

to God and his native land. That is a man of the stamp which panics do not affect. That is the man to send to lead a forlorn hope. Meanwhile the artillery has come up. They are stationing the guns in the intervals between the companies. They are unlimbered and loaded. Meanwhile, on comes the charging line. "Fire!" and four field guns speak nearly at once. The shrapnel goes singing on its mission of death. Great gaps are torn in the oncoming line, but still on they come. Charging up to the cannon's mouth may be easily said, but that line knows what it means. The word is passed along the line, the bugle rings out. "Ready, aim, fire!" The crashing noise of the discharge has hardly met our ears before we see the enemy's line dwindle and melt away. Many are the brave boys who have fallen. The survivors turn and rush back to their own lines. They are forming again. Again they come on, but this time the artillery is ready and waiting and they do not come so far as before. The bloody wave rolls back. The troops begin to return again into the defile. They have checked our advance and the rocky hillsides have been occupied, and now they will be able to hold us back.

The men with red crosses on their sleeves have gone forward with their litters, and now they are coming back bearing—nothing. There have been no casualties. It was only the cadets at their annual inspection drill.

ALBA.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

The banquet of the Alumni Association, held on the evening of May 20 last, at the Lochiel Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa., is an event that marks another step of one of the forces that will contribute to the success of the College in the near future. In this issue will be found the list of the attendants, the response of I. P. McCreary, '82, to the toast *Our Alumni*, and an extract from the letter of Gen. Jas. A. Beaver, who regretted his inability to be present.

The committee having in charge the work of preparation labored against many difficulties in the endeavor to make the banquet what it was—a decided success. Correspondence with the Alumni brought few replies, and many of these were not very prompt. Nevertheless, when all were seated at the feast there were fifty cheerful faces, fifty happy hearts, and fifty rejuvenated spirits yelling "*P. S. C. Yo! He! Hep! Rah! Ray! Boom! Rah!*"

From noon until 10 o'clock P. M. the hotel parlors were occupied with ever increasing numbers of Alumni discussing the wel-