

to blame for it," answered Kersti. "See, there they come with the body. It is a pitifully small following it has."

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Such was the judgment passed on "Old Crutches" and in such a manner was he repaid by his own relatives. Even before he had become quite cold they were searching in all the corners and crannies of his dwelling to snooze out the few blessed kreutzers that he had collected in suffering and sorrow.

But in his heart there was a little nook into which but one eye had gazed and there lived a memory which was at once the agony of his life and his heart's greatest bliss.

In Flottarp there was a large estate at which "Old Crutches" used to sew. And then the old story was repeated; the daughter of the house, who was merry and kind, used to joke and talk with the poor cripple until one day he forgot his crutches, forgot that his mother had died in the poor-house, forgot that he was a poverty-stricken tailor and asked the rich Elna to become his wife. But, however good and kind she otherwise might have been, she nevertheless thought that this was altogether too much, and laughed at "Crutches" to his face.

It cut him to the heart but he said nothing and sewed on. Elna soon afterwards married a rich and handsome young profligate and a few years later she was alone and destitute with her little boy, while her husband had run away to America. By drudgery and severe economy she and the boy just managed to exist.

Jeppé never allowed a word to pass across his lips as to the dreams of days gone by or a prayer for happiness by her side in the days to come, although she would certainly have been only too glad to take him now—he never forgot her scorn.

But when the boy grew older and showed himself fond of his books it was "Crutches" who offered to support him at college, so that "he might some day be able to do good in the Kingdom of God"—but only on the express condition that no living soul, least of all the boy, should hear of it. Jeppé never forgot the tear that glittered in Elna's eye at the offer—it was his reward for all his shattered dreams.

The years passed, Jeppé still sewed and patched and many a letter passed through the sheriff's hand from Elna to her son, who finally, after endless toil, became a minister.

The first time he preached in Flottarp Church his mother sat bathed in tears of joy. But far down in the church, nearest to the door, sat a half-hidden form, supported by a crutch, who sighed quietly: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

And it was Elna's boy who was to preach in Magerheim's Church on the day that "Crutches" was buried. His mother had told him everything on her death-bed; but when he came with both thanks and tears to this true servant of Christ, Jeppé would not listen to anything. Beside the grave, however, no one could hinder the minister from expressing the fulness of his heart. He spoke of the unwearied fidelity, that does not ask for the praise of men, and of the goodness that does not allow the left hand to know what the right is doing.

Such words at the grave of "Crutches" seemed, however, both out of place and foolish, even offensive, to the congregation. As they were leaving the church Kersti said to Mette:

"The minister has been here for several years and it does not look as if he knew any more about his congregation now than he did at first. He should only have known what a crabbed old miser "Crutches" was and he might just as well have spared himself talking about goodness—yes, he should only have heard about that kreutzer affair! Why, his sermon was as beautiful as if it had been over the richest man in the parish! The minister ought at least to make a little difference in his texts at the grave and not take the same ones for both the righteous and the unrighteous."

And therewith she took a flower out of the box on her father's grave, a large, richly colored gilliflower.

"Now, there lies a man who was good," she said, as she wiped her eyes. "He was not stingy. The big Christmas celebration which he held every year cost him at least twenty-five dollars."

She forgot to tell of how he had haggled over thirty-five kreutzers on "Crutches'" wages when he had worked for him over six weeks turning old rags for sixteen kreutzers a day.

On "Crutches'" grave every Mid-summer Night's Eve there is placed a wreath of fresh flowers from the minister's garden, and the young minister relates to his wife and his little Elin, a beautiful story of a loving heart in a poverty-stricken, despised tailor's breast.



University Discipline

LET STUDENTS BE RESPONSIBLE

—Princ. Peterson, of McGill

Editor of Varsity:

Dear Sir,—Your letter suggests that I should discuss the question, "How best to administer student discipline," and you also ask me the direct question: "Do you think that representatives of the students should be given, either partly or wholly, control of their own affairs?"

Two assumptions are here involved. First: that discipline may be required for students, and secondly: that there are affairs which may be described as concerning students only. I agree with you in regard to both. I am not fully cognizant of the actual condition of matters in Toronto at the present moment, but if the Commission, to which you refer, looks outside for information, it will find many University centres where such things are more or less fully regulated. Take for instance the Scottish Universities, each of which has its Students' Representative Council, whose constitution and functions are regulated by Parliamentary ordinance. It was on the model of these Councils, by the way, that the students' Alma Mater Society was organized here. The Council, in every Scotch University, consist of representatives (both men and women) from the different Faculties in the University; and its aims are:

1. To represent the students in matters affecting their interests.
2. To afford a recognized means of communication between the students and the University authorities.