

in what he suggests. Numberless gleaners, not only in the field of poesy, but also in that of theology and philosophy have gathered rich sheaves from Milton's poetry.

Dryden was the representative man of the third period. His poetry contained many excellencies, but was also marred by many blemishes. Reference was next made to Pope, who "lisp'd in numbers," and afterward wrote so elegantly and precisely in the "Essay on Man," &c.—Thompson was said to stand yet on the pedestal of "The Seasons." Grey will continue to hold a place among the famous so long as his "Elegy" is read. Goldsmith still lives in his "Traveller" and the "Deserted Village." Cowper was spoken of as being the most original poet since Dryden.

The lecturer spoke at greater length concerning the poets of the present century. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Southey, Coleridge, Woodworth, and Hood, were all examined, and their excellencies and defects exhibited: but our space will not admit us to give even an outline of the remarks concerning them.

In closing, the lecturer dwelt quite lengthily on Tennyson, the great living poet. His mind was said to be decidedly poetical and original. The highest epiconiums were heaped on his works, especially his "In Memoriam." They were not only considered valuable for their high poetical merit, but almost equally so on account of the high moral tone which pervades them. Without seeming to wander from his subject or without wearying his hearers, the Rev. Dr. made several very happy digressions on moral and religious topics, suggested by passages in the works of the different poets, or by the characters of the poets themselves.

The lecture was throughout very fine. The language was chaste yet elegant, the delivery good, and we cannot but believe that all those who enjoyed that evening in such exalted society will be benefitted by what they have heard from the English Poets. Dr. Burns is a true large-hearted Scotchman, and accompanied with the remembrance of his entertaining and instructive lecture, we trust that each student will long remember his kind words of sympathy and advice, which, remembering his sacred calling, he occasionally, and very properly worked into the discussion of his subject.

THE FUTURE.

MEN are not content with the stores of knowledge supplied to them by the past; nor does the present, with all its activity and life, suffice to engross all their attention. They are constantly attempting to look forward into the future and interpret its vague and uncertain signs. Perhaps no class of persons is so much given to

this, for the most part, useless and also injurious habit as students. They are engaged in a work which is not exactly their life-work, but is preparatory to it, hence it is natural that they should ever be looking forward, and attempting to give the vague fancies which loom up before them, "a local habitation and a name." In this, we think, the student loses much. His time whilst at college is far too precious to be squandered on airy castle-building. Far better is it to perform faithfully the work of each day, as it passes, and leave the future until he comes to it.

Many a young man, having chosen his profession before coming to college at all, attempts while there to confine himself as much as possible to those studies which bear directly upon his future career, and work up the other branches merely enough to pass. The greater part of his college work becomes a distasteful drudgery, only under-gone in order to get through college and get his degree. The evil of this will be seen at a glance. Cultivation of a well-balanced mind, which is the great desideratum and necessity of success in any literary profession, is not gained by such a course of study, and never can be. Those students, who, in the majority of cases, have succeeded best in life, are the ones who, during their course of study applied themselves most vigorously to the mastering of the different subjects in the curriculum placed before them, regardless of the future.

We can have no certainty with regard to the future. We may peer dimly through and descry the faint outlines of things hidden almost entirely by the veil which is before us, but we do not well to take these things as realities, nor to build too much upon them. Rather let us live in the present waiting for the future to open up before us the path of duty for which nature and acquirements have fitted us.

AN APRIL EVENING.

WE stand upon the grassy slope just below the line of spruce. The sun has set an hour before and the dusk of early evening has changed to a deeper shade so that objects near at hand are barely discernable. The dull croak of frogs comes to us on the chill night air, seeming to render the silence more intense. Over the East the hovering night spreads ebony wings. A black ragged cloud has gathered above, reaching from the zenith half-way toward the waving line of the western hills. The remaining space is beautifully clear, not bright or dazzling, but quite calm and pure, a sea-like expanse. The portions of cloud that float within this space, seem like far away islands and peninsulas, with luminous straits and inlets, reminding

one of the abodes of the blessed in the vision of Mirza.

Strongly contrasted with this stand the hills beneath their waving outline clearly defined against this shining background. Between this far distant outline, and the spot where we stand all is black. The broad valley, with its endless diversity of field and forest and stream, which the peep o'day reveals, lies hopelessly hidden beneath the blackness, unrelieved, indefinable. Straining the gaze, we can just dubiously trace the outlines of the river, by the spectral gleams of its ebbing waters. Here and there are small lakes and pools, which have caught a dull leaden glimmer from the western sky, adding to the intensity of the gloom. Darker, deeper shades are sweeping on noiseless wings from the East. The light fades out of the sky. The contrast of lights and shades slowly blend in one sullen hue. Quiet lights begin to gleam afar, at the foot of the hills, the eye is caught by a glittering line of fire. The croaks from the neighboring pools cease. The breeze has died away. The night is here. Through the interlacing twigs we see the holy stars.

Correspondence.

CRYSTAL PALACE, GLASSVILLE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Since coming to reside in this locality, I have passed through some notable experiences, a relation of which it has occurred to me might not prove altogether uninteresting to some of our readers.

Glassville is a beautiful town, well laid out and finely situated on the shores of a sizable creek at the point where its accumulated waters mingle with those of the sea. It possesses several singular characteristics, distinguishing it from any other locality with which I am acquainted. The houses are not built of wood, as with you, but are mostly formed of a stone, of a singular vitreous quality, and also very brittle. Poor building material, you will say, but it is abundant and cheap and is quarried with facility near at hand. The scenery in the vicinity is exceptionally fine. I have beheld nothing even in old Acadia which surpasses it. The soil is unusually fertile and under the careful cultivation of a large class of sturdy yeomanry, produces abundant crops. A most singular and to me utterly unaccountable feature in connection with the place, is the peculiar properties of the atmosphere. It is deliciously balmy and clear, and gives to the erections of glass, to trees and rocks, and other natural features seen through its medium, that peculiar vividness of outline, which has been spoken of as solely characteristic of the atmosphere of Greece. But besides this it possesses, and here is the puzzle,