

the fire which we passed among our friends in need in the Village. And so long as we remember Acadia College and the night of Dec. 2nd 1877, we will also remember, as the silver lining to the cloud, the generous kindness of those who opened their hearts and homes to us in our day of trouble.

The voice of prophecy is still heard among the children of men. Some ancient dame in this vicinity was seized by the divine power and gave forth a not ambiguous oracle, to the effect that the Seminary would be destroyed by fire on the night of Saturday, Jan. 19th. It shuddered down Main Street and was heard among the eight refugees on College Avenue. It was whispered through the studies of the new Academy. The Sems. believed and trembled. The demon who had stood howling at their very threshold but six weeks before, waving his long arms of fire, and flinging to the breeze his tresses of flame, rose again before their horror-struck visions, coming back to claim his own. The past blazed up again from its ashes. Again they lived over the lurid hours of that flaming Sabbath night. Again the cry, "Fire!" rings across the Campus. Again there is that hurrying to and fro, and cheeks growing pale, "that but an hour ago blushed at the thought of their own loveliness." Again the trunks fly, and the pumps rattle, and the buckets splash. Again the flames leap, and timbers crackle, and the belfry reels, and the fiery pillars totter, and the crash of falling ruins sounds above the roar of the flames and the hoarse shout of the crowd. And with this picture buried into their memories, and that prophecy creeping, on the clammy feat of the preternatural, into their hearts, what wonder if each roar in the chimney, and each gust smiting the corner of the building, seemed the step of the fire-fiend at the door. That was a busy evening in the Sem. There was a rustling of garments and a squeaking of trunk covers, and a sound of many hands packing up, and when the tinkle of the bell told the hour of retiring, the whole establishment had the air of a company under marching orders, ready to leave the fort and take the field at a moments' notice. Doors ajar, trunks packed and pointed in the right direction; everything ready. Hush-sh-sh. Midnight; and the ghost of Acadia past steals forth from the grave of the by-gone, and sits down amid the debris, like Marius at the ruins of Carthage; and yet peace broods over the smitten hill-side. One, two, three, strike the clocks of the village, and still no sound is heard but the sigh of the wind through the grove. Sunday morning dawns, and as the early light glitters through the frost-flowers on the S. windows, the literary damsels vote modern prophecy a humbug, and spend the best-part of the morning putting things to rights again. So perish the words of all who bode ill to Acadia, in any of her departments.

Funnyisms

TEACHER IN ACADEMY:—How do we know, John, that the earth is round?

JOHN:—Alligators have sailed around it, sir.

JUNIOR in lecture room No. 3, awaiting the appearance of the Prof. takes a book from the Professor's table, and after examining it remarks: Oh! Ah! A bible translated into Hebrew!

FRENCH PROF.: Mr. F—— Give the equivalents of the words: "I have a mother," in French, Mr. F——, J'ai mater. (Applause in class.)

THE fashion of discussing various topics, during the time allotted to us in the dining room is both interesting and profitable, as a result of the study of Mechanics, we heard two Juniors having a lively discussion concerning the different *forces*, one with evident designs of finally puzzling the other, says: "Well what force is it that impels my hand forward to take a piece of *brown bread*." The reply comes promptly and with the utmost gravity—"Brute force."

JAN. 12th—Platform—Evening train,—Scene:—Ben. Eaton and sweetheart, meeting after three weeks separation:

There is a warm grasping of hands, a suggestive swing of his left arm, and a sly labial contact, instantly followed by such an ominous report as to call forth from the suffering Sem., the following ejaculation in somewhat Anglicized Greek:—

Oh! easy Eaton, Eaton, O man easy, it is I.

AMONG the many incidents that transpired after the fire:—in connection with the gathering together of the few personal effects that remained to each one, such as bedding, clothes, books &c.—there was on that indelibly stamped itself on our minds, and has agitated us even up to the present time. Although we were somewhat discomposed at the scene, yet we think we can give it accurately.

Excited young man enters the Seminary and enquires whether there are any books there with his name in—or any with Miss——'s name in them. The one questioned showing evident signs of surprise at the latter part of his question, excited young man remarks: "*Oh! it is all one and the same thing.*"

Now to our minds there is a metaphysical element in this assertion or else there are certain affinities or relations in life of which we are not now cognizant. We will be thankful for an explanation.