

forlorn, freezing. Wholly unconscious was she of the rattle of musketry before her, and utterly oblivious to the blazing cottages on the hill-side. Neither the fierceness of the storm nor the biting of the cold did she heed. Even the terror of the pursuing phantom had faded from her consciousness.

On she staggered, gradually approaching an alder swamp by the road-side. A crouching shadow within stirred, and moved silently through the fringe of bushes. Suddenly the shadow stiffened and stood erect. A flash of fire tore apart the darkness, and a shot mingled its sound with the noise of others farther up the road. With a shudder and a quivering sigh the body of Marie Flèche sank softly upon the snow. Swiftly the shadow slunk away, and with its going the green eyes blazed more furiously than ever, but with the sheen of jealousy, there now was mingled the red glint of murderous revenge.

Victor L. O. Chittick, '05.



Blomidon.

*Begotten of fire, quick was thy bringing forth,
 Internal shudderings and thundering throes,
 Rending the fiery depths whence thou arose
 To lie all red and radiant o'er the earth.
 Spanning the sea afar as with a girth,
 Shaped slow beneath the mighty tidal blows,
 Time left thee unregarded in repose,
 Till life did vaguely long and come to birth.
 Oh patient greatness of a slow pursuit,
 The plan of those unnumbered centuries
 When forests grew and fell on slope and plain!
 Thy rock now lies beneath the living root
 And mould of ages; and a splendor skies
 Thee, child of fire, now laid in flowery chains.*

John Frederic Herbin, '90.