

he easily solved after they had heard him out. He said he *could* take them, in imagination, on a voyage through space, and land them among the planets; but, as people sometimes complained of lectures being too *deep*, it was presumed that such an effort would be too *high*, and he therefore preferred attempting to give some directions whereby they might be able successfully to navigate the great sea of life. He showed how appropriate his subject was, and in what respects life might be compared to a voyage. A vessel is composed of three parts—the hull, the masts and rigging, and the sails. So man resembled a vessel, inasmuch as he possesses a physical, mental, and spiritual nature. In illustrating his subject, the lecturer exhibited a good deal of skill,—showing, for every piece of mechanism in the vessel, a corresponding quality in man, which, if properly applied, would enable him to ride in safety over the tempestuous billows of time. And life is a voyage in which the tide of adversity or prosperity unceasingly surges, dashing many a hapless mariner over the shoals of misfortune, and wafting some in triumph to the coveted haven of earthly fame. To the young, especially, his counsel was very seasonable,—urging upon them the necessity of decision and promptitude, and of having a definite aim to live for—some chosen work to which they can devote themselves with their whole heart; and having once fixed upon the port of destination, to hoist the mainsail, top-gallantsail, and royal-sail, of tact, push, and principle, with conscience for a compass, and a strong will at the helm, and a quick, observing eye to look out for the trade-winds that ensure a prosperous voyage, at the same time not forgetting to keep a log-book or diary by which to ascertain what progress they are making. By following this course, there is every probability of obtaining success; but if these things are neglected, shipwreck is the certain result.

After some highly complimentary remarks by A. P. Ross and James Fogo, Esqrs., a hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. McCunn, and the audience retired after joining the organ in the National Anthem.—*Colonial Standard*.

Last Thursday evening, Assembly Hall was again crowded to excess by one of the most respectable and intelligent audiences that ever met within its walls. The lecturer and the lecture were both objects of attraction, the former making his first appearance on the platform in his native town, after an absence of some years, to describe the merits and repeat the praises of one whom all love to call by the familiar name of “Robby Burns.” If simplicity of style, beauty of expression, and elegance of language, have any charm for the popular heart, then it is quite evident that the address of Rev. Mr. Gordon was a decided success. He briefly traced the early life of

Burns, noting particular events in his history: when he first began to write poetry, his humble condition in life, the disadvantages he had to contend with, how his sensitive nature required sympathy from without, and was consequently injured by the coldness of many, and how he gradually rose to fame solely by his own genius, and became the ruling spirit of Scotland. Whether in the company of jewelled Duchesses and knighted lords, or mingling with humble shepherds clad in “hodden grey,” Burns, unlike many of the gifted, never forgot himself, but carried out his own sentiment, “The man’s the man for a’ that.” The rev. lecturer made no attempt to smother the faults of his hero, although it is not customary to speak so much of the character of a poet as of his works; yet Burns had been denounced perhaps more strongly than any of his class. He lived in a time when jovial sociability was the rule, and not the exception. Much had been said about the intemperate habits of Burns; but it must not be forgotten that the customs of his time were different from those of our day. And surely some allowance ought to be made for such circumstances. However, as any reader of his poems can see, he frankly avowed his errors, and there may have lurked in that honest heart more real sorrow for sin than existed in the breasts of many of his Pharisaic contemporaries. But the main enemy to Burns’ success was an indecision of character, which is always ruinous to its possessor. He could not settle himself down on his farm, and devote his leisure hours to writing poetry; neither could he sacrifice everything else to his muse. Hence his unsteadiness; and hence, too, it is that he has left behind him but a fragment of his brilliant powers—a few sparks of that poetic fire that burned so brightly in his bosom. The great superiority of Burns’ poems over others consists in their natural, life-like style, which was illustrated by the story of a lassie who had been recommended to read “The Cotter’s Saturday Night,” and thereby judge of his writings, remarking that “that’s nae great; it’s nae mair than I see in my ain hoose.”

The lecture was listened to throughout with wrapt attention, and Mr. Gordon resumed his seat amid hearty applause.

Rev. Dr. Bayne and James Primrose, Esq., followed in a few remarks, when the lecturer received the thanks of the meeting. The chair man having announced that they would close by singing one of Burns’ songs, “Auld Lang Syne” was led off by Miss Susan Campbell, with organ accompaniment, the chorus being taken up most enthusiastically by the audience.—*Id.*

The fifth of the course of the lectures under the auspices of New Glasgow Division, S. of T., was delivered in Mechanics’ Hall, on Wednesday evening the 20th inst. by Rev. Simon McGregor. The subject, “Development or Self Culture” was ably treated. The