

well. She has her faults, who have not, and take her for all in all her faults do not outweigh her virtues. We could not very well get along without our Old Girls, and we are very glad we have a few girls in our New Dominion whose aspirations are fast leading them to the position of an Old Girl.

AFFECTION.

BY GEO. C. HUTCHISON.

That heart must be a lonely waste
 Where no affection's flowers are placed :
 I think that in this world of ours
 There is no soul, however dark,
 But doth retain of love a spark,
 And longeth for affection's bowers.
 In disappointment's School though reared.
 'There is some object still revered—
 Some image fair to which the heart
 Would link itself and form a part.
 'Mid scattered wrecks and hopes destroyed
 It helps to fill the aching void;
 And this bless'd image stands alone
 The heart's dear friend and *all* its own.
 The soul when every hope is fled,
 Is like the last place of the dead :
 The gloomy Sepulchre where lay
 The last of loved ones passed away.
 E'en in this charnel house of stone
 Affection's emblems there are strewn :
 Flowers upon the grave doth bloom
 And shall no rays the Soul illumine.
 Though sear'd and harden'd by remorse
 The lonely heart has one resource :
 Some image cheers the tiring Soul
 When adverse billows onward roll.
 On the heart's altar stands secure,
 And worshipped with affection pure.
 This heart-consoling, cheering mate
 Fills up the void left blank by fate.