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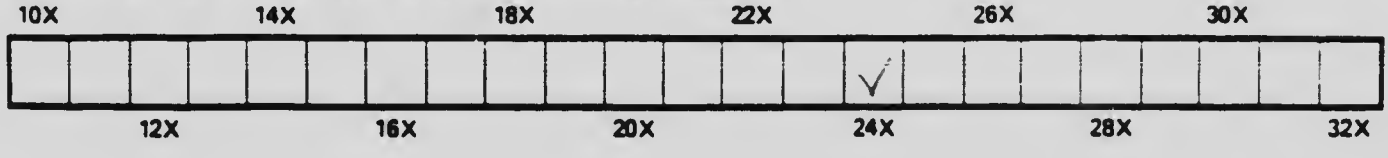

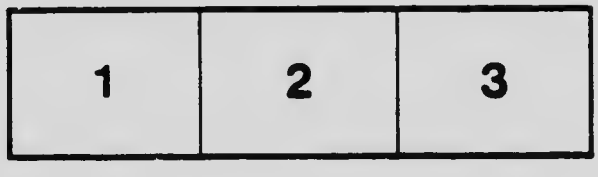

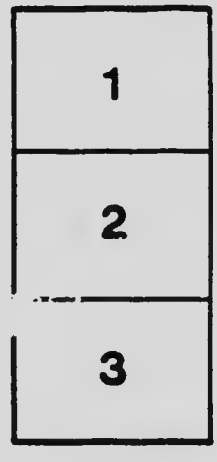

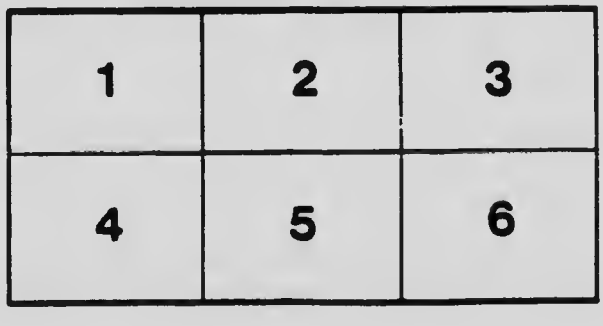

APRIL 26th
1855

THE TWO YORKS

OR

SITTING AT THE "KING'S TABLE"

WRITTEN BY
MR. THOS. THOMPSON
FOR HIS
GOLDEN WEDDING

APRIL 26th
1905

1855

To My Wife

ADAPTED FROM AN OLD POEM OF 100 YEARS AGO.

I PLAY'D with you, 'mid wild flowers blowing.
When I was seven and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more;
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together
Six and sixty years ago.

You grew a dark-eyed thoughtful maiden.
Our early love was very strong;
Still with no cares our days were laden,
They glided joyously along.
We loved each other very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show;
I knew your heart was touch'd as nearly
As mine was—sixty years ago.

You grew a matron, kind and comely,
As olive plants our children grew;
Our earthly lot was sweet and homely,
Contentment made our union true.
No merrier eyes have ever glisten'd
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow
Than when our youngest child was christen'd,
Eight and twenty years ago.

1905

On Our Golden Wedding Day

Time pass'd, our eldest sons were married.
And I am now a grandsire grey;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flower'd meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure
Where now, as then, the daisies blow,
She fills her baskets, ample measure,
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has changed into a softer light,
I think of you with love and kindness,
And shall do, till our last "good night."
The ever rolling silent hours
Will bring a time, we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

In brighter climes, 'neath sacred bowers,
No autumn chills or wintry storms,
We'll fling the spirits of the flowers
From spirit hands to spirit forms.
Love, ever regnant, ever growing,
Time, death and distance now no more,
With spirits holier, purer burning,
We'll know delights unknown before.

THE TWO YORKS

OR SITTING AT THE "KING'S TABLE"

"My heart is inditing a good matter, for I speak of things touching the King."—Psalm

Being a Short Story
written by
Mr. Thos. Thompson
for his
Golden Wedding.

FOREWORDS.

I, JONATHAN M. THOMPSON, in my third year as student at Toronto University, aged twenty years, standing five feet ten inches in height, in my right mind, sound in body, wind and limb, have a short story to tell, and think this a fitting time to tell it, viz., on the occasion of my grandfather's and grandmother's golden wedding. Indeed, I must needs tell this story in justice and honor to my forebears, to whom I owe so much, for it is in my very bones and blood; and the telling of it, I hope, will give some relief to my feelings. In this respect I am as a younger brother of the "Ancient Mariner," who tells his story to the wedding guests, on their way to the "bridegroom's open door":

> He holds them with his glittering eye;
> Each wedding-guest stood still,
> And listens as a three years' child -
> The mariner hath his will.

And yet I cannot tell this short story with the weirdness and charm of the "Ancient Mariner." The incidents are not so startling, but much more common in daily life; and in their very commonness something of the spirit of unselfishness, poetry and high ideals comes out prominently and boldly,

and perhaps more so on account of their prosy and every-day surroundings. And then, again, the narrator is young and inexperienced, and as yet has caught but a faint glimpse

> "Of that light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

True, his imagination might be called vigorous; but he is conscious that his "Pegasus" needs a good currying down and training ere it can amble gracefully among well-broken-in (or broken-down) equines.

But to resume the first person singular. I did think of starting this short story with some kind of an introduction; for a story without one is like a teapot without a handle, or a dwelling without a vestibule. And so the above-mentioned classic steed suggested that well-known model, "Two horsemen were seen slowly winding down an adjacent hill," but that would not be up-to-date, and somehow slow: so I altered it to, "Two magnificent automobiles were seen rushing through the romantic roadways of Rosedale"—but this rapid rate seemed too swift for a start: their very alliterativeness seemed to portend disaster, and then my gasoline might give out. At this juncture of my cogitations a pretty scene was telepathed on my mind all the way from Japan, and it being an imported picture, I thought it would fill the bill as an introduction to my story.

Two jinrikishas met in a crowded, narrow street in Tokio. Each pair of attendant coolies claimed the right of way: a fight ensued, and two lovely ladies, dressed in shimmering, scintillating silks from Samarsand, had to patiently wait till the matter was decided. But not one of those introductions helped me on with my story. Yet, if one only knew how those two lovely ladies had arisen early one morning and rushed to Tokio's two big departmental stores, "Etongs" and "Simsongs," and crushed in among Jews, barbarians and Scythians, dwellers from Mesopotamia, emigrants from "Cork," and the Broomelaw,

Dagos, Polocks, and a few Finns to finish up with; and how they had procured those shimmering, shining silks from Samarsand for two yen and thirty-five sen a yard (regular price five yen), and had hoped to enjoy the fruit of their industry and early rising, they would drop a tear at their discomfortune.

I stated in the description of myself, as in the attitude of standing; but this is a mistake, for I am sitting, and sitting, too, at the "King's table." This, however, is anticipating, so I must really get on with my story.

MY STORY.

Sitting at the bedside of her poor sick son, in her cottage home, in the old city of York, England, could be seen, in the early part of the last century, a care-worn young mother, anxious for her boy. He was only fourteen years of age, but his pale face, his startling bright eyes, lighting up a countenance that told of pain, suffering and confinement; for he suffered from a severe rheumatic fever, affecting his limbs and feet, resulting in contraction of the hip joints and ankle bones, threatening him with life-long lameness.

"You remember the chapter you read me last night from the Bible, mother, about Mephibosheth—how he had fallen from his nurse's arms and became lame for life, and how the King took pity on him for his father Jonathan's sake and told his servants that the lame boy Mephibosheth should be provided for, and sit at the king's table for the remainder of his life?"

"Yes, my son," replied the mother, "it is a beautiful, sad story, and I thought about you, oh, so much; for the doctor says you

may never have the same strength in your feet and limbs that you had before your illness. But he also says you are slowly recovering; so as soon as you are strong enough to study your father is going to have you educated for a teacher, and hopes with a good training to have you fitted so that you may make your own way in the world."

"I should like that, mother, so much, and I think I may have some special gift in that way; for surely if the wind is 'tempered to the shorn lamb,' as you have often told me, there is, I am sure, some special endowment for poor lame boys to help them make their way in life, and I may have a chance yet. But I want to tell you my dream that I had last night, mother, after you had read to me that "sweet, sad story" as you call it. I went to sleep, and dreamed that a bright ray of sunshine shone right on my bed, and that somehow, somewhere, in a far distant land, perhaps in the world of spirits (for I felt as light as a ghost), I was strong and well, and full of life, though lame like Mephibosheth; that you and father were with me, and that I was prosperous and able to help you, and that somehow my poor, lame feet brought blessing instead of sorrow to all the family, and that we all sat at the "King's table." But it was only a dream, mother, and yet it seemed to bring with it peace and contentment, and when I awoke this morning I felt st. ngth was returning, and my pulse was steadier.

"See, see, mother! look out of the window!—there is such a beautiful rainbow in the sky after the storm. Is it possible this is a bow of promise for us all, and the future has in it some rich store of blessing for the family?"

The father of the family was in humble circumstances, but with care, management and economy was just able to earn a livelihood for his household, and that was something in that dark period of English history in the early part of the last century, following the continental wars, when England had fought for her very life and won it.

As the young mother had her household duties to attend to, she had for awhile to

leave her sick boy; but softly kissing him, she repeated in a low voice: "'I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.'"

The family were God-fearing people, and were under the influence of that extraordinary wave of evangelism that had swept over England; for into the rich alluvial soil of the life of the people of England had been sown by the early fathers, St. Augustine and St. Anselm, and at a later date by Whitfield and the Wesleys, wonderful life-giving seed that, among the people of Yorkshire (hard-headed folk as they were reported to be), had responded to the divine touch of this wonderful teaching. Then, again, the ancestors of this family in the far-off past had followed the occupation of shepherds, and had oft communed with Mother Nature, who had whispered to them some of her great secrets; this, coupled with the legendary lore of the British race and the growth of constitutional liberty and strong government, and the writings of her great men, Milton, Shakespeare, and the English lake poets and others, producing strong thinkers as well as they "who strongly say their say." Indeed, on those Yorkshire hills, in some way, had "sweetness and light" found a dwelling-place, and to those uncultured shepherds some rays of the divine light found their way into their daily life. With them Wordsworth's sweet lines might apply:

> "Love had they found in huts, where poor men lie;
> Their daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

And so, with little else but nature for a teacher, along with that light that cometh to every man that cometh into the world, and afterwards the open Bible, had England and Englishmen surely and slowly developed as the greatest factor in civilization that the

sun has ever shone upon; and surely that which inspires and sets aglow with love, loyalty and fragrant memory the third generation of Canadians (as in my own case), and which, like the gulf stream, keeping intact across the Atlantic billows, revivifies every land it touches, and causes far-off shores to blossom into rich verdure. Surely this is warranty enough to cause the writer to sing with Henley, and all loyal Canadians and Britons:

" What have we done for you,
England, our England !
What is there we would not do,
England, our own !
Life is good and joy runs high
'Neath English and Canadian sky :
Death is death, but we can die
To the song on your bugle blown,
England !
To the stars on your bugle blown."

But to resume our short historic story. The sick boy had got better of his long illness, and had found out by early experience that every one who has to wrestle in the dark with the Angel of Life alone for his blessing is the gainer, though, as in the case of Jacob of old and himself, there is a wrench given to the very bones.

Six years later we find the lame boy grown into a man, and occupying the position of tutor in a nobleman's family, actively engaged in instilling into younger minds the knowledge he had himself gained. He had developed rapidly his natural taste for good reading and his love for higher learning, not only in English, but in the Greek and Latin classics. His fine, manly presence, notwithstanding his lameness, gave him a forceful and pleasing appearance, and then, to crown all, we find him deeply in love with a fair maiden. His mother was still his only confidante, and he told her all about it. Through this phase of his life we hear of him as in all the delirium, delight and despair of his fellow mortals.

" What's her name, my son, and who is she?"

"Her name, mother, is Rebecca—Rebecca Boyce."

"Surely not a Jewess," said the mother, for the name strongly suggested it.

"No, mother, she is a Gentile; but possibly she may be a member of one of the ten lost tribes of Israel, as she belongs to the British race. I first met her at a church fair, and first saw her pinning a rose into a buttonhole of the Lord Mayor's coat. To my eyes she is very beautiful; but it was her quickness and sprightliness that took my fancy. I suppose it is natural for one to admire gifts and graces that we ourselves are deficient in. I was introduced to her by one of the sons of the nobleman under my tutelage, and found her in conversation very agreeable and delightfully intelligent. She paid marked respect to me as a tutor, and spoke of many things that was quite a surprise to me, showing her to be of superior parts; indeed, she quite took my fancy. After buying a buttonhole flower from her, and a little pleasant banter passing between us upon the name of Rebecca, and its Bible associations, I said, 'Give me, I pray thee, a little water of thy pitcher to drink.' She smiled pleasantly at my quotation, but I drank more from the fountain of her eyes than from the pitcher. So it's the old, old story, mother, of love at first sight; for I seemed to see the soul behind the eyes and the intelligence that sparkled through them."

. . . . . .

And now we skip half a decade of time. During those five years a quiet wedding has taken place, and Rebecca and the tutor had launched upon the matrimonial sea. Children were born to them and prosperity smiled upon them, and the new world of America occupied their thoughts, till the journey was started after much thought and consideration.

. . . . . .

York, "Little York," Canada; year 1830; population of the place about 3,000. There arrived one Saturday evening, by the

steamer from Oswego, our honored ancestor, with Rebecca his wife and their two children, full of hope and trust, though in a strange land, but under the British flag. The journey across the sea by sailing vessel had taken about six weeks. Rebecca had thoroughly enjoyed the trip, having been accustomed in her early days to crossing the North Sea from Hull to Rotterdam, her father being in command of a ship sailing between those two ports. She proved herself a great helpmeet to her husband on the voyage, ministering to his needs; for his constitution was a delicate one at best, and required great care. But his spirits rose to this new venture, and he had a strong trust and reliance in that good Providence who had stood by him during all his past life, and the rainbow of hope still spanned his horizon, assuring him, even when he saw it through the mist of a tear-dimmed eye, that sunshine and success were not far away. They found a resting-place at a quiet little Inn, close by the Market Square, and they very soon noticed the kindliness and helpfulness of the people all about them. The inhabitants of the little town were mostly made up of English, Irish and Scotch, and among the former were quite a few Yorkshiremen.

After a night's rest and breakfast, the following day—the Sabbath—a sound of singing on the morning June air was borne in through the open windows, and it being a familiar tune the tutor went out to explore from whence it came, and found a man standing upon a chair in the Market Square, that this was a religious service, and he was giving out this hymn:

> "We are coming to a King,
> Large petitions with us bring;
> For his grace and power are such,
> None can hope or ask too much."

"Ah!" thought our newly arrived emigrant, "surely I can sing that hymn, for the sentiment suits me exactly; for I have a petition." And he joined heartily, both in the song and the sentiment, for the reasons locked in his own

breast were known only to himself, for he carried the burden of the care of his loved family constantly upon his mind. But as he looked round upon the crowd, and saw the wistful and beseeching look in other countenances, he involuntarily breathed out a prayer that the providential way of these people worshipping under the blue sky of heaven might be opened out. And then, as he told Rebecca afterwards, like the flash of an angel's bright wing there was borne in upon his spirit and memory this cheering text from the Scriptures: "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his three friends," and then a new heaven and a new earth seemed to be all about him, and he mixed up his classic and spiritual lore exclaiming (to himself) "Eureka! Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

The speaker of the morning, who was a layman, spoke with power and great intelligence, giving a short, practical discourse, full of helpfulness and inspiration to the outdoor worshippers. He used his Scripture memories to good effect, and as he looked round upon the vista before him, seeing the big trees, and the beautiful bay and the green fields in the distance, he reminded them of the ark of the Lord in the ancient times, and raising his voice, exclaimed, "Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah, and we found it in the fields of the wood," and here, now, in this, our newly adopted country, the blue heavens above, with the angel of the Lord round about them, held up by the everlasting arms, the vast cathedral of the skies our place of worship. God was as surely among them as he was among his ancient people and if they were but true to him, his blessing would certainly follow them. And surely on that fine, June, Sabbath morning, as the breeze blew softly through the topmost branches of the trees close by, the speaker, lifting his voice, exclaimed in rapturous words:

"Praise him, ye winds, that from four quarters blow;
Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every branch, in sign of worship wave."

Surely on that day nature was the High Priest, taking those devout worshippers into the very Holy of Holies. Then opening out his hymn-book, and looking up into the deep blue sky, he gave out Addison's wonderful hymn:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

"The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand."

The discourse, the songs of praise, and the devout prayer, were all in harmony, breathing the very spirit of loyalty and love to their common Lord. Everyone sang; if not in tune they sang in the spirit. Even a group of Indians and their squaws, from the Credit River, who had been camping by the lake for some days, and who were on the outskirts of the crowd of worshippers, caught up the spirit of the song, and one could hear the deep guttural sound of their voices as they raised them in unison to the "Great Spirit." One could not but reflect, on looking over this strange congregation, that if in the mind of the Eternal a thousand years are but as a day, 'twas but as yesterday—in Dublin, in Canterbury, and in York—our Druid forefathers listened as strangely and dimly to St. Patrick, St. Augustine and St. Anselm, in the British Isles, and but as the day before when Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles preached the same Gospel in the "regions beyond," to patrician and plebian alike, on the shores and through the capitals of Europe. Before the congregation dispersed they all sang Doddridge's fine hymn:

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

"Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

"Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

"O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

"Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore."

At the close of the service the tutor went and shook hands with the speaker, and thanked him for his helpful discourse, who asked when he had arrived and where he was staying. When he replied that he was a teacher from York, the speaker of the morning said, "You are just the young man we want. We need a schoolmaster for our children," and giving him his address told him to call at his place of business the following morning. And so, returning to his place of abode, with the reflection of the bright angel's wing on his countenance, he greeted his wife with, "Rebecca, eureka! eureka, Rebecca! I've found it—we've found it! I've had another draught from the well, 'another drink from the pitcher,' and another assurance that we are in our providential path. Surely, Rebecca, the cloth is being laid at the 'King's table.'"

And then he told her all about the open-air service, and how he had introduced himself to the speaker of the morning, and the encouragement that was given to him.

And so the following morning Mr. Thompson the tutor called on Mr. Lawson the merchant, a man who stood high among his fellow-townsmen, and who, with his good wife, were ready and willing to help all who called upon them. Within ten days a school was opened at the corner of Jordan and Melinda Streets; very soon forty scholars were enrolled on the books, and it proved very successful in every way.

But a month or six weeks had elapsed when the teacher informed Rebecca that he had been appointed trustee of a new church to be built on Bay Street, and he had been

made secretary of the Trust Board, and that he had subscribed ten pounds to the new edifice. This somewhat surprised Rebecca, who asked him where he expected to get the ten pounds.

His answer showed his faith in God and the future, as he replied: "Rebecca, I thought this matter out thoughtfully and prayerfully, and I felt sure that the 'King's table' has in it a cash drawer somewhere, and that we would put ten per cent. of our earnings away for this purpose; and as this amount has to be paid in four instalments, one every three months, I made the venture in God's name, for I had the will to do it, and surely a good Providence will make the way."

And a way was made under what seemed the most difficult circumstances, for the winter was unusually severe and tried the delicate constitution of the teacher, who for three months was laid up with rheumatic fever.

During this time Rebecca looked after the school, as well as attending to the needs of her husband. Her powers of physical endurance were remarkable, while her mental resources were a discovery even to herself, for the number of children increased during the winter, and the school-mistress drew from her mental and heart resources very helpful teaching, for the fountains of her heart were opened, and such a torrent of affection was displayed to the children that their young natures were refreshed and strengthened. She seemed to be able to use the filter of love to clear away every mental mist, and ease every strain. Power of assimilation was also given the scholars, for the teacher's love produced the same quality in the mind and heart of the student. And then the community about them, and the parents of the scholars, were so well pleased at the progress of their children, and there was so much sympathy with the sick schoolmaster, that many a bottle of home-made wine and big currant loaf of their own baking found their way to the schoolmaster's pantry, while braces of wild duck, hamuches of venison and bear steak (for they all

hunted in those days) were sent in by the men.

Slowly and steadily health and strength returned to the teacher, and when he was able to look into the school-room and saw the improvements that had been made and the increased number of scholars, both girls and boys, his heart was filled with gratitude and increased respect and love to Rebecca, and he had a real heart-to-heart talk with her, feeling he had something to learn from her even about his own profession.

"Tell me," he asked her after the evening meal, "how you succeeded so well with the school?"

"Well, master," replied Rebecca (she generally called him master in matters connected with the school, and even in general matters. She had the Yorkshire habit of calling him master), "I hardly know how I got on with the scholars even as well as I did. Of course I saw at once I could not teach them as well as you. I had not the knowledge or skill to do so, and at the first attempt I was so impressed with the responsibility of the work that the burden seemed too heavy for me, so I went to the Fountain of all wisdom, and humbly asked for help, and it came. It was almost an audible voice that said to me, 'Do the best you can, and as your heart dictates,' and so I tried to do. I noticed that the different scholars were more or less interested at times in their lessons, and their needs seemed to me to be so various. For instance, there were quite a few of the children from the north of England who pronounced the letter *r* very indistinctly, so I tried to train them in the same way that I was at school in York for the same defect, namely, to teach them to sound their *r*'s as plainly as other consonants. So I gave them a line to practise, viz., 'Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran.' Some of them would say, 'Awound the wugged wocks the wagged wascals wan.' By hearing each other they very soon found out their error, and burred their *r*'s as naturally as Donald McGregor, the little Scotch lad did. Others,

again, dropped their *h*'s, and I had them rehearse Byron's celebrated play upon this letter:

> 'Twas whispered in heaven,
> 'Twas muttered in hell,
> And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell.

By this means I found the children could soon be cured of those defects. I also trained the boys to be thoughtful and polite, especially to their elders, and to try and speak more gently to each other.

"Indeed, I was much impressed with their behaviour, for I found and saw something deep down in their natures that caused me to think that the 'vision splendid' and the 'growing boy' had not yet parted company, and that the 'common light of day' had not closed about them. And I found questionings in my own mind and heart, asking, Why should this condition of mind ever change, and why should they not grow up into full, innocent and strong manhood? So I crossed out of my vocabulary a great many 'dont's,' and I would say to them, Do so and so and be happy. I taught them the commandments once a week, as you did, and I thought these were quite plenty without adding to them. But I never failed to tell them the new commandment that Christ gave, and I fancied their young natures took up this golden commandment—just as if it fitted them and as if they recognized it—as a draught of their native air, terribly belying the idea that they were children of the devil, substituting the thought that God was their Father and they were his children.

"And you remember the little German girl in the school; how listless and unconcerned she was about her lessons. I was able by a happy inspiration to waken up her faculties. I suggested to her one day, if she would teach me a little German I would teach her to knit, and when I repeated to her our Lord's Prayer in her own native tongue, which I had learned in my early girlhood and knew but imperfectly—for I remember hearing the little children repeating it to their nurses when crossing the North Sea, from Hull to Rotterdam—and when I found

out that she almost intuitively knew some of the rudimentary stitches in plain and fancy knitting, as nearly all the German girls do,—well, we were both made happier, so aptly illustrating Byron's strong lines:

> 'All who joy would win,
> Must share it—happiness was born a twin.'

Ever since she has shown great application in all her lessons; indeed, I sometimes wonder if the heart is not the seat of all knowledge, the brain but carrying out the soul's impulses.

"And then there were the two Bell sisters, who moved about so fidgety in their seats, and seemed to be continually in need of exercise. I bought skipping ropes for them, and had them run out and skip through the adjoining fields, even when the snow was on the ground. This soon cured them, and they fell into line with the other girls.

"But I had one scholar—you remember her—the Farrel girl, who was so dull and heavy, and fell asleep so often, yawning in the middle o[illegible]ssons. I wondered why it was so, a[illegible]ade squarres at [illegible] home, and I found [illegible] part the cause o[illegible] She was growin[illegible]ry [illegible] and she had to [illegible] up [illegible] in the morning to get bre[illegible]fast [illegible] father and big brothers, w[illegible] work at 6 o'clock in the morni[illegible] and adopted a plan [illegible] her up very much; [illegible] a caustic cure by using [illegible] When she came to school [illegible] I gave her a story book, and [illegible] bed to read it. The result was [illegible] asleep. In about ten days I [illegible] into the bedroom and saw her [illegible] up, reading the story, and in anothe[illegible] day or tw[illegible] she caught up and was as bright and wide awake as the other scholars. It was a case that indicated that nature would not be cheated, and that a weary body and mind must have its fair quota of rest to satisfy and quicken the spirit that inhabits it, for healthy souls live best in healthy bodies. And so, master, I have told you some of my many devices to

keep up the interest of the scholars, and they have answered, apparently, very well.

"Twice, or oftener, each week we took a smart walk—sometimes down as far as Gooderham's windmill at the Don, and sometimes westward to 'Boney Castle' by the shores of the lake; and then, again, some days, north to the blockhouse. I have told the scholars stories about old York, of its great walls, its gates, and of its noble minister cathedral; of John Wycliffe, that grand old Yorkshireman, and that the first open Bible translation was his work. And I am learning all about this 'Little York,' in which we live our every day life."

At the close of this interesting talk the master, with moistened eyes and trembling lips, kissed his clever wife, exclaiming with a lump in his throat: "Rebecca, many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

And so a full year passed, the master recovering his wonted health. The ten pounds' subscription to the church building was duly paid. Marked growth was seen all around them; no one had much of this world's goods, but nobody was in need.

At this point an incident might be mentioned that occurred about twenty years afterwards. The church on Bay Street was sold, partly on account of the inhabitants moving northward, and partly on account of the site being required for business purposes; so a larger and more up-to-date building was erected in a more suitable place. At a notable gathering of the church members subscriptions were asked for the new edifice; then the school-master of twenty years ago, now a prosperous merchant, rose from his seat, and with some tremor in his voice, said:

"'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning, and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I remember not Jerusalem above my chief joy.' Put my name down, Mr. Chairman, for one hundred pounds toward the new building."

But to return to the earlier part of our narrative. In the year 1834 the school-

master sent to England for his parents. Cholera was epidemic in Canada; but they arrived safely and well. A comfortable cottage home was procured for them on the McCaul estate, on the corner of Edward and Yonge Streets, then an open country with a roadway little more than a cow path to the village of Yorkville. There the elder people lived out their days seated at the "King's table"; for the schoolmaster of years ago was now established in a lucrative business, and well able to supply all their needs until the end came, for they were now well up in years.

The closing of his mother's activity was in harmony with her life-work. On her way home after visiting a poor family that dwelt in the more northern part of the city, to whom she had taken some nourishing food for their needs, she suddenly lost consciousness and was taken home to die. When partly restored, her son, at her bedside, said to her: "Mother, you'll soon sit at the 'King's table' in your glorified body, free from all pain and sorrow."

"My son," she faintly whispered, "all my life long I have been sitting there, for wherever love reigns, there is the 'King's table.'

> 'And that which make this life so sweet,
> But renders heaven's joy complete.'"

And so, like a fine setting sun, growing richer in grace, she passed out of sight into the broader day and the fuller life.

The schoolmaster lived to be sixty-five years of age. Rebecca lived till her eightieth year. Both left an honored name, surrounded with plenty and to spare.

And now I pass on in this short account of my honored ancestry to write more especially of Ruth my grandmother, who with my grandfather celebrate this day their golden wedding. And in doing this I have to speak of myself and others very dear to me.

I am not only a student at Toronto University in my third year, but I assist my father in his business. I am his typewriter, his business correspondent and his stenographer. He has told me that my services

pay amply for my education and maintenance; so I have the pleasant feeling of independence, so dear to all Canadian boys, that I am already making my own way in life. To my father I am indebted for this training, but it is to my grandmother Ruth that I owe so much for my interest in good reading, more especially in history and biography. During the long winter evenings we have read together books that gave such side-lights on English history that they have been to me of great profit. We have read together Morley's "Life of Gladstone," "The Greville Memoirs," the life of Philips Brooks, even the autobiography of Herbert Spencer, two lives of Thos. Carlyle, and the letters of Jane Welch Carlisle, the Creevy papers, books upon Japan, and many others; for to read alongside of a matured mind, whose memory of places, persons and events, and who has travelled through Europe with observant eyes, has been an education for me that nothing else could give, for her mind is a rich storehouse. If Timothy from his grandmother Lois was taught the Scriptures, lifting him to a higher realm of thought, surely from my grandmother Ruth I have been directed to all that is pure, helpful, inspiring and instructive; and among the viands at the "King's table" of privilege and opportunity none are sweeter to my taste than my grandmother Ruth's teaching and influence.

It was at Long Marston, near York, England, where my grandmother first saw the light. Indeed, the far fields of her father's farm were upon the very battle-ground, and often did she, as a child, play with bullets picked up by her brother Joseph when ploughing through these very fields. The farm-house where she was born was the headquarters of Cromwell during the eventful period of the great battle of Marston Moor. Only a few months ago it fell into decay and was pulled down, having stood two hundred and fifty years. And now a more commodious house has been erected in its place, and is still in possession of the family. Grandmother Ruth's nephew, who works the farm, stated a few months

ago that it was now more productive than ever before.

It was in the year 1844 that my grandmother's family left England for Canada, which included her father and mother, their six daughters and one son, leaving one married daughter on the farm at Long Marston. Only Joseph, a retired physician, and my grandmother Ruth survive. The elders were too advanced in life to take up farming in Canada, while their only son, who from boyhood had a longing for a liberal education, found opportunities in Canada that were not so easily got in England. He studied medicine at the Rolph School of medicine, attended the University under Dr. McCaul, passed in due time, and practised his profession in this country. He had a passion for Greek and Latin, and now at his advanced age reads his Iliad with enthusiasm and delight.

The mother of Ruth was of a remarkable gentle and refined nature; for although the northern farmer was, as a rule, of the earth, earthy, and put his trust pretty much in his crops, his stock and his land—and is perhaps fairly described by Longfellow:

> "He has no fine strung sentiment who puts
> His trust in bullocks and in beeves."

this northern farmer was an exception to the rule. He was a God-fearing man, a lay preacher both in England and Canada, and a man who walked justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with his God. But there was in this northern farmer's wife, the mother of Ruth, a fine spiritual nature, which was quickened into unselfish and holy activity. She carried in her pocket for many years the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, which she read every spare moment of her time. She also read with much profit the life of Mrs. Fletcher and Hester Ann Rogers, Wesley's sermons and journal, while the sacred Scriptures were her constant book of reference, where she found her solid rest and constant source of comfort.

. . . . . .

An incident occurred in the very early days of my grandfather's and grandmother's early life that I might record, showing that the poetry of life was to the fore when quite young. My grandfather was in his thirteenth year, my grandmother in her tenth year, when the first love letter was sent, and which I here give a copy. It would appear that my grandfather had been reading McPherson's "Ossian," which about that time was much talked about, and my grandfather, in his short love letter, imitated the style of the author:

"Ruth,—Dare I approach the halls of purity and all the virtues with which thou art endowed, to humbly interrogate thee upon a question which lies nearest to my heart; 'tis simply this—

LOVEST THOU ME?

I love and have loved you ardently. Can you reciprocate my affection? Your answer will be life or death. Warrant my hopes, for which in suspense I humbly wait.

"Yours devotedly,

"JONATHAN."

And still another incident in their lives that occurred about two years afterwards, and which perhaps made impressions on their youthful characters, that eventually brought them closer into unison, and they saw qualities of mind in each other that drew them together into greater intimacy.

One evening there called upon the household of Ruth's mother and father an Indian squaw, with a basket of beadwork—bags, moccasins and other fancy articles of Indian beadwork—which at that time was sold from house to house, and which was quite an every-day occurrence in the early history of Toronto. She (the squaw) was got up in all the peculiar and somewhat romantic garb of her Indian race—her short blue cloth skirt, her moccasined feet and leggings, her four-point government blanket covering her head of long black hair, her swarthy complexion and her deep dark blue eyes, her noiseless, stealthy walk, so peculiar to the Indian race—indeed, those people were always an object of interest, especially to those who had come over the seas. She laid down her basket of beadwork, and directed attention to them by signs, for as a

rule they could not speak English. To each article was attached the price they were offered for, in Halifax currency, the money of that time, as 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., and so on.

The elder sisters of Ruth, with their mother, looked over the different wares in the squaw's basket with interest and curiosity. Just then Ruth came into the room, and she was called by her sisters to look at the beautiful wares. She, too, commenced handling the bead bags and moccasins, while the sisters were passing remarks about the squaw herself. "Observe," said one, "her well-shaped hands, her finger nails so finely tapered, and her delicate wrists"—around which were birch-bark bracelets, with bead-work on them—"and how daintily she handles her wares!" Ruth had been turning them over with her hands in the basket when the squaw's hands and hers came into contact. An electric thrill seemed to come over Ruth at the touch of their fingers, as the squaw placed the finest bead bag in her hand, and looked intensely into Ruth's eyes. Ruth suddenly gave a little scream and became excited. She rushed from the room. Her mother and sisters followed.

"Don't you know?" said Ruth, blushing, "don't you know who it is? Why it's Jonathan himself." Love had pierced the disguise. The stained face and hands and the strange garb might deceive, but the deep dark eye and the touch of the fingers were enough without words to carry the old, old story, ever new and ever old, and convey its message of love.

The mother and sister returned to the room which they had just left; but the squaw had fled, leaving on a table a beautiful bead bag, and on a piece of paper pinned to it was written: "For Ruth, from Jonathan."

On the following Sunday morning at church, Ruth, looking over her shoulder, saw Jonathan singing "Love Divine, all loves excelling," just as if he had never been a squaw or as if even maple sugar would not melt in his mouth.

My grandfather told me some things

about his busy life which were very interesting:

"I was," said he, "forty years in business—just the same time as the children of Israel were in crossing the desert, and getting to the 'Promised Land'; but in looking back the analogy won't hold, for I liked my business, enjoyed life, and had 'quail,' most of the time. Two years of that long period I spent on the sea; for seventy-eight trips, averaging ten and a half days, make about that time. I crossed from Liverpool to New York in vessels of all sizes and speed, from the little *Anglo-Saxon* of the Canadian line to the *Great Eastern* steamship My shortest trip, from Liverpool to Portland, was seven days, and my longest twenty-one days—on this long trip we were seven days without seeing sun, moon or stars, and had to put in at St. John's, Newfoundland, for coal, where we were informed that the steamer preceding us, the *Hungarian*, had been wrecked on Cape Sable, every one on board being lost.

"The passengers crossing in the winter were mostly buyers for Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton wholesale and large retail houses. They amused themselves in many different ways on those long winter crossings, among others was trial by jury. I remember an amusing 'trial' of one of the passengers; it was held in the ship's 'fidley' (smoking-rooms and deck saloons being unknown at that time). The charge against the prisoner was 'intending to kill a bishop when he got ashore.' He was, of course, found guilty, although the strongest evidence was that he ate four light-boiled eggs every morning at breakfast, and had been heard speaking disrespectfully of the clergy. He was sentenced to provide champagne for the court, including the jury. The argument of the counsel for the prosecution was somewhat ingenious. He showed that the eating of so many eggs put a man into a fighting condition; this, with proof of the prisoner's remarks about the clergy, was quite sufficient, 'udge ruling strongly against the pris especially as the court was thirsty.

"The following day I was arrested and tried for 'contempt of court,' having as a juryman laughed out at some of the evidence, found guilty, and sentenced to find cigars for the court, as being a teetotaler I would neither drink nor treat others to drink; but for that reason an additional punishment was meted out, viz., I was to be 'jerked out of my boots,' which was duly done.

"At another time, when leaving the port of New York, the passengers had all to be aboard at or by midnight, as the ship sailed the following morning at six o'clock—on account of the tide. I went to my berth at ten o'clock, and was sound asleep when my fellow passenger, who was to sleep in the upper berth, came into the room with five or six gentlemen companions. They brought with them a basket, or hamper, of 'good stuff,' and opening a bottle, drank the health of their friend, wishing him *bon voyage* across the deep.

"The following morning I found my companion was a Catholic priest, who was going on a visit to Ireland to see his relations, and a very nice, gentlemanly room-mate I found him. He said to me, as we were walking the deck the following day, 'What am I to do with my "good stuff" down in the basket; for I never drink spirits, and won't you help yourself to it?' And when I told him I did not know the taste of the stuff, having joined a teetotal society not long after I had been weaned, his heart warmed toward me not a little. We then concocted a plan how to dispose of the 'good stuff,' for that same midnight, putting on our overcoats over our pyjamas, we went on the main deck, each of us carrying four bottles of the 'good stuff,' and dropped them quietly into the sea, the good-hearted priest saying, 'Sure, the fish are never dry, and if "Davy Jones" gets drunk I'll absolve him.'

"In conversation with him he told me he was from Pittsburg, also of his work as a parish priest among the iron workers—how he had succeeded in getting his people to abstain from intoxicants; how many homes had been restored to comfort and

contentment that once were the abodes of squalor. He also said that the gentlemen who had come on board with him the previous evening had no personal acquaintance with him; but his Pittsburg friends had written them to see him off on his journey. When he left the ship at Queenston no one parted from him with a higher feeling of respect than I did, for though he was a Roman Catholic and I a Protestant we felt we had a common faith in many things, and that to do good to our fellows was something we both thoroughly believed in.

"My stormiest and roughest trip across the sea," continued my grandfather, "was on the *Great Eastern* from Liverpool to New York. When within three days of the latter port we were struck by a tornado or the tail-end of a typhoon from the West Indies. Everything on the deck was washed away, for the storm was terrific; twenty-one men were at the wheel, but to no purpose. The ship was beyond their control, and we swung round into the trough of the sea, and danced about like a cockle-shell till the sea subsided. A company of New York firemen, with their fire-engine, were returning from London; quite a few of them broke into the bar-room and got very drunk. That night, on going to my upper berth, I remember bracing my knees against the sides of my berth and trying to sleep; but suddenly, when dozing, I was pitched out of my bed, and for the first and only time in my life I realized the possible truth and advantage of Darwin's theory, viz., that my far-away ancestors lived on the tree tops, and swung on the branches; for had I not caught on to the sides of my berth *a la* chimpanzee with both hands and held on for very life I would have had my bones smashed, and possibly my neck broken.

"The following morning, when the sea had gone down, we looked over the damage done and, among other mishaps, saw a fine team of horses, which a gentleman was bringing out to New York, had been killed, while two game cocks had survived, and were perched on the broken-down stalls, crowing as if on their native hearth.

"And yet there was a credit side in the account of the storm. A big fat American boy was on board the steamship, who never spoke without using blasphemous language; and painful it was to hear him, for what he said was not only vile but positively sulphurous and blue. The day previous to the storm I spoke quietly to him, and said how it pained me to hear him talk so, and I ventured to say that I was sure that his mother would not like to hear him talk that way. I spoke to him quietly, almost apologetically, for I told him I had boys of my own, and I would thank any one who reproved them did they talk as he did. He said nothing, but looked up at me with an incredulous smile.

"On the morning after the storm, while walking on the deck, he met me, and exclaimed, 'Good morning, sir! May I speak to you for a minute?' 'Certainly,' I replied, as I turned to walk with him. 'You spoke to me yesterday morning about swearing, and of my mother—who is dead' (and a glaze came over his eyes), 'and then last night's terrific storm came on, and I was frightened, and I promised God this morning that I would never take his name in vain again, and I never will, so help me God; and I thank you, sir, for speaking to me about it.' Surely, I thought, pressing his hand, my talk with this boy has been a 'word fitly spoken,' and it is possible that a mother's sainted spirit has sent on the viewless winds to her boy, through me and through the storm, a message to him. As I lay in my upper berth in my state-room that night I saw through my porthole window the bright moonlight shining upon a placid sea, while pleasant thoughts followed me into my slumbers, for I dreamed of wife and children, and home and sweet content. I knew not then that Time, the old artist, had commenced painting a picture that was to hang up in the chamber of my memory, and that in the far-off years, when I became mellowed with age it would be uncovered, and I would see 'some apples of gold in a picture of silver.'

"And still another incident of one of my early trips to England on business, during the cotton famine, lingers with a sad sweetness in my memory. It was in the City of Manchester, one Sunday afternoon after dinner. I remember the day distinctly; it was raining hard—midwinter—the days were short, misty, sunless and foggy. The time hung heavily on my hands, when the waiter who had been serving me, turned to me and said: 'Mr. Thompson, there is a meeting held every Sabbath afternoon of mill workers, men and women, mostly weavers; would you like to go?—it's close by.'

"'But it rains so hard,' I replied. 'How far is it to where this meeting is held?'

"'Within five minutes' smart walk,' he answered.

"So off I went, taking my umbrella of course (a never-failing need in Manchester). I shall never forget the congregation I met that afternoon—poor working people, the men in corduroy and moleskin, the women without hats or bonnets, but with plaid shawls over their shoulders, which they put over their heads when going out into the street, and with clogs on their feet. At the head of the table sat an elderly man, dressed as plainly as the others, but he had a pair of bright eyes and a cheery-looking face. A group of about a score of men and women sat around the room; they all joined in a hymn, not very hearty, but as if some burden they shared in common was upon them. The leader of the gathering then offered up a very tender and touching prayer, in a strong Lancashire dialect, but there was the marked flavor of sincerity in it, that somehow suggested a child pleading for bread, and for the reason that it was hungry; also that they needed from a loving Father some comfort that He alone could give and light to cheer them through the dark, for they could not see their way. They wanted the touch of a helping hand, for they were groping in the fog and mist; human help was failing, work was getting scarcer every day, and 'trade was very slack.' Then, looking upward, with eyes streaming with tears, a light seemed to break upon his counten-

ance and a rainbow of hope to cross his vision as he reminded his Father in heaven of his promises as recorded in his Holy Word, 'that he would never see the righteous forsaken nor their seed begging bread.' Then he gave thanks to God that so far they had not gone hungry, and that the 'little childers' stomachs were still satisfied. 'But, oh!' he cried, in the very paroxysm of prayer, 'give us work, dear Lord, and strength to do it, and thy name shall have all the glory.' Then they sang another hymn in a somewhat more cheery voice, as if the old man's prayer had raised their spirits a little. After that he led the way, by telling of his visits to the sick during the previous week, and how through the kindness of the members of the class he had distributed to their needs. The sick ones had medicine and doctor's relief, none needed bread or shelter, and the children were looked after. Then followed the recital of a man telling of his seeking for work. He was fortunate in finding four days' work and was thankful for the 14s. he had been paid, for it provided bread and tea for his family. He had saved a shilling for the bread fund out of it, and was hoping for better times next week.

"The next to speak was a girl, who carried her arm in a sling. Her face was pale and seemed to speak of physical pain, for her arm had been caught in the machinery at the cotton mill and terribly injured, and when the leader asked if her arm were any better, her face brightened up as she answered, 'Thank God! it's not got to be cut off; for I have been to the infirmary, and the doctors say they can save it.' She then burst into hysterical tears. As soon as she could she said she had come to that meeting to give thanks to God for his great mercy to her. She had hard work to make a living for her sick mother and herself even with both arms, and whatever would she have done w.. but one. Then some one struck up a hymn:

"'Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to share,
Let each their friendly aid afford,
And feel their sister's care.'

"All that score of men and women spoke of present conditions and needs, but not a complaining word among them. Through all their difficulties they were trying, with God's help, to surmount them. The old gentleman seated at the head of the table seemed to be familiar with the circumstances of each one, offering kindly, helping words to them all.

"I was deep in my own reveries, and wondering—for I had never before been in such a meeting, and the needs of those people were so real that I found my faith staggering instead of being strengthened, and I was inwardly praying for more faith in the unseen goodness—when the kind-hearted leader, turning to me, said, 'Well, young man, we're pleased to see thee. Hast thee aught to say to cheer us? You look to be an American.'

"'Well,' I replied, rising to my feet, 'I am from America, that part of the Queen's dominions known as Canada, and I have been listening with great interest and sympathy to all, and would like to say something to cheer everybody. In Canada there is work and wages and plenty for all sober and God-fearing people, and if they can only manage to get there they will never regret it. True, there is as yet but very little weaving done, but there are millions of acres of land to be tilled and to be had for nothing. House servants, mechanics and laborers are in great demand. The climate is delightful—lots of snow in the wintertime, no fog, very little rain, and floods of sunshine. The summer days are hot, but the evenings are cool. Growth of all kinds of food is prolific and rapid. The people are kindly and open-hearted, and the Sabbath finds places of worship filled with devout listeners worshipping the same God and Father as you do here in Manchester. The schools are very numerous and good, and conditions are improving every year:

"'Swee elds beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.'

"'Next Thursday I start to cross this Atlantic "Jordan," and ask for your prayers, that I may be kept safe by God's Almighty power.'

"Then the old man eloquent rose from his seat and shook my hand kindly, and thanked me for my cheery news, and said, 'Next Lord's Day we hope to meet here again, and we will pray that you may have a safe voyage across the mighty sea. And remember this, my lad, the ship canna sink; for you will have friends in Canada praying for you, and we, too, will be praying for you, and together they will form a cable that will hold you up, and you will be held safe in the Almighty arms.'

"Before the meeting was dismissed the bread fund was added to by all present, and I have no sweeter memory of the past than of dropping my quota into this fund on that wet, gloomy, foggy afternoon in the City of Manchester. After the meeting each member came and shook hands with me, wishing me a good voyage home; and when the poor girl with the one arm in a sling, stretched out her one sound hand, a dimness suddenly came over my vision, and all surrounding sound seemed hushed. If, as Sir Edwin Arnold says, the 'dulled ears and the dimmed eyes hear and see things that are hidden,' surely then, my spiritual senses were quickened; for standing beside me was the King's daughter, all glorious within, her clothing of wrought gold, and the air redolent with the aroma of myrrh, aloes and cassia. As I grasped her hand I was conscious of the touch of the daughter of the King.

"And now, my grandson, with a few memoranda concerning my school-mates and companions in business life, I must close this record. I left school at the age of thirteen years. Mr. John Boyd, of the Bay Street Academy, the father of the present Sir John Boyd, was the teacher. Among my school-mates still living are Sir John himself; W. H. Pearson, the manager of the Consumers' Gas Company; Mr. Foster, the optician; Mr. John Hasson; Mr. Michael

Dwan; Mr. William Thomson; Mr. Joseph Lawson, the youngest son of the good layman who spoke to that strange group in the Market Square in 1830; Mr. Paterson, and an elder brother, John B. Thompson, whose sharp, keen mind is still vigorous, and who, when I asked him what he thought of the war between Japan and Russia, took out his pencil and wrote in his pungent, incisive style:

> "'Late at the Hague the Russian Czar
> Spoke words of peace, but armed for war:
> "Bear and forbear," he sang so fair,
> But what he meant was "all for Bear."'

"My business companions have nearly all passed away—the Walkers (father and three sons), the Cox brothers, the Hughes brothers, (Patrick, Benjamin and John) John Eastwood, Mr. Page, the Murrays (father and son), John Kay, Peter Paterson, Major Arthurs, James Scott, Cooper, Lepper, and many others. I have a faint memory as a very young boy; of Mr. McMaster, Mr. Cathcart, Sir Francis Hincks, Robert Walker, who lived next door; and the Governor-General (I think Sir Francis Bond Head), sitting on my father's counter talking of political matters. Our sitting and dining-room was just behind the shop (seventy years ago), and I was sent to mind the shop while my father was at dinner, "for fear any customers might come in" and they would have to wait, as we had the only shoe store in the town.

"I quit the activities of business at the age of sixty, and have never regretted it. I was making money very fast at that time, and was fearful I might shrink in character if I followed the game any longer. I have had thirteen years of retirement and delightful travel, accompanied by your grandmother, Ruth. We together have visited Marston Moor, Cromwell's great battlefield; Hastings, where William the Conqueror overcame Harold; also Waterloo, where Wellington fought for and gained from Napoleon the liberty not only of England, but of Europe.

"We together have spent delightful summers in England and charming winters in Southern France and Italy; have visited the Coliseum, in the grand old City of Rome, in the bright moonlight and the broad daylight. On the way we stopped over at Florence, where a strong impulse took us first to the grave of Mrs. Browning; then we looked around for 'Casa Guido' windows, from which many a golden thought came that has sweetened our lives, the River Arno, and the picture galleries; then to Venice, where we saw and stood on the Rialto, and other wonderful bridges."

And now I, Jonathan M. Thompson, close the story of my forebears. I would say here that M stands for Mephibosheth, which is the name both of my father and grandfather (in private life), in memory of "the boy that dreamed" nearly one hundred years ago. But before I close I would make mention of the many viands spread out before us at the "King's table" in this great country of Canada:

In her open Bibles and numerous churches; in her well-equipped schools and universities; in her loyalty and kinship to the foremost people on the surface of the globe, the sons and daughters of the best knights of King Arthur's Round Table; in the equal partnership with the sons of France to fellow-citizenship throughout King Edward's vast Canadian empire; in her luxuriant fields of grain, in her forests, fisheries and mines, in her free and unfettered trade, in her bright skies and glorious sunshine, in her rivers and lakes and railways, in her quiet Sabbaths and lovely homes, in her immense prairies and pasture fields, in those magnificent "rockies" of the west, which for sublimity and grandeur lifts the soul heavenward and Godward; also in that strong democratic feeling that is in the air all over this wide continent; that there is no distinctive class among her people, but that one man is as good as another if he only behaves himself.

L'ENVOI.

I said in the introduction of this story that I was young, and I know I have much yet to learn, so before I committed these records to cold type I read them to my mother, for it was only the other day I was in knickerbockers. I still value her opinions and judgment above any one else. So I read them to her, my sister Miriam and cousins close by listening.

"What do you think of them, mother?" I asked.

"My son," she answered, "they will do very well, for there is heart in them, and that pleases me."

"Did you say 'art' or 'heart,' mother?" I asked. Then, looking into my eyes, she answered, "Mephibosheth." (She never calls me by that name but to say something very tender, for her eyes filled with tears.) "Both, my son, both."

Then Miriam spoke out: "Play us a minuet on the harpsichord, brother, and I will "sound the loud timbrel," while cousins Gladys and Vera will dance to the music in honor of your story, and cousin Howard and baby 'Bosh' will shout 'hurrah!'"