

'Till the world is joined in bankruptcy's connection.
Let Czars, kings, and emperors know that we're *some*,
Make the good time coming, be the good time come !
Let earth, air and ocean prolong the glad sound,
'Till we make the wond'ring "old fogies" around ;
Confess, as each rubs his old care-furrowed *phiz*,
The rising generation has already riz !

BIOGRAPHY OF LIEUT. DANIEL W. FINCH.

BY WILLIAM H. MORGAN.

Two more years have sped away and naught is left us, but memories of the past. Fain would we wish that these memories were only those of joy and gladness, unclouded by the solemn realities which Time in his devastating career is wont to bring; but it is not so. Such is not the nature of life. Nations have been called upon to mourn, communities mourn, and families mourn, and we as a Society must needs put on the garb of mourning, for the finger of Death has been laid on one of our brothers, and he has entered upon the untried scenes of the great hereafter.

We all feel this irreparable loss, but especially those members of our company whose connection with "Old Woodward" dates from 1852, and whose school-boy and school-girl days ended with the closing term of 1856. It is true that the loss of one of our band sensibly affects us all; but this class, of which our late brother was a member, was especially bereaved when Daniel W. Finch was taken from its midst. He who was always among the gayest of the gay; ever the same lively spirit on the play ground and in the schoolroom, was in his sports and in his studies, in our visits and in his home, the same inimitable, joyous spirit. To all a friend and to none a foe, do you wonder that we sigh for the spirit that will never return? And not his classmates alone; but a fond mother, father and brothers will never