

drous dream-world that he was almost afraid to contemplate. He told Thankful of his love and she cried softly for a time and then, raising her tear-wet face to his, took his hands in her own and said, "O Jack, you *must* not love me. Let us remain friends forever!"

He kissed her trembling lips, turned abruptly, and left her.

II.

"'Twere folly to love,
Shall we be as of yore,
Just friends—no more?"

The summer passed quickly away, and with it Thankful's happiness. The days of sadly-crooned tree-melodies, of "meadows brown and sere," of dull, gray-washed skies came with their mists and rain, and Thankful grew to love them. They seemed an expression of her moods; they harmonized with her feelings better than did the long, lingering months of sunshine and cloudless skies.

The old, old life was indeed a thing of the past. There was an indescribable longing in the girl's heart, a soul-craving that nothing satisfied; her life lacked that wondrous *something* which she knew could alone calm the ceaseless combating within. She looking forward into the vast unknown for the great gift of love, the while Cupid was singeing his very wings in the flames of her heart's altar. One day came the awakening.

It was a warm May afternoon; the air was cloyed with the breath of apple and pear blossoms as Thankful wended her way slowly along the lane to bring home the soft-eyed heifer which was tied to a fragrant pear-tree in a distant meadow.

Thankful's heart throbbed joyously, joining in the great nature symphony of praise and gladness. Lightly she clambered over the rail fences, making short cuts across the fields until she came to the tree where the heifer was tethered. She patted the beautiful creature upon its glossy side and placed her head caressingly against the silky neck, while Cherry chewed her cud, utterly oblivious to the condescension of her sweet mistress.

Thankful sat down with her back to the tree to rest, while the heifer wandered away as far as the rope would permit. Throwing her sunbonnet upon the ground she leaned her head against the rough bark and her hands drooped idly at her side. The sky was dazzling in its blueness; the heavy perfume of the pear-blossoms above filled the air and two or three pink petals fell softly upon Thankful's gold-brown hair; the lowing of cattle in the distant fields, the murmurous droning of bees, the twitter of birds, and the scurrying of a squirrel in the branches above alone broke the stillness. Thankful's eyes closed, her head nodded. The murmur of bees seemed to grow drowsier and fainter, a delicious sense of rest stole over her, and she slept.

In about an hour she woke to find herself a prisoner; Cherry, in her search for food had wandered several times around the tree and Thankful's sleeping figure. In vain the unwilling captive strove to rise, but the strands of rope chafed the delicate arms; the heifer watched her exertions in sleepy wonderment, entirely disregarding Thankful's mirthful "Shoo!" The prisoner's limbs began to ache and a half impatient "Shoo!" again broke the stillness, followed by a distracted cry of "Help!"

Cherry grew tired of standing and lay down upon the grass, nibbling the strings of the neglected sunbonnet. The time dragged slowly and the sun sank gradually lower until it disappeared behind the western hills; the crickets sang in the grass and the frogs croaked in the marsh. Thankful could hear the tinkling cow-bells as the cattle straggled up the lane to the barns. Her eyes filled with tears which were ready to fall when a rustling of grass proclaimed an arrival. In a moment Jack Allan stood before her. At any other time Thankful would have

laughed at the situation and at the surprise depicted upon Jack's face. But her cheeks flushed and her lips trembled as she said brokenly, "I'm—nearly—dead, Jack! Do cut these ropes."

Jack picked up a stick and in a short time had the astonished heifer trotting around the tree; ring after ring of rope was unwound from Thankful's aching body until the last strand was loosened. Then Jack bent over her with eager concern.

"Are you hurt, Thankful?" He took her hands in his and assisted her to her feet. Thankful swayed and a broken sob was hushed in the depths of Jack's coat as his arms encircled her trembling form. His lips touched hers and, half laughing, Jack said "What is my reward for raising the siege, Thankful?"

For a moment there was no reply, and then Thankful said very softly, "Will you take me as your reward, dear Jack?"

H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

DIVINITY EXAMINATIONS.

The Easter examinations which end the Divinity year began on April 5th, and lasted ten days. On account of Easter services the results were not posted until the 20th, instant when they appeared as follows:

THIRD YEAR (Final) *Honours*—Mr. E. A. Anderson, '96. *First Class*—Ds. Johnson. *Second Class*—J. D. Cooper, '97; Rev. C. A. Seager, M.A., '95, and Mr. J. H. MacGill, '99.

SECOND YEAR—*First Class*—Ds. H. C. Burt, '97, and Ds. Heaven, '96, *equalis*. *Second Class*—Ds. Wright, '97; Ds. Howard, '96; Ds. Bushnell, '96, and Ds. Bell, '94.

FIRST YEAR—*Second Class*—R. H. Steacy.

Conditioned—THIRD YEAR—In Dogmatics, Apologetics, and Biblical Knowledge, Ds. Byers, '96, in N. T. Subjects and Dogmatics, Ds. Mockridge, '95, in Dogmatics and Biblical Knowledge. SECOND YEAR—In N. T. Subjects, Dymond, '96, Mr. C. P. Sparling, '95.

The Hamilton Memorial and Cooper prize in Apologetics were both taken by Mr. E. A. Anderson, '96, who also won the several prizes in the third year for General Proficiency, Old Testament Subjects, Greek Testament, and Liturgies. The Judge Macdonald prize for Biblical Knowledge could not be taken by Mr. Anderson who headed the list, as that gentleman carried it off last year, and so fell to Messrs. C. P. Johnson, '94, and J. H. MacGill, who were equal for second place in that subject.

The prize for Dogmatics in the third year was not awarded.

In the second year Messrs. C. A. Heaven, B.A., and H. C. Burt take the prizes for Old Testament Subjects and Patristics and Church History respectively and divide that for General Proficiency, while Mr. J. De P. Wright wins that for Greek Testament.

In the first year the prize for General Proficiency was not awarded.

The examinations just past have been marked by several misunderstandings on the part of the class as to the work to be covered by the papers. This with the consequent uncertainty was most unfortunate not merely to the few who thereby suffered as *conditioned in certain subjects*, but also in its effect upon the class generally in some of its relationships in the College. It is hoped, however, that in future such unpleasantness will be avoided by a more definite understanding of the *quantum* of work required by the course in its various years.

IN MEMORIAM.

The academic year now so nearly ended has been marked in various ways at Trinity, but in none with more interest to our own men, or even to the casual visitor of our Halls, than in the Chapel. Here as year follows year are being