

worthy far than he, might scan the ample page of knowledge, rich with the spoils of time, entering into the labours of that humble worker whose only requital is the secret joy of the unselfish soul. I know of one who would lay his laurels at that brother's feet."

The responsive spirits of the gallery were not slow to catch the significance of his words, nor less tardy to acclaim.

Long and loud and lusty was the volley that marked the close of his address, the students turning one to the other the while, wondering if the tribute to these unnamed benefactors were founded on his own experience. The desired information was soon forthcoming.

"Of course he means his own brother," one of the theologues assured. "I visited at his father's farm last Christmas and he has described his elder brother to a nicety—he's a brick, too."

"You don't say so, what's his name?" cried the poet.

"Reuben," answered the informant; "they call him Rube."

Armed with which, and waiting till the din had fallen, the poet rose to his feet and called to the excited crowd,

"I say, boys, I know his name—his name is Rube, that pure gold fellow on the farm. Three cheers for Rube, I say—for all the Rubes, everywhere—three cheers, hip, hip —"

And the collegians did the rest, arts men and