

The Academy Annual.

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SALUTATORY.

CHRISTMAS time is the signal for mirth and fun. Then the windows of the shops fairly burst with their show of pretty things. Then Santa Claus flies around with his team of reindeer and fills stockings with goodies, and hearts with pleasure. Then, also, the "ACADEMY ANNUAL" comes forth, and greets its friends with best-wishes for every happiness Christmas can bring.

With such a warm welcome waiting for us last year, who will wonder that we once more trust our little bark upon the sea of Literature? We are small and harmless, so the great steam-ships good-naturedly forbear running foul of us, and sometimes give us a kindly cheer as they pass by.

The current is in the right direction, the wind is fair. The harbour we have entered before and found calm and secure. With the pilot "Good Will" at the helm, and no sunken rocks ahead, we hope to sail straight into the hearts of the people, and drop anchor.

Do not make a mistake about us, and judge us by our imposing cover. We are young yet, and though feeling quite strong and well able to stand firmly upon our feet, we are not as learned as we look. Perhaps it is a good thing, for mistakes are easily corrected in the young, though almost

hopeless in the old. We have plenty of time to improve ourselves, and will not neglect our opportunities.

We are growing, too, and the people like us and want to see more of us. For this reason we will issue 500 more copies than we did last year. Next year we hope to add 500 more, and go on, until every home in Halifax, as well as many outside, will number among Christmas purchases the "HALIFAX ACADEMY ANNUAL."

THERE is a little flower, the Hyacinth, which blossoms once a year. In the summer, when the earth is bright with many gay and beautiful colours, this little plant is quietly sleeping and gathering strength in its tiny bosom for coming work. Then its dress is old and brown and very wrinkled.

But when the winter comes, and the snow pityingly covers the withered stalks of summer flowers, a great wave of life sweeps over the heart of the quiet plant, and thrills it to its inmost depths. Little rootlets push their way into the moist warm earth, gathering nourishment for the slender stalk pointing upward. Leaves and buds appear in quick succession and then a blaze of beauty transforms the sober plant into a fairy visitor. Fragrance loads the air and delights the senses. It is time for the fruits of that quiet sleep.

May we not liken our Annual to that other one? We bloom about the same time, after resting all summer, and surely the aim of both is to please. Dare we hope that we, though not perfect like the Hyacinth, can still be as warmly welcomed?

AFTER all expenses had been paid, the result of last year's effort was a clear \$140. This sum was devoted to the replenishing of the Academy Library. The latest works by the best authors have been added, making the number now something like 900 books. These books are all in good condition, and can be obtained by any teacher or pupil of the Academy for a reasonable length of time. The "ANNUAL" is a source of income as well as of pleasure to our Academy.