

demonstrably true that we seldom hear of the far greater advantages of poverty." Poverty was the secret of his success. It gave him sympathy with the people. Nowhere were the bread and butter, wood and coal problems, better worked out than in his writings. There were not only Guiteaus of assassination, but also literary Guiteaus, who used the bare weapon of slander, and Guiteaus of Commerce, who through trades unions cut the arteries of trade. It was necessary to understand the social side of life. The people should know the laws which regulate labor and wages; when an ever-ruling Providence sent famine or pestilence we must bow; but man was not simply a fly on the wheel. He should use his knowledge and power to bring prosperity and joy to the people. Good laws should not only improve industrial prospects, but secure to the people the blessing of purified homes, and the conditions which make it possible to do the whole duty of man. For this did Dr. Holland plead. Here the lecturer rendered selections from "Kathrina" and "Arthur Bonnicastle," which illustrated the social views; the kindness of heart, and christian purity of the author. He said there were two controlling principles in his (Dr. Holland's) life, viz., that religion made the happiest man, and that labor was most honorable. If he had impressed the value of these principles, he would feel that the evening spent with his personal friend Dr. Holland, had not been in vain.

The excellent voice and fine delivery of the lecturer, his real wit and eloquent diction, his practical and liberal views of life, and heart sympathy with human nature, held the audience in breathless attention, or elicited rounds of applause.

Acadia Students will not soon forget Senator Boyd and the evening spent with Kathrina and Arthur Bonnicastle.

"Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation or animate enterprise."

When winter comes earth shares repose,
And lest she feel the chilling storm,
God covers her with virgin snows
And tucks them in to keep her warm.

She sleeps her weariness away,
And when the hours their signal ring,
God marks unerringly the day
And wakes her with the kiss of spring.

SCOTT-ISMS.

Talents will often go farthest when they seem to have the least assistance.

Times of danger, have always, and in a peculiar degree, their seasons of good-will and of security.

There are few more melancholy sensations than those with which we regard scenes of past pleasures, when altered and deserted.

There is no better antidote against entertaining too high an opinion of others, than having an excellent one of ourselves at the very same time.

Of all diversions which ingenuity ever devised for the relief of idleness, fishing is the worst qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient.

There is one advantage in the accumulation of evils differing in cause and character, that the distraction which they afford by their contradictory operation prevents the patient from being over-whelmed under either.

We are so apt in our over engrossing egotism to consider all those accessories which are drawn around us by prosperity, as pertaining and belonging to our own person, that the discovery of our unimportance, when left to our own proper resources, becomes inexpressibly mortifying.

Men in situations of peculiar doubt and difficulty, when they have exercised their reason to little purpose, are apt in a sort of despair to abandon the reins to the imagination, and be guided either altogether by chance, or by those whimsical impressions which take possession of the mind and to which we give way as to involuntary impulses.

Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading. I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more.

A romantic lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration; at least, if nature has given that object any possible proportion of personal charms, he can easily play the Jeweller and Dervise, in the oriental tale, and supply her richly out of the stores of his own imagination with supernatural beauty, and all the properties of intellectual wealth.