

her disposition, her very soul that was laid bare before him, and he was spell-bound, enchanted. That is all.

I have not described for you the joyous meeting between the mother and son, nor have I told you of Jack's gratitude to Bessie. You who have mothers, can understand the one, and you, who love virtue and charity, can appreciate the

other. But I feel it would not be doing justice to you to end my story without adding, that Bessie's Christmas present, the love and devotion of a kind, noble husband, has outwon and outlasted Julia's miserable sealskin sacque, and that, to this day, Julia is at a loss to know why Jack left her and married her ugly sister.

Utica, N Y.

D. McADAM COUGHLIN. '86,



ON CHARLES DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS
CAROL."



HONOR to genius! when its lofty speech
Thrills through the soul, and stirs its echoing strings
With sacred strains that hints of holy things,
And its pure texts a noble lesson teach.
But, honor tenfold when its day-notes reach
The selfish heart, and there lets loose the springs
Of pity, gushing from their coverings
Through cold, marmorean clefts athwart the breach.

To Dickens honor and acclaim of men,
With earth-resounding, world-wide praise and love!
Whose "Carol" still, without the loathsome den
Of callous Greed, is heard—sweet as a dove—
The miser winning from his sovereign sin,
Like voice of angels calling from above.

December 5th, 1890.

M.