

## LITERATURE.

## THE SILKEN SASHES.

(HISTORICAL.)

The Turks were many—the Greeks were few,  
But their blood was hot, and their hearts beat true,  
And they swore an oath before God on high  
Never like dastards to yield—but die.

But how can a band of a hundred hope  
With foes eight hundred and more to cope?  
Death comes, however, but once to all,  
They will sell life dearly, and nobly fall.

One Greek alone to the Turks passed o'er,  
And from his comrades this charge he bore:  
"Go, watch the scene till the combat ends:  
And tell the tale to our wives and friends."

At dawn, they quitted the mountain glade,  
Where each his couch on the turf had made,  
Then down to the valley they marched, and there  
Upread a breastwork with toilsome care.

The Pacha's envoy made curt demand:  
"Lay down your arms, and at once disband!"  
The Chieftain answered: "It is too late:  
Tell how you found us. We bide our fate."

Their silken sashes they had untied,  
Those crimson sashes, the soldiers' pride:  
And bound together, lithe limb to limb,  
They loudly chanted their battle-hymn.

The onslaught followed: the heroes fell,  
Cut down by sabre, and shot, and shell:  
But ere the life of the last Greek sped,  
Five hundred Moslems had joined the dead.

When months had passed since the bloody fray,  
An English Colonel who rode that way  
Saw sun-bleached skeletons, strewed around,  
With crimson sashes together bound.

GEO. MURRAY.

*The Presbyterian College Journal.*

## MOVERIN'.

(We publish this song by request. Words by D. Strachan, B.A.)

Just wait a little while till I tell you 'bout our College,  
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
The nursery of truth and emporium of knowledge,  
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
Just fifty years ago her colors started flyin',  
And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.  
True, once or twice her friends thought she surely was a  
dyin',  
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin', along.

On Colburne street the torch was lit, and since has kept  
a burnin',

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
A lighting all the world and disseminatin' learnin',  
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
She kept travellin' round the city till she struck a good  
location,

And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.  
And now she stands like Zion for the future generation,  
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

The Senate as a body, they need no peroration,  
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
As the're known throughout the world with profoundest  
veneration,

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
The Principal, of course, you know attracts the most at-  
tention,

And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.  
His name will live as founder of the Jubilee invention,  
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

His voice is heard throughout the land on every great  
occasion,

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
But say, you ought to hear him on Imperial Federation,  
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
Dr. Williamson, the Vice, what a long time Queen's has  
known him!

And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.  
The sun and moon feel proud that for fifty years he's  
run them,  
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

Then Dr. Ross the theologues look to with greatest  
admiration,

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
As he tells them of election and pure foreordination,  
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
Dr. Mowat, from his pulpit, tells of Jewish hieroglyphics,  
And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along:  
And puts the boys through every form of Israelitish tiffics,  
But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

Then Dr. Watson, from his chair, expatiates on ethics,  
The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
From Thales with his Mundian egg to Kant's trans-  
analytic,

The College am a moverin', a moverin' along.  
In History we have got the man to pulverize the nations,  
And still she is a moverin', a moverin' along.  
And who knows the signs and symbols of all previous  
generations,

But no, she kept a moverin', a moverin' along.

*Ad Infinitum.*

On one occasion a quiet game of "nap" was being  
carried on in the back benches, the players reclining with  
their heads on the desks oblivious to everything save their  
"hands." The name of one of the party was sud-  
denly called out by the lecturer to go on with a piece of  
Greek translation, and the class was electrified by the  
quick "I pass" of the unconscious card-player. He did  
not pass at the next examination.—Ex.

**All subscriptions must be paid in by  
the end of January.**