

"Twas late before Caleb McDonald went to bed that night. He sat in his large arm-chair, and the fire-light from the large wide hearth shone upon a ponderous volume on his knee. Over his countenance stole a softened expression as he read with a new interest the old, old story of Him who was rich yet for our sakes became poor.

Since that night many have been the blessings invoked upon Caleb McDonald's head, and "Old Skin-flint" is a title no longer used. The deacon's head is growing whiter, his step more uncertain; before many suns roll round, he will pass from this to the other side. But he is happy in the thought, and in that day many will rise up to call him blessed.

Tyro, 1876.

E. A. C.

TO A COMRADE.

Give me thy hand, for many years have fled
 Since we as comrades wrought on India's strand,
 And moons have waned, and friends have passed away;
 Give me thy hand.

The world rolls on with its bright sister orbs,
 That pass and repass in their paths of light;
 Great rivers flow, their drops return in rain,
 We meet to-night.

One will there is that guides those radiant spheres,
 One love alone can reach the sons of men,
 No joy is found in wanderings wild, until
 They turn again.

And so to thee, though many voices call
 With Babel accents, in that Orient land;
 Friends may grow cold, yet when we meet again
 Give me thy hand.

R. GARSIDE, '95 (Th)