

GOOD-WILL TO MEN.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play;
And mild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The bellies of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The ringing, singing, on its way,
The world reviving from night to day.
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

—Longfellow.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH.

Mr. E. B. Nicholson, M. A., the librarian of the London Institution, recently delivered a lecture on this subject to its members under the title "English Pronunciation—Its Present Tendencies and their Future Results." He first pointed out that English, being like nearly all other European tongues, only a dialect of a dead tongue once spoken in Middle Asia, had now been changing for more than 3,000 years. Surveying the causes which broke up the dead mother speech into Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, English, etc., he pointed out that the chief of them was laziness, influenced by diversities of climate and food, which, by causing changes in the organs of speech, made some sounds easier and some harder. He then sketched the working and results of the same cause on English from the 7th to the middle of the 18th century, and went on to show in detail that great vowel and consonantal changes had been going on ever since the latter time; change was unceasing, and literature had proved helpless to stop it. Having described the phases of Colonial English, he said that English must be expected in time to break up into European, American, Australian, New Zealand, Indian and African varieties, which would become distinct languages. There was only one way to prevent this—by setting a standard pronunciation, and having it taught in every English school. Such a standard could only be settled by an authority commanding higher and more general respect than any now existing, and the lecturer urged the formation of an English academy, composed of the leading philologists, speakers (whether in Parliament, the bar, the pulpit, or on the stage), writers, and educationists, a body whose judgments would have all the weight needed. Such an academy would also deal with the coming question of spelling, and might exercise a decisive influence in favor of a pure English as against a Romance and Latin style. Phonetic spelling, though rational and inevitable, ought to be preceded by uniformity of pronunciation, or English would at once be broken up into written as well as spoken dialects; but if the two reforms went hand in hand the only rule for spelling would be pronunciation and the only rule for pronunciation spelling. The result of such uniformity would be that the English race, holding the three great emigrant fields of the present and future, North America, Australasia, and South Africa, which would one day be occupied by 1,000,000,000 inhabitants of European descent, would in the end give the world a universal speech which would be the surest pledge of universal harmony and progress.

THE SILENT STRANGER.

As I was dining at a hotel one day last week, I observed an island in the Irish Sea, who sat near me, engaged in a town in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

This county in North Carolina was somewhat northern cape of Newfoundland, and looked as quiet as a cape projecting into Lake Michigan, but as I was a stranger to all present, I thought I would enter into conversation with him.

"River of Turkistan," said I. "I think we shall soon have a cape west of Oregon." I considered this a very proper remark to make, and was very much surprised when he answered: "A River in the north of Italy." Thinking he had not a county in Georgia, I pardoned the singularity of his reply, and began again. "The River of Prussia from the garden is very pleasant," said I. "River in the

north of Italy," said he again. Perhaps he considers my my remarks islands south-west of England, said I to myself, so I tried more substantial subjects. "Did you ever see the tower at a city near the mouth of the Arno?" I asked. This time he made no reply, but having made an island east of Hudson's Strait to converse, I proceeded: "Did you know Gen County in Missouri in Sen of Palestine?" I asked. "River in the north of Italy!" said he. "Oh, it is a fact," said I. But he howed a decided indifference to the subject. "Did you ever see the cape in the west of Alaska?" I asked. No reply. "Can you tell me whether the town at the eastern extremity of Lake Erie is found in the Western Continent?" I asked. "River in the north of Italy," said he. By this time I was full of a cape in the north of Scotland, and I thought I would add some island of the East-Indian Archipelago to my remarks. "River of Turkistan," said I. "I do not care much for Mrs. County in Iowa, but I am sure I don't know what people will think to see the treatment I receive from you." "River in the north of Italy," replied he with provoking coolness. Just then one of a valley in Prussia of the hotel passed through the room, and seeing my confusion, he explained to me that my silent companion was not only as deaf as a post, but a boy in the south of Maine, who could not understand a word of our language. Just then it began to bay in the western part of Lake Huron, and I concluded the best thing I could do was to fly in the south of England, which I did, and got home before the shower.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

In a recent sermon, the Rev. J. P. Stewart, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Rochester, New York, spoke to parents as follows: "To our efforts for your children must be added your own, with good example and loving advice. But example at home will render almost useless our best efforts to train them in the way they should go. Bad companions outside the school rooms corrupt more youth than all perversity that the demon or fallen nature ever planted and cultivated in man. Therefore watch the company your children keep.

"Rule with love. If you punish, do so with firmness, without anger. Speak kindly, lovingly, make confidants of your children. Mothers, be the guardian angels of your little ones. Fathers, bring not home a clouded brow of a scowl on your countenance to the heartstone. Better have the children running to meet you than sliding away in corners when you approach the threshold. Such children will soon leave home. They may succeed in life, but I fear that many tramps are made by surly, abusive or drunken fathers.

"Finally, mothers and fathers, I appeal to you for the sake of your children and for your own sake. The rising generation who parade the streets in the evening to see and to be seen are sipping a bitter cup for themselves and their parents. This begins harmlessly, through curiosity or under pretense of requiring exercise. They reach the down grades in a short time and land in a saloon or restaurant. Another fatal step is sure to follow. The brazen brow, leering eye and wanton giggle soon replace the modest maiden's blush and resentment of advances by the human night-hawks who watch for their prey in the dark. Keep your children around you in the evening. Make home so pleasant that they will not seek attractions elsewhere. If by your permission, they go out for an evening and you cannot accompany them, know where they go and what company is with them. Insist upon their coming home at an early hour.

"First faults are like weeds cropping up on fertile soil. Pluck them out instantly."

A TRAVELER in Australia discovered two toad-stools which at night gave out an extremely curious light. When the plant was laid upon a newspaper it emitted by night a phosphorescent light which enabled persons to read the words around it, and it continued to do so for several nights with gradually increasing intensity as the fungus dried up. The other species was detected some years afterward. This specimen measured sixteen inches in diameter, and weighed about five pounds. This plant was hung up to dry in the sitting-room, and on passing through the apartment in the dark it was observed to give out the same remarkable light.

The election at Wood's river developed at least one hero, a boy eleven years old, whose widowed mother, a school teacher, ran for superintendent of schools for the county and was elected, snowing under her competitor by a majority of 1,200. The boy took an active part in the canvass for his mother, and whoever was lukewarm or tired, this little lad was in dead earnest. A free train ran to Shoshone and back on election day. Without his mother's knowledge he went to Shoshone—fifty miles away—and there he gathered a big crowd of citizens, mounted a platform, made a speech, stating who he was; that his father, formerly principal of the Halley school, died a year ago, that his mother was teaching for a living; that she had two children; that she was now running for superintendent of public schools; that she needed the office, was capable of filling it, and he hoped they would all go to the polls and vote for her. At sundown 253 votes were counted for her against 158 for her opponent.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A SCHOOL depends upon what kind of a person the teacher is, not on appliances. The smooth side of a slab in the school-house if a teacher guides the school, is far preferable to polished cherry in a palatial building. A pupil will learn more astronomy from a stick and an apple in the hands of a teacher than from the most expensive apparatus in the hands of a bearer of recitations.—*Practical Teacher.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

MANUAL OF CORRESPONDENCE.—This is a thoroughly practical text book published by Connor O'Dea, of the British American Business College, Toronto, for the small price of 50 cents. It contains exercises in capital letters, punctuation, spelling forms of social and business correspondence, forms of applications, telegraph messages, &c., with valuable hints and suggestions in teaching practical English. No teacher should be without it, and it will meet a want long felt in training pupils in practical subjects.

The new paper called *The N. B. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION* has completed its first half year. We have no hesitation in saying that it is a credit to the ranks of journalism, and we would advise the teachers on our island and the county, to patronize a paper which is doing so much for the benefit of their craft.—*Island Press.*

We have received the *PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPER* a new treatise on the science of accounts and business correspondence with a graded course of business transactions by single and double entry. It is one of the most practical works of the kind that has ever come under our notice. Single entry book-keeping is first treated, then a very simple method of changing from single to double entry and finally double entry. Not the least valuable portion of the work is that part of it devoted to the subject of drafts, discounting and renewing of notes. It contains one of the best sets of mercantile forms that we have ever seen and the questions in review at the end of each month's work will commend themselves to the student.

It is well adapted for business colleges and schools and is an excellent book of reference for teachers. It is published by Connor O'Dea, of Toronto.

NEW MAGAZINE.—In January, 1887, will be published from the office of *Science*, New York, the first number of a new monthly magazine, entitled *The Swiss Cross*. This periodical will be devoted to spreading among the people a love and knowledge of nature. The chief end of a large class of persons deeply interested in the study of nature is proven by the *Agassiz Association*, which, made up of earnest workers of all ages united for the purpose of original investigation, has attained a membership of many thousands and is rapidly growing. Though of a scientific nature, *The Swiss Cross* will be popular in style, and will number among its contributors many of the best writers. The subscription price will be \$1.50 a year; single copies 15 cents. For further information address N. D. C. Hodges, publisher.

The Christmas number of *JUNE*, containing 16 pages, is by far the best number yet of that enterprising comic monthly.

The world is a great school.—*Troubridge.*

The talent of success is doing what you can do well.