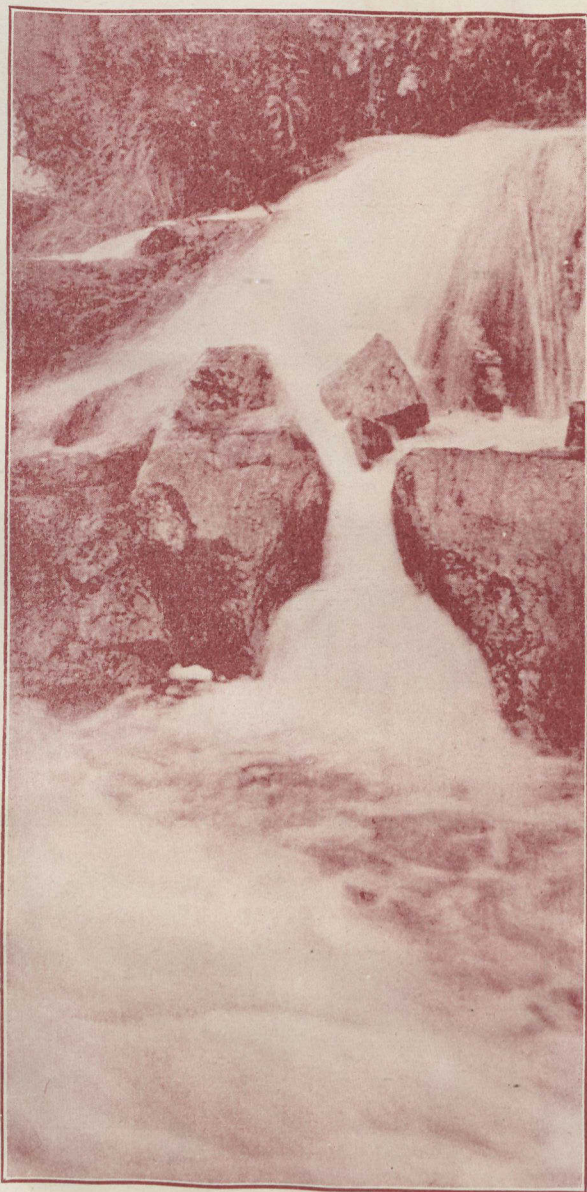


True Students have lasting
joys and rare privileges

*It is then not too much for the
Journal to add to its sincerest
Christmas and New Year
Greetings, the wish that our
readers may find satisfaction
in good work done, not only
for ourselves but for others.*



AT KINGSTON MILLS.



VOL. XXXVII.

DECEMBER 15th, 1909.

No. 9.

Some Christmas Recollections.

Selected from the waste-paper basket of a Scottish student.

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,
And to hear no more at all."

We had grown tired of the hum-drum and fag of professorial prelections; the glamour had begun to fade from the autumn visions of the Life Intellectual, and our Glasgow climate, dour and humid and dirty, had begun to make us long for atmospheric mercies untainted with soot, when Christmas broke on us. So we fled from the city to regain a sense of cleanness in the Argyllshire Highlands—a fair selection of Glasgow oddities. There was an engineering man in whom all the science in the world could not quench the fundamental Highland superstition; an Oxford man who proved the truth of the dictum, that the Oxford man is a Scotsman anglicised—his essential "Scotchness" still remaining in a permanent desire to criticize other folks religion; a Greek drawn to Glasgow by the fame of our naval architecture department; and myself. In Argyllshire we added to our variety the parson, who like all other Edinburg men, found it difficult to see even a fringe of the universe outside the shade of Edinburg. The elements of pleasure at our disposal were solid and primaeval. There were roads leading to Highlands lochs and glens, and a vault over the back wall landed you on the edge of a heathery moor. There were huge meals, and warm fires before which to doze after we had fed; and when the pleasures of female society palled on us, and our brains began to yearn for metaphysics, there were the library, its fire, its easy chairs and all the rigour of the Scottish theological game.

The programme was simple. Breakfast struggled along for three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which we trooped out to chaff our chief village celebrity, Jacob the postman, and to indulge in the peculiar kind of horseplay which is all the humor known to palaeolithic man and the student. About ten, we began to gird up our loins and prepare for the day's walk, weaker brethren offering gallantly to remain with the ladies to prevent their feeling of isolation becoming too pronounced. A thirty miler was the ideal for us, with a sufficiency of heather and moor to vary the routine of the road. These Christmas walks were among the most memorable things in old days. It might be a clear north-wester with the surface of the loch an indescribable blue, flecked with the purest white; or a true Highland west wind, sun and shower, with the sun and rain flying across

the hills; or sheer headlong south rain when the water trickled down our backs as we walked, and we splashed with sodden boots through boggy moorland. But whatever the weather, we took it all in good part. We were students on holiday, with no fear of senile ailments, and somehow allied to nature in all her moods, and loving her best when she adopted the whims and changes of the sex we despised.

But if the walk was good, the end was better. There was the sound of many waters as we had our "tubs"; and then the solemnity of a Christmas dinner, where our appetites gave a real religious significance to the meal. There is no line appeals so directly to me in Homer as that conventional one—"And we sat there the livelong day until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and on sweet wine . . . and when the sun had sunk, then we laid us to rest upon the sea-beach." Only, being Scotsmen, we turned to smoking and theology as a more heroic form of relief. As our self-constituted "Committee on the Universe" discussed predestination, and higher criticism, and the *Summum Bonum*, one could almost imagine in the midst of the rustle of the wind in the trees outside, or the quiet patter of the rain, a gentle sign or a dry chuckle—nature thinking of our futures, or smiling at our boyish freakishness. But there it was that our university training had its finish added.

There was a village life, too, that counted on our Christmas joys. Once a year, at Christmas, our local Curling Club held its concert, and all the world turned out. Curling in Scotland, like so many other Scotch things, consists as much in sentiment as in practice; and your true curler finds solace for absent ice in actual dinners, more actual national beverages, and such social events as our concert. At our village, both platform and audience were characteristic. The platform—doctor or parson in the chair, the local banker prominent in the foreground, with a shrewd gleam in his eye, the village joiner and local orator prepared for votes of thanks, a few worthies who had qualified by age for the honour, and a visitor or two. The audience—some genteel rows in the dearer seats, the élite come not to enjoy but to countenance,—prim ladies, who blushed when their small brothers, still in the *primaeval* state, shouted with laughter at the vulgarest jokes, serious elders looking on with the attitude of uncomfortable virtue they had learned from a long life of well-kept Sundays, and we students. The villagers filled in the back with stir and vigor, exhibited in lusty cheers, and tremendous approval of the "funny" man in the programme, and derisive chaff, as the local "boozer" left the hall in the intervals to quench his undying thirst. The programme flashed from pathetic Scottish folk-songs, to cheap modern sentiment, and thence to the hopeless vulgarity which has too often claimed for itself the name of Scottish humour—as if Harry Lauder had displaced Walter Scott in his supremacy there.

But my exile's pen grows garrulous. These were the days that made us all; that was the country for which I'll count heaven a poor exchange. We Glasgow men have gone now to the ends of the earth; that was the call which came to all of us, and we would not have it otherwise—work, and enough of it, and a fight for the greater issues. But our Christmas fellowship fixed for us long ago our mother land, and the deeper our roots fix themselves in our new homes,

the more surely our nationality changes into religion, and once, at least, a year we hang our harps on the willows or the maples and remember Zion.

Let me end with some verses from a poet too little known, which say what I want to say, but cannot:—

“In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling,
 I hear from fields beyond the haunted mountains,
 Beyond the unrepentable forests,—
 I hear the voices of my comrades calling
 Home! Home! Home!
 Strange ghostly voices, when the dusk is falling,
 Come from the ancient years; and I remember
 The schoolboy shout, from plain and wood and river,
 The signal cry of scattered comrades, calling
 Home! Home! Home!

Call, and still call me, for the dusk is falling.
 Call for I fain, I fain would come but cannot.
 Call, as the shepherd calls upon the moorland.
 Though mute, with beating heart, I can hear your calling,
 Home! Home! Home!”



SCENE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

The Kid Hangs Up His Stocking.

THE clock in the West-Side lodging house ticked out the seconds of Christmas eve as slowly and methodically as if six fat turkeys were not sizzling in the basement kitchen against the morrow's spread, and, if twoscore boys were not racking their brains to guess what kind of pies would go with them. Out on the avenue the shop-keepers were barring doors and windows, and shouting "Merry Christmas" to one another across the street as they hurried to get home. The drays ran over the pavement with muffled sounds; winter had set in with a heavy snow-storm. In the big hall the monotonous click upon the board kept step with the clock. The smothered exclamations of the boys at some unexpected, bold stroke, and the scratching of a little fellow's pencil on a slate, trying to figure out how long it was yet till the big dinner, were the only sounds that broke the quiet of the room. The superintendent dozed behind his desk.

A door at the end of the hall creaked, and a head with a shock of weather-beaten hair was stuck curiously through the opening. "Tom!" it said in a stage-whisper: "Hi, Tom! Come up and git on ter de lay of de kid."

A bigger boy in a jumper who had been lounging by the group of checker-players, sat up and looked toward the door. Something in the energetic toss of the head there aroused his instant curiosity, and he started across the room. After a brief whispered conference, the door closed upon the two, and a silence fell once more on the hall.

They had gone but a little while when they came back in haste. The big boy shut the door softly behind him and set his back against it. "Fellers," he said, "What do you think? I'm blamed if the kid ain't gone an' hung up his stock fer Christmas!"

The checkers dropped, and the pencil ceased scratching on the slate, in breathless suspense.

"Come up an' see," said Tom briefly and led the way. The whole band followed on tiptoe. At the foot of the stairs their leader halted. "You don't make no noise," he said with a menacing gesture: "You, Savoy!"—to one in a patched shirt and with a mischievous twinkle—you don't come none o' yer monkey-shines. If you scare de kid, you'll get it in the neck, see!"

With this admonition they stole upstairs. In the last cot of the double tier of bunks, a boy much smaller than the rest slept, snugly tucked up in blankets. A tangled curl of yellow hair strayed over his baby face. Hitched to the bed-post, was a poor, worn, little stocking arranged with much care so that Santa Claus should have as little trouble in filling it as possible. The edge of a hole in the knee had been drawn together and tied with a string to prevent anything falling out. The boys looked on in amazed silence. Even Savoy was dumb.

Little Willie, or, as he was affectionately dubbed by the boys, "The Kid", was a waif who had drifted in among them some months before. Except that his mother was in the hospital, nothing was known about him, which was regular and according to the rule of the house. Not as much was known about most of its patrons; few of them knew themselves, or cared to remember. Santa Claus

had never been anything to them but a fake to make the colored supplement sell. The revelation of the Kid's simple faith struck them with a kind of awe. They sneaked quietly down stairs

"Fellers," said Tom, when they were all together again in the big room,—by virtue of his length, which had given him the nick-name of "Stretch", he was the speaker on all important occasions,—"ye seen it yerself." Santa Claus is a-comin' to this here joint to-night. I wouldn't 'a' believed it. I ain't never had no dealin's wid de guy. He kinder forgot I was around, I guess. But de kid says he is a-comin' to-night an' what de kid says goes.

Then he looked round expectantly. Two of the boys, "Gimpy" and Lem were conferring aside in an undertone. Presently, Gimpy who limped as his name indicated, spoke up.

"Lem says, says he——" "Gimpy, you chump! you'll address de chairman," interrupted Tom, with severe dignity. "Cut it out Stretch," was Gimpy's irreverent answer. "This here ain't no regular meetin', an' we ain't goin' to have none o' yer rot. Lem he saye, says he let's break de bank and fill the Kid's sock. He won't know but it was ole Santy done it.

A yell of approval greeted the suggestion. The chairman, bound to exercise the function of his office in season, and out of season thumped the table. "It is regular motioned, an' carried," he announced "that we break de bank fer de Kid's Chris'mas. Come on, boys!"

The bank was run by the house, with the superintendent as paying-teller. He had to be consulted, particularly as it was past banking hours; but the affair having been succinctly put before him by the Committee of which Lem, Gimpy, and Stretch were the talking members, he readily consented to a reopening of business for a scrutiny of the various which represented the boys' earnings at selling papers and blacking boots, minus the cost of their keep and of sundry surreptitious flings at "craps" in secret corners. The inquiry developed an available surplus of three dollars and fifty cents. Savoy alone had no account; the run of craps had recently gone heavily against him. But in consideration of the season, the house voted a credit of twenty-five cents to him. The announcement was received with cheers. There was an immediate rush for the store, which was delayed only a few minutes by the necessity of Gimpy and Lem stopping on the stairs to "thump" one another as the expression of their entire satisfaction.

The procession that returned to the lodging-house later on, after wearing out the patience of several belated storekeepers, might have been the very Santa's supply train itself. It signaled its advent by a variety of discordant noises, which were smothered on the stairs by Stretch, with much personal violence, lest they wake the Kid out of season. With book in hand and bated breath, the midnight band stole up to the dormitory and looked in. All was safe. The Kid was dreaming, and smiled in his sleep. The report aroused a passing suspicion that he was faking, and Savarese was for pinching his toe to find out. As this would inevitably result in disclosure, Savarese and his proposal were scornfully sat upon. Gimpy supplied the popular explanation.

"He's a-dreamin' that Santa Claus has come," he said, carefully working a base-ball bat past the tender spot in the tender spot in the stocking.

"Hully Gee!" commented Shorty, balancing a drum with care on the end of it, "I'm thinkin' he ain't far out. Look's ef de hull shop'd come along."

It did when it was all in place. A trumpet and a gun that had made vain and perilless efforts to join the bat in the stocking, leaned against the bed in expectant attitudes. A picture book with a pink Bengal tiger, and a green bear on the cover, peeped over the pillow, and the bed posts and rail were festooned with candy and marbles in bags. An express-wagon with a high seat was stabled in the gangway. It carried a load of fir branches that left no doubt from whose livery it hailed. The last touch was supplied by Savoy, in the shape of a monkey on a yellow stick, that was not in the official bill of lading.

"I swiped it fer de Kid," he said briefly in explanation. When it was all done, the boys turned in but not to sleep. It was long past midnight before the deep and regular breathing from the beds proclaimed that the last had succumbed.

The early dawn was tinging the frosty window-panes with red when from the Kid's cot, there came a shriek that roused the house with a start of genuine surprise.

"Hello!" shouted Stretch, sitting up with a jerk and rubbing his eyes. "Yes, sir! in a minute. Hello, Kid, what to——"

The Kid was standing barefooted in the passageway, with a base-ball bat in one hand, and a trumpet and a pair of drumsticks in the other, viewing with shining eyes the wagon and its cargo, the gun and all the rest. From every cot necks were stretched and grinning faces watched the trumpet that fairly shook the building. As if it were a signal, the boys jumped out of bed, and danced a breakdown about him in their shirt-tails, even Gimpy joining in.

"Holy Moses!" said Stretch, looking down, "if Santy Claus ain't been here an' forgot his hull kit, I'm blamed!"—*Jacob A. Rüs in the Century Magazine.*



MOONLIGHT ON HUDSON BAY.



IN THE CANADIAN NORTHLAND.



Queen's University Journal

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Editorials.

COLLEGE men and women have the future of their country in their own hands. For Canadian students the message of Christmas has an especial meaning. To us it is given to take a part in determining the course of a young nation newly awakened to a sense of life and strength. The day is past when any nation is saved by the mere preaching of the Gospel. It is in the national practice of its truth that the hope of Canada lies. With its complex racial problems, our country can attain permanent greatness only on a high plane of Christianity. Its practice will be hard enough, its problems difficult enough, to test the bravest spirits and the keenest minds, and this is the task which students in particular must take up. We are accustomed to think that there is among us a class of men whose work it is to deal with the moral problems of the nation, but more and more it is becoming evident that they alone are insufficient to maintain a pure national life. Canada must look to those who lead her thought, and who carry out her national enterprises, for the solutions of her problems. The present students are those who must soon enter the governing body of the nation, and on whom its future depends. They are the leaders of the communities in which they live and their influence is exerted according to their outlook upon life. If any student has any hope for his native land, it must be in the message proclaimed long ago. No amount of natural resources, or business alertness can overcome a defect of morals in the national life. There is this to be said at Queen's, that we do not consider any student, a typical graduate either in arts, science, or medicine, who does not go out from the university with some definite faith in the pre-eminence of Christian ideals as a necessity in the individual and national life. The old student was a hermit; the tendency of to-day is that he become a specialist or materialist just as far removed from sympathy for and interest in his fellows. Either type is a hindrance to the growth of the nation; and it is just possible that the old retiring, scholarly recluse was a greater benefit to the people, than many of the aggressive, self-centred and irresponsible men and women of to-day.

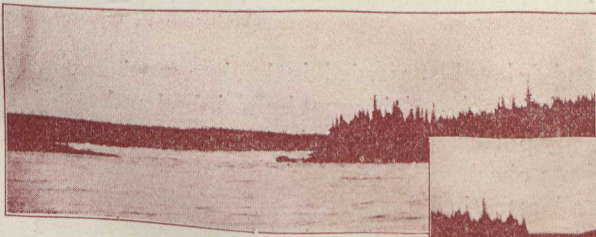
It is within the past week that a prominent physician of Kingston, addressing a body of students said that the most prevalent disease to-day was "neurasthenia,"—a degeneration of the nervous and mental tones of the system. Surely the cause of this is that we have gotten away from the true idea of education and of life itself. People are wearing themselves out, because they have an outlook on life that is perverted. Their idea of the relative importance and value of things is distorted. We must look to university students to correct these tendencies to find satisfaction in that which is crude and uncultured, as well as the vain pursuit of that which is of little account. It is not too much to expect that Queen's should give to her Alumni such ideas of literature, science, and life that they shall go out to become good citizens. It is not true education that makes the student arrogant in his treatment of others, or intolerant of any whom he may think beneath him. Education must, in a real sense, make him a man among men, ready to enter upon his work in the community, and able to live in contact with his fellows, maintaining at the same time his ideals of life. Such an education finds its highest expression in culture, integrity, and efficiency. This is in all its phases, Christian, and is the message of the season to Canadian students. Its application is personal and national.

Two Geese.

By Julius Sturm. (Translated).

To the white goose spoke the grey goose with a confidential mien,
 "Let us go and walk together on that sward so smooth and green,
 It would certainly refresh us both to taste the tender grass,
 And so in pleasant company a pleasant hour we'll pass."

"No," said the white goose, coldly, "I fear I must decline,
 I only walk by day with geese in the same set as mine,
 Familiarity with you would hurt my reputation,
 I am a goose 'tis true, but one of very different station."—L. S.



A LAND OF LAKES AND RIVERS.

Reminiscences of a Day in Jamaica.

KINGSTON, the Capital of the Island of Jamaica, is one of the most interesting spots known to tourists. Here may be seen a wealth of odd characters, quaint customs, picturesque scenes. No city is more thoroughly typical of West Indian life.

It is the day before Christmas. It seems strange not to hear the merry tinkling of the sleigh-bells or see the snowflakes falling. But in their own peculiar way, the natives celebrate no less happily this festive season of the year. The stores are doing a rushing business. Pretty creole girls exchange their pennies for a bottle of perfume or a bright red necktie for some specially favored youth. An old man, more religiously inclined,—perhaps a “pillar” of the church—has a fancy for illustrated Bible Texts. Others gaze curiously at gay show-windows, not knowing what to buy—they so seldom get the chance!—Everywhere the crowd is eager and excited. The market-place is the chief centre of interest. Market women from the country are “squatting” beside their hampers full of native produce—they, too, know how to gossip. One old woman puffing away most unconcernedly at her clay-pipe, has before her a curious shaped mound of “jackass-ropes” (native-cured tobacco) which she sells at sixpence a yard. Across the street is a chinamen’s shop with the sign “*Licensed to sell, etc.*” above the door—for down there the crafty oriental prefers the rum-trade to the “washee” business. The “chink” has tried to cheat the “nigger” by under-measuring a quart of flower, and over the counter they jabber and squabble until an interested policeman plucks up courage to interfere. Next door is a “Hair-cutting Saloon” owned by a Cuban—one Jose Fernandez, by name—The odor of the very latest Dandruff-Cure comes through the open jealousies and one hears the steady “click-click” of the scissors.

How forgetful one is of time, when “shopping” and “sight-seeing”? I suddenly realized that I had but a few minutes left in which to catch the last train for Kendal. Hailing the nearest bus in sight, I clambered into the rickety old-fashioned vehicle, and bade the driver “beat it” for the station in quick time. He doubtless saw that I meant business, for the gong was set-a-going, the lash freely used, and the usual jog-trot became a furious gallop. Through narrow lanes we rushed past hand-carts, drays, and lazy loafers, till we lined up beside the railway depot.

After considerable annoyance and delay I succeeded in having my baggage checked. But oh! what a nuisance it is! Each article must be weighed and every pound of excess baggage paid for. My porter does the trick, however. “Hurry up, no sah! Backra want im luggage check ya quick! No de Kuhnel son dis!” The baggage-man is immediately all attention and politeness. Hi! but you tink say you no grow big man, sah! Ah beg you gimme little ginty be mek me memba you, sah?”

At last I get a seat in the 3rd class coach. Across the aisle is an old coolie with silver bangles, a bandana handkerchief full of odds and ends, and a cigarette. In front of me is an old darkey woman with baskets and bundles galore.

In the seat behind, an English tourist surrounded by magazines, periodicals and the London "Times" is trying to figure out how long it will be before his next "whiskey and soda" A curious assortment of passengers, to be sure!

The guard—six-feet of surly self-importance—calls "all aboard," and with joltings and clankings of couplers, the train pulls out. Good bye! dear dusty old Kingston! The cars travel speedily across the dry plains, stopping but for a moment only at lonely way-stations. To the south of us nothing but marshy swamp; to the north miles and miles of sun-burned soil, cactus plants and log-wood; in the distance the Blue Mountains. The hills, covered with rich moist vegetation, rise one above the other until one sees but a long pale blue line overshadowing the Liguanea plain.

I was awakened from my reverie as the train approached the ancient capital. The long row of massive columns makes an imposing entrance to the station. In Spanish Town are many mementoes of the old days of Spanish occupation. The cathedral—with its curiously inscribed tablets,—contains many interesting relics. In the public square stands a monument to Admiral Rodney in honor of his victory over the French fleet under Count de Grasse.

After leaving Spanish Town with its historical charms, we are whirled through the fertile sugar-cane belt. The old sugar-estates now in ruin, covered with moss and ferns, and here and there a cart drawn by yoked oxen, remind one of the olden times when "Jamaica Rum" made the Island famous. At May Pen we slowly cross the bridge that spans the dry bed of the Rio Minho. The river, which during the rainy season of the year, rushes down and sweeps away its banks, is now but a small murky stream wending its serpentine course to the sea. Through the car-window I see a group of native women, with their dresses oddly tucked up above the knees, scrubbing and washing clothes, while numerous ebony-skinned pickanninies are playing in the sand,—a typical scene of that happy indolent people—.

'Tis almost dusk, and we have left the plains behind us; the locomotive soon grapples with the mountains; the glens become narrower and the grades steeper. It is over an hour since we started and the scenery has changed. The loamy soil of the lowlands is now a deep-red muddy clay. Orange-trees, laden with luscious fruit, are seen growing wild. Here and there in seemingly inaccessible places are dotted the little whitewashed cottages and thatched huts of the small settler.

"Ponis"! shouts the railway-guard. This drear-looking station with its grey walls and low arched entrances reminds one of some monastery or fortress in the Spanish mountains. This is the "lunch-counter" on the line. Women carrying trays of cakes and harmless homemade "Ginger Beer" crowd around the car-windows, wildly excited, jealous of each other, and fearful lest the whistle blow before you have been able to make the right "change" for a "quattie's worth of "corn-pone".

From Ponis to Kendal is a long climb and a tedious one. The track winds in and out encircling the hills. In the valley below are grazing-pens where the cattle are idly browsing. The engine seems at times to almost despair of

surmounting the steepness of the grade. Its monotonous "chug-chug-chug" is most realistic beside the wierd and fanciful sounds of the tree frogs, the crickets and the screech-owl. The bright moon, rising in the heavens, casts strange shadows over the dark forest. The cool night air, heavily scented with tropical flowers, breathed a languorous contentment which overpowered and fascinated me.....

The memories of such a day fade; they are indelibly impressed on the mind of every one whose home is in this "Lotus-land"—this island in the Carribean Sea.—G. O. W. H.

Midwinter Storm in the Lake Region.

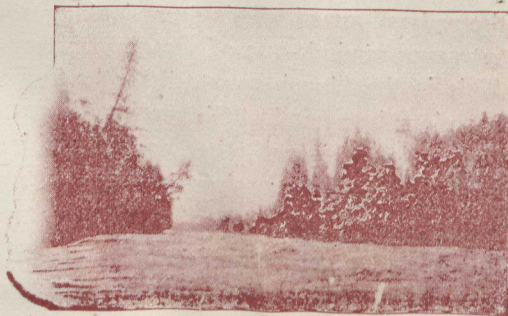
Rises the wind, red dawn over the icicled edges
Of black, wet, cavernous rocks, sheeted and winter-scarred,
And heaving of gray-green waves, foaming the ice-blocks and ledges
Into this region of death, sky-bounded, solitude-barred.

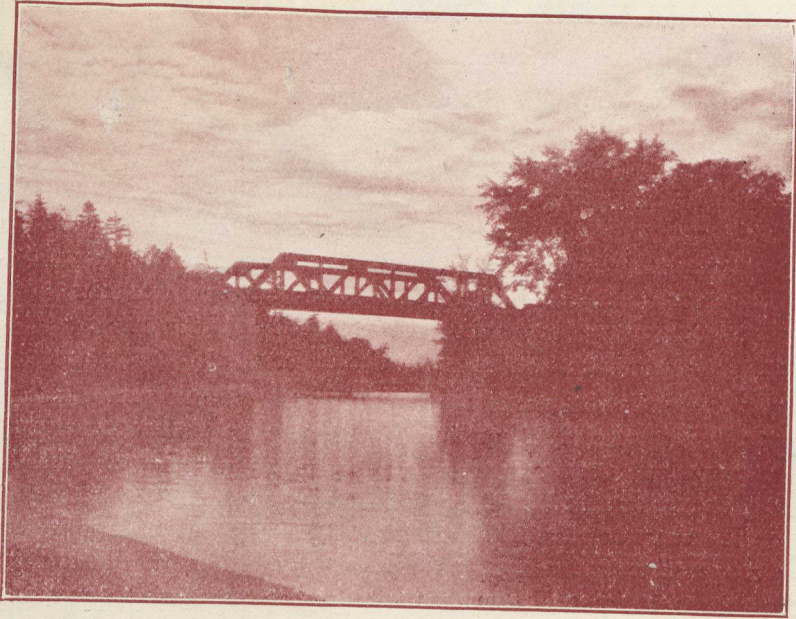
Turned to the cold kiss of dawn, gilding their weird dark faces,
Left the cyclopean rocks, silent, motionless, bare;
Where high on each haggard front, in deep-plowed, passionate traces
The storm hath graven his madness, the night hath furrowed her care.

Out of the far, gray skies comes the dread north his blowing
That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the heart like fate.
Quick as the fall of a leaf the lake-world is white with his snowing,
Quick as the flash of a blade the waters are black with his hate.

God pity the sad-fated vessels that over their waters are driven
To meet the rude shocks of his strength and shudder at blast of his breath.
God pity the tempest-drove sailors, for here naught on wave or in heaven,
Is heard but the hate of the night, the merciless grinding of death.

William Wilfrid Campbell.





BRIDGE AT KINGSTON MILLS.



'WAY UP NORTH.

The Schoolmaster.

HE stood with one hand resting on the table and he faced the long rows of empty benches. His mind wandered back through all the years he had spent in this very room—years spent in teaching boys who had since gone out to face the world—and he hoped that all of them were at least upright, honorable men, even if they had not all attained rank and fortune. His great purpose had been to teach these boys the grand principles of life, to show them the difference between right and wrong. Perhaps his teaching of the sciences had been a little lacking, but of one thing he was absolutely sure and that was that every boy who had ever come under his care had been taught that to be honorable among men should be the highest ambition in life.

He was the schoolmaster. He had seen the pupils come and go from year to year. For them his whole life had been spent within these four walls; his best energy had been expended. He was grey and worn and now he must give place to another. An open letter lay on the table before him. It had come that afternoon from the trustees and it stated in as polite and kind a manner as possible that as he was now getting rather too old to teach they thought it advisable for the welfare of the pupils that a younger man should be appointed in his stead. "Yes," he mused, "perhaps he was getting too old." Why that very morning he had tried to solve a problem and his hand had trembled so that the chalk had broken three or four times and twice it had fallen from his hand altogether. Then the figures would not come, he seemed to forget the simple rules, and try as he would he could not solve that simple problem. A titter ran round the room and some of the boys laughed outright. To lose the respect of his own pupils, that was the worst of all. He turned to them and with a shaking voice, spoke to them of honor and virtue, the respect due to age and the duties of man to men. He appealed to their manliness and he touched their hearts. When he had finished they were all deeply sorry for their thoughtless derision.

The school had been dismissed at noon. The town was having an "Old Boy's Reunion," and a half holiday had been proclaimed. After the pupils had gone he had remained, and as he stood leaning on the table facing the empty benches, he imagined himself addressing his favorite boys, the ones he loved the best. He walked slowly down an aisle and stopped at a bench. "Yes," he mused, "that was Masters' seat. If he were here he would not let them laugh at me." There were the initials, W. M., deeply cut on the top of the bench. The old man remembered having punished Masters for that but he was glad now that they were there. He had always thought of this as Masters' seat, although many others had occupied it since he had left the school for the sterner activities of life. He remembered the day he had left; how he had shaken hands with him and given him a few words of advice; and as he saw the manly figure move away he knew that Masters was well prepared to face the world. Masters, the pride of his heart, what was he now? He was the president of that large railroad. The old teacher

moved a couple of benches farther and came to Gleeson's old place and in his imagination could see that same frank face, that curly head set on the fine broad shoulders, before him again. Gleeson, who had never told a lie, good at heart, but easily led, had gone to the bad after leaving school. He had mixed with evil companions and taken to drinking. The schoolmaster remembered how he had gone down into the slums, found Gleeson, and never left him until he had him started again on the right path. And what was Gleeson now? He was the lawyer who won that famous case a short time ago. He passed on to the other benches and saw in them again Hall, Sterns, Ludlow, Miller—all were famous men now and he was proud of them. Perhaps they had forgotten him, but he would never forget them. For such as they be had labored in this small classroom all his life while they had gone into the world and become famous men, and he felt that in his own way he shared in their fame. He looked over to another bench and his face grew sad. Oh! poor Lawson—well, no man living could have kept Lawson straight. He went back to the table and sank into his chair and with his grey head bowed, sat staring into space.

Outside, the town welcomed back its sons. The buildings were decked with banners; bands played; the streets were thronged with people. A carriage, bearing two men, came along and as it passed the crowd cheered. One of the gentlemen was saying, "He must be a very old man now," and the other, "Remember how he used to talk to us about honor among men." Presently the carriage reached the old school and stopped. The gentlemen stepped down and passed in through the door. When they entered the schoolmaster was still sitting at the table and did not notice them until one of them touched him on the shoulder. He looked up and with tears in his eyes threw his arms about them exclaiming, "Masters! Gleeson! The crowd stole in from the street and looked silently on while the old schoolmaster, still clinging to his former pupils, wept like a child.

The next day a new teacher was appointed, but only as an assistant to teach the sciences. Through the gratitude of Masters and Gleeson the old schoolmaster was retained for life to teach the boys to be honorable among men.—A. J. J., Science, '12.

Flowers of the White Narcissus.

By Lilian Vaux MacKinnon, (M.A., '03.)

(If any man have two loaves, let him sell one and buy some flowers of the white narcissus; for the one is food for the body, and the other is food for the soul.—Mohammed.)

Flowers of the white narcissus,
 Food for the timeless soul,
 And a valiant heart
 To yield the part
 For the sake of the final whole

Place for the touch of beauty,
 Need for the bloom of days,
 And a house of rest
 Where our sacred best
 Is freed from blame or praise.

Care for the one-essential,
 Claim for the though sublime,
 And a treasured love
 With the God above,
 Safe from the hand of time.

Isa.

IT was in the first Khan out of Bitlis that we met Isa. The Khan was a large stone structure, the ceilings arched overhead. One half the structure served as stable where the mules and donkeys huddled together, their noses in bags. The horses had to be tied, for they were more given to fighting than their road companions. The other half of the Khan was divided into five compartments, a hallway with two rooms on each side. One was a granary. In one the Khanji boiled water and sold sugar, salt, molasses and eggs, but had neither tea nor bread. A third room was occupied by the muleteers—its one window had no panes, the stove smoked, and there was snow outside and a wind. The best room was given up to a young officer, exiled under the old regime but now returning to home and freedom; a fellow foot-passenger; the gendarme who accompanied us; my slow and faithful servant, and myself. We had ordered turkey and rice for supper; after we had waited patiently for over an hour it was brought in and the dish placed on the matting that covered the floor. The officer and I drew up our heavy coats on which we were sitting, crosslegged, on the floor. A pocket knife, two wooden spoons, fingers and an appetite played havoc on the contents of the dish. We ordered it refilled—heaped up and flowing over, and the rest of the party fell to. According to the pleasant custom of this land we—the “honorable” who paid for the food, bid every comer partake, the Khanji, some curious persons at the door and all. Some refused—for you are usually expected to refuse. But Isa was among those who did not refuse.

He was short, clad in the Russian peasant's smock and black fur cap, a Circassian by race, recently returned from Russia where he and his family had lived for years and where he had worked in the Baker oil mines and sent half his earnings to his brother in Turkey and spent the rest on himself and wife and baby boy.

“Who is this fellow, Khanji?” the officer asked.

“He's a poor Cherkey (Circassian), going the same way that you are. He waited for some one to go with him, for he is afraid of robbers.”

“Robbers? There are no robbers now. Don't you know it's liberty. What's your name, fellow?”

“Isa.”

"Why are you afraid of robbers, Isa? You've got nothing any one would care to take. By the way you ate, I fancy, you've had little to eat for a long time. Are you hungry, Isa?"

"No effendi!"

"Did you enjoy your meal, Isa?"

"Beli!" (Yes!)

"You are very poor, Isa. Have you any money?"

"No effendi!"

"How can you travel without money, Isa?"

"I had money, effendi. They robbed me."

Gradually the story came out, generally in single words when his gracious majesty was pleased to grant freedom—

"You don't know what you're talking about, Isa. The Sultan did not grant liberty; we took it, we shed blood for it."

When liberty was given to Turkey, many Moslems who had taken refuge in Russian territory from Turkish misrule, now returned to their own country seeking in a regenerated Turkey freedom from Russian misrule. Among these was the Circassian village where Isa lived. He had given what money he had to his wife and sent her and her child and the household goods ahead with the rest. He had gone to Baker, had worked in the mines there, and had earned fifty mejidies, about forty-five dollars. Then he too had started home. But in a Persian village on the frontier he was robbed in broad daylight. Only the clothes he had on were left him. Since then he had come on foot, and trusted to the hospitality of the people he met on the road.

"How did you travel before that, Isa?"

"In Russia we travel in waggons. Here are the tickets."

"How long have you been on the road since you left Russia?"

"Many months. I stayed some time at Van because I was sick."

"How long is it since you saw your wife and little one?"

"Nearly a year."

"Do you know where they are now?"

"No effendi!"

"Have you no word about them?"

"They told me at Van that a party of mohajirs (immigrants) passed through there some months before. I suppose she was with them."

"Allah keep them, Isa, and help you to find them."

It was six days later, early in the afternoon, that we reached Diarbekir. We had crossed the large stone bridge which, since Roman days, spanned the Tigris, and now were toiling up the left bank towards the massive walls which surrounded the city. The traffic here was very great both to and from the city, people on foot and on horse, clumsy waggons and strings of donkeys with their loads. In the crowd Isa saw someone whom he knew, one of the immigrants with whom he had sent his wife and child. He came to share with us his happy news. "They are here," he said. "They came here some months ago."

"Light to your eyes, Isa. We trust you will find them well."

"Thank you, and God bless you," he replied, as I slipped a coin into his hand, "for the little one, Isa." And away he went, the happiest man in Diarbekir.

A few days later I ran across Isa in the streets.

"I want to see the doctor," he said. "You are staying with the American doctor, are you not?"

"Yes, Isa. Come around to-morrow morning. The doctor sees poor patients in the morning. Who is sick?"

"My little child is very sick. He has fever. I fear he may die."

"I am very sorry, Isa. I hope the doctor can do him good. And how is your wife?"

"She is dead, effendi. She died on the road."—L. P. Chambers ('04).

