

THE MISSIONARY.

He sleeps, this blessed of the Lord, and waits
 Until his Master comes. His ashes lie
 'Neath scorching veldt, 'neath icy layer, and in
 Lone lands where e'er the heathen dwells. His deeds
 Were all for those in whose hearts gods their throne
 Had placed. And death was but a shining gateway
 Through which he passed to his eternal home.
 True Knight of God, he lifted high the Cross
 That Pagan eyes might see and hearts believe;
 Nor faltered he until his task was o'er,
 And souls for Christ, by zealous efforts gained.
 True Soldier of the Cross he died; and we
 Shall seek, in all the world, a nobler work;
 A nobler death than was his happy lot
 To share. Great men have died and all this world
 Has mourned; and pillars peaked the sky; and cut
 Thereon their names, that all might see, and so
 They and their deeds in stone lived on again.
 But he who sought those precious souls for Christ,
 When soul and body cleft, we hear not word
 Of him, nor of his deeds. The silent grave
 Closed o'er him until comes the Judgment Day.
 No granite columns raise their glittering domes
 For him who strove and died for love of men.
 This earth was not his goal, and cared not he
 What men would say when he had bid adieu.
 A mightier monument with pulse and soul
 He left, which honor gives to God alone;
 And which shall be with him in glorious courts
 Of Saints, when dawn breaks bright that joyful morn.

D.A.M. '31.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself
 to be the wisest.

—Emmons.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank
 man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one
 who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all
 hours; above all, of a golden temper and steadfast as an anchor.
 For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most
 brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

—Lessing