

He thinks of his old father, without his son, alone, ending his days in desolation.....and he no longer has the courage to die.

The captain orders the rifles lowered, he evidently has something worse than death in store for this prisoner.

And now the sun is shining on meadow and hill. By the roadside the oak and beech trees stretch forth their nervous arms, from each leaf a diamond drop of dew is hanging. All nature is alive and glad beneath the glorious sky and the world is flooded with light and joy. But Victoire sees nothing. What has he in common with these beauties of nature? He listens only to the anguish of his heart, and yet, the voice which demands life and happiness becomes stronger. He is so young, and has so much of life before him! No! he cannot die!

At last the hill is climbed. An officer approaches Jean Blouart and unties his hands.

"Now," said he, "you are to play for us, here, where you can be seen. You see those men in the plain, those are the soldiers that you must rally; when you have played, you shall be free!"

"Who are the soldiers?" Victoire asked.

"That is none of your business!" the officer answered roughly. "Do what I tell you, or you're a dead man," and Blouart saw the rifles levelled at him. Then the men disappeared and hid themselves in the wood on each side of the road.

"Play, then!" cried a fierce voice. "You others, shoot him if he does not obey."

The click of the triggers was heard in the pause that followed, while Victoire took his trumpet and prepared to play.

His eyes scanned the country before him; in the hollow of a hill some distance off, he perceived a small camp of French soldiers.

The captain's object was to draw them into the open country, and the trumpeter's uniform was to be the means of effecting this.

"Play, then!" repeated the terrible voice. Jean Blouart put the trumpet to his lips.....and began to play. The joyous notes of the instrument fell on the air like a festal song, but it seemed to Victoire a cry of death and desolation.

He playedthe French camp seemed to stir. They had seen him, and recognized a comrade with shouts of joy. He played.....and the excitement among the soldiers increased. He played with all his strength, and the notes fell quickly one upon the other.

Suddenly a church bell rang out from the valley the of noon. A bloody mist passed before Victoire's eyes. He thought of the Angelus of Caen; he saw again the chestnut trees on the Grand Promenade, his home, his father.....his beloved France.....

and now he was betraying this France, instead of sacrificing himself for her; instead of giving her his heart's blood, he was helping to ruin and kill her. He was calling his brothers to certain death. He was a traitor!

And every rustle of the wind in the trees, every twitter of the birds, every stroke of the bell, echoed: "Traitor! Traitor!" He dropped his trumpet.

"Play on! play on!" yelled that implacable voice.

"Yes, yes, I will play, monster! I will play!" answered Blouart, and with all the strength that was left him, he played the alarm and retreat.

A rain of bullets beat down upon him.

Then turning towards the wood and drawing himself up to his full height, sublime in his scorn and death agony: "Curses on you!" he cried "Curses on you all!"

A fearful report followed. Blouart swayed to and fro, then fell forward on his face.

The trumpeter Victoire was no more.

HELEN R. Y. REID.

POETRY.

WITH THE DEAD LEAVES.

IN MEMORIAM.

Watching the dead leaves drift along
Urged by the keen wind's restless feet,
Tossed here and there in a shuddering throng,
Through the lanes of the well-swept street;
Wanders my memory back to the time
When I wooed my love with sigh and rhyme.

Then it was spring, and the sun rays shone
On fresh young tints from a cloudless sky;
And I with my sweetheart strolled alone
To tell her my soul's deep ecstasy;
I kissed her smiles, and my thoughts love-mad
Ne'er dreamed that the future could be so sad.

But winter came and the green leaves fell,
My Love's soul went to the Dreamland shore;
And the winter with dead leaves sang the knell
Of the good true heart I should woo no more;
So when I hear the leaves and the rain
I think of my love, and live again.

Stat Neminiis Umbra.

NEAR THE BELOVED.

(FROM "GOTHIC.")

I think of thee when morning dawn erst glimmers
Across the Eastern sea;
When the late moonbeam o'er pale fountains shimmers,
I think of thee!

I see thy form when from the distant ridges
The clouds their grey wreaths raise;
When the night farer on the path's frail bridges
His foot essays!