

sake of worldly fame, nor be puffed up with vanity, *but faithfulness to his Fatherland will be his brightest glory, and a quiet courage his highest ornament.*

In many of the ballads there is a strong religious feeling, especially in those of Schenkendorf and Arndt, a spirit of devotion in perfect harmony with the character of their courage. For instance.

Now rise up from your earthly couch.  
Ye sleepers, with the day!  
Already all our tethered steeds  
Their early greeting neigh!  
Our weapons glisten brightly  
In morning's rosy breath.  
As we wake from dreams of laurels,  
And pass to thoughts of death.  
  
O God, in grace abounding,  
Look down from heaven afar!  
Thou callest forth our legion—  
Thou marshall'st our war  
Uphold us by thy presence.  
This day beside us be,  
For thine, O Lord, the banners are,  
And Thine the victory."

Strange and unusual is the pathetic spirit which runs through some of these. Instance the little verse translated thus:—

"Dawn of day—dawn of day!  
To death thou showest me the way  
For when the bugles loudly blow,  
Full soon will I be lying low,  
With many a comrade true."

These songs are said to be as popular with the German soldiers as any—shewing, perhaps, the deep, true basis of the courage of those who sing them—men who fight and die, often looking upon the pathetic side of the matter.

## COLLEGE DAYS AMONG OURSELVES.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

(CONTINUED.)

The portion of college life within these walls, which produces the most lasting and pleasant memories, seems to be that of freshmanhood, uninitiated tyroism—the spring time, in fact, when our hearts were as green as the May grass in the Ravine. What a time it was with us, and has been with most men! The transition from strict school discipline—the rude tyranny of master, cane and imposition hanging depressingly over the head of the simple, marble playing urchin, to the sudden and dazzling glory of college freedom and embryo manhood. How cloudlessly happy we were in those days, when the broad wing of paternal protection still hung soothingly over us, shutting out with its obvious shadow all the realities of future existence, when the ancestral coin still jingled safely in our capacious pockets before the ominous *little-go* had brought the first darkening shadow, sobering us a little, and the final gloomy ap-

proach of bachelorhood—grand consummation of all things—had reminded us of the inexorable stride of time, bringing sad glintings of coming labor and care, mingled with depressing doubts of a future sufficiency of most necessary bread and butter. How solemn an expression rests upon the countenance of the new hooded bachelor, half strutting in a kind of mild exultation, a Nestor in his own opinion, far removed from the poor, ragged-gown under-graduate, who looks at him admiringly and fearfully at the same time—yet half-sad at heart to feel that the old-time security of these grey walls has passed from him forever, fading out of sight in the growing gloom of independent manhood—once longed for but now dreaded. How green we seem to our reflective selves to have been in those freshman times, quite old now by comparison: methinks we feel half inclined to examine ourselves in a looking-glass, whether or not our hair be grey or there be wrinkles on our aged faces. What a buoyancy of spirit we had, and what an exemplary regularity we displayed during our first term, gradually falling off, however, as we observed and humbly imitated the *blaze* habits of our seniors. How inimitably regular we were in our attendance at lectures—not yet having acquired the senior's facility for neglecting them—and how comparatively unblemished were our translations, venturing even an occasional deviation from Bohn, and sundry bold excursions into the unexplored region of Liddell and Scott. How astonishing was the integrity of our forces in chapel, where we sat and shivered on dreary November mornings, gazing yearningly at the empty pews on the senior side and questioning within ourselves whether we had courage to do as those bold spirits did. How we delighted in the general meetings of the College—vast expense of wind and words about nothing—wherein the orators of the place, much admired by us, ventilated their ideas with all the verbose formality of a parliamentary debate: we liked them for their novelty. How loyal we were upon the foot-ball ground, even turning out, of our own free will, and needing not the earnest exhortations of one or two Rugbyite fanatics who were wont to scour the College in our time, flinty-hearted to all excuses, and making day hideous with the clangor of the dinner-bell, until senior and freshman were compelled to turn out for peace of minds' sake. How desperately we fought in the scrimmages, repentance coming afterwards in the shape of black eyes, lame legs and general debility. How proud the feeblest of us felt when once we succeeded in getting hold of that precious ball, only to be dislocated, flayed and pounded to a pulp for our pains.

How above all we enjoyed those occasional students' revels—hardly to be termed Bacchanalian, being rather presided over by the milder Collegiate deities of Labatt and O'Keefe—when senior and freshman met together in some large vacant room and drowned care in truly Gothic style—ceremony nil, capacity immense, bread and cheese and beer in noble abundance, the whole