

over entirely to the hands of educators, and educators of the highest standing must have the chief direction. This is what the *Evening Post*, New York City, says of the superintendent who supersedes Dr. White :

"The case of the Cincinnati public schools, since the defeat of Mr. E. E. White as superintendent, is worse than at first appeared. The new superintendent, Mr. Morgan, may be called a teacher only by great courtesy. He has not taught for the last twenty years, which twenty years really include a great part of the practical and promising advance in American education. Then he taught as assistant in a Cincinnati grammar-school for a few years, and was for a time principal of a district school composed of the five primary grades. He has been a member of the Board of Education for several years, and being

also an examiner of teachers, has thus kept in some contact with teachers and members of the Board. His life-insurance business has also brought him into personal and business relations with teachers and school officers. In all this time he has not, so far as known, written an article or delivered an address on teaching. This is the man whom, to oversee and direct her whole public school system, Cincinnati is about to substitute for one who during thirty years has been actively engaged in the work of teaching and supervising. It is easy to see what the influences may have been which contributed to this election, but it is not easy to see where the new superintendent is to evolve the experience and information necessary to any man who undertakes to control a great system of schools." — *The Teacher*.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

THE last lesson had been given, and the school dismissed. For years I had been at the school. Children had come who were little more than babes, and they had grown, and, having passed step by step through the school, had left it to enter on the struggle of life. During these years I had been exerting my influence on these children for good or for evil. I had always a high ideal of a teacher's duty. There was something grander in a teacher's duty than the teaching of the three R's. The children had to be fitted to earn their bread. They had to be so trained that they might be fit to run the race of life. My ideal, however, was higher than that. It was the very lowest work of the teacher, I thought, to instil into the child's mind the three R's. To draw out such intelligence as might enable the child to earn an

honest living was but a fraction of the work of education. The highest work of the faculties and instincts of the child's higher nature, which, when brought to perfection and exhibited in after life, should make those he came in contact with feel that he was every inch a "man." No meanness would have place there. No selfishness would be found in his nature. Every word uttered would be a word upon which every man could rely. Life to him would not be a matter of food and raiment, but having in it a higher and grander purpose. It would be his object to make man happier, the world brighter, and thus he would be an honour to his country and race. But the last lesson to those children had been given, and my thoughts wandered back over the past, and my memory brought my work under review! Had I succeeded or failed