

When we consider the purpose of Dickens's writing and his ability to portray character, to describe and contrast, and to cheer the hearts of his readers with his humor, we may justly overlook his weaknesses and give him the place in fiction which he rightly deserves.

WILLIAM MacDONALD, '47

TO A SOLDIER'S MOTHER

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Her boy is marching,
Marching somewhere in the mud.
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, Her boy is marching,
Visage marred by grime and blood.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Her boy lies wounded,
Lying somewhere all alone.
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, Her boy lies dreaming
Visions of his folks at home.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp Her boy is found there,
Rosary in his frozen hand.
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! His soul is marching
To final peace in far off land.

From that land her boy is watching
O'er his family here below.
Pray to God their mother's torture?
They will never have to know.

JOHN ELDON GREEN, '47