimmer of
pearl,
That her dew-bathed lover arouses to greet
And clasp close to his bosom the golden haired
girl.
March 4, 1881.

J. R. H.

NOVEL READING.

We have not seen anything upon Novel
Reading that is more concise and yet more
comprehensive than what is contained in
Henry Rogers' admirable *Greyson Letters*.