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## Another Reading (of Life).

Away with tears and sighing,  
And leaden-eyed despair:  
Life is a flight for flying  
Serene through sunlit air:  
    'Tis a ball if you'll but fling it,  
    A sceptre if you'll swing it,  
    A song if you'll but sing it,  
    And singing, find it fair.

What of the darkness pending?  
The game may yet be won;  
Life showeth not the ending,  
But somewhere is the sun.  
    'Tis a garden if you'll tend it,  
    'Tis a bow if you'll but bend it—  
    A fool is he who'd end it  
    Before the game is done.

The same bells, at your ringing,  
Will cheerily chime, or toll—  
Say not that life goes swinging  
To dirge notes and to dole.  
    'Tis a dragon?—you can slay it;  
    'Tis a ghost?—but you can lay it;  
    'Tis a pipe if you'll but play it,  
    And playing win your soul.

R. E. BATES, '04.

From An Epithalamium.