

The Critic paused to rest from his labor, tipped back in his chair, lit his pipe and began musing.

"Is there then," he questioned, "nothing but verse that can be clipped from the Exchanges? Let me see." And picking up an old *Morningside* he found,—

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time the breakers tossed a Little Stone out upon the sand of the sea-side. When the morning sun had dried its eyes and it had recovered its senses, the Little Stone discovered, on looking around it, that it was lying close beside a Big Boulder. "Ah," said the Little Stone, addressing its huge neighbor, "you are not the only pebble on the beach!"

"No," replied the Big Boulder, smiling benignantly upon the Little Stone, "*you* are the only pebble."



Perusing still further in the pile of old college magazines. The Critic found a clipping in *The Wesleyan Lit.*, which reminded him so of his New Year's meditation that he decided it worth quoting.

TO-DAY.

Clasped in the rugged arms of Time,
 Last night the year lay down to rest:
 Aye, wearily his earth-worn child
 Sank on the father's longing breast;—
 In purple peace the western hills
 Prayed that the passing soul be blest.
 A cross of stone—gaunt memory
 Of bygone pain, and loss and woe—
 Stood sharp against the twilight gold:
 To-day to sun-rise joy I go
 With unsheathed sword: a shadowed cross
 May dim the way, I do not know.