

often overlooked; however, in our institution it is anything but neglected. Exercise in essay writing is required not only in the Societies, but throughout the whole course of study; at no time is any student exempted from this duty. The Alumnae Association, we are sure, has the sincere thanks of the Faculty, pupils and friends, for its hearty co-operation in the work of advancing the interests of the College.

THE open meetings of the literary societies this last term were very enjoyable. The speeches and essays, recitations and music, reflected great credit upon those who took part in them. A very interesting feature of the Senior Society meeting was the reading of an extensive original poem by Miss Wilson, of Picton; the young lady has quite a gift in that direction. At the close of the proceedings, the Juniors invited the Seniors to partake of a farewell supper. The kind forethought in the planning of the affair, and the excellent taste shown in its execution, were duly appreciated by those thus honored, and among the pleasantest recollections of Commencement week which the Graduating Class of '80 carry away with them will be that of this evening so pleasantly spent.

TURNING POINTS.

THAT mysterious riddle we call the soul life involves so much that has never been fully comprehended by sage or philosopher. It is a miniature universe of activity, where a single idea in all its different aspects, pursued to the utmost range of thought, frequently leads to the most important results, where an unwise and invalid conclusion, arrived at in an instant imparts a fresh impetus on the downward path, and influences a whole life in the wrong direction. Is it any wonder that in this realm where nought is tangible, where rapidly as lightning a thought flashes through the mind, stamping its impress on the whole being, that the future of a life should oftentimes depend on some subtle influence, exerted we scarce

know when or how, but which transforms the tenor of the future, marks a new epoch in life's history—is the turning point from which dates the true manhood bravely struggling against hypocrisy and intellectual indolence, that like a rapid current is ever ready to seize a thoughtless soul and whirl it onward to the ocean of sin? As the tiny bit of iron in contact with the magnet counteracts and entirely defies the mighty force of polar attraction, so the slightest circumstance may conquer the most obstinate preconceived ideas, overcome the most violent prejudices, speak peace to the troubled soul, or lash to fury the passions, drowning the expostulating voice of reason—in fact seemingly insignificant trifles sway the emotions and mould the purposes of a human soul. The myriad-minded Shakespeare touches the true cord of human nature and causes it to vibrate under his skilful management. We feel he has struck the key-note of this subject when he says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries." There are others who, though they "take the tide at the flood," yet it does not lead them on to fortune. They are those retiring, unselfish souls who benefit all immediately in contact with them, and in their little world exert their softening influence, none the less powerful because it is limited. The deviating course at the flood was as marked, but others profited not themselves. But we do not propose to repeat yet again the worn out story of individual life with its vicissitudes and decisive moments; it is as familiar to us as household words; we turn to the national life, selecting perhaps the greatest people of antiquity, and certainly the greatest of the present, the Greeks and the English, and consider the most important turning points in the records of each. In every highly civilized country of to-day the populace rule, perchance under the guidance of the nobility directed by a crowned head, but none the less is the government of the people, for the people, and by the people, solidly established. Two thousand years has joined the mass of ages gone; two thousand years in which humanity has ever been struggling after the unattainable, blindly groping after truth, passing away and making room for others, since the