

outlook on life which he met with in Canada. His response to it, as noted by his friends, was generous and typical of the breadth of his Old World training. He came to the college a real Oxford M.A., polished, reserved to frigidity, unappreciative of the practical things of every-day life, and almost unapproachable. He left it with the shell of many Old World conventions broken, and all who knew the real man beneath admired and esteemed him for both his personality and as much of the shell as he chose to retain. Neither small mindedness nor selfishness ever found congenial soil in his nature. He had many friends also in that residence which shelters many of those whom he looked upon as

typically Canadian, in their bright, attractive, and ingenuous charm—Canadian women. If secrets could be told, Elwell would be thought even more of now than in the past, by those of his college friends who lived in that residence.

All his classmates of both the class of 1911 and 1912 will admit that their experience at Macdonald was made not less but more worth while; was not narrowed but broadened and deepened because of Bob Elwell. To say that is but a small tribute, perhaps, to his real self, as those who knew him more intimately will feel it his due to admit.

A CLASSMATE.

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### *The Golden Harvest.*

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O brave and young, who perished in your spring-time,	In that far land, on either side the river
The time of singing birds and sunny hours,	Of endless life, in the bright heavenly groves,
Sweet mystery and dreamings vague and tender	Trees of God's planting, do you grow, I wonder,
Of fruit to come from out the heart of flowers!	To nobler ends and to serener loves?
Your eager pulses leaped when called your country,	Your leaves may be for healing of the nations,
You counted not the cost, but gladly gave	Now sick with strife and worn with fierce desire,
The sunshine and the hope of Life's fulfilment	Showing, though darkly in a glass, the vision
For darkness and the silence of the grave;	Of a new Earth made clean by love's pure fire.
In love you broke the box of ointment rare:	O seed that dies! For tears we cannot see
What purpose is this waste of lives so fair?	The golden harvest of Eternity.

J. M. KRAUSE.