

THE LAST SORTIE.

Far o'er the valley, hushed and still,
The silence of death is hanging,
Save for a faint-heard bugle note
Or a sabre's distant clanging.

The first pale light hath risen and veiled
The eastern stars in morning;
And many a gun hath opened wide
Its hungry lips for warning.

High in the East, Valerien,
The huge dim mass expanding,
Is fringed and streaked in the pallid light
By the breathless thousands standing.

The fires are out and the air is chill,
The morning light is dreary,
And sleep hangs over dark Montretout,
For the German limbs are weary.

Sad and soft through the leafless trees
The straying wind is sighing:
Softer its voice when the night shall pass
O'er the lips of the dead and dying.

Awake! Awake! the dawn is come,
While ye, brave hearts, are sleeping,
Through the dim light and the lingering mist
The silent foe are creeping.

Far o'er the valley thick and fast
The battle clouds are rolling,
A vast death-knell from the smoke-wrapt heights
The mighty guns are tolling.

Onward the countless hosts of France
With sullen tramp are streaming,
Lurid and red through the gathering smoke
The cannon flames are gleaming.

Strong and fast on dark Montretout,
Heeding no foeman's warning,
With tightened lips the Teutons stand,
Pale in the growing morning.

Silent they stand, a little ring,
Scarce worth the sabre's cleaving,
With a last brave thought for the distant homes,
Their gallant souls are leaving.

Onward and round the foe sweep on
Like the swirl of the tide advancing;
Pale faces gleam through the misty smoke,
And the thirsty steel is glancing.

Up! Up! ye hosts of the fatherland,
Hark to the cannon calling:
Marshal your legions thick and fast,
For your bravest hearts are falling.

The wintry snow is streaked with blood,
And the death-like wind is sighing
Dreary and chill o'er the darkened waste,
The sullen foe are flying.

Fast from the night-wind o'er the vale
The battle smoke is rolling:
Slowly and far from the shadowy height,
The hollow guns are tolling.

Silent and still on dark Montretout,
The moon's soft light is falling
On the pallid lips of the proudest hearts,
That died at their country's calling.

A. I.

COLLEGE DAYS AMONG OURSELVES.

BY A GRADUATE.

(Continued.)

Commend me the man who can thoroughly enjoy a college life; who can sit with his friends before a college grate fire, imbibe his beer without heeding its flatness, consume his bread and cheese without regarding the corruption that has marred the same, talk with flashing eyes and eager lips over old times and many another well-worn theme that forms a bond of union between the fleeting hearts that beat one moment side by side, the next are parted like dissevered leaves, and feel that he is passing through an era of his existence that will haunt his memory with its life and light for many a dreary year. The man who cannot be touched with these associations, whose lips are not loosened when these memories are brought back to him is not worth knowing.

The St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner has come again to give a new lease of old life and renew the vigor of the past once more. We turn in through the time honored gate that graces (?) the college front, and the lights are gleaming over the gravel of the walk and the October wind fluttering the dead leaves across the lawn. Perhaps we note with strange feelings the light that shines from a certain room—ours once, years ago, and wonder who is laughing out his hot-blooded days there now; it seems as if we had nothing to do but to laugh then; how seldom the free smile comes to our lips now; yet, away with such thoughts, are we not within very smell of the dinner we have eaten so many times with increasing comfort. The old porch, haunted with recollections of many an evening's chat in old days and the forbidden pipe rapidly descending into the pocket on the appearance of a don, is silvered by the clear moonlight, and we halt for a moment to gaze at the gray turrets, weird looking and fantastic in the strong light and shade. The clinging creepers climbing over the rough stones are grown rusty now, and worn with chill winds and hanging shadows. The din and fever of the great city creep discordantly into this moonlight scene of quaint rest and silent memory. Surely we have turned into some strange enchanted place fast barred forever against the horror of life, where the rude struggle of rough shoulders for bread is never known, where the fierce word is never spoken and the ring of laughter never dies. Methinks we could stand here forever pondering over the clear, white light gleaming along the walks and skipping from turret to turret unutterably still, the wind-shaken creepers hanging from about the stone windows, the dead, withered flowers drooping beside the walk, and the rugged trees, leaf-rest and gray, springing like resolute souls from the great shadow of the ravine, and never think once of the confusing maze of strife beyond the