

woes and prospects, during which Marjorie informed Mr. Errol that she had not known what made her cousin's cheeks so red when looking on Eugene's prayer-book. Now she knew; it was Durham mustard that stings. There must have been some in the book. The victim of these remarks looked severely at the culprit, but all in vain; she was not to be suppressed with a frown. She remarked that Saul had a hymn-book that made you sneeze, and she asked him why, and he said it was the snuff.

"What did Eugene put mustard in his prayer-book for?"

"Mr. Coristine didn't say he put mustard in his bookie, Marjorie," said the minister; "he said that Mr. Perrowne put mustard in his sermon, because it was so fiery."

"I don't like mustard sermons; I like stories."

"Aye, we all like them, when they're good stories and well told, but it's no easy work getting good stories. That was the way our Saviour taught the people, and you couldn't get a higher example."

"Why have we hardly any of that kind of teaching now?" asked Miss Carmichael.

"Because the preachers are afraid for one thing, and lazy, for another. They're afraid of the most ignorant folk in their congregation, who will be sure to charge them with childishness and a contempt for the intellect of their people. Then, it takes very wide and varied reading to discover suitable stories that will point a Scripture moral."

"You seem to be on gude solid releeigious ground doon there, meenister," interrupted the master of the house; "but Miss Du Plessis and Mrs. Carmichael here are just corruptin' the minds o' Maister Wilkinson and Maister Nash wi' the maist un-Sawbath like havers I ever hard at an elder's table. We had better rise, gudewife!"

Shortly after the company returned to the parlour, Mr. Errol signified that he must take his departure for the Lake Settlement, where his second congregation was. At this Mr. Nash pricked up his ears, and said he would saddle his horse and ride over with him. "Na, na!" cried the Squire, "he'll no ride the day; I'll just get the waggon oot, and drive ye baith there and back." Orders were given through Tryphosa, a comely, red-cheeked damsel, who appeared in a few minutes to say that Timotheus was at the gate. All went out to see the trio off, and there, sure enough, was Timotheus of Peskiwanchow holding the restive horses. It transpired that Carruthers, having lost his house servant through the latter's misconduct, had commissioned his sister to find him a substitute, and Marjorie's interest in Timotheus had resulted in his being chosen to fill the vacant situation. He grinned his pleased recognition of the two pedestrians, who bravely withstood all the temptations to get into the waggon and visit the Lake Settlement. When the waggon departed, Mrs. Carruthers went to her children, taking Marjorie with her, and Mrs. Carmichael went upstairs for a read of a religious paper and a nap. The young ladies and the tourists were the sole occupants of the sitting-room. The lawyer went over to Miss Du Plessis, and left his friend perforce to talk to Miss Carmichael.

"I hear, Miss Du Plessis, that you own a farm and valuable mineral land," said Coristine.

"Did Messrs. Tylor, Woodruff and White give you that information?" she asked in return.

"No, indeed; do you know my firm?"

"Very well, seeing I have been two years in Mr. Tylor's office."

"Two years in Tylor's office, and me not know it?"

"You do not seem to take much interest in feminine stenographers and typewriters."

"No, I don't, that's a fact; but if I had known that it was you who were one, it would have been a different thing."

"Now, Mr. Coristine, please make no compliments of doubtful sincerity."

"I never was more sincere in my life. But you haven't answered me about the land."

"Well, I will answer you; I have no farm or valuable minerals, but my father left me two hundred acres of water and wild land near what's called the Lake Settlement, which he bought when Honoria married Mr. Carruthers and took up her residence here."

"Do you know if the taxes are paid on your land?"

"No; I was not aware that wild land and water could be taxed."

"Taxed is it? You don't know these municipalities. If you had a little island in your name, no bigger than this room, they'd tax you for it, and make you pay school rate, and do statute labour beside, though there wasn't a school or a road within ten miles of it. For downright jewing and most unjustifiable extortion on non-residents, commend me to a township council. You'll be sold out by the sheriff of the county, sure as eggs, and the Grinstun man'll buy your property for the arrears of taxes."

"Whatever shall I do, Mr. Coristine?" asked the alarmed young lady; "I do not wish to lose my father's gift through negligence."

"You should have taken advice from the junior member of Tylor, Woodruff and White," replied the lawyer, with a peculiar smile; "but the Grinstun man has bagged your estate."

"Oh, do not say that, Mr. Coristine. Tell me, what shall I do? And who is the man you mean?"

"The man I mean is the one that met you when you came here to dinner. He is going to quarry in your farm for grindstones, and make his fortune. But, as he wants yourself into the bargain, I imagine he can't get the land without you, so that somebody must have paid the taxes."

"Then it is the little wretch Marjorie told me of, the cruel creature who kicked a poor dog?"

"The very same; he is the Grinstun man. I've got a poem on him I'll read you some day."

"That will be delightful; I am very fond of good poetry."

"Wilks says it isn't good poetry; but any man that grovels over Wordsworth, with a tear in the old man's eye, is a poor judge."

"I admire Wordsworth, Mr. Coristine, and am afraid that you are not in earnest about poetry. To me it is like life, a very serious thing. But, tell me, do you think the land is safe?"

"Oh yes; I wrote to one of the salaried juniors, giving him instructions to look after it, just as soon as I heard what Grinstuns had his eye on."

"Mr. Coristine! How shall I ever thank you for your kindness, you, of all men, who profess to treat us workers for our living as positive nonentities?"

"By forgetting the past, Miss Du Plessis, and allowing me the honour of your acquaintance in future. By-the-by, as you admire Wordsworth, and good poetry, and earnest, serious men, I'll just go and send Wilks to you. I have a word for Miss Carmichael. Is she constructed on the same poetic principles as yourself?"

"Go away then, farceur! No; Marjorie is inclined to frivolity."

With a wave of her fan, she dismissed the lawyer, who began to think lady stenographers and typewriters a class worthy of platonic attention. "Short hand!" he muttered to himself; "hers is rather a long one and pretty, and she is a favourable type of her kind, but I'm afraid a pun would make her faint, when Wilks would certainly call me out and shoot me dead with his revolver."

"Wilks, my boy," said Coristine aloud, when he reached the stiff chair in which the dominie sat erect, facing Miss Carmichael on a lounge at safe distance; "Miss Du Plessis would like to hear you discuss Wordsworth and other Sunday poets. She doesn't seem to care about hearing my composition on the Grinstun man."

The dominie eagerly but properly arose, answering: "Miss Du Plessis does too much honour to my humble poetic judgment, and, in regard to your doggerel, shows her rare good sense." He then walked across the room to the object of his laudation, and, taking Coristine's vacated chair, remarked that few poets preach a sermon so simply and beautifully as the author of "The Excursion." Would Miss Du Plessis allow him to bring down his pocket volume of the Rydal bard? Miss Du Plessis would be charmed; so the schoolmaster withdrew, and soon reappeared with the book all unconsciously open at "She was a phantom of delight." With guilty eyes, he closed it, and, turning over the pages, stopped at the fifth book of "The Excursion," announcing its subject, "The Pastor." It was now the lady's turn to be uncomfortable, with the suggestion of Mr. Perrowne. The lawyer, whose back had been turned to the poetic pair, looked unutterable things at Miss Carmichael, who, not knowing to what extreme of the ludicrous her companion might lead her, suggested a visit to the garden, if Mr. Coristine did not think it too warm. "It's the very thing for me," answered the lawyer, as they arose together and proceeded to the French windows opening upon the verandah; "it's like 'Come into the garden, Maud.'" They were outside by this time, and Miss Carmichael, lifting a warning finger, said: "Mr. Coristine, I am a school teacher, and am going to take you in hand as a naughty boy; you know that is not for Sunday, don't you now?"

"If it was only another name that begins with the same letter," replied the incorrigible Irishman, "I'd say the line would be good for any day of the week in fine weather; but I'm more than willing to go to school again."

"Sometimes," said the schoolteacher quietly, "sometimes the word 'garden' makes me sad. Papa had a great deal of trouble. He lost all his children but me, and almost all his property, and he had quarrelled with his relations in Scotland, or they had quarrelled with him; so that he was, in spite of his public life, a lonely, afflicted man. When he was dying, he repeated part of a hymn, and the refrain was 'The Garden of Gethsemane.'"

"Ah, Miss Carmichael, dear, forgive me, the stupid, blundering idiot that I am, to go and vex your tender heart with my silly nonsense. I'm ashamed, and could cry to think of it."

"I will forgive you, Mr. Coristine," she replied, recovering from her serious fit, and looking at the victim in a way that blended amusement with imperiousness: "I will forgive you this once, if you promise future good behaviour."

An impulse came over the lawyer to shake Miss Carmichael's hand, but she made him no shadow of an excuse for so doing. It was plain that the mutual confidences of the girls, which embraced, using the word in a mere logical sense, their year long distant acquaintance with the transformed pedestrians, had given maturity to the closer and more pleasant acquaintance of the day. Little Marjorie's appropriation of the lawyer as her Eugene added another ripening element to its growth; so that the two garden explorers felt none of the stiffness and uncertainty of a first introduction. What Miss Carmichael's thoughts were she only could tell, but she knew that the impetuous and affectionate Coristine required the merest trifle of encouragement to change the steady decorous tide of advancing knowledge and respect into an abruptly awkward cataract, threatening the rupture of pleasant relations or the loss of self-respect. She would have preferred

talking with Wilkinson, as a check upon the fervour of his friend; but, although she laughed at the dominie's culpable ignorance of her city existence, in her secret soul it piqued her not a little. No; she would rather take refuge with the clergy, Mr. Errol or Mr. Perrowne.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORY OF WALT WHITMAN.

"Rude am I in my speech."—*Othello*.

O "good grey poet," thou wert born too soon,
In the dim morn ere yet the mists were gone;
Thy time had been the glare and blaze of noon,
When, unobscured by clouds, the day-god shone.

Rude wert thou as the first-born of a race,
That, bursting from the bonds of form away,
Sings out its heart, not studious of the grace—
If grace it be—that makes the bard to-day.

Th' applause of those whose verses fashion moulds—
The poetaster's meed—thou couldst not gain;
But other hearts thy plainer language holds,
Whose homage far outweighs such tributes vain.

Yes, thou shalt live, for many a soul has grown
The better by thy life; this earth had been
The sadder but for thee, for thou hast known
To banish gloom and let the sunlight in.

All may not deem thee poet; thou canst claim
The simpler honour by our fathers given;
"Maker" thou wert, that good old Saxon name
Wins thee safe entrance into Shakespeare's heaven.
Toronto, April 27, 1892. A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ONTARIO HIGH SCHOOL.

IN the magazines a few years ago were given the steps in the development of a composite picture, made by printing numerous negatives on the same card one after another, so that the final picture was a general average of all the pictures, and not exactly like any one of them. In many respects this composite picture, produced from a dozen different negatives, resembles the Ontario High School system, which has been evolving since the beginning of the century under a great variety of ideals of what a secondary school ought to be. Each of these ideals has left its impress on the school of to-day, and if one had the materials at hand, it would form an interesting study to trace the stages of growth and watch the effect of each new ideal as its influence began to be felt on the slowly developing composite notion of the place and power of the high school.

In the first stage it was a photograph of the Scotch parochial school with one master, who was trusted to supply all the teaching his pupils received. The original school, founded by Knox, had rendered signal service beyond the sea, and had brought the average education of the Scotch nation a good way above the average in England, and even in Ireland, the earliest British home of education. Under the code of the present day the Scotch parochial school no longer exists, but it has left its mark upon Scotland and Scotchmen for all time to come. The course was not over-burdened with numerous studies, seeing that Latin, Greek, a little English and a little mathematics were almost the only subjects attempted; but the teacher had received a fairly liberal education, and was not unfrequently a university graduate of some ability and much enthusiasm and moral earnestness, and it was customary to retain his services for many years in the same parish. From Scottish biography and story, from Hugh Miller, Dr. McCosh, Sir Walter Scott and other sources, we have some graphic descriptions, and we are thus enabled to get glimpses of the whole internal economy of these schools as they existed for over two hundred years. In Ontario a few schools very similar to these were the original stock from which our present highly-organized and well-equipped system of secondary schools have been slowly developed. From the early history of the colony we have records of the quality and the quantity of the work they accomplished at Cornwall, Kingston, Toronto and Niagara; and from the writings of Dr. Scadding, the biography of Bishop Strachan and others might be collected a tolerably complete history of these first grammar schools, their teachers and their distinguished pupils.

In 1828 the English ideal of a secondary school was transplanted to Toronto when the Royal Grammar School was founded, which has evolved into the present Upper Canada College in its new quarters, with a new lease of life, seemingly as vigorous as in its earliest prime. The whole history of the evolution of this school, from the days of Edward VI., or some centuries earlier, would carry us too far afield for present purposes. It forms a very interesting chapter in the history of education, as may be seen from such books as "Our Public Schools" (Kegan, Paul and Company, London, 1881); but as the English ideal has influenced only indirectly the general trend of secondary education in this Province, and has not succeeded in multiplying itself on our soil, we may leave it with casual mention as one of the minor agencies that assisted somewhat in the development of our system, ser-