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Is it not to our own interests to give these matters due consideration?

The Royal Reception.

Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her backs,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

It may seem rather incongruous to associate the thought of the enthusiastic welcome tendered Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, by the good people of Hamilton, with the idea of a Pompey's triumphal entry into Rome. And yet, the more one considers, the more one is convinced that in enthusiastic admiration and general spontaneity we are not so far removed from Shakespeare's respected mob after all. We find ourselves leaning back in our chairs and exclaiming once more with the whole, confident air of the profound and original philosopher, "Verily, there is nothing new under the sun!" There was nobody, to our knowledge, discovered on a chimney-top. But at least one young lady has confessed, after exacting an oath of harrowing solemnity, that she viewed the procession from the summit of a lamp-post. We are not aware that anyone passed the livelong day in the streets, but certainly a few, when lunch-time came, experienced pangs of the inner man. We had no Father Tiber to

repeat our cheers, but we felt a new-born respect for the reflecting qualities of Hamilton's mountain. We made what we could of a glorious occasion, and, if they call us a mob, we are ready to "stand for it."

Our friends, the ladies, found the day marred by one incident. The Duke wore his busby. We were not aware that His Highness was shy. He commands our entire sympathy. We sincerely hope that he may never have to conduct a school-management class. The gentlemen of our acquaintance are unanimously agreed that they have no legitimate grounds for protest. Everyone declares that the Duchess must be charming.

But if we admit that our "mob" was not so different from that of history, we must notice a difference of occasion. It appears dangerous to attempt a detailed contrast between Pompey's magnificent return from a bloody field and the future King's progress through loyal and peaceful states. We fear very much that our remarks might seem most brilliantly trite. As to Her Highness, too, it has been often and strongly emphasized that we are not to find in her the haughty and imperious beauty of antiquity, but a mother of her people, a womanly queen and a queenly woman. As elsewhere, so in Hamilton, she gave distinct evidence of her inherent and characteristic kindness and thoughtfulness. The incident of the fainting woman is too well known to need particular comment here. It is from no hearsay, then, but from the facts that happened in our midst, that we look to the future hopefully, and with complete confidence in those to whom fate has allotted the task of controlling the destinies of a world-wide realm.

And we shall need this confidence. "A main end of education is to train up good citizens". Pardon the ever-recurring tendency to "talk shop" but it would be an oversight not to suggest, at least, the more particular interest which we as embryo teachers must