



SECOND INFANTRY. THE RETURN FROM SKIRMISH.

tion and graduate from these schools and are recommended by the faculty for this honor" great good would result to the school, to the Guard and to the young men who would strive very hard for this distinction. The names of those thus commissioned should be published annually to the Guard, so that should a company desire to elect one to office he could be assigned at once to the active list.

Finally, the State should furnish suitable armories in every town supporting one or more companies on the active list. These should be of sufficient size to admit of all military exercises, including gymnastics, and, in the case of

mounted companies provided with mounts, stabling should be furnished for them.

Also, the offices of the adjutant and inspector general should be removed from the domain of politics entirely. In making this recommendation the good of the Guard only is considered. It is claimed that the first named must be a political office, but not necessarily the latter. There is no question but that both should be filled by men who have the interest of the Guard at heart and are thoroughly conversant with its condition and needs. Too much time is consumed in obtaining this information when a change is made biennially.

WANDERLIED.

Afar, afar together where northern lakes are glooming,
 And fragrant, wooing forests spread wide on either hand,
 Across the broad savannas the cardinals are blooming,
 The ripples chase the sunshine along the pebbled strand.
 The gulls are flying homeward, the sentry herons calling,
 I hear the beat of light wings, I see the blue waves flow;
 On meadowland and moorland the rainbowed light is falling,
 And pine trees wave and beckon—beloved, Jet us go!

Afar, afar together where all the winds are sleeping,
 And rest the purple islands in seas of summer calm;
 No more of doubt and conflict, no more of pain and weeping,
 The langorous air is laden with asphodel and balm;
 I hear the silvery fountains like fairy music falling,
 I see the swaying lilies, the oars in fitful play,
 And echo from the headlands with tender voice is calling—
 Why should we fear to follow where love may lead the way?

SARAH D. HOBART.