

A GOOD book or a good paper is a good thing ;— granted ;—but try to read standing or in a cold room, and you soon forget your good book, and wish for a good chair and a good fire. Very well, now we are getting near to the point. We have a reading-room, well stocked with papers and magazines,—but ! Yes, there is some room and no lack of papers, reading desks and a table, a chair or two and a stove, *but* there is not all there should be. Our room is too small ; somebody seldom remembers to light the fire ; we are often compelled to sit on the table, or incline our persons against a window-casing ; and it is even whispered that some whose stature is inversely proportional to their thirst for knowledge have to mount on the light fantastic toe when they scan the headlines of the daily papers. This should not be, and it gives us satisfaction to know that there is prospect of a change. The Athenæum Society is to meet one flight nearer the empyrean than before, and the current news will probably be the new tenant of the old room. This will give us a chance to read with comfort and elbow space, and prevent the papers on the table from being monopolized by the ten good men and true who may happen first to touch the edge thereof. With a good room properly heated and furnished, we shall be able to learnedly digest and criticize the articles, to our own satisfaction if to no one's else.—

Verbum FACULTATI—?

IT is an easier task to say what we need than in many cases to supply such need. We think it evident that the Chapel has become too small to comfortably accommodate the increased number of students. The time has fully come when a larger room for general college purposes is needed. We can hardly be expected to use Assembly Hall. The library room would answer in size, but where shall the library be removed ? This brings up the question of a separate building for library and museum purposes, which has been discussed in this paper. We believe that such a step will be a necessity at no distant date. The proposition to restore the Old Academy Hall for such purposes seems to be the easiest way out of the difficulty as far as college accommodations is concerned. But in order to do this, other class rooms will have to be provided for the Academy. The time has arrived when the whole college building is needed for college pur-

poses. That means of course that the time has also arrived for a separate Academy building. Next year the ladies are to have a new Seminary. Why are not the students of H. C. A., entitled to a new Academy ? We think that the authorities consider they are. But how meet all these demands out of a depleted treasury ? The Academy as a feeder of the college has done a grand work. If age has any claim, 't stands first. What an opportunity for some one or more of our Baptist friends to endow the Academy and place it upon a firm financial basis ! An important moment has arrived in the history of these institutions. The increasing popularity among its constituents has created a correspondingly greater demand upon their liberality. It may seem to some that our demands are increasing at a very rapid ratio. So they are, but the Academy question is not new and it forces itself upon us. The scope of the work attempted here can only be fully realized by our friends upon a fair representation of our needs. When one change is completed in our present system it involves several others at the same time. The whole truth is, we have outgrown our accommodations. In the face of difficulties the Governors are doing nobly, and their work must commend itself to the public.

DEATH has again visited us. On Friday, Oct. 29th, the many friends of Prof. Keirstead were called upon to mourn with him the death of his beloved wife, Janie F. Keirstead who passed peacefully to her reward on the afternoon of that day. The following sonnet from the pen of Rev. J. Clark of Antigonish, is respectfully inscribed to the bereaved husband, Prof. E. M. Keirstead :—

"ALL LIFE UNTO HIM."

(See Luke 20 : 37-38.)

We thank Thee, God ! our life, so full of Thee,
Ends not with death, but onwards throbs for aye ;
Its burdens, not its blessings, pass away ;
Death crowns the life, and sets the spirit free ;
'Tis sense, not soul, that knows mortality.
This side of death is night ; beyond is day ;
'Tis there life's fulness blooms. Thrice blest are they