

*Presented at time of Kingston Old Boys'
Excursion.*

Moods and Seasons

*Happy thoughts are hovering round us
In the air,
And how often they have found us
In despair.
As Evengels they are passing
To and fro,
On mission work far surpassing
What we know.*

Multum-in-parvo.

In memory of "Old Kingston" I present this little booklet to each Kingston "Old Boy."

This little booklet is built from the rough rock work of Nature in the vicinity of Kingston. Though "rough and scant of Beauty's softer green" old Kingston has breathed into those who have lived within her precincts for some years a softness of heart that causes them to think of her though absent in the flesh.

If there is any merit in the verse contained in this booklet I am indebted for some unseen quality in old Kingston's air, and especially am I indebted to the late Rev. K. M. Fenwick, who was my pastor, for teaching me the rudiments of grammar, and also I am indebted to his impressionable readings in private, in his study, sometimes, of some of Tennyson's poems. When that beautiful and impressionable poem "The Old, Old Story" came out in Canada he read it to me as I have never heard it since read.