

THE LONG AGO.

I dream that I sail on a moonlit sea,
And the wave's long lift is a joy to me—
Then I wake, and slowly I grow aware
That a joy surged thus and no cloud was there,
In the years of the long ago.

My heart goes forth in a loving word,
Then I seem to be only as one who heard;
The words go on, but my lips are dumb,
I listen and know that the whispers come
From years of the long ago.

'Tis thus I greet the friend of my heart,
And for very joy the tears will start;
I seem to awake in some other land,
Where we walked in the sunlight hand in hand,
In the years of the long ago.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

THE CLAN OF '98.

It was about the middle of November, 1920. An electric express train was standing at the station in London and was due to start for Toronto in a few minutes. At a car window sat a young girl of—well, I should say—nineteen summers. There was nothing extraordinary in her appearance. She was by no means beautiful; but if you observed her (which you might or might not), you would notice that she possessed the usual compensation—a kind, an intelligent, nay, a cultured face. Her dress, of course, was plain, quiet, neat. The only thing one might have been inclined to criticize was that there seemed to be just a little too much of that cardinal red on her hat. That, too, might direct attention to the piece of ribbon of the same color which was tied to her watch chain. The narrator of this tale, who happened to be sitting in the same car, wondered what that meant. He had heard of blue ribbon societies in the last years of the last century, but he had never heard of a cardinal red ribbon society. While he was pondering over this problem, however, the young lady gave a noticeable start. A young man had entered the car, a young man also of, say, nineteen summers. But he was only an ordinary looking individual, too; well dressed, to be sure, but by no means "killing." Moreover, they were evidently unacquainted; though he, too, gave a second interested glance as he passed by the girl at the window. He sat down in a seat near by and became wrapt apparently in deep thought for a time. Then he grew ill at ease. His eyes wandered towards that cardinal red. He seemed agitated by some strange emotion. His lips would assume a position indicative of firm resolve, and he seemed at these moments about to rise. At last, after many evident oscillations of purpose, he "screwed his courage to the sticking point," and moved across the car towards the young lady with hat trimmed in cardinal red. It was only then that the silent spectator noticed the peculiar circumstance that from his watch chain, too, fluttered a ribbon of cardinal red and that his necktie was of the same high hue. With the fingers of one hand playing nervously with that ribbon, with the other hand raising his hat and with a smile that betokened good nature and trepidation combined, he addressed her.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I think you belong to the Clan of '98." He was proceeding to point to his own ribbon, seemingly by way of explanation of his intrusion, when her gracious smile and intelligent glance showed him that it was unnecessary, especially as she herself interrupted and said:—

"Oh, yes, and I see you do too. I noticed your colors when you came in. You're going to the re-union in Convocation Hall to-morrow night, I suppose?"

This reception was cordial beyond his anticipation, and

he sank into the opposite side of the double seat as he answered;—

"Yes," he said, "that's my destination, though I'm afraid I'll be quite a stranger there."

"Why, have you never been there before?" she asked in some surprise.

"No," he replied. "My father went to Australia shortly after he graduated and never returned to Canada. I'm taking a trip round the world, and he told me to wear this ribbon and tie and I would be admitted to the 'Clan of '98,' as he called it."

"I assure you," she said, smiling, "you will receive a cordial welcome there to-morrow night. Please give me your card and I'll introduce you to the members;" and cards were exchanged between them forthwith.

"This is a strange custom you Canadians observe, Miss Watson," he said.

"Indeed; do you think so? Haven't you anything like it at Sydney or Melbourne?" she said.

"Nothing like it at all; and my father never even told me about this till I was getting ready to start. How did it originate? I suppose you know all about it, don't you?"

"Well, I ought to," she said, "our family had a good deal to do with it. Oh, there goes the train. Well, I'll tell you about it, Mr. Reid, as we go along," and she settled herself in the seat more comfortably and proceeded to narrate as follows:—

"Well, you know mother graduated in '98, of course. She got a position next year as assistant teacher of Moderns in the Rosedale Collegiate Institute, but she didn't keep it long. Miss Jennie Cuthbertson and Mr. George Watson were married in the summer of 1900, and he started to practice law in Chatham."

"Excuse the question," interrupted Mr. Reid, "but did your father graduate in '98 too?"

"Oh, no," she replied with a peculiar laugh, "that was the whole trouble. He didn't take a university course at all. He took the five years' course in law at Toronto."

"Well, but I don't see what trouble that could cause," said Reid in surprise.

"Why, don't you see?" she said, laughing again, "things went on all right for a while; but one day in the fall of—of, yes, the fall of 1903 (mother told me about it not long ago; that's how I happen to know so well). One day a letter came addressed to Mrs. George Watson, B.A., '98, containing a notice that the first re-union of the graduates of '98 would be held in a couple of weeks in Convocation Hall, and all members of the year were earnestly requested to be present, and it was signed Henry Something-or-other, Secretary. Mother showed the letter to father when he came home; he read it over and asked, with a sort of incredulous smile, if she intended to go. Well, mother said she *would* rather like to see the old girls again, she hadn't seen any of them for a long time; she didn't see, though, how she could go very well, either; she didn't like to leave Bella (that's me, you know). But father said he guessed he and the nurse could manage and she had better go, by all means; and then he said with a bantering twinkle in his eye, 'I suppose the old boys will all be there too. Are any of them married yet?' And mother said she didn't know, she supposed some of them were, and then the matter dropped for a while until it was time to think of making arrangements for the journey. When mother spoke of it again father hesitated a little while and then said he—he—he didn't know, but he was afraid—he thought he would have important business to attend to in Toronto *himself* about that time. But mother said that would be splendid, they would go together; nurse could take care of Bella and she would ask Mrs. Pierce to drop in once or twice to see that everything was all right. So it was arranged. Father and mother went to Toronto on the day of the re-union and put up at the Arlington. About half-past seven they called a cab, and as mother was getting in it to go up to Convocation Hall she said to father that she really didn't see the use of