

No place for Him ! The star-led sages came  
Seeking a King ; yet, o'er no princely dome  
The beauteous herald stayed, with lambent flame  
Gilding the towers of royalty's proud home ;—  
O'er a rude hovel paused the wand'rer fair,  
And, lo ! they found the King they sought for *there*.

No place where He might lay His head to die !  
His was a felon's cross, a felon's doom ;—  
Upraised 'twixt shudd'ring earth and darkened sky  
He bowed His head amid the awful gloom  
That weary head that had not where to rest,  
Like a pale flower drooped o'er His bloody breast.

Yet shall there come a day—it hastens now—  
When He in awful pomp shall come again ;  
And every mortal knee in dust shall bow,  
And every lip confess Him SOVEREIGN then ;—  
*Then* He who homeless trod Earth's wastes before,  
Earth's King and Lord shall reign for evermore !

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### The Graves of St. Helena.

GRADUATING ESSAY BY MISS MAGGIE SINCLAIR OF CLASS '74.

A WAY amidst an endless sweep of the Atlantic's billows,  
a pile of frowning rocks rises crag o'er crag to the  
clouds. There, in its desolate strength, rests St. Helena as it  
has rested for ages, firm amid the eternal dash of waves and  
the mad fury of the winds. A wild storm is raging there.  
The waves dash themselves in tenfold fury against the rocky  
walls, and the winds hold fearful revels. Flashes of lurid  
lightning spring from dark battlements of cloud, and heavy  
thunder-crashes mingle in the confusion, till one might think  
the abodes of the lost had cast aside their bars and set their  
captives free. It is a strange, wild night, a fitting scene to  
prelude the exit from this world of that fierce spirit that had