

24 *The SINGER of The KOOTENAY*

banter and derision. Yet it had never gone quite so far as on that particular night that proved so disastrous to this widow's son. Some public function or other was under way in the Convocation Hall, in which function this unpalatable professor duly arose to take some part. Whereupon, all having been previously arranged, there suddenly floated out a rich full voice from the students' gallery—and every other sound was hushed. The voice was Murray McLean's; and the verse it sang was one of biting doggerel, gathered about this professor's name. It had been arranged that the song was to be general; but, whether from ignorance of the words, or timidity, or surrender to the master voice, that voice was allowed to sing the verse alone.

Wherefore the stroke fell on its unhappy owner—and Murray McLean was forthwith sternly dismissed from the classic halls. Homeward he turned his way, having no otherwhere to go. But if, on the long journey, he tried his best to consider the whole thing a joke, even recounting it gaily to one or two of his fellow travellers, the bitterness and the tragedy of it all were abundantly clear to him before he had faltered out the sickening story to the broken-hearted woman at whose knees he was bending before the tale was done. There is no voice that can call forth the hidden forces of the heart of youth like the low