

The *Thinker* is *conscious*, the *Atom* is *not*.
 The puppet examines itself and admires ;
 The wire-puller knows not the trick of the wires.
 This paradox funny, unquestioned must go ;
 For science asserts it, and "science *must* know."
 And therefore forsake we the Ruler whose eye
 The secretest action or purpose can spy,
 And worship the Atom, who cares not a jot
 What virtues we practise or wickedness plot.
 We may trample the decalogue under our heel ;
 We may murder, or libel, or covet or steal ;
 Yet sleep with a conscience as calm and composed
 As though the most virtuous work we had closed.
 'T would be folly to feel any sorrow or shame.
 Since our dear little Atom bears ever the blame.
 'Tis the Atom that steals ; 'tis the Atom that slays ;
 'Tis the Atom that slanders, and dupes and betrays ;
 'Tis the Atom, in short, that must answer for all,
 While we, driven helpless, do nothing at all.
 Oh, wonderful doctrine ! How soothing and sweet
 To the would-be assassin, seducer or cheat,
 Who, conscience and scruples far flinging away,
 Determines the Atom alone to obey.
 But what about him, who though poor and distressed,
 'Mid troubles and trials is doing his best,
 In steadfast reliance on aid from above,
 Himself to forget and his neighbor to love ?
 To *him* our philosopher surely might leave
 The one single comfort he here can receive ;
 Through his darkness and gloom pierces one summer ray ;
 Is it human, the heart that would take this away ?—*Selected.*

HORACE—BOOK II—CARMEN XVI.

AD GOSPHUM.

Tossed on the waves of the stormy Aegean,
 Weary my soul cries to God for repose,
 Darkly the night o'er the moon casts its shadows,
 Dimly each star through the deep blackness throws
 Light for the sailor.

"Oh for repose !" cry the fierce, warlike Thracians,
 "Oh for repose !" echo Parthians bold,
 Quiver adorned, yet, O Gosphus, they're seeking
 That which for gems, or for purple or gold,
 Cannot be purchased.

Riches and wealth that are found in kings' houses,
 Even the lictor who on consul waits,
 Cannot still tumults of mind and cares gnawing
 Cares that like bats at night enter our gates
 Hover above us.

Blest is that man who is always contented,
 Owning but few simple dishes though clean,
 Avarice sordid and fearful old him never,
 Light is his slumber, and gently his dream
 Flows as a river.

Why after pleasures so greedily seek we
 When our weak grasp holdeth now but strength small ?
 Who fleeth care when from home he is exiled ?
 Why for a land on which other rays fall
 Change we our country ?

Care all-corroding mounts brazen beaked galleys,
 Even with ho seamen sits brooding behind,
 Swifter than horses, and swifter than eagles,
 Quickly it outstrips the storm driving wind
 Winged with the tempest.

He who's content with his lot in the present,
 Seeks to avoid what's uncertain beyond,
 Bitter he tempers with passionless smiling,
 Happiness perfect below is not found
 Given to mortals.

Swift-moving Death cut off famous Achilles,
 Years long protracted Tithonus impaired.
 Mayhap 'twill be that what's not to you given,
 Fortune will grant unto me, since it dared
 Great men to conquer.

Flocks, by the hundred, around thy door bellow,
 Heifers with breath of the meadow sweet lipped.
 Colts trained for chariot raise their pleased whinnies,
 Vestments for thee are in purple twice dipped,
 African purple.

Destiny, lying not, unto me granteth
 Rural delights and a competence mean,
 Hold I of Grecian muse some little talent
 Teaching me how to despise envy seen
 Off in the vulgar.

The above poem was translated from the Latin by
 one of the lady students of Acadia.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

On Friday evening, Oct. 24th, Rev. S. McCully Black, A. B., of Westport, N. S., delivered the second lecture of the course, his subject being "John Milton, glimpses at the man and his poetry."

The lecturer, after an eloquent exordium, gave his audience very vivid glimpses of the parentage, early life, education, and early poems of the poet, dwelling more especially upon the *Allegro*, *Penseroso*, *Comus* and *Lycidas*. He next dealt with Milton's trip to the Continent, his return, political career, marriage, death, and later poems.

In the course of his remarks, the lecturer said ;—"The poet is the most royally endowed of men, and belongs to the largest and noblest type of manhood. Between him and the prophet there is a divine kinship. The Hebrew prophet spoke because the spirit of the Lord was upon him. The word of the Lord was a fire shut up in his bones, a geyser that seethed in his deepest soul and could not be restrained. On the poet, too, a necessity is laid. The fire that is in him must have vent. Here are no 'mute inglorious Miltons.' The poet may sing in rude and sim-