

the sense of a great blank came to me, for Hank was not there, nor The Schoolmaster, nor Red Jock.

As the dusk came on they all left but Dicky, who waited to have a little talk.

When I had come out of the house after seeing that Barry was resting, we sat down on the bench by the door, and Dicky handed me a parcel neatly tied in brown paper, but it was not to be added to the pile of gifts left on the living-room table, he said.

"It seemed sort o' sad like to give ye today," he explained, "but the Master told me to give it to ye."

Curiously I took off the wrapper, and there was a little walnut box, such as the prisoners had been making, and about it had been painted, with The Schoolmaster's own painstaking perfection of lettering, these verses:

"When Lount and Matthews met their doom,  
It seemed that Freedom died;  
But not the sword of Death can stay  
The Powers that onward ride.

"For Right shall triumph over Wrong;  
The body, only, dies;  
And they who died ere long shall see  
Their shining goal arise."

Not very good poetry, perhaps, but filled, to those who could read between the lines, with The Schoolmaster's philosophy of life,—that not one effort for liberty or right, even though apparently defeated, can be lost, and that the soul that strives shall know and be satisfied.

"He was in the jail in Hamilton when he made it," said Dick, indicating the box. "He got away somehow, an' made a bee-line fer the States. Him an' Hank's together again, thick as bugs in a rug. I seen them often fer a while, an' they were alwus talkin' about gittin' Canada's liberty goin', an' The Schoolmaster was alwus makin' speeches. They sort o' fired me up too fer a while, but I guess I got home-