

.. Literary Gems ..

In School Days.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And black-berry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping-floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

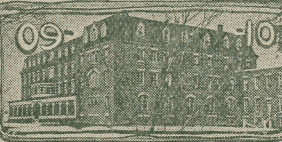
Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed,
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.



ST. DUNSTAN'S
COLLEGE



BASEBALL
TEAM 1909-10

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word.
I hate to go above you,
Because," the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

A Retrospect.

When I was young I wasn't good, the teacher whaled me all the while; he used up nearly all the wood that he could find within a mile. He used up limbs of stately yews, he wore out sticks of elm and beech; sometimes he hit me with his shoes; he didn't have much time to teach. At night I used to go to bed and plan my vengeance while I wept; "I'll punch that four-eyed teachers head," I used to murmur as I slept. But now that I am old and gray, I'd like to grasp

that teacher's hand, and tell him that his gentle way was something I can't understand. When I recall the way I tried to aggravate that good old soul, I wonder that he left my hide upon me while he had a pole. And thus it is with many woes; we talk revenge for some affront, but as time flies our anger goes, and so we try some milder stunt. "Our neighbor," we may cry today, "has done to us a thing of shame," but when our warmth has passed away we're apt to find we were to blame. And so, when we are making plans to even up some frightful wrong, it's wise to seal our wrath in cans, until a few days slide along.

WALT MASON.

A Beautiful Bequest.

Part of a Rich Legacy left by a once prominent Member of the Chicago Bar who died penniless in an Asylum.

(From "The Scrap Book.")

I Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal; all else I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and other endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the deeds of their children may require.

Item: I leave to children all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the

customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odours of the willows, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long long days to be merry in, and the night, the moon, and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys all the idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snowclad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, and skate when grim winter comes. To have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood.

Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, sweet music, and aught else they desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of love.

Item: To young men I bequeath all boisterous and inspiring sports of rivalry. I leave to them the power to make enduring friendships. And to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: To those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory. And I bequeath to them the writings of Burns and Shakespeare and other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.