

ALEX. STEWART MACGREGOR, ESQ.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES....By Henry Van Dyke

Mr. Macgregor enjoys the distinction of being able to claim the world-famed parish of Drumtochty as his birth-place. That was in 1845 almost half a century before Ian Maclaren had there found his "Bonnie Brier Bush," about which clustered so many stories that touched the springs of laughter and of tears. When but four years old Mr. Macgregor came out to Canada with his parents who settled upon a farm in Lanark. Being the eldest son he had of course to help in the farm work, and not until he was well on in his teens had he opportunity for regular attendance at school. Having the misfortune to lose his right arm, and being thereby incapacitated for farm work, he qualified for the teaching profession in which he engaged for a number of years. He was also for two years on the staff of the "Stratford Beacon." In the year 1883 he entered the service of the Sun Life of Canada as General Agent for the counties of Perth and Huron. Having done good service in this capacity he was subsequently appointed Local Manager of the London District, which position he still occupies to the entire satisfaction of the Company.

THE TRAIN AMONG THE HILLS....C. G. D. Roberts.

Vast, unrevealed, in silence and the night,
Brooding, the ancient hills commune with
sleep.
Inviolate the solemn valleys keep
Their contemplation. Soon from height to
height
Steals a red finger of mysterious light,
And lion-footed through the forests creep
Strange mutterings; till suddenly, with
sweep
And shattering thunders of restless flight
And crash of routed echoes, roars to view
Down the long mountain gorge the Night
Express
Freighted with fears and tears and happi-
ness.
The dread form passes; silence falls anew.
And lo! I have beheld the thronged, blind
world
To goals unseen from God's hand onward
hurled.

In warlike pomp, with banners streaming,
The regiments of autumn stood;
I saw their gold and scarlet gleaming
From every hillside, every wood.

Beside the sea, the clouds were keeping
Their secret leaguer, gray and still;
And soon, their misty scouts came creeping,
With noiseless step, from hill to bill.

All day their sullen armies drifted
Athwart the sky with slanting rain;
At sunset for a space they lifted,
With dusk they settled down again.

At dark the winds began to blow
With mutterings distant, low;
From sea and sky they called their strength,
Till with angry, broken roar,
Like billows on an unseen shore,
Their fury burst at length.

I heard through the night
The rush and the clamor;
The pulse of the fight
Like blows of Thor's hammer;
The pattering flight
Of the leaves, and the anguished
Moans of the forest vanquished.

Just at daybreak came a gusty song:
"Shout" the winds are strong.
The little people of the leaves are fled.
Shout! the Autumn is dead!"

The storm is ended; the impartial sun
Laughs down upon the victory lost and won.
In long, triumphant lines the cloudy host
Roll through the sky, retreating to the coast.

But we, fond lovers of the forest shade,
And grateful friends of every fallen leaf,
Forget the glories of the proud parade,
And walk the ruined woods in quiet grief.

For so these thoughtful hearts of ours repeat,
On fields of triumph, dirges of defeat;
And still we turn, on gala days, to tread
Among the rustling memories of the dead.

"You must forgive me, Madam, for giving
you that goblin over there as a vis-à-vis, but
unfortunately I could not find anybody else."
"Ah, that doesn't matter, Mr. Malaprop, I
am quite accustomed to having him as a
vis-à-vis. He is my husband!"

"No news is good news," but it won't do
to run a daily paper on that principle.