The

Preparation of Ryerson Embury

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The January moonlight lay white upon the Canadian college town of Ithica. In fields and vacant lots, where the crust of the snow was unbroken, the eye was conscious of vast stretches of ethereal purity which stirred in a sensuous way the moral faculty and flooded the emotions like a strain of lofty music. Only the hard glitter, when the moon's rays fell upon a bit of icy coating here and there, brought a reminder of the edged cold that was cutting the face. The scattered houses, as they sat at a respectful distance from each other in their comfortable gardens, were made up of sharp patches of milky whiteness and dark shadow; and often the moon upon a window made a brighter light than the lamp that lit its shaded neighbour.

Close-muffled groups were coming with crunching footsteps up various streets, and converging on a small church in the suburbs which seemed