

Then my soul looks about her,
Sees the great world without her,
Hears those shy, kindred spirits on the air ;
And in that low, keen pulse of life,
Free from all jar and strife
And clearer as the years advance
The depth and burden of its song find utterance.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

Harvard University.

THE OLD KING AND THE NEW.

(A CENTURY ODE.)

And now the old King, wise and full of years,
Lays down his sceptre and prepares to go.
All men speak well of him, for he has ruled
In love, and honour, and the fear of God.
His sway was o'er the world for five score years
Yet none were weary of him ; but at last
By Heaven's decree he must resign his crown,
And we, his subjects, sing his last requiem.

* * * *

"The King is dead"—"Long live the King!" we shout,
As the young century ascends the throne.
"Hail! youthful monarch, may thy mission be
Peace, joy and liberty to all mankind ;
And may thy subjects ne'er forget that they,
Like centuries, must also pass away."

J. PORTEOUS ARNOLD.