

DORNOCH ACADEMY.

191st Prize

AWARDED TO

Donald Calder Class I.

FOR

1st Total French, Maths, Science, Drawing;

1st History; 2nd English; 3rd Geography.

A. A. Moir, M.A.

Rector.

5th July 1929

PROPHETIC VERSES.

Mr Barrie's Wish.

The burial of Mr Barrie's body at Tullochgrue, the gateway to the wild glen which claimed him and his companion as its own, recalls the remarkably prophetic poem which he contributed at the end of the last summer term to Glasgow University Magazine, of which he was assistant editor:—

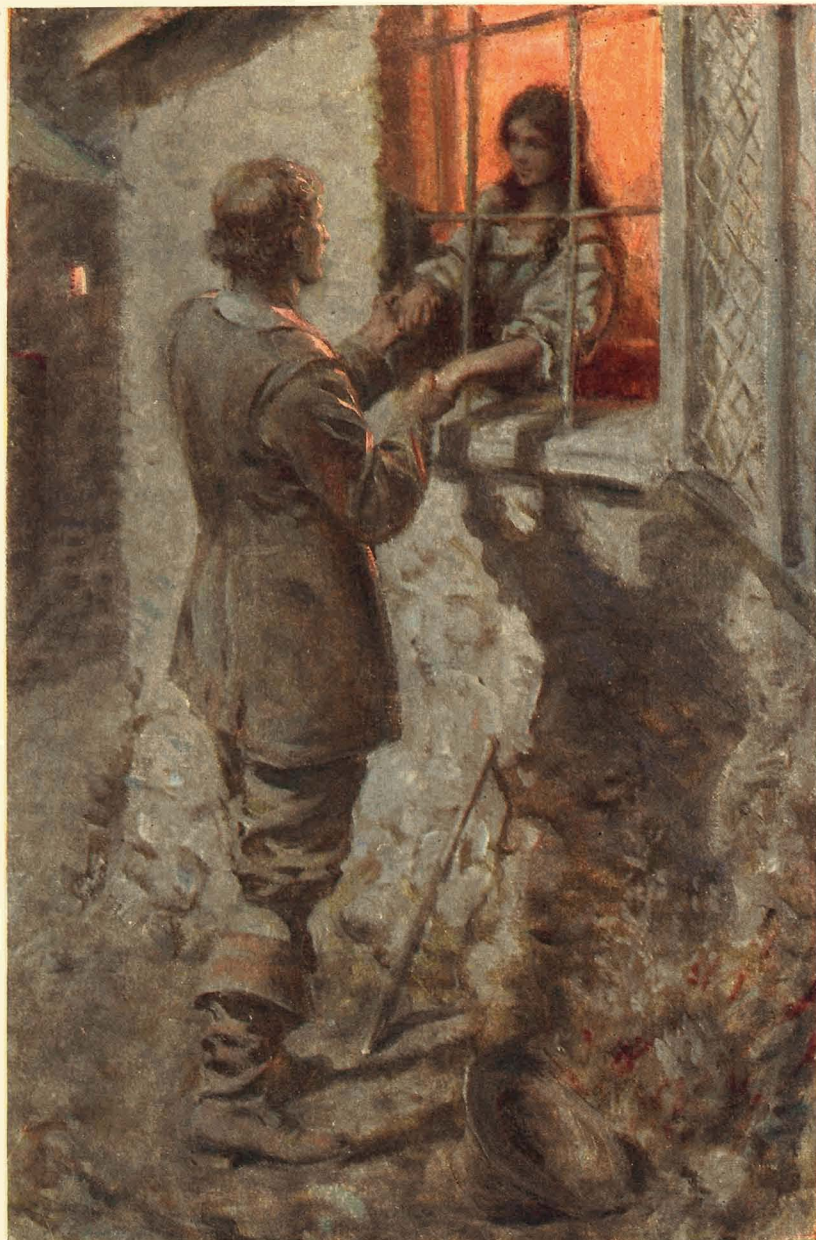
When I am dead
And this strange spark of life that in me lies
Is fied to join the great white core of life
That surely flames beyond eternities,
And all I ever thought of as myself
Is mouldering to dust and cold dead ash,
This pride of nerve and muscle—merest dross,
This joy of brain and eye and touch but trash,
Bury me not, I pray thee,
In the dark earth, where comes not any ray
Of light or warmth or ought that made life dear;
But take my whitened bones far, far away
Out of the hum and turmoil of the town,
Find me a wind-swept boulder for a bier,
And on it lay me down,
Where far beneath drops sheer the rocky ridge
Down to the gloomy valley, and the streams
Fall foaming white against black beetling rocks;
Where the sun's kindly radiance seldom gleams;
Where some tall peak, defiant, steadfast rocks
The passing gods; and all the ways of men
Forgotten.
So may I know
Even in that death that comes to everything
The swiftly silent swish of hurrying snow;
The lash of rain; the savage bellowing
Of stags; the bitter keen-knife-edge embrace of the
rushing wind; and still the tremulous dawn
Will touch the eyeless sockets of my face;
And I shall see the sunset and anon
Shall know the velvet kindness of the night
And see the stars.

M'Lean and I kept on the level in order
to search the burn that runs down Coir
Dhondail.

Baird's Diary.

“When we rejoined the others at a
height of 2700 feet they had come upon the
haversack which apparently Baird had car-
ried. It had been carefully placed behind
a large boulder. It was well packed

(Continued on page 8.)



Fr.

“SO I GOT THE OTHER HAND”

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LORNA DOONE

A ROMANCE OF EXMOOR

BY

R. D. BLACKMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT

AND
WILLIAM SEWELL



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