

"THE LOVED AND LOST."

The loved and lost, why do we call them lost,
Because we miss them from our onward
road,

God's unseen angel, o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the
most,

Straightway relieved them from life's weary
load.

They are not lost, they are within the door,
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful
thing,

With angels bright, and loved ones gone
before ;

In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself, their Lord, and Judge, and
King.

And this we call a loss ! O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts ! O we of little faith ;
Let us look round some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the
morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles spring where'er we
turn.

What trials, and what tears, what wrongs and
wrath,

What struggles, and what strife, the journey
hath ;

They have escaped from these, and lo, we
mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasures, strove the shore to
reach,

While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, when every joy seemed
gone,

To see his loved ones landed on the beach.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
Her little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to
dwell.

When lo ! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering
twain,

Then pitying spake, " Give me the little lad,
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty
clad

I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong,
Nay : but the woes I feel he too must
share ;

Or rather bursting into grateful song,
Go on her way rejoicing, and made strong,
To struggle on, since he was free from care.

We will do likewise, death hath made no
breach

In love and sympathy, in hope and trust.
No outward sound or sigh our souls can reach,
But there's an inward spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be
dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song, where they broke off the
strain ;

So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our
crown

And our lost loved ones will be found again.
—*Montreal Witness.*

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE LIFE.

Ex-President Edward H. Magill lectured at Fifteenth and Race streets, Philadelphia, on the 31st ult. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Friends' Library Association, and upon the subject of "The Life and Writings of Fenelon."

James Wilton Brooks, of New York, was a visitor at the College on the 19th ult. He is the editor of the University Magazine.

The Sophomore class tendered the Freshmen a reception on Seventh-day evening, the 18th ult. These class receptions form a pleasant social interruption in our College life.

The first lecture of this year's College course was given in the Assembly Hall, on the evening of Fourth-day, the 22nd ult. The lecturer was Prof. J. P. Leotsakos, and his Subject "Greece." The lecturer is a graduate of the University of Athens and is a Greek by birth. The course of lectures during the winter promises to be one of uncommon interest.

The young men of the Sub-collegiate class will be admitted upon equal terms with the College men, in the Eunomian and Delphic Literary Societies.

Prof. Hoadley, together with the senior class in practical electricity, is now engaged in the construction of several valuable instruments needed in the class-work.

The Halcyon Staff, which is each year chosen from the junior class, has