

songs of unknown centuries ago, in the self-same words; why Shakespeare still holds the theatre spell-bound speaking in the accents of "Queen Bess." This is why the birth of new nations that come upon earth with a mission and power are heralded by the poet, and when poetry declines the nation decays. Books then are only aids to help us in our own efforts to "mate with the essence of things."

"Truth is within ourselves, it takes no use
From outward things, what'er we may believe; W.
But from the inmost centre in us all."

SLOGAN: P. S. C.

Hep! Hep! Hep! Boom!!
Hep! Hep! Hep! Boom!!
Now shivers all the air with sound:
The valleys sing
The mountains ring
And noon comes back from sky and ground.

To all the world
Our challenge hurled,
What men we are our deeds shall prove:
With hand and heart
We'll do our part
To make this old world onward move.

The earth shall yield
From mine and field,
'Till railways groan to bear the load,
And ev'ry force
Become the source
Of pow'r and good on man bestowed.

With heart and mind
For human kind,
We'll sail right smooth the ship of state:
With fire of youth
And zeal to truth,
We'll make the old bent ways be straight.

The contest done,
The victory won,
Together sound our slogan loud:
There's not a deed
For which we need
Be otherwise than justly proud.

Our time for sport
We know is short;
The coming days before us boom:
So now then, 'boys',
Just make a noise—
Hep! Hep!! Hep! Boom! Hep! Hep!! Boom!!

I. THORNTON OSMOND.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

It is gone! with its record of sorrow and gladness;
With its throbbings of hope and its tremblings of fear;
With its accents of joy and its wailings of sadness—
The mantle of silence enshrouds the old year.

It is gone! with its changes, its plans, its resolving,
Its brightness and darkness, its sunbeams and showers;
With its scenes panoramic so quickly dissolving.
It is gone! and their memory now only is ours.

It is gone! and how many it parted for ever!
How many sad hearts did it leave as it sped!
How many fond ties did its scimitar sever!
How many bright flow'rets were crushed by its tread!

It is gone! from the homes of the high and the lowly
It has borne on its wings many loved ones away;
No position too high, no relation too holy,
When the summons is given, all, all must obey.

It is gone! but within yon heavenly portals
New inmates appear in the mansions of love;
It has added bright forms to the white-robed immortals;
Now voices now blend in the anthems above.

It is gone! but upborne on its swift-fleeting pinions,
Good news has been wafted glad tidings of joy;
It has added fresh conquests to Jesu's dominions;
New names are inscribed in the archives on high.

It is gone! and recorded in annals unfading
Are the tales that it told as it winged on its flight;
The good and the evil, the brightness and shading
Are photographed all by Eternity's light.

It is gone! and with ardor and high aspirations;
With Hope radiating futurity's sphere;
With renewed resolutions and fresh consecrations,
We enter again on another new year.

Who can tell what great changes, what mighty revolving
May mark its progression as onward they speed;
Events seem to haste to the glorious resolving
Of problems man long has been trying to read.

We know not the future; its joy and its sadness,
Its shadows and sunshine alike are concealed;
But we fear not, with Christ as our strength and our
gladness,
No darkness can come where His light is revealed.

Fresh page of our life! shall thy lines be unblotted?
Shall thy record be one of Immanuel's power?
Shall it tell how He keeps us with garments unspotted?
Of triumph through Him in temptation's dark hour?

Shall words be inscribed there so pleadingly spoken—
The story of Calvary lovingly told?
Shall the record be there of hearts bound that were
broken—
Of wander'ing and weary ones led to the fold?

Dear Master! we long to behold Thee victorious;
To Thee and Thy service ourselves now we give;
Use us each in Thy work, then this year shall be glorious,
And, abiding in Thee, 'twill be heaven to live.