

In addition to Mrs. Dr. Taylor, Mrs. Burch and Mrs. Woodside graced the function with their presence.

A Letter from Edinburgh

As we went to press last month we welcomed a letter from "John T." (McNeill) in Edinburgh. Though it was a personal communication, the Hall men will be interested to know that our last session's valedictorian wrote: "I am much pleased with Edinburgh, and have a number of good friends already. Dr. Pidgeon and Mr. Wilson ("R. J.," of course) addressed the students of the New College the other day and had a very favourable reception. Logan (Harry the Rhodes scholar), and I are much together."

Of course, "John T." sends his best regards to all friends in the Hall.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.

I wish that there were some wonderful place
 Called the Land of Beginning Again,
 Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
 And all our poor, selfish grief
 Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
 And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
 Like the hunter that finds a lost trail;
 And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
 The greatest injustice of all
 Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
 For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do,
 But forgot, and remembered—too late,
 Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,
 And all of the thousand and one
 Little duties neglected that might have perfected
 The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
 In the Land of Beginning Again;
 And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged
 Their moments of victory here
 Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
 More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,
 And what had seemed loss would be gain,
 For their isn't a sting that will not take wing
 When we've faced it and laughed it away;
 And I think that the laughter is most what we're after
 In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
 Called the Land of Beginning Again,
 Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
 And all our poor, selfish grief
 Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
 And never put on again.

—British Weekly.