

tered by its friends. Attention was called to the marvellous growth of the railroad system during the short period since the first track was laid. By railroads, men are brought nearer to each other. The inhabitants of districts far apart are made neighbors. Thus a feeling of brotherhood is extended. The railroad, too, is a great leveller. Many privileges which formerly could be enjoyed only by the wealthy, are now also the property of persons in poorer circumstances. The lecturer further showed that the railroad prevents the possibility of such horrors of famine, as have been sometimes experienced in the past. Now when the crops fail in one country provisions soon pour in from other countries. Allusion was made to the danger of accidents, and the Tay bridge disaster, and that at Ashtabula, were graphically described. He showed, however, that serious accidents are comparatively rare. Besides these more direct advantages derived from the railroad, the lecturer called attention to the fact that its invention has been the means of stimulating minds to undertake other things, and thus incomparable benefit has ensued. Mr. MacRae speaks in a peculiar manner, but holds the attention of his hearers. From first to last he was listened to most attentively. He is a word painter of considerable skill, and his descriptions of tragic scenes were graphic and forceful. The audience was sufficiently large to fill the hall.

Yes, we were there. About half a hundred went from the Hill. We rode up in the train and walked back in the mud. Kentville is a good place for a tea-meeting. The tables were spread well, and we ate well. We feared the ladies might think we didn't appreciate their efforts. That is why we ate so much. The home-trip was romantic. There was some water afloat. A cloud broke away from its moorings just after we started homeward. Our clothes are drying now. We mean to clean our shoes during the summer vacation. We want to go to another tea meeting.

An eloquent young man from the Academy

was making a temperance speech recently. During his remarks he said :—"But some of you may say that if I am not a drunkard and my friends are not drunkards, what difference does it make to me if others drink? You may say if a hog is warm and his end of the trough is full, why should he care if other hogs are cold and hungry?" Thus he spake; and the audience "smole a funny smile."

We have been expecting it for some time; and now, "the curse is come upon me," cried the Lady of Chalott." Yes, alas! the curse *has* come. We are completely tangled up in it. Our days are spent in horror, our nights in groaning and lamentation. We believe in ghosts. They are a horrible, immaterial reality. Hecuba suffered from one. And now we suffer. We mourn. We sigh. We find no rest for the soles of our rubbers. We shade our eyes with our goggles; but in vain. The hideous apparition creeps even beneath our eye-lids, and our heart makes one tumultuous skip, and then freezes from icy terror. 'Tis the ghost of Olney, familiarly called "Old Olney" for short. Sometimes an adjective precedes the "old." This occurs only when an exceedingly difficult lesson has been assigned. For a long time we have recklessly cracked jokes upon Olney. We have done it as we used to crack nuts. Olney has been the nether flat-iron, and our pen the upper one. At last Olney is mad. We mean his ghost is mad. We confess it has excuse. It hasn't been a *very* quick-tempered ghost. Only when endurance ceased to be a virtue did it leave the gates of gloom and the realms of chalk-dust. But now the grisly terror walks by our side, points threateningly at every personal paragraph we have made; hisses horrid things in our ears. Jokes which we formerly judged innocent, at command of the offended phantom, have taken shape. They appear as imps in fantastic dress and soul-harrowing form. They grin at us. They point their claw-like fingers at our haggard cheeks. They clatter their cloven hoofs upon our congealed heart. They shake their