

THE TWO YORKS

OR SITTING AT THE "KING'S TABLE"

"My heart is inditing a good matter, for I speak of things touching the King."—Psalm



Being a Short Story
written by
Mr. Thos. Thompson
for his
Golden Wedding.

FOREWORDS.

I, JONATHAN M. THOMPSON, in my third year as student at Toronto University, aged twenty years, standing five feet ten inches in height, in my right mind, sound in body, wind and limb, have a short story to tell, and think this a fitting time to tell it, viz., on the occasion of my grandfather's and grandmother's golden wedding. Indeed, I must needs tell this story in justice and honor to my forebears, to whom I owe so much, for it is in my very bones and blood; and the telling of it, I hope, will give some relief to my feelings. In this respect I am as a younger brother of the "Ancient

Mariner," who tells his story to the wedding guests, on their way to the "bridegroom's open door":

He holds them with his glittering eye;
Each wedding-guest stood still,
And listens as a three years' child—
The mariner bath his wit

And yet I cannot tell this short story with the weirdness and charm of the "Ancient Mariner." The incidents are not so startling, but much more common in daily life; and in their very commonness something of the spirit of unselfishness, poetry and high idealism stands out prominently and boldly,