

moved a couple of benches farther and came to Gleeson's old place and in his imagination could see that same frank face, that curly head set on the fine broad shoulders, before him again. Gleeson, who had never told a lie, good at heart, but easily led, had gone to the bad after leaving school. He had mixed with evil companions and taken to drinking. The schoolmaster remembered how he had gone down into the slums, found Gleeson, and never left him until he had him started again on the right path. And what was Gleeson now? He was the lawyer who won that famous case a short time ago. He passed on to the other benches and saw in them again Hall, Sterns, Ludlow, Miller—all were famous men now and he was proud of them. Perhaps they had forgotten him, but he would never forget them. For such as they be had labored in this small classroom all his life while they had gone into the world and become famous men, and he felt that in his own way he shared in their fame. He looked over to another bench and his face grew sad. Oh! poor Lawson—well, no man living could have kept Lawson straight. He went back to the table and sank into his chair and with his grey head bowed, sat staring into space.

Outside, the town welcomed back its sons. The buildings were decked with banners; bands played; the streets were thronged with people. A carriage, bearing two men, came along and as it passed the crowd cheered. One of the gentlemen was saying, "He must be a very old man now," and the other, "Remember how he used to talk to us about honor among men." Presently the carriage reached the old school and stopped. The gentlemen stepped down and passed in through the door. When they entered the schoolmaster was still sitting at the table and did not notice them until one of them touched him on the shoulder. He looked up and with tears in his eyes threw his arms about them exclaiming, "Masters! Gleeson! The crowd stole in from the street and looked silently on while the old schoolmaster, still clinging to his former pupils, wept like a child.

The next day a new teacher was appointed, but only as an assistant to teach the sciences. Through the gratitude of Masters and Gleeson the old schoolmaster was retained for life to teach the boys to be honorable among men.—A. J. J., Science, '12.

## *Flowers of the White Narcissus.*

*By Lilian Vaux MacKinnon, (M.A., '03.)*

(If any man have two loaves, let him sell one and buy some flowers of the white narcissus; for the one is food for the body, and the other is food for the soul.—*Mohammed.*)

Flowers of the white narcissus,  
Food for the timeless soul,  
And a valiant heart  
To yield the part  
For the sake of the final whole