

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1877.

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THIS is the time for stretching out cordial hands and uttering cordial words; the time of good cheer and better cheerfulness. Now scattered families reunite at the old homestead. The daughter comes home from seminary, and the son from college. There are squeezings of hand and pressings of lip; there are smiles, and tears that are more eloquent of welcome. There are long talks around the family board and by the family hearth. Then come gay days and gayer nights. The tables groan, but theirs are the only groans within ear-shot. Music sounds in parlor and dining-room and kitchen. Happy voices fill up the intervals of melody and mingle with its strains. All in the crisp air and over the crisp snow the sleigh-bell tintinnabulations join with the merry peals of Christmas and New Year ringings. Town and village and farmhouse jingle with jollity. But there is one village which is duller than before, and that is—Wolfville. There is one spot where no revelry is

heard, where no gay voices wake the frosty air, where no games are played and no family reunions occur; and that lone spot is Acadia College. The only sound that breaks on the ceaseless quiet is the footstep of a solitary editor, as he toils up the stair with an armful of wood for his lonely sanctum. All the rest are scattered, and our best wishes for Christmas and New Year enjoyment go out after them. Merry home-comings to you all, fellow-students, pleasant evenings around long-deserted hearths; innocent revelry, consummate jollity we wish you all. Skate, coast, drive, snow-shoe, till the unstrung nerve grows steady and the weary brain strong, till health and vigor thrill every vein and pulse and muscle, and then come back prepared to take up a hand to hand fight with the remaining work of the year.

To all our subscribers and all our friends, we send greeting. May the bells ring in to you and to us a Happy New Year, a year of progress and prosperity, a year of duties done and hopes realized, a year of stepping up, socially, mentally and morally. May it be a year marked by the spreading and deepening of sound learning and culture, and by true intellectual growth.

HOLIDAY GREETING TO ALL.

THE vocabulary of the untutored or mistutored is again called into requisition by the censors of the *Argosy*. The diminutive wasp which buzzes around Cecil is all buzz. A more harmless insect we never saw. We advise some dweller beside the "Tantamar Marsh" to capture this materialized freak of nature. Seldom if ever have we seen such an intermingling of twaddle and bombast as smears the editorial page of the *Argosy*.

A celebrated African traveller has publicly announced the fact, that in that great tropical country there exists a race of men about thirty-six inches high, and with mental stature in proportion. Judging from the article in question we should say that these dwarfs could easily find their counterpart in mental calibre at the Sackville three-years-course College. Without evincing the faintest conception of anything like common judgment, and betraying the most per-