

EXCHANGE VERSE

Protect whoe'er for mercy craves,
 Wherever him you find;
 The creed of Spanish Guzman's braves,
 Suits tigers, not mankind.

Speed onward, bend the sturdy bow,
 The victory is yours;
 For God with death to all your foes,
 His awful wrath assures.

In daily tasks His help ye need,
 Your hosts should fear His arm,
 His mighty voice the tempests heed,
 He speaks: the sea is calm.

Trust Him! thyself forever keep,
 Beneath His chastening rod:
 From Zenith unto Nadir sweep
 The realms of most high God.

From friends and kindred ye must ride
 To battle in His name:
 With God, protector, saviour, guide,
 Return for victor's fame.

Ye come! a glad exultant strain,
 Resounds both far and near:
 Father with joy meets son again,
 And wife her husband dear.

I. L. F.

State College, Pa., Jan. 7, 1899.



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SONNET.

Oft have I heard, upon the crowded ways,
 Dissatisfaction with the things that are;
 Fears that the present tends to spoil and mar,
 Unhappy pinings for the "good old days,"
 Each civic pessimist, with saddened gaze,
 Sighs for a Franklin or a Washington;
 Each croaking rhymster, blind to glory won
 By nobler mates, extols the ancient lays.