

# Acadia Athenæum.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

---

Vol. XXVIII.    WOLFVILLE, N. S., DEC., 1901.    No 2.

---

## *THE PASSING YEAR.*

The year has old and feeble grown;  
His step is slow, his eye is dim;  
His pleasure lies in memories now,  
And evening shadows fall on him.

But when a smile of sunshine gleams  
Across the worn and withered face,  
Through lines of age, the flush of youth  
Transfigures it with former grace.

When shadows deepen, and the glow  
Of sunset like a dream has gone,—  
Come visions of the vanished past—  
Of Spring's fair promise,—Summer's dawn;—

The glowing scenes on every side,  
Where'er his eye might chance to look,—  
The beauty of the fields and sky.—  
The music of the birds and brook.

And Autumn's rich luxurious store,—  
The ruddy fruit and ripened grain;  
The golden glory of the woods,  
In memory he sees again.

His hoary head he bows in grief,  
He feels so old and lonely then;  
The singing birds have flown afar,  
And thrill no more the woods and glen.

The flowers too, have said farewell,  
And sweetly sleep beneath the snow;  
And Winter's icy hand has checked  
The laughing streamlets merry flow.

December winds through naked trees,  
Bluster their chill and frosty breath;  
The pitying sun looks sadly down,  
And sees the old year cold in death.

MABEL V. JONES.