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CHIEF EDITORS:

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Business letters should be addressed to I. S. Balcom, Sec.-Treas. Upon all other subjects address the Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

From the *Week*.

DULCE DOMUM:

A LEGEND OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

There is a beautiful custom still in vogue at Winchester College, whose students assemble at "Evening Hills," toward the close of term, and awake the echoes with the touching song of "Dulce Domum."

DULCE DOMUM! Sweetly homeward! Loud the old familiar strain
Rolls its wonderous tide of sweetness, o'er the hills,
adown the plain,
Bearing happy thoughts of school-work, soon—oh bliss—to be resigned
For the pleasant, dear home-coming—hall and studies left behind;
And the gentle night-wind wafts it, over mountain, vale, and lea,
Whispering softly to the white cliffs, and the white cliffs to the sea
Echo back the glorious anthem; once again, and yet again,
O'er the woodland slopes of Hampshire, roll the gladly sweet refrain:

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! But each word with anguish thrills
One lone heart beneath the shadows of the grand old "Evening Hills,"
One whose melancholy features likeness to his dead sire's bear,
Round whose young life beams the halo of a sainted mother's prayer,
And the scorching tear-drop glistens, rising nigh beyond control,
For the iron of his sorrow pierces to his boyish soul,
Whilst the memories of his childhood o'er his recollections throng
As he listens, in his sadness, to his school-mates gladsome song:

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! Homeless he, with none to bless;
Not for him the hearth of welcome, nor sweet sister's warm caress;
Chill his class-mates' careless good-bye on his heart despairing falls,
Doomed to linger, through vacation, in St. Mary's gloomy halls,
Dreaming of his happy childhood, and his gentle mother's love,
Wondering, if she now beholds him, from her home in realms above.
But forever, and forever, through the dreary nights of pain,
In his orphan ears are ringing bitter echoes of the strain:

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward! Soon the "long vacation's" o'er,
One by one, the lads come trooping back to college life once more;
But a face they've known is absent, and they hear, with bated breath,
That their sad-eyed little comrade sleeps the unbroken sleep of death.
Yes; an angel's voice had whispered at the hour of midnight, "Come,"
And the dear Lord, in his mercy, took the little orphan home.
Bright and glad his parent's welcome, who had waited for him long,
But the brightest, the most joyous, was the youngest angel's song:

Dulce Domum! Sweetly Homeward!

Toronto, 1884.

H. K. COCKIN.