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Each In His Own Tongue.

BY WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

Last Sunday, at Vespers, the President closed his sermon by the reading of this most beautiful poem. The thought contained in the poem left a lasting impression on every one.

Through the kindness and courtesy of our President, The Herald has been able to obtain this copy and publish it with the hope that it may do as much good to those who read it as it did to those who heard it from the lips of Dr. Newman.

A fire-mist and a plant,
 A crystal and a cell,
 A jelly-fish and a saurian,
 And caves where the cave-men dwell;
 Then a sense of law and beauty,
 And a face turned from the clod,
 Some call it Evolution,
 And others call it God.
 A haze on the far horizon,
 The infinite, tender sky,
 The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
 And the wild geese sailing high,
 And all over upland and lowland
 The charm of the goldenrod,
 Some of us call it Autumn,
 And others call it God.
 Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
 When the moon is new and thin,
 Into our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in,
 Come from the mystic ocean,
 Whose rim no foot has trod,
 Some of us call it longing,
 And others call it God.
 A picket frozen on duty,
 A mother starved for her brood,
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,
 And Jesus on the rood;
 And millions who, humble and nameless,
 The straight, hard pathway plod,
 Some call it Consecration,
 And others call it God,

"One Dreadful Night."

One night, as I sat alone in the house, intending to study my lesson until Grace came home from a party, a terrible fear of goblins came over me.

Again and again, I tried in vain to turn on the lights, which I found were out of order. At last I sat down by the glowing fireplace, from which my only light came. The logs, my only refuge, seemed to burn quickly and each flame, first red fading into yellow, then blue, danced about awhile and finally disappeared leaving just the coals.

Oh dear! What should I do if Grace didn't come home soon? My thoughts began to wander until they rested on some ghost stories, which Alice and Jean had told me the night before. Just at the moment when I was most confused, I saw something white and felt some cold air on the back of my neck, which I conceived to be the breath of a ghost. Then, oh! there came a tap on my shoulder. Frightened very much, I was about to look around when I recognized Grace's voice saying, "Are you asleep, dear?"

Could it be true that Grace had come home and I had seen the light from the open door and was it the winter air and Grace's finger that I had felt?

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