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S I M O N.

Simon, warped with the labor of life,
 A penny for bread, a pittance to earn,
 Nought to regret, nor a lesson to learn,
Though the world yet a child is in fervor of strife,
You have served your days at the altar of need,
Without blossom or fruit; without harvest or seed.

Simon, whither with all your age,
 Heart so full of its patient store,
 Fruition of faith and its precious lore—
Simon, where is your soul's last gage?
Have you no dread of the pride of men
When spade and saw shall not ply again?

Flesh gives soul a bitter pride.
 How cold the world where souls are bred.
 Will your needs be scant when your heart is dead?
Will their scorn get across the dark divide?
Will hands reach for yours which have shut them down,
As the friend of their love without renown?

So side by side perchance some day,
 He in rich raiment, you in poor,
 You both shall pass the same red door
Cut in the cold and dripping clay.
The same earth hand shall tightly close
His hand and yours, Beyond, who knows.

JOHN FREDERIC HERBIN.