

Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,
Graven on memorial columns, are a song
Heard in the future; few, but more than wall
And rampart, their examples reach a land
Far thro' all years, and every where they meet
And kindle generous purpose, and the strength
To mould it into action pure as theirs."

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"The sun, the moon, the stars,
Send no such light upon the ways of men
As the great deed."

It is with grateful affection we watch this peerless peer descending the slopes of time; to his elevating and refining influence we owe much. When his summons comes we trust it will be to pass "to where beyond these voices there is peace." He gives us his own full assurance of this in his last utterance:—

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though from out the course of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar."

If this poor endeavor to point out some of the beauties of our literature, leads any youthful readers to acquaint themselves with these great minds, the effort will be more than rewarded.

A. D.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CRICKET.

When I first learned that our Rector wished me to contribute an article on the above subject I felt greatly disposed to studiously avoid him, but finally when he bearded me in my den, I soon found that my protestations were of no avail. But now that I have started, I must confess that my first impression of the game was not at all favorable. It seemed very slow compared with the rival game of baseball peculiar to this country. However, when I went to Merchiston School, and was compelled like all public school boys in the old country to practise every day, with matches on Saturdays, I was not long in discovering many charms which greatly heightened my opinion of the game. And now I fully share the opinion of most cricketers that it heads the list of all out-door games. Baseball is a capital sport and particularly adapted to this country where the devotees of outdoor games have not so much time at their disposal as on the other side of the ocean. But if one can give the time let him by all means take up cricket. Those who have had an English school training in the game are fortunate, as many cricketers claim that such an early training is necessary for the attainment of any proficiency in the game. It is very difficult unless one has been coached, and early taught a good style to acquire it later in life. Style is a very essential element of the game, though the casual observer might think

that as long as the runs were made, it made no great difference how. But this is not the case, any good cricketer would much prefer to make a small score in good form than twice the number of runs in a slipshod manner.

I was hardly fourteen when I entered Merchiston. I started in the fifth eleven and although the hope of finally reaching the first eleven,—which, I must confess, the majority of us boys thought much more of than promotion in class—was a strong incentive to practise hard and attend to the instructions of the "professional" employed for that purpose, as in all large English schools, still the gulf between the two elevens seemed so wide that I hardly hoped to ever reach what was every boy's ambition. It was a very pretty sight to see as many as ten different elevens at Merchiston practising at the same time, every boy anxious to improve himself, both for his own sake and the school's, for to assist in the defeat of a rival school is a pleasure not surpassed by perhaps much greater successes in after life.

Matches were played by most of the elevens every Saturday and frequently on Wednesday, and whilst each boy was particularly interested in the success of his own team, still it was to the first eleven that the eyes of the school were turned. Upon its success depended the standing of the school in the struggle for the championship which was always very keen.

I was a proud boy in my second term, when I saw my name posted as a member of the first eleven. But my happiness was considerably marred by one fear, that I might not be able to maintain my position. I can well recall many restless nights before important school matches. In consequence I was so nervous and shaky that I was almost unfitted for play. If we were defeated we would return to the school feeling that we had lost credit with our friends, with but the comfort of recalling previous victories over the same school and the determination to practise hard and possibly retrieve ourselves. It often happened towards the end of the season that two or more schools held the same position in the race for the championship, and one fear would then be that one of these schools might score a victory whilst we might suffer a defeat and be thus set back, but on the other hand if we won, our hope would then be that our closest competitors might have lost their games on the same day. No cricketers are appreciated to the same extent as the first eleven in a school where there is the proper "esprit de corps." "Strawberry Grubs," dozens of oranges and apples being offered "ad libitum" to the various members of the team if they would come off with a fifty after their names. And to be honest, the team was not above requesting such rewards which were rarely refused unless the person was disliked, but no schoolboy could be so unpopular that a large score at cricket did not convert him into a hero for the time being. His performance would be talked of for many a year afterwards amongst the past and present pupils, whilst prizes taken in his studies would be forgotten the next day.

I well remember a match we played against Edinburgh Academy, which will illustrate the enthusiasm felt by the school in cricket matters. One of our number scored 96 not out against them, and when we returned to Merchiston,