

Poetry.

THE NORTHWEST MISSION FIELD.

Verses addressed to the Members of the Graduating Class by one of their number.

Harp of my boyhood, long since first essaying
Praise of the meadow, the stream, and the grove;
Then in my wilful youth wooed to interpret,
Throbbings of passion and promptings of love;
Last, keeping time to a humor fantastic,
E'en as the whim of thy master enticed;
Wake once again in the midst of thy slumbers,
Sing to my comrades one song—one for Christ!

Comrades full-armed with the strength of the Gospel,
Comrades well-tried in the cause of the King,
Deem not the faintest, the weakest, unworthy,
Now ere the onset a war-song to sing.
Skirmish and drill and parade now are over,—
Hark to the bugle forthtelling of fight !
Swords in the march and the bivouac sullied
Oft on the battle-field sparkle with light.

Some hearts are beating with high expectation,
Some with a courage sworn never to yield;
Most with an earnest and firm resolution,
Prayerfully, trustfully, look to the field.
Some, looking in and not out,—back, not forward,
Fear, indecision, humility, feel ;
Yea, and at times perchance ye who are truest
Find heretofore but lukewarmness of zeal.