

memory by the boys of the college, thus showing the esteem in which he was universally held.

His son David, then only eighteen years of age, became his father's successor, and well filled the old Janitor's place. His duties, with one exception, were always a delight to him. The exception was the task of carrying the absentee book from room to room every period, which was a dull, slow and monotonous task. Besides, it appeared like giving his boy friends away, and, in fact, it has been said that any especial favourite of his would often, when playing truant, not be marked down in the black book, through apparent neglect on Davy's part in calling at the class room in which the youngster should have been at work.

He was extremely popular among the boys, and no wonder, for he was ever a good friend to them.

He retained his post for eighteen years, and then his health began to fail. That slow but sure agent of death, consumption, seized upon him early in the sixties, and in the winter of 1867 he died in his little cottage by the north gate. He was buried near his father, and the masters, together with a few others, formed the cortege that followed him to his last resting place.

H. A. BRUCE.

THE END.

### THE FLIGHT OF AUTUMN.

The sun sets; the clouds lower,  
O'er the mountains cliff'd and sheer,  
And slowly steals the dusky veil  
O'er meadows brown and sere.  
Dark and gloomy creeps the night  
From its cavern dim and drear,  
Nor listeth that the morning light  
Dispels the dew-drop tear.  
Slowly swells the souging sound  
Of the frosted laden breeze;  
Nor waits the whistling wind's shrill cry,  
The sighing of the trees.  
The sun rises; lo! mantled white  
Are the forest, hill and vale;  
Sparkling, snowy diamonds deck  
The streamlet in the dale.  
Merrily ring the silver bells  
Through the sylvan glade and dell;  
Cheerily chirps the chip-monk spry,  
The autumn's last farewell.

W. C. MACLAREN.

### DOMUM OMNIS DULCISSIMAM EST.

D. A. M'CALLUM.

Near the school Winchester, one of the grand old schools of England, there is to be seen a hill, and cut deeply into the white chalk side of this hill are to be seen the two words "Dulce Domum," with which the following legend is connected: It happened about a century ago there came to this school a small boy, and as it was the first time he was ever at school, everything seemed strange to him.

Things went on very smoothly at first, but as the days and weeks slipped by and one lesson unprepared succeeded another, so in like manner the impositions grew: and as it was the rule in the school if the pupil did not have his impositions finished at the end of the term he had to remain all the holidays. This much is but an introduction, or explanatory preface, to the following lines:—

In the grand old school Winchester,  
Which for generations stands  
Honoured by all men and people,  
Both in home and foreign lands—  
In this building which, for centuries,  
Moulded first the lives of men,  
With its gardens and its flower-beds,  
With its every nook and glen—  
In this building that I speak of,  
Now a century or more,  
Came a little fair-haired schoolboy  
Who was ne'er in school before.  
Born, was he, of noble parents;  
Blue blood ran within the veins  
That encircled his fair forehead,  
Sensitive to taunts and pains.  
When his father died and left him  
To the watchful, tender care  
Of that gentle, loving mother,  
Who did all his troubles bear.  
How the twain did love each other!  
How the mother loved her son,  
How the boy did find in "mother"  
Sweetest name beneath the sun.  
But too soon there came the parting—  
Oh! 'twas hard for them to bear—  
To prepare for life's hard battle,  
Full of hardship, toil and care.  
Off to school he went one morning,  
Lovingly he bade good-bye  
To that best-loved friend who watched him  
With the tear-drops in her eye.  
Life in school was not so pleasant  
As it is to boys to-day;