

session of the Legislature. Its halls are now opened to young women, and after the close of the current term, no fees can be exacted of qualified pupils from Halifax city and county.

There are 230 pupils in attendance at Stratford Collegiate Institute, and the average attendance since last January is 183. The Institute has recently suffered a good deal from illness among the teachers. J. B. Wilson, B.A., English Master, was absent a month in consequence of erysipelas in the head. W. Knox, sixth master, was ill with inflammation of the lungs. A. DeGuerre, B.A. Mathematical Master, has been absent two months owing to rheumatic fever, and recently Wm. McBride, M.A., the Principal, has been confined to bed with nervous prostration as the result of over work during the continued absence of teachers. Thos. Mulvoy, B.A., Fellow of University College, is filling Mr. DeGuerre's position, and M. S. Clark, M.A., who has just returned from a German college, is teaching Mr. McBride's classes.

Literary Chit-Chat.

Queen Victoria is said to be preparing for the press speeches of the late Duke of Albany. It is announced that the speeches were of his own composition.

The *Critic* says that Mr. Froude said during an interview when in America that he did not intend to write a complete biography of Carlyle. "Carlyle," he said, "was opposed to the spirit of the age in which we live, or at least to the aims and ideas of the accepted leaders. Before a true life of him can be written, we must have learnt from facts whether he was right or they were right."

The students of Harvard University are preparing to produce the play of "Julius Caesar," with complete dramatic appointments.

Daudit is said to devote a year to each novel he writes.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe denies that any of the characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are portraits. She says in a note to the editor of *The Brooklyn*, "I know of several colored men who showed the piety, honesty and faithfulness of Uncle Tom," but none of them had a history like that I created for him. Canada's claim to possess the original "Uncle Tom," is thus ruthlessly overthrown.

A strong plea in behalf of "The Modern Schoolmaster," is made by Lawrence M. Ennis in *The Current* of May 9. He holds that the teacher, personally, is not given the popular consideration he deserves, and urges that the parents of the children he teaches accord to him that due social recognition which is often withheld.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, will publish about the middle of May an important book on The Russian Revolt, by Mr. Edwin Noble of London. The author has lived two years in Russia and has been for ten years engaged in the study of Asiatic subjects.

G. P. Putman's Sons, New York City, have now ready a timely addition to the literature of the Asiatic problem. It is entitled "Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian dispute," and is based upon the reports and experiences of Russian, German and British officers and travellers.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, will issue in a few days "Snob Papers," by Adair Welcker, Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sacramento, California. The scene is laid in San Francisco, Oakland and the surrounding country, and the hero, a bluff old "Forty-Niner," has grown rich at the mines. He comes to San Francisco to mingle with the Snobs and see Life, and the shrewd sayings delivered in peculiar style, are of the most convulsing type, being one whirl of ludicrous adventures, which are quite exciting and sensational, while the action never ceases. Hosts of droll characters are introduced, among them several remarkably lively young ladies and some ladies of uncertain age, who are untrusting fishers in the matrimonial sea, while the local snobs and dudes are mercilessly ridiculed. "Snob Papers" will be published in one large duodecimo volume of 500 pages, at the exceedingly low price of seventy-five cents a copy in paper cover, or \$1.25 bound in morocco cloth, and copies will be sent to any one at once on receipt of price. We predict for it a very large sale. Local agents are wanted in every county. Large wages can be made selling it. Address at once, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., for special terms to agents.—*Philadelphia Evening Cal.*

The American Sunday School Union will shortly publish the

John C. Green \$1000 prize book on "The Obligations and Advantages of the Day of Rest." The M.S. taking the prize was entitled "The Lord's Day. Its Perpetual Obligations," by Prof. A. E. Walle, of Lewisburg University, Lewisburg, Penn.

Miscellaneous.

"CEAD MILE FAILTHI."

A hundred thousand welcomes! Yes, Hibernia would not shamo
The traditions of her Island, which through all its storied past,
Has earned for hospitality an honorable name
She would cherish to the last.

They come in cheery confidence and genuine good-will,
The pair of Royal Visitors. The Green Isle of the West,
Like the Desert, ever holdeth all its courtesy and skill
At the service of a Guest.

She comes, our sweet Princess, like the Lady in the song
That Erin's favorite singer shaped from Erin's legends hoar,*
In the faith that in all Ireland none would work her scathe or wrong
Though she paced from shore to shore.

Like the bright gold ring that Lady bore aloft upon her wand
Our Princess bears a jewel—'tis the flawless gem of Trust;
And if she find a foeman in the chivalrous old land,
Sure his soul must be of dust!

No! On Erin's pride and honor, like the maiden of the smile,
She relies, and so relying shall be lighted safe and sound,
Like the lady of the legend, o'er each foot of the Green Isle
Where an Irish heart is found.

So Hibernia says, be sure, and hath nought but chiding stern
For such churlish errant children as her honor would disgrace
By parade of ancient enmities, which all too long may burn
In the bosom of a race.

They are fools who lend them fuel, whosoever they may be,
"Cold-hearted Saxons" here, or hot headed Pats out there;
Let the firebrands stand aside, and soon blue-eyed Hops shall see
The last breath of black Despair.

—Punch.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FUN.

What should we be without this gift to brighten our existence on our earthly pilgrimage? A love of fun is most often accompanied by a cheerful and lively disposition. We can imagine no drearier state than that of an individual who, during the whole of his life-time, can obtain no fun or pleasure in the slightest degree, in his daily intercourse with his fellow-creatures. But it is a well-known fact that even of the best of things one can have too much. Even fun has its limit, and a more wearisome thing can scarcely be imagined than an individual who, at the most inappropriate time, cannot refrain from turning the most common-place conversation into fun and ridicule. This is certainly a great failing; but of course there is a graver aspect under which it can be regarded, namely, the love of ill-natured fun. A laugh raised at the expense of a well-meaning person is highly injudicious, and in many cases rarely forgotten. The turning into ridicule of another person's words and ideas is a most uncharitable and hurtful habit; when long forgotten by the speaker, it rankles in the mind of the victim. There is nothing more disagreeable to a very sensitive nature than the fear of being made fun of or turned into ridicule, and the very slightest inclination toward this unchristianlike habit will cause the victim of it such pain and shrinking as a less sensitive mind would scarce deem possible. We should be especially careful of these sensitive ones, the more so as one can never tell the harm a careless word levelled in mere jest may do. It rankles in the mind of the sensitive one, and

* See Moore's song, "Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore."