

Glengarry School Days.

(Continued from our "Home Magazine" Department.)

"Do you like him?" asked Thomas, bluntly.

"Dunno. I'd like to, but he won't let you, somehow. Just smiles at you, and you feel kind of small."

The reports about the master were conflicting and disquieting, and although Hughie was himself doubtful, he stood up vehemently for him at home.

"But, Hughie," protested the minister, discussing these reports, "I am told that he actually smokes in school."

Hughie was silent.

"Answer me! Does he smoke in school hours?"

"Well," confessed Hughie, reluctantly, "he does sometimes, but only after he gives us all our work to do."

"Smoke in school hours!" ejaculated Mrs. Murray, horrified.

"Well, what's the harm in that? Father smokes."

"But he doesn't smoke when he is preaching," said the mother.

"No, but he smokes right afterwards."

"But not in church."

"Well, perhaps not in church, but school's different. And anyway, he makes them read better, and write better, too," said Hughie, stoutly.

"Certainly," said his father, "he is a most remarkable man. A most unusual man."

"What about your sums, Hughie?" asked his mother.

"Don't know. He doesn't bother much with that sort of thing, and I'm just as glad."

"You ought really to speak to him about it," said Mrs. Murray, after Hughie had left the room.

"Well, my dear," said the minister, smiling, "you heard what Hughie said. It would be rather awkward for me to speak to him about smoking. I think, perhaps, you had better do it."

"I am afraid," said his wife, with a slight laugh, "it would be just as awkward for me. I wonder what those Friday afternoons of his mean," she continued.

"I am sure I don't know, but everywhere throughout the section I hear the children speak of them. We'll just drop in and see. I ought to visit the school, you know, very soon."

And so they did. The master was surprised, and for a moment appeared uncertain what to do. He offered to put the classes through their regular lessons, but at once there was a noisy outcry against this on the part of the school, which, however, was effectually and immediately quelled by the quiet suggestion on the master's part that anything but perfect order would be fatal to the programme. And upon the minister requesting that the usual exercises proceed, the master smilingly agreed.

"We make Friday afternoons," he said, "at once a kind of reward day for good work during the week, and an opportunity for the cultivation of some of the finer arts."

And certainly he was a master in this business. He had stronger dramatic instincts, and a remarkable power to stimulate and draw forth the emotions.

When the programme of singing, recitations and violin-playing was finished, there were insistent calls on every side for "Mark Antony." It appeared to be the piece de resistance in the minds of the children.

"What does this mean?" inquired the minister, as the master stood smiling at his pupils.

"Oh, they are demanding a little high tragedy," he said, "which I sometimes give them. It assists in their reading lessons," he explained, apologetically, and with that he gave them what Hughie called, "that rig-

marole beginning, 'Friends, Romans, countrymen,' Mark Antony's immortal oration.

"Well," said the minister, as they drove away from the school, "what do you think of that, now?"

"Marvellous!" exclaimed his wife. "What dramatic power, what insight, what interpretation!"

"You may say so," exclaimed her husband. "What an actor he would make!"

"Yes," said his wife, "or what a minister he would make. I understand, now, his wonderful influence over Hughie, and I am afraid."

"O, he can't do Hughie any harm with things like that," replied her husband, emphatically.

"No, but Hughie now and then repeats some of his sayings about—about religion and religious convictions that I don't like. And then he is hanging about that Twentieth store altogether too much, and I fancied I noticed something strange about him last Friday evening when he came home so late."

"O, nonsense," said the minister. "His reputation has prejudiced you, and that is not fair, and your imagination does the rest."

"Well, it is a great pity that he should not do something with himself," replied his wife. "There are great possibilities in that young man."

"He does not take himself seriously enough," said her husband. "That is the chief trouble with him."

And this was apparently Jack Craven's opinion of himself, as is evident from his letter to his college friend, Ned Maitland.

"Dear Ned:

"For the last two months I have been seeking to adjust myself to my surroundings, and find it no easy business. I have struck the land of the Anakim, for the inhabitants are all of 'tremenjous' size, and, indeed, 'tremenjous' in all their ways, more particularly in their religion. Religion is all over the place. You are liable to come upon a boy anywhere perched on a fence corner with a New Testament in his hand, and on Sunday the 'tremenjousness' of their religion is overwhelming. Every other interest in life, as meat, drink, and dress, are purely incidental to the main business of the day, which is the delivering, hearing, and discussing of sermons.

"The padre, at whose house I am very happily quartered, is a 'tremenjous' preacher. He has visions, and gives them to me. He gives me chills, and thrills as well, and has discovered to me a conscience, a portion of my anatomy that I had no suspicion of possessing.

"The congregation is like the preacher. They will sit for two hours, and, after a break of a few minutes, they will sit again for two hours, listening to sermons; and even the interval is somewhat evenly divided between their bread and cheese in the churchyard and the discussion of the sermon they have just listened to. They are great on theology. One worthy old party tackled me on my views of the sermon we had just heard; after a little preliminary sparring I went to my corner. I often wonder in what continent I am.

"The school, a primitive little log affair, has much run to seed, but offers opportunity for repose. I shall avoid any unnecessary excitement in this connection.

"In private life the padre is really very decent. We have great smokes together, and talks. On all subjects he has very decided opinions, and in everything but religion, liberal views. I lure him into philosophic discussions, and overwhelm him with my newest and biggest metaphysical terms, which always reduce his enormous cocksureness to more reasonable dimensions.

"The minister's wife is quite another proposition. She argues, too, but, unfortunately, she asks questions, in the meekest way possible, acknowledging her ignorance of my big terms, and insisting upon definitions and exact meanings, and then

(Continued on next page.)

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