

Recollections of Eton.

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It is summer—hazy, indistinct and dreamy. The landscape is wonderfully lovely as far as the eye can reach, so still and peaceful that it seems as though all objects were perfectly motionless. The whispering of birds is deliciously disconnected. The choruses of crickets robbed of their sharpness, and the echo of careless footfalls muffled and dreamy.

Twilight, like the shadow of an angel's wing, gracefully mantles the weary world. The west is still brilliant with the crimson flushes of sunset, though the quivering arrows of gold have melted into indefiniteness. Even the burning after-crimson has softened to a delightful pink that anticipates the sight of a prairie blushing with a harvest of roses.

Just such a twilight years ago bathed the towers and turrets of the walls of Eton College. The shadows were, perhaps, a trifle deeper and more tinged with gray, and the crimson more subdued in its beauty, but the evening, with all its advancements, was a gem of English summer eves.

Ten years had passed since we had bidden those dear old scenes and associations farewell, and proudly, brave and ambitious entered into the mazes of busy life. A wonderful peace falls on us like a whispered benediction as we stand 'mid the hallowed relics of boyhood hours. The old river, wending along with its undisturbed, even pulsations, has not changed in appearance one particle. Time writes no wrinkles on its passionless face. The shadows of the old bridge are as grand and majestic as ever, though they seem to be more tenderly and gracefully outlined. Perhaps care and anxiety has toned the fire of our youthful vision!

Ten years ago! Ten years since we last saw the outlines of our second home—our alma mater. There is often the history of a lifetime crowded into a few words; there is the shadow of one in these. How wonderfully and sacredly true the following words are we fully realized that night:

"Only a year ago,
So short, and yet so long;
Its memory, soft as the summer wind,
Or a wane of the angel's song!"

We find, on entering the old hall, that ten years have not passed without changes being enacted there. Younger men fill the positions of those who were gray-headed when we bade them farewell. A new class of young men fill the lecture-room—men who have before them decided plans, which they trust years will enable them to fulfil. New graduates wear the insignia which help them to fill and appreciate their manhood. New fresh men, to whom classics and mathematics are more idealities than realities. But ever and anon we meet an old face, and a hearty clasp of the hand assures us that, though parted, we are not forgotten. With such we recount old times and view old scenes through the misty vista of ten years.

There is one sight we see in the long portrait-adorned hall which brings a flood of dear old recollections to our mind; it is that of a noble looking, white-haired man—the old professor. We fancy the mute lips move, and the warm heart, long silent, beat responsive as we remember his hearty "God bless you, boys!"—our parting benediction. We spend one evening more among those never-

to-be-forgotten haunts. We must have another row. Although sobered with years, we are boys again. We cannot handle the oar as dexterously as we did then; we cannot pull with the same precision; but what matters that as long as we are happy for one more grand twilight night.

Our aquatic friends of other days now dwell beside another river, where no dithering shades disturb the beautiful serenity of the scene, where no chilly damps of evening are, for "there is no night there."

We push gently from shore! We cannot picture to you the scene as we would wish. As we look across, the old town looks beautifully indistinct in the distance, and the forest-like great battlements of black to defend the place against an attack of fabled giants.

We drift down with the tide! An old song bursts upon our ears, which has for us more music than the grand melody of some famed orchestra. It is the song of college boys rowing against the tide. They face us. Their smooth, even dip falls with sweet echo. They are gone. God bless the boys!

But twilight deepens into dark, and the stars dazzle in beauty in the deep cerulean vault of heaven. We turn our little craft and bravely pull homeward against the stream. The wavelets play against our boat's side, making a very pretty accompaniment for our thoughts. We have moored our vessel, and sit there a moment or two listening to the rippling of the water and the stray song of some happy couple who will soon row together always. We take a long look at river, forest and shore, then silently wend our way along the well remembered path that leads to the town.

A stray shaft of silver from the newly risen moon gives us a beautiful view of the old Etonian walks. With a prayer in the heart and a delightful sensation of peace in the soul we say, "Farewell, alas! farewell!"

A Suggestion.

SIR,—Allow me to say a few words with regard to the examination of candidates for first-class certificates of qualification.

Since many of us (second-class teachers) are aspiring to step higher in the profession in point of certificates as well as other qualifications, and yet the duties of teaching and reviewing the whole list of subjects to the extent required to obtain a first-class certificate at the same time, are too pressing for the constitution of an ordinary person, would it not be advantageous to all concerned if the subject of examination of the same were divided into "primary" and "final," similar to the division of subjects for the examination of candidates in medicines, and others, giving the candidate the choice to pass them both (together or separately), providing both are passed within two or three consecutive years. If such would be a benefit to the profession, why should we not have the same privilege as those of other professions in this case? and could not something be done to induce the authorities to pass a resolution to that effect?

Hoping to hear the opinions of others more able to discuss the subject, and also to see some steps taken to gain this point, I remain,

AN ASPIRANT.

"The appearance and contents of the COMPANION AND TEACHER do you credit." So says an inspector.