

AT the beginning of the College year we announced that our debts were paid and our treasuries empty. At the close of the year we are pleased to make the announcement that our finances are in a still more favorable condition. The Treasurer of the Athenæum Society, Mr. A. W. Foster, at the closing session reported that he had satisfied all claims that had been presented against the Society, and that a balance of twenty dollars remained in the treasury. This improvement upon the record of past years is largely owing to a change in the management of our lecture course. The society passed a resolution to charge its members the same entrance fees at lectures as were collected from others in attendance, the result being a large increase in its income. Our paper has shared the prosperity of the Society. After the years expenses are defrayed, there will remain a balance of thirty-five dollars in the treasury. This is largely owing to the industry and patience of our Sec'y-Trea., Mr. H. L. Day. He discharged the duties of his office in a business-like manner, and deserved the success which attended his efforts. We trust that the relations of mutual friendship and esteem so long existing between the paper and its patrons may not in any instance have been shaken by his efforts to collect amounts due.

At the last session of the Society a vote of thanks was presented to Mr. Day for his services in connection with this office. It is gratifying to be able to note the improved financial standing of our Society among the general indications of progress at Acadia.

### MAYFLOWERS.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST ISSUE.]

#### 1.

Dull lines of cloud  
Where the sun should be ;—  
The air is chill,  
And the wind blows free.

Here at my feet is a water-soaked hollow,  
Birches and aldergrowth near;  
Tell me, who can, what of beauty may follow  
Life when decay has been here.  
Naught but dead leaves and a lifeless sky over—  
Where is the use of a life?  
Where is the use of the toils that but cover  
Spots of dead earth 'neath the strife?

#### II.

Quick thro' the water-soaked hollow went thrilling  
Flashes of pink and white bloom ;  
Deep thro' the air, sweetest fragrance instilling,  
Secrets are whispered that soon  
Quicken the soul to the knowing and seeing  
Graces in even decay.  
Leaves, tho' in death, have their share in new being—  
That which is beauty always.

A sweet, warm air,  
And the chill winds fall ;—  
No clouds in sight  
And the sky o'er all.

B. B.

### CLASS POEM.

(Written by S. T. Rand, D. D., and delivered to the Graduating Class on Anniversary Day.)

Collegii Classi Acadimensis, quae ad academicum gradum promota est, Junio Anno Domini Millesimo octingentesimo octogesimo septimo, quae dictum regens hanc sententiam, scilicet, "Animo et Fide," adoptavit. Dico multam pacem; sint vobis favor, et misericordia, et pax, a Deo Patre nostro, et Domino nostro Jesu Christo.

"Proinde, fratres mei carissimi, praestate vos constantes, immobiles, semper excellentes in Domini negotio, scientes vestrum in re dominica laborem, non esse vanum."

Proinde, fratres, O carissimi,  
Confidete in viro Domini,  
Qui semper audit humillissimum,  
Et fidem dat, et verum animum.

Humilitas! miranda gratia!  
Est bonitas, est sapientia,  
Est vis, est fides, est fidelitas,  
Cum magna gloria, felicitas.

Qui Deum amat, servit, honorat,  
Et Deo delectationem dat:  
In rebus omnibus et ubique,  
Is facit fertque fidelissime.

Haec facere est animus, fides est,  
Qui animatus his semper prodest:  
Magnanimus, et Deo similis,  
Constansque, firmus, et immobilis.

Sic vos praestate vos, carissimi,  
Negotio in omni Domini:  
Scientes sane vestra opera,  
Non vana sint in re dominica.