

THE REVEILLE.

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**W**AKE, my own ! The lances of the sun,  
Rosy-red, are marching up the sky.  
Wake, my own ! for love and light are one,  
And doubt and darkness in their presence fly.

Wind and storm galloped o'er the sea  
All night long, and I dreamed of thee,—  
Dreamed of thee, and as I am thine  
My beloved, my beloved,—  
Dreamed I, thou wert mine.

What care I for the storm's wild glee !  
What care I for the moaning sea !  
Day has dawned and the skies are clear !  
My beloved, my beloved,—  
Waken, love is here !

Wake, my own ! The herald of the dawn  
All the air with sweetest music fills,—  
Wake, my own ! The sable night is gone,  
And morning calls "Reveille," to the hills !

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IN MEMORIAM.

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F. C. S. C.

**H**E kept his soul unspotted and untarnished,  
A radiant lily cup—a holy chalice ;  
Which when the Great King saw, He gently lifted  
And placed securely in His royal palace.