

large and fashionable audiences from the town. But in our reflections we experience a peculiar pleasure and gratitude when we recall the Thursday night prayer meeting, where we received fresh inspirations and felt the power of the Spirit that moved us to nobler deeds and made us strong for life's battle.

Woodstock College is an institution that has a grand history. The boy who enters there feels there is a sacredness of association about the place. Her halls have witnessed the early struggles of a MacArthur, a Stewart and a Dadson, and the holy ardor and burning piety of a McLaurin, a Timpany and a Yule. This same feeling clings to us: so is there any surprise if we never tire in recalling the grand times we had at our *Alma Mater*.

WALTER DANIEL.

CHANGE.

A shadow passing o'er the grass
That flits and stays with wind and sun,
And darkens into blackest night
When all the summer day is done,—
Oh God, if this be all, then might
Thy earth be glad through all its days
Of tempered sunshine, cloudful skies,
And thank thee for these gracious ways
That keep the world forever new.

How like a rose the opening dawn
Blows from the night where it hath lain !
How long to wait through all the hours
For day's sweet miracle again !
For change is such a blessed word
I would the world might never rest,
But living, dying, hour by hour,
Give birth in turn to forms as blest,
And keep the world forever new.

S. P.