

was told that the slates were letting in water in several places, also that he was disturbing the school, and had better go, but he kept on—till, suddenly flinging down his class-book, the master seized him by the shoulders and backed him down through the passage and out through the door, which he shut and turned the key. The old man shouted outside for a while, but finally took himself off. He was avenged, though, a few days later, when a sheet of plaster, some five feet square crashed from the lofty ceiling on the master's head as he stood before the fireplace.

The master had two heavy handicaps in life. The first was weak eyes, necessitating the constant wearing of glasses, a very unusual thing in that country at that date. While he kept them on, his countenance was prepossessing, but whenever he took them off to wipe them, as he often did, his facial contortions frightened the girls and convulsed the boys. His other trouble was far worse: his wife, a very handsome woman, was a most fearful shrew, and, unlike Shakespeare's specimen, was never tamed. She would burst into the schoolroom at uncertain intervals with the most opprobrious language, and then he would make a rush for her and she would retreat, he slamming and locking the door and returning to his desk with a very red face, while she carried on outside. One

summer evening she ran to a neighbour's house screaming that he had thrashed the mother of her ninth child, and truly if ever woman deserved it, she did. The scriptural accounts of demoniac possession remind me of her, for had she been insane, some of the children would have been weak-minded, but none of them were, and all but two came to maturity. Luckily they were nearly all boys, for she was no housekeeper, and he had to do all the mending himself. They grew up thin and wiry like their father, running barefoot like the rest of us in summer, but while we had comfortable wooden-soled clogs in winter, they had only leaky shoes. There was not much frost or snow in the Isles, but they enjoyed what little there was as much as we did, and one of them skated barefoot on the ice.

With his own hands the master built himself a stone habitation of one room, with window and fireplace, in a corner of his garden, and latterly he went there regularly and locked himself in. The winter before he left he was teaching his oldest boy Latin grammar at night, and he asked me to come, because his boy learned better in company. He sat there hearing our lessons, and working at his pile of mending for the boys and himself. In school he always wore a tweed tail coat, but his last garment outlasted its looks, for

he had neatly patched the sleeves with cloth of a different pattern from the body.

Rendered desperate by a growing family and a stationary salary, he remarked one day to my father, "Robert, I see I must make a break somewhere for the sake of my boys." So in the autumn of 1875 he took an assisted passage for the whole family to New Zealand, where he became teacher of a Scandinavian settlement in the North Island. There he got hold of a good-sized piece of land, and as it was in the vicinity of the City of Wellington, he was able later to sell it to advantage in small sections. His family all located near him, and seemed to do well, except the barefoot skater. This one wrote me some years ago from an Australian sheep range, saying he was the rolling stone and black sheep, though he had qualified as a steam-boat engineer.

The termagant wore herself out in 1900, and the rest of the master's life was spent in peace at the home of his married daughter in Wellington. All through his life in the south he wrote me occasionally, and in his last letter, written in 1910, he said he was obliged to give up both writing and reading on account of his eyes, but he still slept like a boy. His daughter notified me of his death in August, 1912.

The Ear Trumpet: by Annie C. Dalton

(An Appreciation by Alice M. Winlow)

The poems in Mrs. A. C. Dalton's Chapbook, "The Ear-Trumpet," are written in the tempo and mood of protest. One must not expect then to find in them "mere spinning of gold from the poet's inner consciousness."

To write of the tragedy of deafness, as the poet has written in this little book, one must have the light of understanding, the fire that searches, the scorn that withers; and one must have suffered until the heart has stored the purple word, the keen-edged word, the word of flame.

The first selection in the book is an answer to stanzas written by Edith Sitwell on her Aunt's ear-trumpet. It is a moving indictment of that poet's flippant verses. One is reminded in reading it of Oscar Wilde's searing words, "The laughter, the horrible laughter of the world, a thing more tragic than all the tears the world has ever shed!"

The poem "To Viola Meynell" is a crescendo of emotion that surely will pierce to the core of the callous heart. In the second part of the poem an ecstasy of suffering is pinioned in a few verses.

The second poem in the chapbook

opens in a silver key and passes without modulation into a sombre key. The effect is startling. The fourth stanza is:

"Seal not thy nostrils to each scented thought
That hides in flowered shade or sunlit prison,
Oh lovely things by senses can be bought,
On perfume souls to Eden have arisen."

It reads like music in the fragrant key of A major. The last stanza of this arresting poem is austere beautiful.

Of the poem "Marie Bashkistseff said" it is difficult to write, so poignant it is. To one who loves sound, the music of nature, certain verses are filled with anguish:

"Of the soundless wind and rain
Beating on the window-pane;
Of the voiceless bird and beast,
Of the songless, laughless feast,
Of the mind to madness spurred,
Never a word."

Surely those who are too ready to condemn their fellows will be moved to compassion by the last stanza; and if the chapbook do no more than waken

dull hearts to sympathy and understanding, it will have accomplished a great thing.

"Of life's last keen extremity,
Fear of laughter, fear of pity,
Of the death that would not smite,
Of my heart pierced uncontrite,
Living, thrilling, mad-to-live,
Quick, ceremented, splenetic,
Broken heart!
Of my youth so over-yeared,
Of all this,
Too well, I wis,
Not a word . . .
Ah! Never a word."

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