

making weird shadows of the old bridge, we met the owner, who had befriended us so often. We sat on the boat side and listened to his honest, illiterate advice, which, together with the earnest invocation "God bless you, boys," and hearty shake of the hand, we have never forgotten.

We were up in the morning before the flush of sunrise was rippling along the eastern sky, and over to the Castle for our farewell visit. What a magnificent sight more than amply repaid us for our exertion—for we had to clamber up to the top of one of the great towers. On the south lay the great forest, that looked like some black cloud at sea. Towards the north the beautiful river wound along like a great silver cable. On the west great rolling fields, wrapt in the early morning haze, and interspersed with forests and shining streams! To the east the sun was just rolling up, like a great fiery chariot, over a luxuriant belt of country.

Now, we go down into the lower court, where stands St. George's beautifully designed church. We thought of Edward the Third's taste, but again remembered that many noble minds have contributed to its improvement since those days, and among them our own noble Queen. We stand now with uncovered heads and converse reverently, as we are standing in the presence of the mighty dead. Over there,

at the north aisle lie the remains of the licentious Edward Fourth. Under the choir—a beautiful place to sleep—lay Henry Eighth, Jane Seymour, and Charles First. While standing beside their dust, we thought of a dazzling pageant—a great host clad in garments dazzling with gold and silver. Of a fair, beautiful woman—a mother for only a few days; and of a headless man before Whitehall palace. What is it to be great—even kings and queens? By and by—ashes and dust. Better be humble and loved, if only by a little child.

Then the good byes from fellows and teachers, the hearty grasp of our old professor's hand assures us that all is forgiven. Dear old man; he is in heaven now, awaiting the re-assembling of his old class! God grant that every one of us may be there!

Sailing away on the Thames for London, we look back and see on either hand the two towns, with the great bridge clasping them together like an iron band. Then our eyes catch a glimpse of the dear walls of Eton, bathed in the mellow light of the mid-day sun. Old thoughts fill the mind, and a tear dims our eyes. Something like a sob convulses our frame, but it may be a prayer, for prayers are sometimes clothed in sighs. Dear old Eton!

SHOULD THE BOYS BE ENCOURAGED TO LEAVE THE FARM?

BY A. MACKINNON, M. D., STRATFORD.

No sensible person will advocate the establishment of caste or class distinctions in this country. Indeed, our chief danger lies in the opposite direction, and it is worth while to consider whether or not we have not already used our freedom in this respect, to a dangerous degree. If a shoemaker or tailor wishes to make a dry goods clerk, or even a professional man of his son, the way is open, and no one questions his right to do so. If the farmer wishes to do the same thing, he has equal rights, and can exercise his own judgment in the matter. His son has as good a right, by the laws and usages of a free country, to become a teacher, doctor or