

But yields the fruits of Christ's own life once more !
 Each spot seems emptier now where he did come,
 In office, street, or place of trade, or prayer ;
 But O, how much more empty seems the home,
 Where the lone widow sees his vacant chair !
 The streams of life will still keep on their flow,
 And summer songs will follow winter's psalm ;
 But not again to her will come the glow
 Since that "good night," and then the settled calm—
 So sudden—"he was not, God took him ;"
 And far up he heard the "welcome," and, "well done."
 His doubts were over, light^a was no more dim,
 His fight was fought, the "victory"^{*} was won.

W. H. PORTER.

*The last word that in reading he had ever underscored, was Dr. Gordon's last word, "victory."

ACEDÉ.

(POESY,—*loquitur.*)

A body of beauty is mine.
 O poet, maker of me,
 Withhold not the breath divine,
 The soul of truth that makes free.

Fair form in repose for a day
 (The body of beauty of me)
 With the pulse beats of life all away,
 Is well, for beauty and thee.

Yet give to me life all aglow,—
 Not a devil of darkness to blight,
 But a love-lit soul pure as snow,—
 Beckon me an angel of light.

A body of beauty is mine.
 O poet, maker of me,
 Inbreathe with breathings divine,
 Or body alone let it be.

THEODORE H. RAND.