

GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS.

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN GLENGARRY.

By Ralph Connor—Rev. C. W. Gordon.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

an exhibition of school work, not only in the two subjects already named, but in the other subjects of the school course. The work of the scholars of each grade, from the kindergarten up to the entrance class, was grouped together. There were examination papers in almost every subject; drawings, colored and uncolored; maps, and collections of leaves, flowers, grasses and woods. It was not an exhibit of the work of the best pupils, but every scholar's work was there—good, bad or indifferent.

In the rural school, this exhibit might be made the means of obtaining creditable and neat work throughout the term. The examination papers written on, weekly or monthly, throughout the term, might be returned to the teacher after the pupils had seen their marks and kept by her until the school examination day. Drawings might be saved also; collections of leaves, flowers and weeds made in their season, could be mounted for the exhibit, and the maps drawn during the term hung up. The name and grade of each pupil being on every piece of his work, makes the pupil more careful, and gives parents an opportunity of seeing how the term's work of their boy compares with that of others.

"The King."

That by "The King" we are to understand "King Charlie over the water," is made clear by the accessories of the picture. There is the emblematic bowl of water, the full-rigged frigate with royal pennon flying, the sheaf of papers with news from across the sea, and, more symbolic than all, the raised swords, or "Arch of Steel," pledging the cavaliers to unswerving fidelity to their oath of loyalty to their banished sovereign. The picture represents the registering of a vow as much as the drinking of a toast—one of the many singular scenes which preceded the coming to his own of the so-called "Merrie Monarch." It is told of grim old Oliver Cromwell that he more than once twitted those whom he well knew to be disaffected towards himself with drinking the health of King Charlie over the water. "I wot well that ye do it, sirs, but I would advise ye to do it more privately if ye can." H. A. B.

When Days Are Long.

When twilight late delayeth,
And morning wakes in song,
And fields are full of daisies,
I know the days are long;
When Toil is stretched at nooning,
Where leafy pleasures throng,
When nights o'errun in music,
I know the days are long.

When suns afoot are marching,
And rains are quick and strong,
And streams speak in a whisper,
I know the days are long.
When hills are clad in velvet,
And winds can do no wrong,
And woods are deep and dusky,
I know the days are long.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

What Falls when it Rains?

It is not raining rain to me—
It's raining daffodils—
In every single drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills—
Though clouds of grey infest the day,
And overwhelm the town,
It is not raining rain to me—
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me—
But fields of clover bloom.
Where any buccaneering bee
May find its board and room.
Here's a health unto the happy,
And a fig unto him who frets—
It is not raining rain to me—
It's raining violets.

—Robert Loveman.

It was with no small difficulty that the master brought the school to such a degree of order that the closing speeches could be received with becoming respect and attention. The trustees, according to custom, were invited to express their opinion upon the examination, and upon school matters generally. The chairman, John Cameron, "Long John," as he was called, broke the ice after much persuasion, and slowly rising from the desk into which he had compressed his long, lank form, he made his speech. Long John was a great admirer of the master, but for all that, and perhaps because of that, he allowed himself no warmer words of commendation than that he was well pleased with the way in which the children had conducted themselves. "They have done credit to themselves," he said, "and to the teacher. And indeed I am sorry he is leaving us, for, so far, I have heard no complaints in the Section."

The other trustees followed in the path thus blazed out for them by Long John. They were all well pleased with the examination, and they were all sorry to lose the master, and they had heard no complaints. It was perfectly understood that no words of praise could add to the high testimony that they "had heard no complaints."

The dominie's speech was a little more elaborate. Somewhat reluctantly he acknowledged that the school had acquitted itself with

"very considerable credit," especially the "arith-met-ic" class, and indeed, considering all the circumstances, Mr. Munro was to be congratulated upon the results of his work in the Section. But the minister's warm expression of delight at the day's proceedings, and of regret at the departure of the master, more than atoned for the trustees' cautious testimony, and the dominie's somewhat grudging praise.

Then came the moment of the day. A great stillness fell upon the school as the master rose to make his farewell speech. But before he could say a word, up from their seats walked Betsy Dan and Thomas Finch, and ranged themselves before him. The whole assemblage tingled with suppressed excitement. The great secret with which they had been burdening themselves for the past few weeks was now to be out. Slowly Thomas extracted the manuscript from his trousers' pocket, and smoothed out its many folds, while Betsy Dan waited nervously in the rear.

"Oh, why did they set Thomas to this?" whispered the minister's wife, who had profound sense of humor. The truth was, the choice of the school had fallen upon Randal and Margaret Aird. Margaret was quite willing to act, but Randal refused point-blank, and privately persuaded

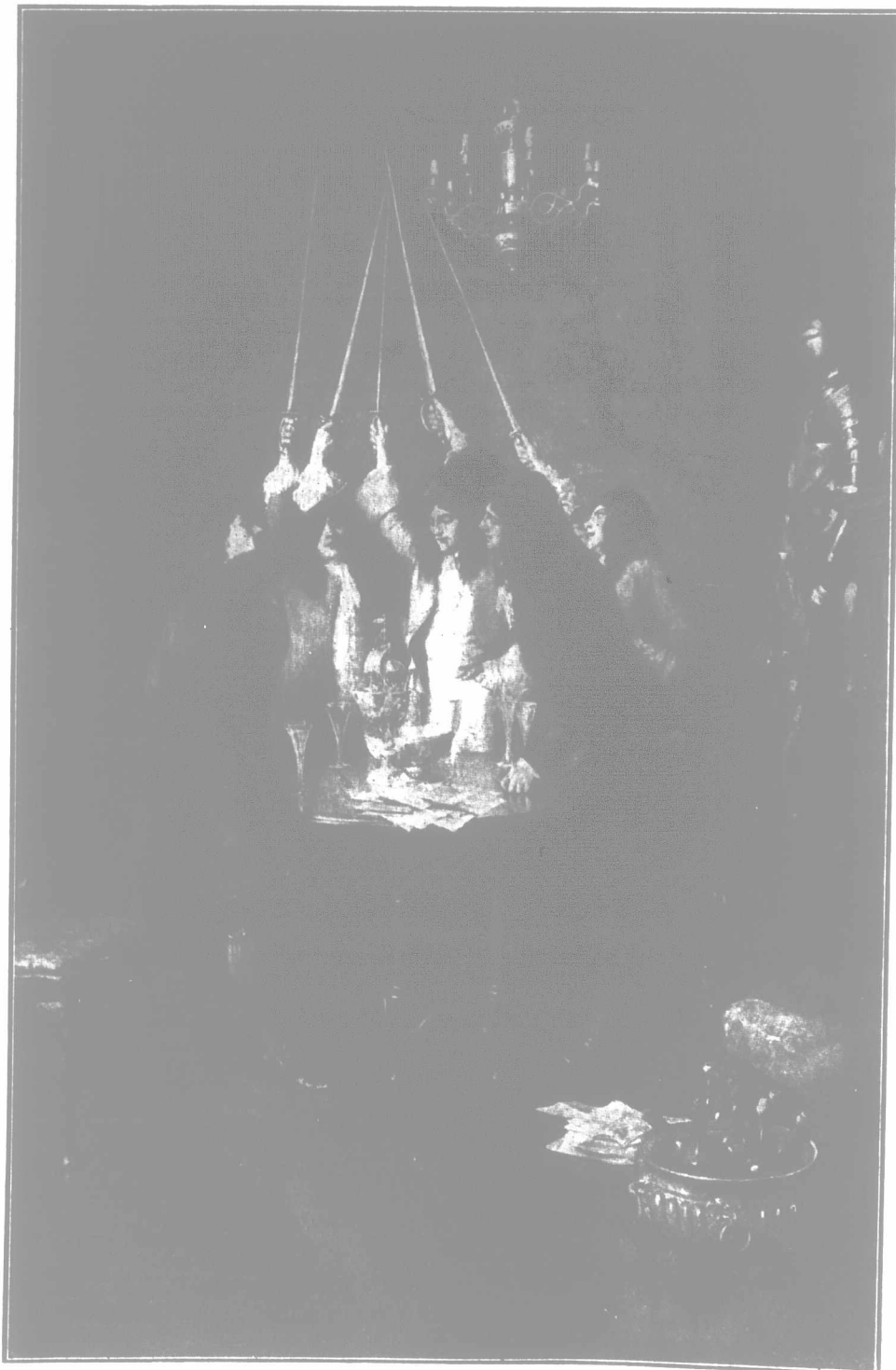
Thomas to accept the honor in his stead. To this Thomas agreed, all the more readily that Margaret,

whom he adored from a respectful distance, was to be his partner. But Margaret, who would gladly have been associated with Randal, on the suggestion that Thomas should take his place, put up her lower lip in that symbol of scorn so effective with girls, but which no boy has ever yet accomplished, and declared that indeed, and she would see that Tom Finch far enough, which plainly meant "no." Consequently they had to fall back upon Betsy Dan, who, in addition to being excessively nervous, was extremely good-natured. And Thomas, though he would greatly have preferred Margaret as his assistant, was quite ready to accept Betsy Dan.

The interval of waiting while Thomas deliberately smoothed out the creases of the paper was exceedingly hard upon Betsy Dan, whose face grew redder each moment. Jimmie Cameron, too, who realized that the occasion was one of unusual solemnity, was gazing at Thomas with intense interest growing into amusement, and was holding his fingers in readiness to seize his nose, and so check any explosion of snickers. Just as Thomas had got the last fold of his paper straightened out, and was turning it right end up, it somehow slipped through his fingers to the floor. This was too much for Jimmie, who only saved himself from utter disgrace by promptly seizing his nose and holding on for dear life. Thomas gave Jimmie a passing glare and straightened himself up for his work. With a furious frown he cleared his throat and began in a solemn, deep-toned roar: "Dear teacher, learning with regret that you are about to sever your connection," etc., etc. All went well until he came to the words, "We beg you to accept this gift, not for its intrinsic value," etc., which was the cue for Betsy Dan. But Betsy Dan was engaged in terrorizing Jimmie, and failed to come in, till, after an awful pause, Thomas gave her a sharp nudge, and whispered audibly, "Give it to him, you gowk." Poor Betsy Dan, in sudden confusion, whipped her hand out from under her apron, and thrusting a box at the master, said hurriedly, "Here it is, sir." As Thomas solemnly concluded his address, a smile ran round the room, while Jimmie doubled himself up in his efforts to suppress a tempest of snickers.

The master, however, seemed to see nothing humorous in the situation, but bowing gravely to Thomas and Betsy Dan, he said, kindly, "Thank you, Thomas! Thank you, Elizabeth!" Something in his tone brought the school to attention, and even Jimmie forgot to have regard to his nose. For a few moments the master stood looking upon the faces of his pupils, dwelling upon them one by one, till his eyes rested on the wee tot in the front seat, looking at him with eyes of innocent and serious wonder. Then he thanked the children for their gift in a few simple words, assuring them that he should always wear the watch with pride and grateful remembrance of the Twentieth school, and of his happy days among them.

But when he came to say his words of farewell, and to thank them for their goodness to him, and their loyal backing of him while he was their teacher, his voice grew husky, and for a moment wavered. Then, after a pause, he spoke of what had been his ideal among them. "It is a good thing to have your minds trained and stored with useful knowledge, but there are better things than that. To learn honor, truth, and right; to be manly and womanly; to be self-controlled and brave and gentle—these are better than all possible stores of learning; and if I have taught you these at all, then



W. A. Breakspere.

"The King."