

of his troubles, and to that nature itself, and to its author, we must look, and not to society, or any other institution of his making, for the relief of these troubles. It is, therefore, in the consolation of religion alone, which, above all other things, appeals to his inmost nature, that he can obtain balm for his sorrows, relief for his misery. Faith alone will give him strength in his trials, and by the propagation of that faith, and not by social revolution, should man seek to remedy the misery of his race. He should be taught to bear constantly in mind that this is not his true abode, that he is here but an exile from his true country, and that before him there awaits him a life of lasting joy and unalloyed happiness—that he is the heir of a glorious kingdom, free from care and sorrow, in the eternal future, without the idea of which this life would be but a vague, inexplicable mystery. He must receive sufferings and calamities with submission and endure them joyfully in expiation of the sin of his race, and in preparation for his future home, and must re-

member that, though redeemed from his sin by the blood shed on calvary, his Divine Redeemer did not with that sin take away its legitimate consequences, pain and sorrow, but pointed out, through these, the way of his salvation, the way which, marked by His blood-stained footsteps, it would indeed be impossible for frail mortality to traverse, were it not brightened and rendered easy by his hallowed presence, and were it not the way laid down for man to arrive at the foot of the cross, the only place for his reconciliation with an offended Creator.

Let man fully realize these truths and life will have for him a new aspect. Sorrow and pain will lose their sting, and social order and charity will announce that, though misery has not disappeared from among men, it is no longer a cause for dissension and anarchy, but fulfils the mission for which it was designed, a mission of earthly penitence the peace of future happiness.

J. T. McNALLY '92.



MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
 Its cadence on my lonely hours,
 Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
 Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
 I can forget her melting prayer
 While leaping pulses madly fly,
 But in the still unbroken air
 Her gentle tone comes stealing by
 And years, and sin, and manhood flee
 And leave me at my mother's knee.

—NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.