

of rewarding diligent students, and that they are an inducement to men to become students. The first plea is absurd, because the system affords no guarantee that the money will go to those who need it most, and as a matter of fact it usually goes to those who are comparatively well to do financially. The second plea is equally unsound, because what is rewarded is as often capacity as diligence. In other words, the reward goes to the man to whom nature has been liberal in the matter of brains, while the poor, plodding fellow, who can learn but slowly, is punished for the niggardliness of nature however hard he may toil. The third plea is the worst of all. Why should men be tempted, or coaxed, or bribed into taking a university course? If they are so induced, the chances are against their proving good students, and at all events, it is a wrong use of public money to devote it to any such purpose. To make a university education as thorough and as cheap as possible is all that the Legislature can be expected to do, even if it can be fairly expected to provide a higher education at all. The young man who thinks enough of such an education to work his own way in order to it, is in every respect a better man than he would have been if he had been brought up under shelter like an educational hot house plant. Higher education of a high degree of excellence is now so cheap in this country that any young man who really desires it can get it, and under such a state of affairs to hold out, at the public expense, inducements or bribes in the form of scholarships is a piece of medieval folly.—*Onlooker, in Canada Citizen.*

### For Friday Afternoon.

#### THE WISE SCHOLAR'S ALPHABET.

Attend carefully to the little things of your work.  
 Be prompt, always, everywhere.  
 Consider, think, then decide, and *stick to it*.  
 Dare to do right Be afraid to do wrong!  
 Endure what you cannot cure.  
 Fight wrong with all your might, but don't fight anything else.  
 Go out of your way rather than meet a bad person.  
 Hold fast all the good you have; let go the evil in you.  
 Injure not any one, even your enemy.  
 Join hands with good, manly, brave boys and girls.  
 Keep evil thoughts out of your mind.  
 Lie not for a million of dollars. Don't have a price for which  
 you can be bought.  
 Make few intimate acquaintances.  
 Never appear to be what you are not.  
 Observe the ways of persons whom you respect.  
 Pay your debts the day they are due.  
 Question not the word of a friend.  
 Respect what your parents and teachers tell you.  
 Sacrifice anything rather than principle.  
 Touch not, handle not, taste not anything that will intoxicate.  
 Use all your time to the best advantage.  
 Venture not into a wicked resort.  
 'Xtend to every one a cheerful salutation.  
 Yield not to the importunity of a wicked person.  
 Zealously work for what is right!  
 So shall you be happy!

#### SCHOOL-TIME.

I am sitting in my schoolroom. It is a sunny May-day morning. The fragrance of spring and the song of the robin are coming in at the open window. My thoughts arrange themselves to the sweet accompaniment of reviving nature in humble, happy rhyme. Shall I repeat it to you?

The sunshiny day is beginning,  
 And the school-room is full of its light;  
 At my desk I'm sitting and spinning  
 The thought I was spinning last night.  
 Through the door comes the scent of the morning,  
 And the song of the robin steals in,  
 While the clock in the corner gives warning  
 It is time for the school to begin.

They are coming, my lads and my lasses,  
 The door-yard is full of their noise,  
 Their feet wet with dew from fresh grasses,  
 And the girls just as glad as the boys.

They are brimming with innocent laughter,  
 They are blushing like blossoms of spring,  
 Will the fruit of their distant hereafter  
 Be sweet as the blossoming?

In reverent silence they're sitting,  
 Grave Bertie and frolicsome Leo;  
 We are reading the verses so fitting,  
 "Let the little ones come unto me."  
 Our heads on our hands we are bowing,  
 We are speaking the time-hallowed prayer,  
 And the Father in Heaven is knowing  
 Whether the spirit is there.

We are singing the airs of the May-time,  
 The children are singing, and I  
 Am listening to songs of the play-time,  
 And the songs of the by and by.  
 Their voices are ringing with pleasure,  
 Their hands and their feet beating time,  
 And my heart is made glad with their measure,  
 As my soul to their joy makes a rhyme.

We are opening our books and our papers,  
 We are ready to read or recite;  
 The boys have forgotten the capers  
 That troubled me so yesternight.  
 I am listening, and looking, and listening,  
 And spinning my thread, as I look,  
 And the tear in my eyelid is glistening,  
 And hiding the words of my book.

Ah! the smile to my eyelid is creeping,  
 And driving the tears to their bed;  
 And, deep in my heart I am keeping  
 The thoughts that would come to my head.  
 And unto myself I am saying,  
 As my children so funnily spell,  
 I would that life's school were beginning,  
 And I could commence it well,

But since I never can alter,  
 The web that I once have spun,  
 I would guide the hand that may falter,  
 Because they have just begun;  
 And I hope that the Master Workman,  
 When my broken threads he sees,  
 Will mend them if they're twisted in,  
 With the better threads of these.

The sunshiny day is beginning,  
 And the school-room is full of its light;  
 At my desk I am sitting and spinning,  
 But not as I spun yesternight.  
 Through the door comes the scent of the dawning,  
 And the oriole's song to the sun,  
 But I'm spinning a new thread this morning,  
 Like the one the children have spun.

Strong, Me., Oct. 1, 1885.

JULIA H. MAY.

### Literary Ghit-Chat.

Cassell & Co., New York, have added to "The World's Workers Series" the life of Richard Cobden, by Richard Gowing.

"St. Nicholas" has made its appearance in a new and very pretty cover, designed for it by Mr. Sidney S. Smith.

Cassell & Co. are to publish a biography of Charles Dickens, written by his daughter.

The "Life of Lord Wolsey," by Cavendish, soon to be published in London is to have an introduction and notes by Froude.

Scott's Talisman, edited by Dwight Holbrook, will be the next book in the series of Classics for children, published by Ginn & Co. It is announced for November.

"Studies in Shakespeare," the last literary work of Richard Grant White, has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.