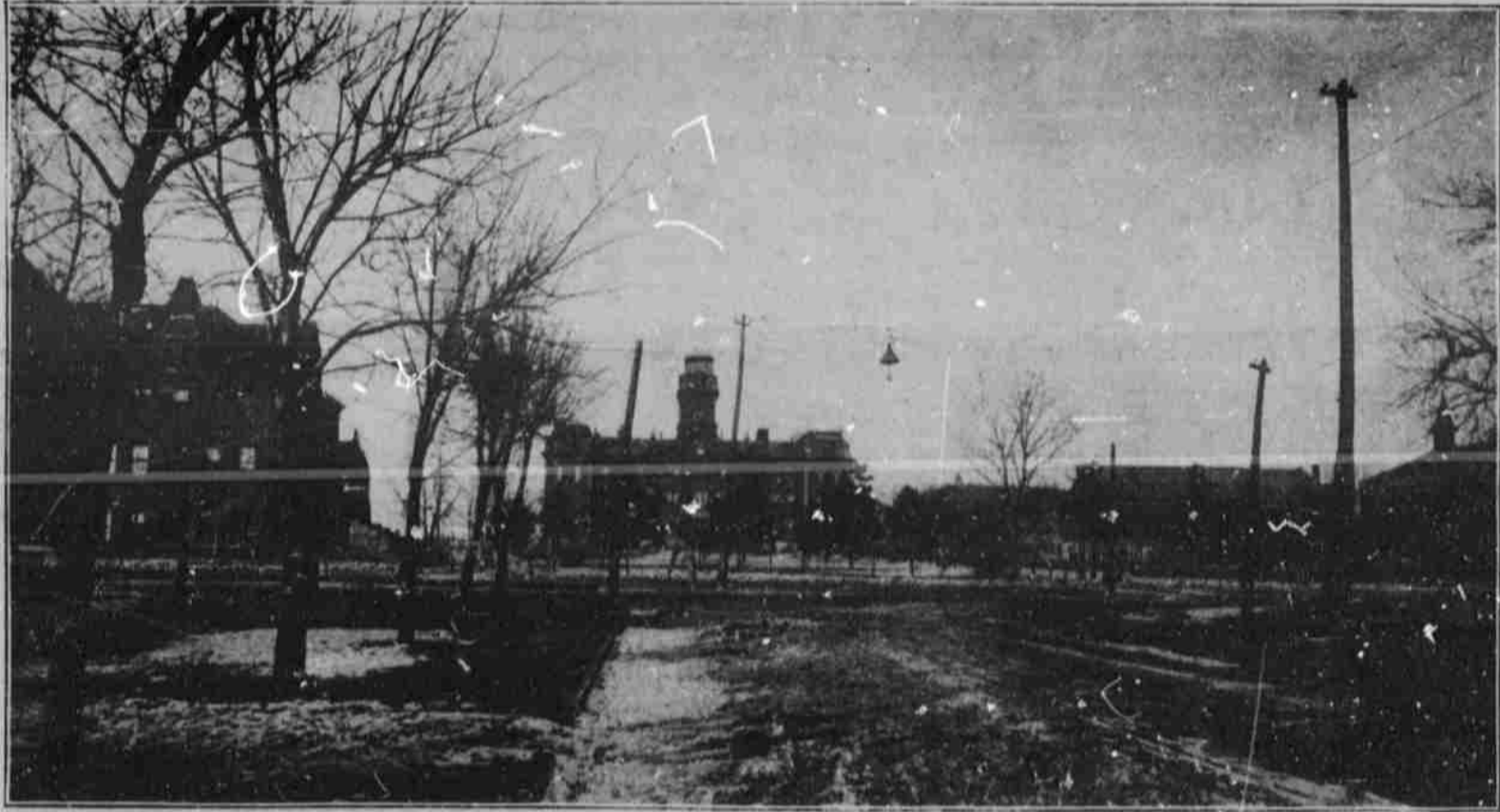


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THE HESPERIAN.

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THE LAST BUGLE.

I have one fervent prayer
That every day I pray—
God grant that when my battles o'er
And I my helmet lay
Aside, that I may fold my hands and slip
From life's worn fields away.

God grant the cares of age,
Its weakness and its fears,
May not be mine; that I may know
No fading, lingering years;
No letting go of my strong grasp,
No dull eyes blind with tears.

Today my heart beats brave,
And I life's march beguile
With onward, hopeful pace. The bugles play,
I glory in the march. Meanwhile
I pray let "boots and saddles" be the call
When I drop out of line.

—MAUDE MEREDITH.