

## PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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## SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 10

A correspondent of a New York paper described recently the country of the Hausa, a people living between the Sahara in Africa and the equator and having a currency of shells, 2,000 of which are equal to twenty-five cents.

A recent issue of the *Lancet* (P.) Examiner was a woman's edition and was edited by Miss Mary Martin. Its contents were wholly written by women and it was generally acknowledged to be the most creditable and artistic of the woman's editions since the *fad* was commenced a year or two ago.

A notable feature of St. Joseph's recent address before the British Association was that eminent surgeon's high tribute to anti-oxin. After the praise of St. Joseph, the extreme caution and half-antagonism of a great many smaller physicians, in regard to the new anti-diphtheria cannot but be amusing.

The strain to which Spain will soon be driven for soldiers, as well as money, are indicated by her efforts to keep men who are liable to military service, and yet are too poor to pay for substitutes or the exemption, from leaving the peninsula. The terrors of yellow fever, in the sickly season, are added to the ordinary dissuasions from campaigning in Cuba; and it is not strange to hear that thousands of young men are slipping away from the government's clutch.

Past experience justifies skepticism in the matter of the report that the Powers have agreed upon a method for the settlement of the Eastern Question and particularly with regard to the postulate that the settlement is honorable to all parties. The intimation accompanying the report, that the status quo will be maintained, sufficiently characterizes the alleged agreement. The maintenance of the Sultan in unimpaired authority would render dishonorable any agreement that the Powers might conclude.

Sir Edward Arnold, a poet of the first rank, who, in the estimation of many critics was the fit and natural successor of Tennyson, has dimmed his 'Light of Asia'—hid it under a bush—as it were—by hitching his Pegasus to the chariot of trade and turning out a poem for sordid advertising purposes. But what is the poet after all, but a herald of rare fancy and a messenger-bearer to his fellow men; and since the first heralds were essentially advertisers, it may be said that Sir Edwin has in no respect breached professional decorum. In the century near at hand it may be accounted as honorable to be a laureate of commerce as a singer of birthday odes for unappreciative children.

Rev. Dr. John Watson is being warmly welcomed to America. Mr. Watson has combined the responsible offices of clergyman and author in the noblest manner. His pulpit utterances are full of human sympathy and universal charity; and his stories breathe the most tender and persuasive Christianity. He is a helpful whole-some preacher, within church and without. Every one must be the better after reading his sermons and Scottish idylls. When the great tidal wave of Time shall have obliterated the huge mass of Scotch fiction which has given joy to this generation, few if any of 'Jan MacLaren's' stories may be left; but they will have served in their day to strengthen humanity's deepest heart ideals.

Tennyson's lineal heir to the poet laureateship, in view of CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE's absolute ineligibility to court favor, was WILLIAM MORRIS, the poet who died a few days ago in London. Curiously enough, too, MORRIS had sung Arthurian romances fit to be the sequel of the great Victorian laureate's 'Idylls of the King.' In a sense, indeed, MORRIS was nearer to the Table Round than TENNYSON; for in his Oxford days he had become saturated with the spirit of medievalism as he later became imbued with the virile force of the Icelandic Sagas. His Præraphasite sympathy did not how-

ever achieve such delicate effects as TENNYSON's, but as ANDREW LANG has only recently remarked: "MORRIS can charm us, as no one of our age but TENNYSON has charmed us, with an inexplicable magic."

According to an official map there are fifteen rivers and creeks in Nicaragua, five hundred of which are north of the Prinzapula river and east of the meridian 85 deg. 30 min. west of Greenwich. Gold was discovered in northeastern Nicaragua in November 1888, and it is said that it may be found in the washings of any of the five hundred streams in that section. Many of these washings show but little more than color. Along the Prinzapula and some of its upper affluents, however, rich places have been found, several very small pockets having yielded from \$3,000 to \$30,000 each. The annual shipments of gold dust from the Prinzapula region are generally estimated to have averaged \$150,000 since 1888.

The tea men in China are constantly inviting ruin by the manner in which they prepare the teas for the foreign markets. The totality is impressed with the necessity of their informing the planters that their adulteration of teas would lead to their rejection in many important markets, but up to the present no change has been made for the better, nor will improved methods be adopted, so long as the entire business is in the hands of the natives. Now that Hang Chow is to be opened to trade, much of the tea passing through that port for Shanghai will be prepared under foreign supervision, and shipped via the grand canal to Shanghai for exportation abroad. There certainly seems to be a good field opened there for some enterprising foreigners, and if tea were grown and cured under the eyes of a foreign superintendent this venture would meet with success.

Harvard College is rich in scholarships. These have long been understood to be intended for the use of needy students. Such students must, as a rule, have a certain high proficiency in their studies, but not necessarily the highest proficiency. The rich or well-to-do have not been eligible. The result has been that scholarships have not been granted for reason of scholarship solely. They have partaken of the nature of a gratuity rather than a prize. Beginning with the present fall term of Harvard, they will be granted to undergraduates according to merit and without regard to poverty or wealth. They will be a distinction open to all, and their value in the sight of the whole college will be proportionately increased. It seems probable that most of them will still be won by poor students but there will be under the spur of ambition as well as of need. Some people do not believe in open competition, or competition of any sort, and distrust the whole system of school rewards and prizes. But scholarships exist in the colleges and it seems reasonable to hope that when these scholarships are thrown open, the glory of winning them will attract students who have hitherto been barred out from them or indifferent to them.

Russia is erecting near the Devil's Bridge in the St. Gothard, a great cross which will commemorate the memory of one of the most daring generals who ever commanded an army. The Russian inscription reads: "To the brave fellow-combatant of Marshal SUVOVOFF, Count of Rymnik, Prince Italiaki." SUVOVOFF's military character may be seen in the formulae of his military catechism. "A sudden glance, rapidity, impetuosity! The van of the army is not to wait for the rear! Musket balls are for fools; bayonets do the business." In the famous battle on the Rymnik, where SUVOVOFF gained his title of Rymnikski, one hundred thousand Turks were beaten back by twenty-five thousand Christians. SUVOVOFF's march into Switzerland to defend the sunny mountains of Helvetia is one of the strangest episodes of all the Napoleonic wars. His crossing of the St. Gothard was a remarkable exploit. "In this kingdom of terrors," he wrote, "abysses open beside us at every step, like tombs awaiting our arrival. Night spent among the clouds, thunder that never ceases, rain, fog, the noise of the cataracts, the breaking of avalanches, torrents which sometimes carry men and horses down the precipices, the St. Gothard, that colossus who sees the mist pass under him—we have surmounted all, and in these inaccessible spots this enemy has been forced to give way before us." Soon, lost in the heart of the Swiss Alps, betrayed by the carelessness of his allies, almost inclosed in a moustrap, this soldier of the plains, nearly seventy years old, began a retreat still glorious in the annals of warfare.

A few years ago, when the bicycle was comparatively a stranger in St. John, it was looked upon with great curiosity and its manipulation was supposed to require rare tact and agility and to be attended with great risk to the rider. There were no laws prohibiting wheelmen from riding on the sidewalks or anywhere else, and persons on foot who heard a bicycle coming, stepped willingly aside to let it pass. The high bicycles which were in use at the time, were liable to upset if

they encountered a small stone or a hollow in the road. In country places if a rider was obliged to steer his wheel off the sidewalk it often meant a fall headlong over the handle bar, and perhaps a severe injury to the person. In the bicycle's evolution the dangerous high wheels have been discarded and low safety wheels have taken their place; but the wheelman's old habit of expecting pedestrians to clear the way when he is near remains unchanged. The time has passed when striking a patch of loose gravel, for example, would throw the rider from his saddle, and yet in the outskirts of the city pedestrians are warned to stand to one side when they hear a bell ring. Much the same state of things prevail in the city at street crossings and other places. Of course, it would be a pity to check the scorching pace of a fair wheelwoman, particularly if she didn't mean anything by it, but it is only right that bicyclists, male and female alike, should do their share of turning out. Now that they have wheels which are easily controlled, there is no excuse for their persistent warning to persons about to give them the whole road. On the subject of bicycles, the purposes of the Cyclists' Protective League of New York, lately incorporated, will commend themselves to wheelmen generally. The League intends to establish several hundred stations in and around New York where cyclists may be checked and store their wheels, have them oiled or the tire pumped up. It also aims to insure bicyclists against accidents while riding, to provide lockers for a change of costume, to furnish riders with other wheels while theirs are undergoing repairs, to insure wheels against fire and theft and to replace any part of them which may be lost or broken. All this, of course, will please the bicyclists but where does the humble pedestrian come in. For example, if a s'out and gushing wheel woman accidentally runs over a man, the fair one will be promptly and cheerfully cared for and supplied with another outfit while the wheelless sufferer is left to the mercy of a crowd or to limp away bruised and unaided. Even if the injuries are to his dignity and clothing what can he do? He must sacrifice anger to content; pick himself up, and then help to pick up his fair assailant, apologizing meekly for the mishap brought about by her inconsiderateness or inexperience; after that he may go home and take an inventory of himself. Ought there not to be a corresponding league for the protection of the unprotected pedestrian against the protected bicyclist.

## "NEDDY" OUGHT TO KNOW

So Said One of the Aldermen in Reply to His Question.

HALIFAX, October 8.—At Tuesday's meeting of the city council Ald. O'Donnell asked a question which brought a peculiar remark from a brother alderman in reply. The subject of building permits, in so far as it concerned the city, was under discussion, when 'Neddy' made his mark by asking for information regarding a house being erected by John W. Rabland, grand master of the masonic body. This Alderman O'Donnell followed by this question: "Mr. Mayor, is it legal for Mr. — to rent a house as a place of evil resort?" No man in the council is more ready with a quick reply or pointed question than Ald. Redden, and he it was who made the council-chamber shake with the laughter of the city fathers as he said to the mayor: "The aldermen should know, for he has been long enough in the business."

What the point of the remark was it is hard to see, even if the alderman did laugh, for alderman Edward O'Donnell is a most highly respected and honorable owner of real estate on South Brunswick, Albemarle and Grafton streets. He has his good company in that business, some of the oldest families in Halifax, having large interests in the same locality. They would not care to have their names mentioned, however.

## UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

The Money Was Not to Avoid Trouble but for Personal Use.

HALIFAX, October 8.—Ald. W. J. Butler is a kind-hearted man, but when he is aroused by gross ingratitude or fraud he is not a man to be trifled with. He was aroused last week so effectively that he sent one W. Smith to jail. It seems that Smith, some time ago, came to Ald. Butler with a tale of woe. He said he was in trouble and must have \$80 at once or be disgraced with his family. The alderman believed Smith's story and advanced the cash taking a receipt for it. The money was not paid when the amount came due, and more than that, Smith defied Ald. Butler to collect it. This addition of insult to injury was too much, and Lawyer Fulton was directed to take proceedings. Smith was arrested and arraigned before Commissioner Higgins for examination. Ald. Butler told his story and Smith admitted its correctness, while admitting that he had not wanted the money for the purposes alleged, but rather for his own uses. Higgins thereupon sentenced Smith to six months in jail for fraud. This seemed a well-deserved fate, but the law was again brought into play and the prisoner was released. Ald. Butler will keep his eyes open for a chance to get even yet with that Smithsonian borrower.

Chairs Re-seated, Cans, Spilled, Corroded, Dented, &c.

## VIBES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

West Von Dir.

Ah, Welt von Dir beloved Marguerite, The changing hues of rosy eventide, Blood in a lovely form that seeks my side, A footstep and a voice so startling sweet, I turn to find it is time to greet, This image in the passing smile I meet.

Perhaps no more agile with outward eyes, Shall I behold thee in thy presence fair; An amber glory on thy golden hair; But in a marvellous transfused guise, Seen as a spirit in a sweet surprise, On range of roses dropped from Paradise.

Ah! Welt von Dir, there is a sacred place, Hidden within an angel guarded shrine; Deep in a cloister of the soul of mine, There lies in sleeping air a saintly face, Happy in an invisible embrace, Of love all hallowed by a deathless grace.

I see thee too when roses blown a storm, With red bloom the enchantment of the moon; And sing sweet songs to many a lover's tune. Whoselike robes on summer skies are worn, And life's great passions o'erflow with hope new born, The purple chalice of love's golden morn.

Ah! Welt von Dir, could dark golden sorrow die, If here no more a human heart could break, Or ever change its fatal fate, I would be glad to see thee, O, fond all vision from us weeping fly, What souls from sadness might awake and cry, Immortal love thou art forever sigh.

Ah! Welt von Dir, what tender memories cling, To all the rapturous moments of the past; The sad soul's anchor even to the last. The brightest angels earliest here take wing, Bidding us to the last sweet notes they sing; Ah! who can read life's future in a ring.

A Beautiful Life.

My sister's wedding occurs this week, And all the fuss and trouble they're at I'd rather waste it all in my own neck. O such an empty romance as that, They love each other, indeed, but phew! He had no rival, and she had no choice. They'll settle down like pa and ma, I hope they'll be better in store for us.

I want a lover like those in tales, I'll scorn his suit till he's quite enraged; And then, the day when his father falls, I'll send for him and we'll get engaged. And how my parents will storm an' scold! My lover's pleadings will be in vain, And say he's waiting for me for good and all, Then he, in noble and lofty pride, Will go away. Another then, A handsome foreigner, so polite, Will nearly capture my promise, when My first returns, and they wage a fight. And in the duel my lover brave Is nearly killed and laid out but for The tender nursing his sweetheart gave; And then, the nation will go to war.

I'll cry and tell it, but he shall go; In all the papers his deeds be read. And last, one morning there is the blow: My hero lover's among the dead! Again my sorrow in vain is strife, And when my sister's wedding appears, The ivory tale of my dear life, Will make my sister ashamed of hers.

Beginning Again.

When some times our feet grow weary, On the rugged hill of life, The path stretching long and dreary With trial and labor life. We pause on the toilsome journey, Glancing backward in valley and glen, And sigh with an infinite longing To return and begin again.

For behind is the dew of the morning In all its freshness and light; And before are doubt and shadow, And the chill and the gloom of the night. We remember the sunny places, We pause so carefully then, And ask with a passionate longing To return and begin again.

Ah! 'twas indeed the asking! Life's duties press all of us; And who dare shrink from the labor, Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone? We may not far on our journey Wait fairer places than them; Life's paths may yet lead by still waters, Though we may not begin again.

For evermore upward and onward Be our paths on the hills of life, And soon will a radiant dawn Transfigure the toils and strife. And our Father's hand will lead us Tenderly upward then, In the joy and peace of a fairer world He'll let us begin again.

A Four-Year Old.

A four-year-old's a baby, Whatever you do or say, You may rile him out in a rumpus about And teach him the time of day. As his muscles grow he will bluster and blow, Till you think him an army of men. Until short of breath you may "love" him to death, But whether you will, he's a baby still, Whatever you do or say.

A four-year-old's a baby, Whatever you do or say, He may run and shout and want to play out In the yard the liveliest day. He may put on his hat and coat and all that, And button his shoes with hook; He may stagger and strut and pretend to be, but No matter how big he may look, He's a baby still, whether you will, Whatever you do or say.

A four-year-old's a baby, You may call him a man, as a mother can, Seventy times a day. If he cries when he's hurt, all covered with dirt, You'll gather him up in your arms, Nor times refuse to carry the brute And quiet his tearful alarm.

For whether you will, he's a baby still, Whatever you do or say.

THEY FORGOT TO SALUTE.

A Strange Omission of the 66th in Military Etiquette.

HALIFAX, Oct. 8.—The annual mobilization manoeuvres of the imperial and Canadian troops are over. It rained all day and the military gained some idea of the hardships of active service. General Montgomery-Moore himself was wet through to the skin, faring not one bit better than the humblest private in the 66th.

By the way, the 68th officers and men are crowding over their comrades of the 66th because of an omission of the latter in the etiquette that should have been observed when they were leaving the general as they left his excellency's presence. They failed to do, at least all the companies except Captain Chipman's forgot the rule. The 68th were not caught napping, and their salute was just what it ought to be, and together with their fine appearance earned from the General the plaudit: "Well done, 68th!" It may not be so, but there are those who say that the reason the single 66th company that saluted did so was because they just happened to see the 68th do the correct thing and copied them.

Miss Lilla Simpson, professor of the piano, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte piano for her own use.

McArthur's for Window Blinds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## THE EDITOR NEEDS A NEW HEART.

The Chignecto Post Severely Criticized by Geoffrey C. Strange.

The editorial page of the "Chignecto Post" of the 17th. of the current month, contains so extraordinary a reference to the recently executed murderer Peter Wheeler and his victim, as to give an unprejudiced reader the impression that the editor of that reliable and steady going journal was away from home when the paper was published and some irresponsible person had seized the opportunity of publishing the item referred to, without consulting his chief.

The writer starts out with a criticism of the "Chignecto Post" for throwing a doubt on the sincerity of the profession of religion with which one of the most cold blooded and brutal of modern murderers rounded off his career, and captured the tearful sympathy of a great many well meaning simpletons during the last weeks of his confinement in the gaol at Digby.

The paragraph in the "World" which the tender hearted editor of the "Post" takes exception to is this—"Such belief on his—Wheeler's—part was the result of the pious attention showered on him. If the devil had a mortgage on anybody it has surely on a wretch like Wheeler. Then why should anybody have sought to cheat the devil out of his own?"—Taking this for a text, the "Post" proceeds to preach an energetic sermon on the subject, with the evident object of elevating the brute who has paid the just penalty of his most horrible crime; and so far loses sight not only of respect for the girl who died to save her honor, but of common decency, as to cast a cowardly slur at her as she lies in her early grave.

After accusing the "World" of being unorthodox in its references to Wheeler, the "Post" says its contemporary is neither consistent nor fair in its strictures on that departed hero. "What does the 'World' know about Wheeler's religion, what does it know of his feelings during the last few weeks of his life?" asks the "Post" in a glow of righteous indignation and then that respectable journal permits itself to publish this—"Our contemporary says he murdered an innocent young girl. For arguments sake we will acknowledge that he did, although the girl could not have been an angel by any means."

The murderer was tried, and condemned. Towards the last of his life he made a profession of religion, and the "World," entirely unacquainted with the details of the affair, save what was obtained through the public press has the presumption to state that such a profession on Wheeler's part was nothing short of blasphemy. Then the "Post" quotes scripture in support of its theory that Wheeler was a sincere penitent and sure of forgiveness, and after making use of the well worn comparison to the thief on the cross, it makes the astonishing statement that Wheeler, in the eyes of the people of these provinces was no greater sinner than the one referred to.

It would be a pertinent question to ask what the editor of the "Post" knows about the thief on the cross, as well as what he knows about the life of the murdered Annie Kempton, that he should have the presumption to calumniate her name now. What authority has he for stating so positively that she could not have been an angel by any means? No one said she was an angel.

But she was a young girl who preferred a cruel death to dishonor, and what the editor of the "Chignecto Post" knows to her discredit, is a subject on which the public would probably like to be informed? As to the doubts of Wheeler's sincerity expressed by the Chatham World, that paper had probably better grounds for entertaining them than the "Post" has for believing the murderer to have been genuinely repentant.

That the man was a contemptible hypocrite can scarcely be doubted by anyone who read his various confessions. Though they contain many attempts to excuse and palliate his crime, one may search in vain for one word of genuine remorse, or even pity for his victim. Expressions of sunny confidence that he would be forgiven were not lacking in his conversation, but of real regret there was none.

It was well known in Digby that it was Wheeler's habit to keep his bible open on the table in his cell, and on the approach of a visitor, or any of his spiritual advisers he immediately became engrossed in it, no matter what his occupation had been previous to hearing approaching footsteps.

The "Post" is perfectly right in saying that if anyone requires religious ministrations it is a murderer, and also that a murderer may be forgiven when he repents; but at the same time there is far too much of this petting of the murderer, and consigning his victim to oblivion, and it is high

time that public opinion set in another direction. The current was pretty strong in the right direction in Wheeler's case, and there was less maudlin sentiment lavished upon him than usual, because of the very brutality of his crime, and his apparent failure to realize the enormity of it. The Chatham "World" probably spoke hastily and in pardonable indignation when it made that remark about cheating his staid majesty out of his lawful prey; Wheeler has paid the penalty of his crime and if a merciful God can forgive him, none of us should grudge him that forgiveness; but we can at least do justice to the memory of his victim.

The "Post" hazards the opinion that the editor of the Chatham World is in need of a little spiritual advice himself, and recommends him to attend the Hunter-Crossley meetings now being held in Chatham. Editor Stewart may stand in need of spiritual regeneration, most of us do, but his temporary of the Chignecto Post is scarcely in a position to prescribe for others until he has learned not to cast stones at the dead. The Hunter-Crossley exhortations would scarcely meet his case, but if he could arrange to visit Annie Kempton's grave, and there meditate for a little while upon christian charity, he might experience a change of heart, and think twice before he again tries to blacken the character of one who has passed into the silence of the other world, and who is unable to defend herself against slander.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

## WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

The Chief of Police, Not the Evangelists Stopped Sunday Shaving.

HALIFAX, Oct. 8.—Evangelists Hunter and Crossley are holding a series of meetings in Dartmouth that seem to be attended with a large measure of success. Great crowds assemble at the rink, which the preachers have named "the Ark,"—a title into the use of which people have now fallen. PROGRESS has no desire to minimize the good that is being done, or to detract from the apparent results of the labors of the evangelists. There to a certain extent speak for themselves. One thing that is objectionable however is any attempt to manufacture results which have not really been accomplished. What seems to be an instance of this working up of fictitious results was the taking of credit the other day by the evangelists for the closing up on Sundays of the three barber shops in Dartmouth. It is illegal to keep these places open on Sunday. Some time ago the chief of police of Dartmouth went round to the tonsorial artists and informed them that they would have to close. One was asked if he would not close on condition of the others doing so, and the question was put to each of the three in the same form. The great desirability of a peaceful closing up in that way was pointed out by the officer of the law, compared with the harshness of a resort to force which might be brought to bear. This argument had its effect, and in process of time the three barbers signed a joint document agreeing to shave no more on Sunday. Where the evangelists come in in this matter is not readily apparent. They belong to one of their meetings in "the ark" and taking full credit for the good work accomplished. They stated that it was because of their preaching that the barbers had come to respect the Sabbath, and this earnest work of the chief of police with the barbers was completely ignored. Keep on with your good work, Hunter and Crossley, but do not be too ready to claim too much as you have done on this occasion.

## A Vegetable With Eyes.

These "eyes" are not for seeing exactly, but they serve a no less important purpose. They belong to a plant called the "shining moss," which inhabits cracks and crannies in old stone walls and rocky precipices, and appears to take every precaution against exposing itself to full daylight. Only within a few years has the fact been learned that the property possessed by this moss of shining in the gloom of its dwelling places is due, not to phosphorescence, but to the existence on the surface of the leaves of thousands of minute cells filled with transparent liquid and shaped like the lenses of an eye. These microscopic eyes focus the faint light that reaches them upon the green coloring matter of the leaves, called the chlorophyll, and thus enable the plant to live. Shining moss appears first to have been described in France, but recent writers on natural history have shown that it abounds in some parts of this country also. There are other plants that exhibit a similar phenomenon, and Dr. Alfred C. Stokes includes among them the ice-plant and certain varieties of begonia.

## Teaching Literature.

If I may judge from my experience with college work, covering several years, and from my brifer experience with school work, I am forced to the conclusion that sympathetic reading on the part of the teacher should be the main method of presenting literature. especially poetry, to young minds. I have never got good results from the history of literature or from criticism except in the case of matured students, and I never expect to.—The Atlantic.