

him. On the broad walls with the baby in her arms, and her hair blown by the wind, the princess watched the issue, and saw her countrymen and her cause win.

The true woman now showed in the girl whom the widow: Blanche's teachings had made so unique. She was dragged "from her fixed height to the milky rabble of woman-kind." Her wounded brother, and the wounded prince, who had saved her from drowning, claimed all her attention, and friend and foe were alike taken into her college to be nursed to health. Each maid being sent to her home "till better times." It chanced that the nursing of the prince fell to Ida. The young lady's interest in him became extraordinary while she listened to his ravings of her: "the foolish work of fancy." After this a feeling other than interest made itself manifest as she held his hands, and hoped and prayed for his recovery during many weary weeks. So, when he regained consciousness there was a very touching scene, for he found, instead of the mail-clad princess, the Ida of his dreams.

The story ended, the party walked off to lunch. Lilia spoke little, yet seemed more pleased than offended that it was so ordained for men and women to occupy such widely different spheres.

W. GRACE, '11.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach, and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the GOD that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need,—
True comrade and true foeman,
Madonna intercede.

RUDYARD KIPLING.