

at night, or at least when school is not in session. They would find many things as they left them, at least enough to create a homey feeling and set memory on the wing. I am still clinging tight enough to my muddy vesture to disqualify for membership in such an assemblage; but I submit, with proper humility I trust, that no ghost can outdo me in the recollections of my early school days; and so, I have worked my way back through more than half a century of well beaten trail and with an old Royal Reader, a slate and a few other essentials, am squared off in my old place and ready for A Day in School.

PARLIAMENT HILL

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Great men have known the beauty of this hill,
Bound by the river at its rocky base,
Brooding upon the destiny of our race
The dreams they visioned they are with us still.
Macdonald whose great heart and vigorous will
Welded disparate parts in unity,
And Cartier too and all that galaxy
Who planned and worked the union to fulfil.

Time has not touched the beauty of its face,
This hill that links the present with the past,
Impregnable it stands to front the blast,
A diadem of stars upon its head,
Proud in the thought that here the mighty dead
Find forever an imperishable place.