

child of affliction take comfort in finding
 one like himself, who in spite of all im-
 pediments of nature, yet did all that lay
 in his power to obtain admittance into
 the rank of worthy artists and men
 Oh Providence, grant

that a day of pure joy may once break
 for me! How long have I been a
 stranger to the delightful sound of real
 joy! When, oh God, can I again feel
 it in the temple of nature and of men?
 Never? Nay, that would be too hard.'

TO A PANSY.

BY O. G. LANGFORD.

O, not alone of thy form or hue
 The royal purple or golden eye,
 But tell me the thought of thy fervent heart,
 "Love cannot die."

That so whenever I fondly gaze
 Upon thy passionate upturned face,
 I may hear thee whisper of constancy,
 Love's fair grace.

O, tell me not of a new found love
 As summers blush and fade away,
 But still of the old, the tried and true,
 Renewed to-day.

Thou fairy thought of our Father's love,
 Thou child of the selfsame breast as I,
 Speak ever the thought of heaven above,
 Love cannot die.

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