

troubled be thy days". Then there were some of more pretension:

Loyal friendship, pure and true,
Such is what I feel for you.

Believe me or believe me not,
Thy smiles can never be forgot.

It was the cause of much pride whenever anyone was able to show an original composition written by the school teacher. For the teacher had an enviable local reputation as a poet, a reputation gained by the simple process of never failing to record in appropriate stanzas every death that occurred in the community. But the album, I fear, was a distressing test of versatility. For there the teacher had to depart from the long, solemn cadences of the obituary and set down in quicker, brighter measure lines that, even if coy, were cheerful, felicitous and perhaps urbane. The quality, of course, was determined by the appreciation of the reader; and one might readily imagine the eagerness that attended our first glimpse of what he had written for us:

Here on this pale palimpsest
I do not write for fame,
Because I think it's for the best
That I merely sign my name.

Miss Cherry, our esteemed dressmaker, who had passed a winter in Detroit, said that it revealed the simplicity of the man; and Henry Perkins when he read it just couldn't say a word. He closed the album slowly, got up, bade us all good-bye, went out and untied his horse, and the last we heard of him or his was the sound of the buggy going over Hotham's bridge.

We had hoped that Henry himself would write in the album; but we could see that he was too keenly affected. He told Jessie Littlejohn afterwards that the ordeal was altogether beyond him, that whenever he attempted to write in an album his mind actually became a blank. Then Jessie told him in confidence that in some albums one could find specimen verses. With that information he examined every album he could find, and when at length he found the printed sheet this is what he chose:

Remember me when far away,
And only half awake;
Remember me on your wedding-day,
And send a piece of cake.

Mention of the wedding-day makes one think of the minister. For the minister always responded to a request for his auto-

*The School
Teacher
As Poet*

*Readymade
Sentiments*