

Poetry.

THE NEW YEAR.

The dying year, at the supreme command,
Fades slowly in the dim weird shadow land
(That mystic home of Time's departed dead,
Whither the shades of bygone years have fled) —
Fading with all its actions in its train,
And sad-voiced memories alone remain
To chide the weary drooping hearts which sigh
For wasted moments in the hours pass'd by.
Vows lightly made,—ah ! better to redeem—
Plans, roseate once, swift faded as a dream ;
Weak erring souls, swerving from duty's line,
Dead incense offer now at Honour's shrine ;
And the fair moon, by gath'ring clouds o'ercast,
Looks down in sorrow on the wasted past,
As silent vesper-stricken shadows fall
And veil the year now fading past recall.

The midnight hour has struck. The old church bell
Has toll'd the past year's sad departing knell ;
Loud sounding o'er the ether sweet and clear
The glad some chimings hail the newborn year,
And sorrow soiled hearts their kindred greet
As from 'he kirk they pass adown the street,
The future scann'd, the bitter past reviewed,
The broken vow, and covenant renewed.
All vanished now the darkling careworn trace
Of haunting Retrospection's gloomy face ;
The Old Year's sadness, faded now from view,
Is merged within the brightness of the New,
And Luna, radiant Majesty of Night,
Floods the New Year with cloudless streams of light
That pierce each shadowed path, as though to cheer
The way-worn pilgrim through the coming year.
—Selected.

THE STUDENT'S SHRINE.

“Why burns thy lamp so late, my friend,
Into the kindling day ?
It burneth so late to show the gate
That leads to wisdom's way ;
As a star doth it shine, on the soul of mine,
To guide me with its ray.
Dear is the hour, when slumber's power,
Weighs down the lids of men ;
Proud and alone I mount my throne,
For I am a monarch then !
The great and the sage of each bygone age,
Assemble at my call,
Oh happy am I in my poverty,
For they are my brothers all !
Their voices I hear so strong and clear,
Like a solemn organ's strain,

Their words I drink and their thoughts I think,
They are living in me again !
For their settled store of immortal lore,
To me they must unclose,
Labor is bliss with a thought like this,
Toil is my best repose.

Why are thy cheeks so pale my friend,
Like a snow-cloud wan and gray ?

They are bleached with white in the mind's clear
Which is deepening day by day ; [light,
Though the hue they have be the hue of the grave
I wish it not away.

Streight may depart and youth of heart,
May sink into the tomb ;

Little reck I that the flower must die,
Before the fruit can bloom.

I have striven hard for my high reward,
Through many a lonely year ;

But the goal I reach it is mine to teach
Let man stand still to hear.

I may wreath my name with the brightness of fame

To shine on history's pages ;

I shall be a gem on the diadem,

Of the past for future ages ;

O life is bliss with a thought like this,

I clasp it as a bride.

Pale grew his cheeks while the student speaks,
He laid him down and died.”

—Selected

THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The Rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior Class is one of the most interesting events connected with the closing of the college for the Christmas holidays. The public as well as the students look forward to these exercises with growing interest. To the student they form a pleasing termination to a period otherwise occupied by reviews and examinations; to the public they afford an opportunity for becoming acquainted with the personal as well as some of the literary characteristics of the class. The audience which assembles on these occasions usually represents the 'elite' of the village and surrounding country, and their intelligence and interest encourage and inspire the speakers. The exhibition held on the 18th ult., attracted an even larger audience than usual. The powers without were propitious. For some days previous Nature