

Were they echoes of the future with its better days, or of the *Best* days in the past? The curtain rising, a jovial group is discovered on the floor sewing up and tacking down carpets,—merry voices are heard—and the curtain falls.

A few weeks later, in the Principal's room on "the Hill," behold a half dozen students in earnest conversation. One of their number makes a proposal which meets with unanimous approval and the outcome of which, in its latest development, may be said to be "The Acadia Athenæum." An original magazine or literary paper for the two schools—the Academy and Seminary—this is the project. The Chancellor and the Secretary are to be the Editors, the Premier and Tom and the Parson are to form the Publishing Committee—these for our part; and at the "Great House" there are to be an equal number on the united staff. Many pleasant consultations are held (not usually on "the Hill") before a name is agreed upon, and matter obtained for the first number. After numerous suggestions, the title proposed by the Secretary—"THE ACADEMY BUDGET"—is adopted, and Miss S. supplies the motto "*Docti aut indocti scribamus.*" It is understood that the teachers will place the weekly or monthly "compositions" of the schools at the disposal of the editors for selection. The paper is to be issued in manuscript at first, two or more copies being made for each school.

A fortnight after the idea was first broached, in the small hours of a February morning, the masculine half of the editorial staff sat hard at work preparing to "go to press." Since early in the evening they had been busy designing and printing the "display" headings, writing miscellaneous items, etc.; and now they were jointly composing what may be called a metrical prologue. Here is a part of their effusion, fashioned after the model of "Hiawatha."

If you want to see our paper—
Read our neatly-written paper—
Paper which we just have started—
Paper which both men and maidens
Have a hand in—take delight in—
Filled with wit and rhyme and reason,
Filled with what is good and spicy,
Filled with pith of compositions,
Worth perusal—well worth reading—
Then we bid you, we invite you,
Sage and rustic, clown and critic,
Come to Horton—come to Wolfville:
Not far off where lies the Grand Pre',
Sung by him of Hiawatha,

Where they have the peerless sunsets,
Where they haul the loads of marsh-mud,
Where they raise the big potatoes;
Where are fixed our Institutions,
Where the embryo A. B.'s flourish,
Where they teach the women Latin;
Where the Doctor¹ writes his History;
Where resides the genial brothers²—
One to urchins teaching Grammar,
One to young men Mathematics;
Where sobersides³ cons the Classics;
Where the Gov'nor⁴ drills the youngsters;
Where is yet the ancient chamber
Where did write the great Mustapha⁵
Words of learning, words of wisdom;
Where still steps the stately Mogul,⁶
Undiminished still his glory;
Where the mighty Agamemnon⁷
Pulls his boots on every morning;
Where the great Gudolphus "weltered;"
Where the glorious Odes were written—
Odes the Sun and Moon concerning,
* * * * *
Where took place * * * * *
* * * * *
In the year * * * * *
If, we say, you want to read it,
Read our paper which we've written,
We invite you to our sanctum,
To our sanctum where we keep it,
In the Great House in the Village,
On the Hill above the Village—
Up in Wolfville—up in Horton.

Two days later, the first number of "The Academy Budget" was placed before an indulgent public, represented by a goodly gathering of students of the three institutions, in the parlors of the Seminary, to whom the genial Principal introduced the venture in an appropriate speech. Other speeches, the reading of articles from the papers, and the charms of music contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, the memory of which will doubtless come back to not a few who read this as a pleasing *echo of the past*.

"THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE."

In the physical world every thing is subject to decay. To escape this law mankind is engaged in a continual struggle. But there is a sense in which men live on in the embodiment of their thoughts and actions; yet even this mode of existence is regulated by "the survival of the fittest." Horace, in referring to his literary fame, speaks with unwar-

NOTES.—1 Dr. Cramp, 2 T. A. and D. F., 3 B. H., 4 E. N., 5 T. H., editor of "Words from the Mustapha's Chamber," 6 R. V., 7 W. H.