

-ship" was dealt with in a very satisfactory manner by Mr. Sawyer, a student of the Institute. A very profitable discussion followed on "Waste of Labour in School Work," introduced by an address from Mr. D. C. McHenry, M.A. Mr. W. Scarlett next took up "History," and gave some valuable hints as to the best methods of teaching the subjects. A question drawer exercise followed, which gave rise to the discussion of many important practical points.

On Friday evening the large audience-room of the Institute was filled with an intelligent and appreciative assembly—this last session being devoted to Chemical Experiments by Messrs. Odlum and Ellis, masters of the school. Mr. A. P. Coleman, B.A., Science Master, unable to take charge of the experiments himself, remarked that they were those usually performed by the members of his class. The audience were highly pleased, and tendered a vote of thanks to the gentlemen for their services. The thanks of the Association were given also to

the excellent glee club of the Institute, whose choice music did much to enliven the proceedings.

ONTARIO TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION. A Deputation of members of the Board of Directors of the Ontario Teachers' Association, consisting of Mr. Hughes, Secretary, and Messrs. MacMurchy, Doan and McAllister, waited upon the Minister of Education by appointment on Saturday, 21st February, to lay their views before him against the proposed shortening of the summer vacation, and some other matters. Though the time was of his own choosing, the deputation, after dancing attendance in the halls of the Education Department for an hour or more, and trying to see good in everything from the cobwebs on the ceiling to the pictures that adorned the walls, were compelled to give up the hope of an interview and reluctantly withdrew. The views of the deputation were subsequently submitted by the Secretary in writing.

THE GRAVEL-BANK.

BY JOSHUA KENDALL.

Upon that bare and stony field, with gravel strewn,
All day the July sun beat fiercely down, and yet
It blossomed not, nor scarce a trace of verdure shewed,
Though, breast high, grass and grain in all the meadows stood.
And so, what time in Spring the fresh new sap ran fast,
It felt no vital tide through throbbing pulses rush,
Nor work with joy, once more its lease of life to try.
"Oh, God!" I cried, "some hearts how thankless and how cold!
How can thy mercy spare, thy wrath leave them unscathed!"
Thus, in my zeal. But later, one September day,
By chance, I passed that way; and in the golden rays
Of sunset, all the bank was bright with asters blue,
Whose petals toward the sun-god joyfully were turned;
In brilliant colour all the field was deeply dyed;
No more was seen the shingle bare, by harvest hid.
Surpassing ripened corn and mellow, dropping fruit.
And I thy wisdom questioned? Rashly, others blamed?
Some in the early Spring may blossom forth, and some
May bloom much later. Grace of God, where'er it comes,
Will make its presence known, the heart to sing for joy.

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