

he arises in his wrath, hurling before him something more effective than criticism in words.

As to criticism, the relationship between teacher and taught comes in for a just share. The reciprocal relation in teaching is often forgotten, and the pupil can make no progress if the teacher can give no impulse. The manna of merit will not keep, and we are by someone taught "to leave the first principles and go on unto perfection." Our schools, full of first principles in most branches and arriving at perfection in few, seem to have left manners and deportment out of the schedule, and courtesy—that "lesson of sweet, tender, reverential consideration for the well-being of others"—is a thing untaught. Tenderness, a synonym for courtesy, is supposed to be a weakness; but did Philip Sydney, or Hamlet, or Buddha lack force? Did Christ lack force? "I uncover my head," said Luther's master, as he entered the school-room, "to the chancellors, doctors and masters, who shall proceed from this school." Master and pupil are, with us, obsolete; the "yep" and "nop" which interlard a boy's conversation could not exist if not tolerated by the men who are teachers of little but ologies and isms, and who in outside life jostle their scholars without extending or receiving the courtesy of a bow. Education takes its place in the modern world with So-and-So's safe cure, a panacea for all evils; and it sometimes seems as if the spirit born of a time of "quack bitters, healing shirts, and art-in-two-lessons, had got inside the doors of our schoolrooms. Levelling down has held its own long enough. It is time we began to level up.

A higher scale of comfort and luxury is demanded; but a corresponding advance in industry and thrift is not so easily discernible. Are we bent upon giving a fair day's labor for a fair day's wage, or has our motto become "How much for how little?" We see in the older countries that restlessness and discontent are the sure forerunners of socialism; and whether our so-called higher education results in those two states of mind, even in healthy-minded Canada, let those reply who find for many existing evils an answer in the fact that men day by day turn more resolutely away from agricultural labor, and that domestic service is a thing of the past.

Our system of free education is surely founded upon a feeling creditable to all—that union is strength, and sympathy the divinest of all motives; but it is well to remember that the grip of a helping hand is at but half its strength if the grip be not returned by him who grasps it.

"Who is enjoying, nowadays, the days gone by of youth?
Who has collected carefully the falsities of truth?
How shall we make a will no heirs will dare discuss!
How shall we learn the lesson those heirs will learn of us?"

The "coming man" is the boy who sits in his gallery seat at the theatre; who takes his place in High School class and passes for only Jim So-and-So; who listens to the Sunday sermon, and criticizes and learns from it by turns; but he is sending his tap-roots down deep, and casts about for that which is best to feed his growth. He is not to be despised, that boy who is silent, noisy, brooding by turns, but nearly always observant.

"Across the morn a carolling schoolboy goes,
Filling the world with youth to heaven's stair."

The boy, affectionate and unpleasant by turns, and his sister now flippant or earnest, again half soured by the struggle within her—each feeling the strivings of youth after the unknown, are the stuff out of which the backbone of our country is made; so it is no wonder that the parents of to-day are beside themselves with anxiety for the mental and physical welfare of the parents of the future. But while dilating upon such evils as the "Ghost of Education"—a ghost which a late strong article in *THE WEEK* has by no means laid—or upon any other Canadian evils, comfort may be derived from the thought that in enduring them we are learning that lesson in which Canada day by day advances—the power to stand upon its own legs.

I was interested lately in making a comparative count regarding the books in use in one family. Two boys, each in the high school, are divided by two years in age and a corresponding difference in class grade; one, in the highest form, has exactly thirty-eight books, and the younger lad, who is climbing to the point which his brother has reached, possesses, I think, already sixteen books, and none of those formerly used by his brother are of any service to him. This may be compulsory education, but is it free? Most of us have in our acquaintance men who, boys sixty years ago, owned, at the outside, four books; and at fifteen years of age knew more classics than our boys do who matriculate with flying colors. In those days, masters taught between fifty and seventy pupils, and although we would not suffer a return of the methods practised by those masters in imparting knowledge, we would nevertheless be glad of a little more real knowledge and a little less taxation. That grim old master, Life, "called us all to school one day"; and, in 1807, when the Education Act was passed in Upper Canada, our grandfathers turned to with a will to provide for us the best that they could.

We hear of country teachers in 1850 being paid at the rate of £67.6s. and £42 per annum, the duty of the trustees being at the same time to see that a teacher was comfortably billeted upon a ratepayer at the expense of the latter. A ratepayer could afford, in those days of few books and one teacher for a large number of pupils; to offer entertainment of a kind to aid the hard-earned salary of an instructor or instructress; but little did our grandfathers think that their great-grandchildren, after an hour's or day's absence caused or sanctioned by a parent, would have to make their reappearance in school armed with a humble apology and excuse from the said parent in explanation of the absence. Which of us would now dare to offer our modest entertainment to these our masters, set over us by a too paternal Government. Shades of Mackenzie, Lett and Tassie! The rod erstwhile kept in pickle for the pupil is now returned upon the back of the parent.

We may discuss this subject in many bearings; we may alternate between grave and light in the treatment of it; but while the young, like the poor, are always with us, the principle of Education in its honorable interpretation must also be always with us. Some day "Death will close the book and say, The scholars are dismissed;"

and in the meantime we go on facing or turning from our opportunities as seems to us best. Every neglected opportunity—those things which roof the place where good intentions make a pavement—carries with it the words Too Late. We leave our chances behind us every moment of our younger years, caring little, because those golden opportunities are so many, and the day is so young we take no pains to hold them in our hands as they pass. In after years, when we care terribly, we gather small comfort from the thought that

"Nothing is lost in God's eternal plan,
Though much is wasted by unheeding man."
N.

AT THE GRAVE OF FALSTAFF.

Ease in thine inn thou long hast leave to take
With no sly hand to filch thy gold or scrip,
When thou art rous'd wilt thou with lying
lip
For old misdeeds some new excuses make?
Rather than this let us for pity's sake
Remember when had flown each jest and
quip,
With grim Death reaching forth to try his
grip,
At turn of tide, a new light 'gan to break.
Thou madest happy eul—oh strange, if
true!
"Babbling o' green fields" like "a Christian
child"—
Proof that a poet's fantasy and all
The fantasy was perfect that could call
The glad-eyed Innocence back again to
view,
Seeking once more her old home undefiled.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlaghmore," Plover Mills.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

On December 6th, while I was down at the Caes Mineros seeing off some people for Santos, a large shot (450 lbs.) fell on the extreme corner of the Ilha das Cobras, in plain view, and not very far away. Several of the ladies were alarmed, but they crossed the fire line to the steamer all the same. The *Paiz* says, that shot came from a new gun which had just been shifted from the seaside. This notwithstanding the fact that all the guns had already been shifted to bear on the interior of the Bay.

A futile attack was made on Villegaignon the same night. Boats were carried to Botafogo on waggons and a large body of men and the bombiros with their ladders, embarked. The cannonade and rifle and machine gun fire was heavy. The next morning two boats were floating about, and one came ashore on Praia Flamengo. It was riddled with bullets, and was immediately removed from public view. The attack was point blank denied, but there is not the slightest doubt that it was made. Many are reported killed, and citizens were killed and wounded in bed. The 7th Regiment refused to join in the attack—the same regiment refused duty on September 25th when the attack was planned on Ilha das Cobras.

On the 7th and 8th there was only the usual duel. On the 9th an important incident occurred. The Brazilian S.S. *Parahyba* loaded with flour and provisions, cattle and sheep, and having on board some sixty first-class passengers as well as—so it is said—some six hundred emigrants, cleared for Rio Grande do Sul under the Argentine flag. As she was passing the *Tamandare* that vessel fired a blank charge for her to stop, which she did not do, and then the