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## Dawn.

The Spirit of Dawn rose from the sea of night, dripping  
with coolness,

And touched with his slim fingers blades of grass and  
mosses,

Dipped his feet in the brook, hearing its babble,

And lay against the darkness of the pine trees.

Then as the lilac hues of sun rise splendor

Tinted the sky and hovered o'er the meadows,

He touched the curled up petals of the flowers,

Awakening them to light and life and loving,

But when the red and gold of later morning

Flooded the earth and gilded clouds with glory,

Kissing the snow capped summits of the mountains,

And changing every dew-drop to a diamond —

He slid again into the gloomy shadows,

Hid in the deepness of that sea, called Distance.

M. A. HARRINGTON, '17.