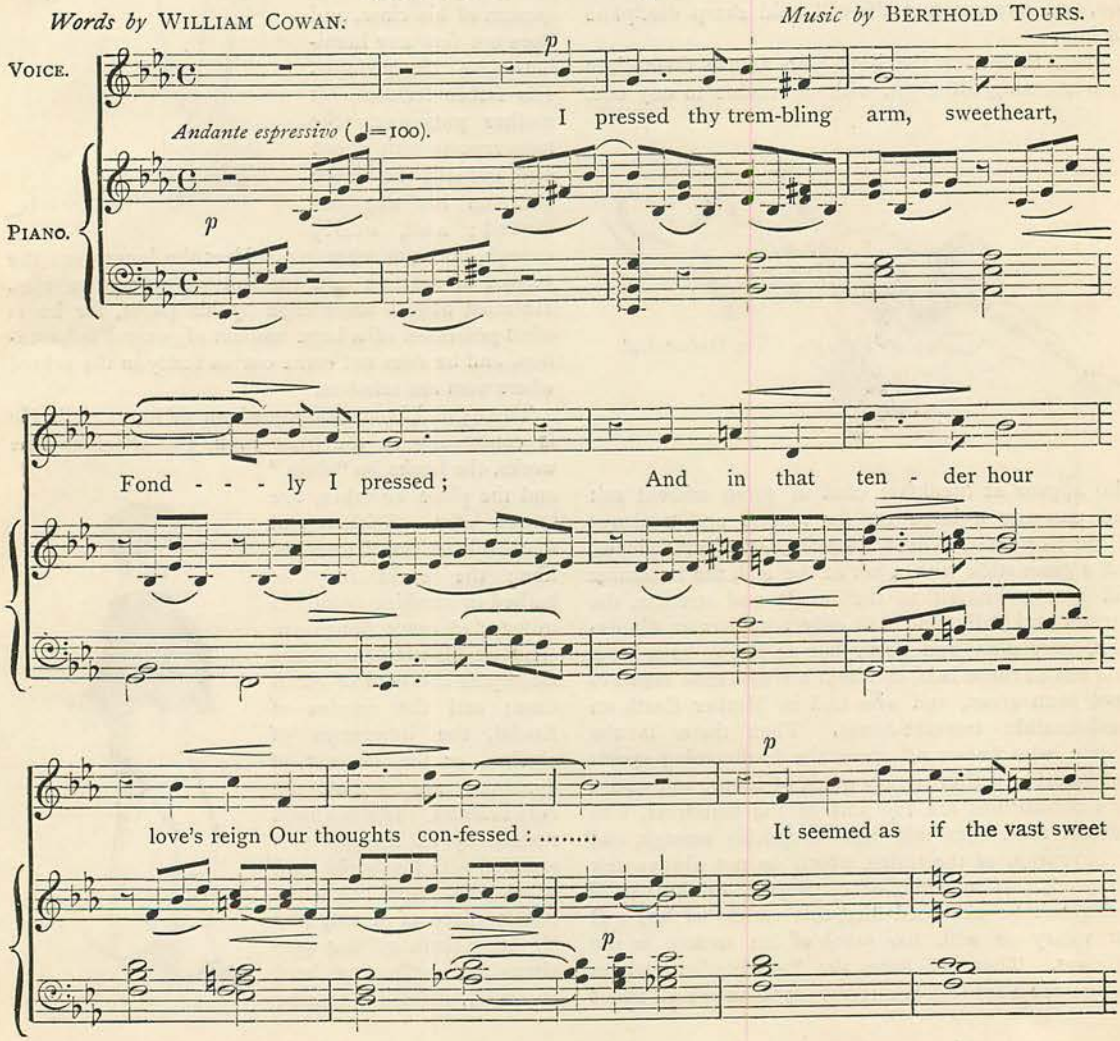
runs and considering records. His father wonders at, and his mother delights in, the "grind," while friends prophesy either the Woolsack or an exhausted brain for him in the future, according to their dispositions.

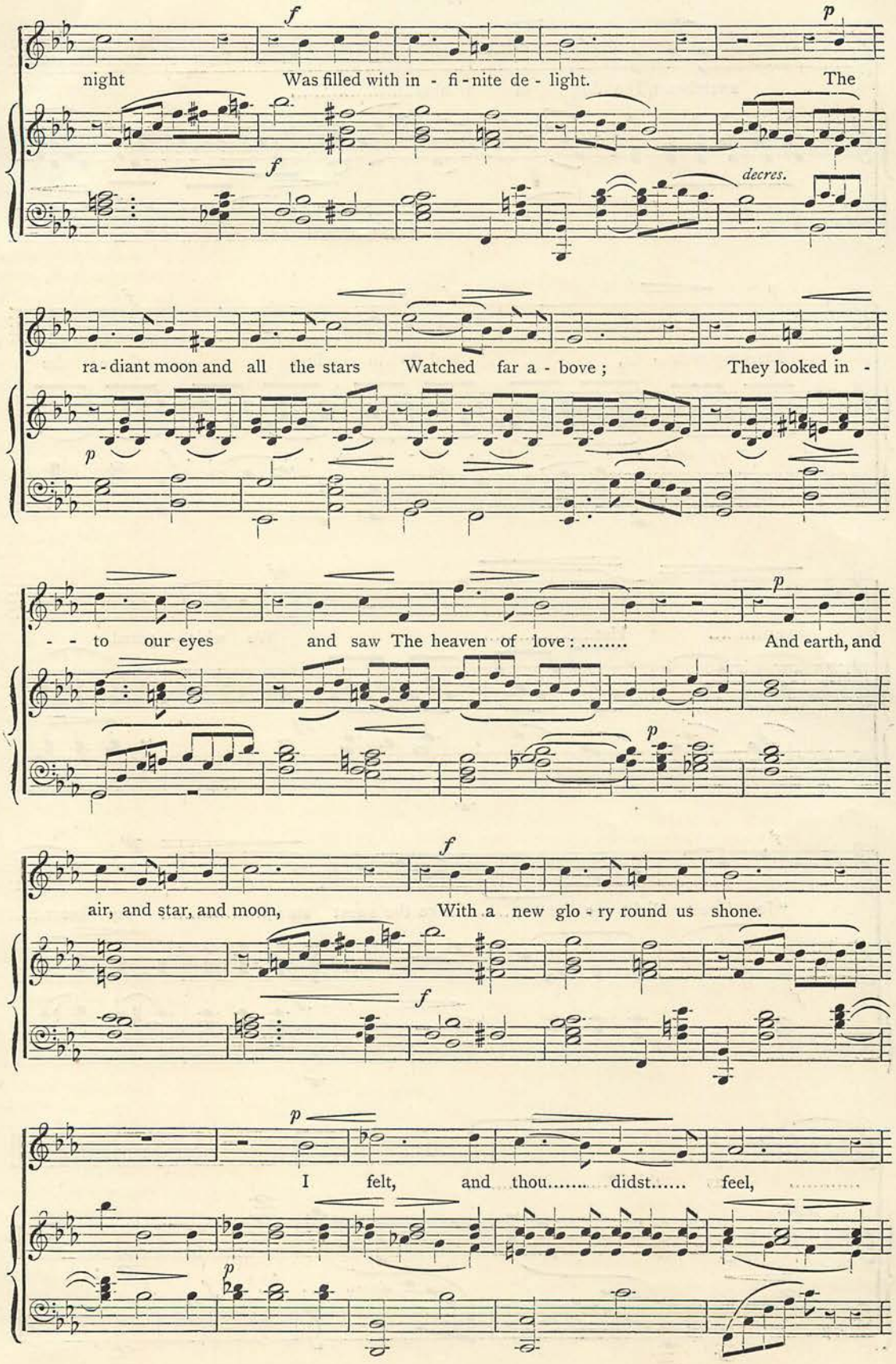
Who invents boys' argot? Why should a "decent dinner" mean the same as a "ripping spread"; and "don't get hairy," or "keep your hair on," be used instead of a request "not to cut up rough"? What is a "scut"?—a "swag"? What induces a boy to ask another to "bunk," to "mizzle," to "vamose"? Who can say?

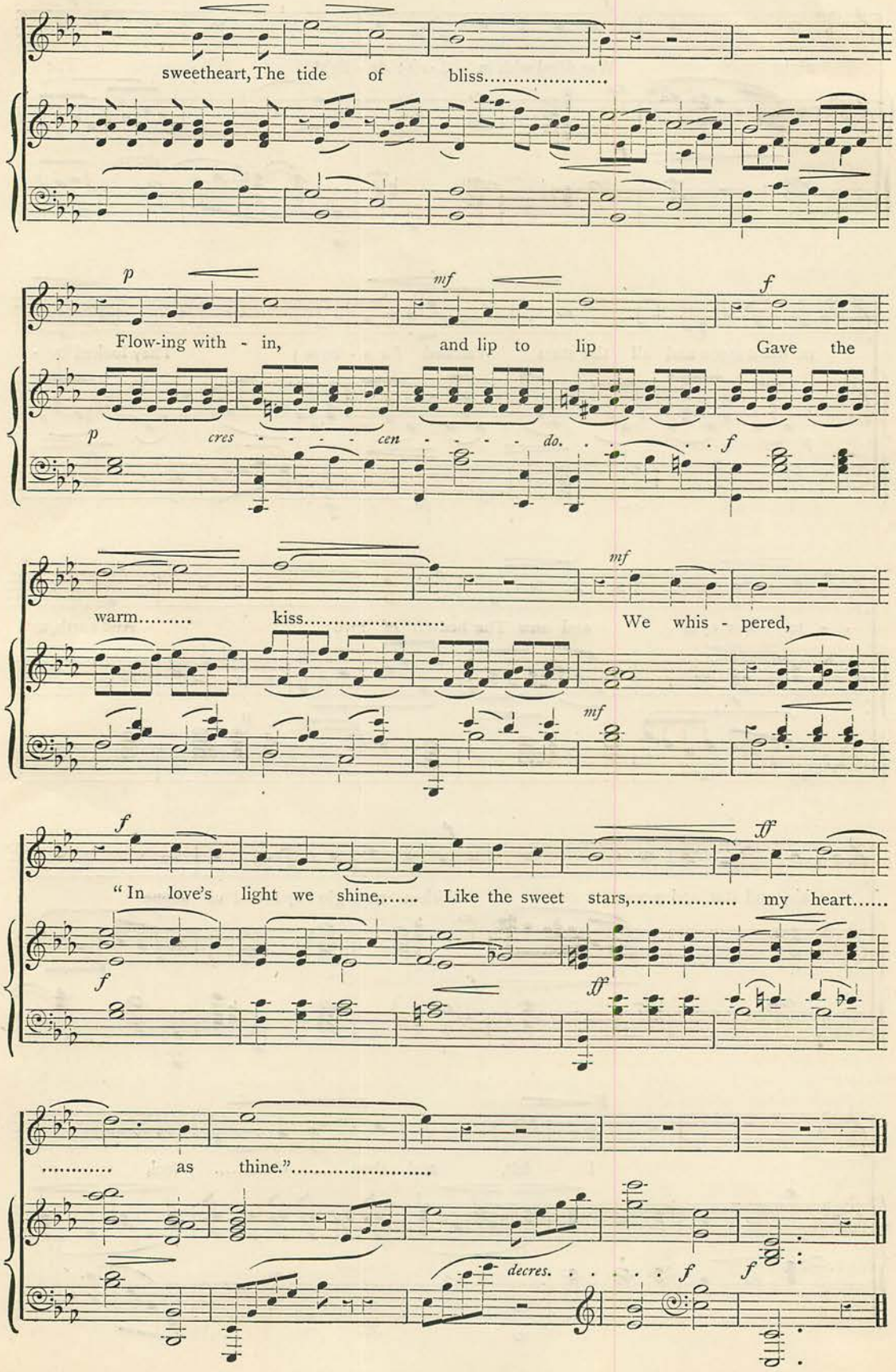
But whatever they do, we love our boys. We wonder at them, we fear for them, we wish they would alter; we would not have them change; they plague us, they upset us, they are selfish, uncomfortable, and delightful, and we use our best endeavours to render their lives happy, and to make them good and useful inhabitants of this workaday world.

Love's Conquest.

Words by WILLIAM COWAN. *Music by* BERTHOLD TOURS.




night Was filled with in - fi - nite de - light. The
decres.
ra - diant moon and all the stars Watched far a - bove; They looked in -
- - to our eyes and saw The heaven of love: ..... And earth, and
air, and star, and moon, With a new glo - ry round us shone.
I felt, and thou..... didst..... feel, ...


sweetheart, The tide of bliss.....
p
mf
f
Flow-ing with - in, and lip to lip Gave the
p cres - - - - cen - - - - do. . . . . f
mf
warm..... kiss..... We whis - pered,
mf
f
ff
"In love's light we shine,..... Like the sweet stars,..... my heart.....
f
ff
..... as thine."
decres. . . . . f
f