

ever leads us to look beyond and above ourselves—those words which indicate our relation to a purer and higher life—how could we afford to lose?

Poetry, however, does not affect its readers alone. "The love that flows out of us in benefaction weaves a warming halo of smiles around our own life." This experience all true poets must feel; how great, then, must be the happiness of their minds! Coleridge says that poetry was to him its own "exceeding great reward." It soothed his afflictions, increased and refined his enjoyments, endeared solitude, and gave him the habit of wishing to discover, in every thing surrounding him, the Good, and the Beautiful.

G. Y. P.

HORACE CARMEN X. BK. II.

AD LICINIUM.

More rightly, oh Licinius, will you live,
If, neither launching boldly on the deep,
Nor, dreading cautiously the winds and waves
Anear the rough and rock-bound coast you keep
Your bark of life.

Most wise is he who seeks the golden mean,
For, free from all the ills of want and woe,
His lot falls not within the squalid hut,
Nor does his palace 'gender envy low
In other breasts.

The pine tree on the mountain top is blown
More fiercely to and fro than ash below;
The highest towers fall with heaviest crash,
And mountain heights the lightening's power best know
And therewith shake.

The wise man hopes in poverty's dark hour
A chang'd lot to come, but fears the Fates
When riches face him with her golden wings,
And see! the gloomy winters Zeus creates
Melt in his smile.

So, rest assured, if ill betide thee now
It will depart, Apollo oft awakes
The silent muse, peace-token from the Gods,
Nor does he always stretch his bow that shakes
With heavenly wrath.

In adverse things be spirited and firm.
But safer far will be your voyage here
If, sailing fast before a prosperous wind
You furl the sails before the storms appear
Across your sea.

BE BE.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

ELI PERKIN's lecture on "The Philosophy of Wit," delivered before the Acadia Athenæum, was a complete success. College Hall was filled with one of the finest audiences ever assembled on the Hill—over seven hundred persons being present. Eli was at his best, and although he had a difficult audience to manage—composed as it was of professors, students and the numerous friends of the college—he was equal to the occasion, and succeeded in mingling wit and wisdom together in such fair proportions, that the mirthful might laugh while the sober might learn. The lecturer affirmed that deformity produced laughter. "When objects preserve their natural shape, or exist in a natural condition, they do not excite laughter; but being deformed they scarcely ever fail to do so." For instance, if we saw a perfectly formed bird we would not laugh, but if we saw the same bird with two heads running both ways trying to get away from itself, laughter would be inevitable." He gave several other ludicrous examples to illustrate his point. He then described wit, humour, satire, irony, the pun, conundrum and the blunder. After showing by many droll and amusing anecdotes the various departments and ways in which laughter can be produced, the lecturer exposed the fallacy of Ingersoll's argument based on ridicule. Eli exhibited skill and cleverness through the entire lecture; but his philosophy reached its acme in his vivid discrimination between Wit and Humor. The lecturer made a great many good points, but perhaps they were so extravagantly mingled with wild exaggeration as to weaken their force on the audience. However, his primary object was to create laughter, and in this respect he satisfied the most exacting.

The Literary Society take this opportunity to thank their numerous friends for the patronage received on the occasion, and they are pleased to inform them that when the Assembly Hall is again thrown open to the public, on May 6th, that a more distinguished humorist than Eli Perkins will occupy the platform, namely, R. J. Burdette.

DEMANDS OF THE AGE ON THE YOUNG MEN OF CANADA.

EACH day is blessing Canada. Each day is increasing its population, augmenting its riches, furthering its resources, extending its influence. No longer is our native land a wilderness, covered with dreary forests and peopled by savages.

The shriek of the locomotive, as it leaves the battlemented city of Halifax on the shores of the mighty Atlantic, is heard resounding through the lumberwoods of New Brunswick, along the banks of the far-famed St. Lawrence, amidst the roar of Niagara's greatness, across the prairies, over the Rockies, till it