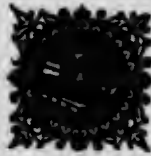


For satiated longings
 Bring a universal waste

.

The common lot is nearing
 And the human will be tried
 May nature's teaching draw him
 To Calvary's Crucified :
 Oh ! cold and cruel world :
 Your dearest gain is dross
 And the only Christian refuge
 Is the shadow of the cross.



The Christian Educator !

(In honor of Mr. Casgrain of the Jacques-Cartier Normal School, Montreal.)

When weary travellers tread along some lonely tire-
 some way
 On which the blazing sunbeams fall in all their
 torrid ray :
 How gladly do they hail the shade of some proud
 spreading tree
 That braved for years the tempest's might in
 strength and beauty free :