

has no particular location in view when the 'popular' Canada fills his romantic head with odds and ends of pictures gleaned from reliable guides and the unassuming literature of the day. This is also true for the Colonist, as will be seen from our frontispiece, when he remembers that here as well as in Europe there are at least two periods of time, summer and winter, and well-defined climatic differences.

The sole illustration of this Journal is appropriate in the fact that it is a winter scene. It may also be excused on the ground that it is the only photograph of the Athenæum Building and its immediate surroundings. About college properties and college recollection there always hangs an air of reverence something like the perfume of a vase that once held a precious tincture. That which gave the vessel its worth has flown but its peculiar taste remains. The rudely carved initials, the memorial window, the trophies of the campus are all pointed out as objects of veneration. Even the College itself has a charm of its own. It is not *that* Institution, *that* seat of Learning but *this, this one*, and as it so happens, Acadia College. Prompted, thus, by the same touch of nature that in the words of the Poet 'makes the world akin' we will proceed to examine our frontispiece. As has already been intimated the edifice in the middle is known as the Athenæum Building. Here are situated the Reading Room, the quarters of the Athenæum Society and the Sanctum. The Reading Room replete with the current newspapers and a choice selection of English and American magazines is truly an attractive spot. It is here the bright sallies of Puck, the philosophical discussions of the Forum, the literary criticisms of Blackwood's and last but not least the editorial sarcasms of the World and the Globe are attentively received. Of more interest perhaps is the hall of the Athenæum Society, so dear to graduates and undergraduates alike. How often have the walls echoed to the applause of a clever speech on some topic of national importance or the learned remarks of many embryo Ciceros. The Sanctum, footing the list, is of little account, except that in it is carefully housed what artistic genius and literary modesty occasionally crops out in the course of a modern education. Not that the *literati* are lacking in thought and aspiration but the incidental accessories mentioned by the bibacious Horace and the poet Moore have never been in evidence. With this itinerary the examination of the illustration closes.

After all what of ones life is sweeter and productive of more genuine inspiration than that spent in the benign pro-