

Still another branch of the service is introduced to us in the "Sappers." Space is too scarce to admit of our giving the full gist of the piece, but suffice it to say that we leave it, believing that the paths of glory are opened to horse and foot through the work of

"Her Majesty's Royal Engineer
With the rank and pay of a sapper!"

In the language of such men:

"When the Jews had a fight at the foot of an 'ill,
Young Joshua ordered the sun to stand still,
For he was a captain of engineers,
With the rank and pay of a sapper!"

expresses an appreciation of this leader of Israel, which even our theologs would find hard to equal.

"That Day" tells of Tommy's remembrance of a disgraceful retreat, while "Follow me 'ome," shows that the death of a comrade, in spite of its familiar occurrence, has lost none of its sting. "Mary Pity Women" and "The Ladies" are the ballads dealing with woman, a subject seldom introduced into "Barrack Room Ballads," while "The 'eathen" gives us Tommy's idea of the subject and describes the development of the recruit through various stages till he reaches the platform of the non-commissioned officer, who, in the day of battle, though "just as sick as they are," keeps his men together with the example and lesson of discipline ever before them.

"An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge
that wins the day."

The whole ballad is condensed in the last verse:

"The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an'
stone;
'e don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the army is the non-commissioned
man!"

Such is a brief skip through the pages of the "Seven Seas" and the accompanying "Barrack Room Ballads." The story of much is set forth, and from it we may gather piecemeal, some of the thought, feeling and philosophy of the author. Such, however, is contained in the last line of the

L'Envoi, where he expresses an aim to

"— draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things
as They Are!"

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A VACATION REMINISCENCE.

Prospect Hill was appropriately named. The hill-top, a large level, afforded a clear view of the surrounding country for several miles. Lake Attitash to the north, its frozen surface dotted with skaters and an occasional iceboat; to the east, the slow, majestic, "spindle-turning" river, still unbound by ice, but seeming motionless, on its either side the small hills, the ever-green groves, the farm houses, the stretches of level meadow and the patches of snow,—a December landscape, a scene of beauty, one of many among the New England hills.

To the south of "The Hill," lay the compactly built little manufacturing town of Meriden. It was the boast of the college men that Meriden was "beautifully laid out — for burial." These young men, however, could now be seen daily on the streets of the town, at home for Christmas vacation, and, if judged by actions, certainly seemed content with their surroundings. They grumbled a little at the dullness of the town,—it was their habit, but they always remained until the last day of vacation and sometimes a few days later. Lake Attitash was frozen, the skating was excellent, and already they were calculating how many days they could safely remain after the colleges opened.

The medical student of McGill and the artist of Boston Art School were chums. In holidays the greater part of their time was spent together. During the day they fished, skated, and tramped across the country, and the evenings they whiled away at the home of one of them, smoking their pipes, and discussing their plans for life, or recalling football matches and tales of college life.

This afternoon they are going over the Hill to