

for the decrepit, friendless and lonely old bachelor, whose days were drawing to a close, with no loving hand of wife, or daughter, to minister to his feebleness.

Rude and unfinished and uncomfortable, as "The Old School House" often was, yet it was also often sure to bring up to many an "old Boy" tender memories, which would be recalled in after years in words somewhat like those in poetic form, as follows:

In Memory's Wall hangs a Picture
Of a School House old and bare,
It hangs with a beautiful gilding
And I love to see it there;
It stood on a bleak Country corner,
But Boyhood's heart was warm
It glowed in the Sunlight of Summer,
'Twas cheerful in Winter and Storm.

The Teacher, O well I remember,
My heart has long kept him there;
Perhaps by the world he's forgotten,
His memory no touch can efface.
He met us with smiles on the threshold,
And in that rude temple of art,
He left, with the skill of a workman,
His touch on the mind and the heart.

Oh! gay were the sports of the noontide,
When winter winds frolicked with snow;
We laughed at the freaks of the storm-king,
And shouted him on all aglow.
We flashed at his beautiful sculpture,
Regardless of all its array;
We plunged in the feathery snow-drifts,
And sported the winter away.

We sat on the old-fashioned benches,
Beguiled with our pencil and slate;
We thought of the opening future,
And dreamed of our manhood's estate.
I cast a fond glance o'er the meadow,
The hills just behind it I see;
Away in the charm of the distance,
Old School House! a blessing on thee!

J. GEORGE HODGINS,
Historiographer.

TORONTO, 29th December, 1908.