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TROS TYRIUS QUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

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## FOOTPRINTS OF AUTUMN.

The moon was gently floating  
Adown the western sky,  
And the silent evening zephyrs  
Were drifting softly by.  
The verdant hue of Summer  
Ere now had passed away,  
And the withered leaflets round me spread  
Told the tale of its sad decay.  
And I longed to wander off alone,  
Far from the busy street;  
For my heart with nature's yearning pulse  
In unison did beat.  
Ere I could use volition  
My vagrant steps to guide,  
I found me in a quiet wood,  
By a moaning streamlet's side.  
Here, by fond night protected  
From the din of outward cares,  
'Twas the memory sweet of other days  
That filled mine eyes with tears.  
Here I thought of friends I'd cherished  
In the happy days of yore,  
Now seated by the living streams,  
'Neath the trees of the evermore.  
But oh! what sad reflections  
And sorrow filled my breast,  
As the birds, with doleful warblings,  
The woodland hushed to rest.  
The olden time before me stood,  
When all was quaint and wild;  
When the murmuring streamlet always  
Laughed,  
And the frowning owl smiled.  
It was the Spring-time fair and green,  
With fragrance pure and sweet,  
When we trod the drooping violet's sheen  
Beneath our careless feet.  
We tasted not those bitter drops  
That now fill every sweet;  
But we built our castles fair and large,  
Down Time's uneven street.

Those airy castles now we've reached,  
But to see them fade away,  
With all imaginary joys,  
In the light of real day.  
And upward as the hill we've climbed  
From rugged steep to steep,  
We've found less cause for mirth and joy,  
And greater cause to weep.  
So now at Autumn we return  
And find our lives once more  
Joining in perfect unison  
With the woodlands grey and hoar.  
For, as the leaflet seared and grey  
Falls on the rippling wave,  
So the Summer of life soon fades away  
Toward the Autumn of the grave.

## REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 2.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

LIVERPOOL.

The object that first of all arrests the eye of the stranger in Liverpool, is its vast amount of shipping. No place in the world can compare with it in this respect. Vessels of all sizes and descriptions, coming from different quarters of the globe, some impelled by wind and others by steam, are continually arriving at this great commercial centre, while as many others again are leaving. In the year 1870, for example, 5,000 ships and twice this number of coasting vessels arrived at and sailed from this port, making an average of 80 per day for the whole year, a large fleet in itself.

And the immense granite-walled docks which have been built to receive all this shipping are, if anything, more wonderful than the shipping itself. They seem strong enough to resist any shock except that of the