

THOSE of our readers who have spent any time at Acadia will doubtless glance over the locals in search of some report of Acadia Missionary Society. The efforts put forth by this organization with reference to the awakening of a missionary spirit among the students, have, in a large measure, been successful in the past. To this assertion even some in the foreign field at present, will testify. Its meetings are still held monthly. The exercises are varied, consisting of discussions on Missionary topics, Essays, Synopses, etc. The officers for the current year are as follows:—

E. P. Coldwell, *President*.  
A. W. Armstrong, *Vice-President*.  
G. B. Healy, *Secretary*.  
C. K. Harrington, *Treasurer*.

OUR eyes sparkled and our hearts rose when we returned to the "Old Home on the Hill" and glanced at the improvements which had been made during our three month's breathing spell. We noticed a change as soon as our feet touched the College grounds. What before were narrow and crooked paths through the grass had been changed into raised walks, dry, smooth, and commodious. The amount of appreciation which is bestowed on these several intersecting roads, after a rain is something to encourage a philanthropist. On entering the building other improvements meet the eye. The halls have been repainted, restaired, and largely refloored, and possess such a fresh, neat look as has not hung over them for decades as far as we know. In the Academy Building, too, some improvements have been made, considerable paint and varnish having been applied to much advantage. Space, or rather want of space, prevents us from going into any detailed account.

Great improvements, too, are visible in the Seminary, to which department of our Institution we feel it our duty no less than our privilege to call frequent attention. We have not now in mind fresh paint on the shingles, nor new floors in the halls, nor new steps to the verandah. No, our mind rises now above such sordid themes. We refer to the new faces which smile at us from the windows, and laugh at us from the stoop, and haunt us night and day, old Olney taking a back seat for the nonce. 'Tis true that a cloud gathers on our brows as we scan the roll of the absent, the names of those whose paths may never more cross ours; but sunshine, or lamplight, takes its place when before us throng the faces which shall light up for us '77-'78. Indisputable proof of the improvements mentioned is found in the fact that the supply of one-cent stamps in the village post office lasted but one short month.

But the most striking proof of the above was afforded by the Reception, which is the subject of this local. It occurred a short time since, and was for the benefit of College students. The discussion in the Athenæum on the preceeding night, on our duty to our social natures, had turned the minds of all in the proper direction, and broken the ice in the hearts of those who usually care for none of those things. The aforesaid improvements added their gentle but resistless influence. Some whose feet had hitherto shunned to climb the Seminary steps, and who were considered proof against all tender emotions, yielded without a struggle, and might have been seen on the eventful evening with their brows relaxed, smiles playing across their cheeks, and looking as happy as a boy who has just had a present of a prize water-melon. If anyone still presumes to question our statement about improvements, we would recommend him to ask each of the students how he enjoyed himself, and if he can find us one who hadn't a "first class time," we will silently withdraw.

### Funnyisms.

SUBJECT OF DEBATE.—"Whether will it be better for the world that Russia or Turkey should gain in the present war?"

Excited debater:—"What will be the advantage, Mr. President, of having the Turks driven out of Russia?" Cheers and cries of "Hear! hear!"

PROFESSOR (calling roll):—John Smith,

J. Smith:—Adsum.

Prof.:—Geo. Laird

G. Laird:—Hic.

Prof.:—Yes; you appear to have had some (adsum) too. *Clip*.

ONE of our boys who knows, says:—After all, a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in all the world. A perfect honey-comb, full of SELLS.—*Clip*.

SCRAP of Prep's letter to his ma:—I enjoy myself very well. They call those boys who hang around the halls and stairs at the Girls seny'ers. I fell down on the back step and Hurt me. While looking up at the windows to see who was throwing water at me. The Dr. wouldn't let me go home. I asked him the night after I came. I wept. I'm almost out of money. A Junior told me to tell you that I had been Robbed on the depot platform. My Chum chews gum, it got stuck in my Hair, one night. Good by.—*Clip*.