

inhabitants, and spends \$97,200,000 for public instruction, or an average of something over \$3 a pupil. Compare this with the cost of the barracks, her standing armies, her military taxation, or even the expense of her criminals, her prisons or her courts of justice. The statistical data for all these have not as yet been gathered, but the cost of the army and navy for the six leading nations of Europe and those of the schools are :

	Army and Navy.	Schools.
Austro- Hungary	55 millions.	14 millions.
France	133 "	12 "
Germany	93 "	28 "
England	121 "	13 "
Italy	45 "	5 "
Russia.....	164 "	5 "

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

W. H. G., *Ashgrove*.—The Second-Class Professional Examination includes, The Art of Teaching, Education, Music, Drawing, Drill and Calisthenics, Hygiene, Mental Arithmetic, and Practical Chemistry.

2. Each successful Second-Class Candidate has been paid by the Education Department his travelling expenses and two dollars per week while in attendance at the Normal School. The weekly grant ceases after July 1st, 1879.

G. M., *Harwich*.—United States degrees have little practical value in Canada. They are not recognized by Toronto University.

J. S., *Scugog*.—The farmer should build one-half of the fence.

I., *Bowmanville*.—You cannot enter a Normal School for professional training until you have taught a year.

SUBSCRIBER, *Allenford*.—1. For list of subjects see Compendium of School Law, page 235.

2. The children should be returned as non-residents unless their parents reside in the section whose school they attend.

D. W., *Wellesley*.—Ontario Commercial College, Belleville, has announced a summer course for teachers.

P. B.—There will probably be no Intermediate Examination at Christmas this year.

S. H. C.—The best Drawing Books are Walter Smith's. Get his Intermediate Manual.

Readings and Recitations.

THE OWL-CRITIC.

A LESSON TO FAULT-FINDERS.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or e'en made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis?
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any defections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posturo absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than this horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

—JAMES T. FIELDS, in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

A SCHOOL-DAY MEMORY.

Long years ago a winter's son
Shone o'er the school at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,