

crazy machine turned out into the deep snow by the side of the road, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot. As we passed, some one who had the whip gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snowballs, pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by. With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat and beneath a rusty cloak, and who dropped the reins, bawled out: 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature; and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "that is quite an incident. But take your seats; and, after our morning service is ended, I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh ride too."

Having finished the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and after all had joined in the Lord's Prayer, he commenced, as follows:—

"Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable and respectable old man, and a clergyman by profession, was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying, as he proposed to do in the spring, he took with him his light wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon. He was, just as I have told you, very old and infirm; his temples were covered with thin locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened; his sight and hearing, too, were somewhat blunted by age, as yours will be, should you live to be as old. He was proceeding very slowly and quietly; for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, when he had perilled his life in fighting for the liberties of his country; to the scenes of his manhood, when he had preached the gospel of his divine Master to the heathen of the remote wilderness; and to the scenes of riper years, when the hard hand of penury had lain heavily upon him. While thus occupied, almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon. In his trepidation, he dropped his reins; and, as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he found it impossible to gather them up, and his horse began to run away.

"In the midst of the old man's trouble there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out, turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road, old boy!' 'What'll you take for the pony, old daddy?' 'Go it, frozen nose!' 'What's the price of oats?' were the various cries that met his ears.

"'Pray, do not frighten my horse,' exclaimed the infirm driver.

"'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snowballs, and three tremendous huzzahs from the boys who were in it.

"The terror of the old man and his horse was increased; and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, after some exertion, to secure his reins, which had been out of his hands during the whole of the affray, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"As he approached Salem, he overtook a young man who was walking toward the same place, and whom he invited to ride. The young man alluded to the 'grand sleigh' which had just passed, which induced the old gentleman to inquire if he knew who the boys were. He replied that he did; that

they all belonged to one school, and were a set of wild fellows. "'Aha!' exclaimed the former, with a hearty laugh (for his constant good nature had not been disturbed); 'do they, indeed? Why, their master is very well known to me. I am now going to his house, and I rather think I shall give him the benefit of this whole story.'

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor; and that aged and infirm old man, that 'old fellow' and 'old boy' (who did not turn out for you, but would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach), that 'old boy,' and 'old daddy,' and 'frozen nose,' was Rev. Daniel Oliver, your master's father, now at my house, where he and I will gladly welcome any and all of you."

It is not easy to describe nor to imagine the effect produced by this new translation of the boy's own narrative. Some buried their heads behind their desks, some cried, some looked askant at each other, and many hastened down to the desk of the teacher with apologies, regrets, and acknowledgments without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil for the future to inoffensive travellers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm. . . ."

Years have passed by; the lads are men, though some have found an early grave; the "manly boy" is "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." They who survive, should this story meet their eye, will easily recall its scenes, and throw their memories back to the school-house in "Federal street," Salem, and to their old friend and teacher, Henry K. Oliver.

Here is a concrete case. A lady in a city school had fifty-two pupils, and was of course ambitious to promote them; so she spent three months on the work of the grade, and the rest of the term on questions for examination. At the end of the year all but two or three passed a public examination in fine style, and the teacher was highly praised. Of course, a graded system is an advantage, but the sooner we open our eyes to the common abuses and defects the better.

Now that the great Methodist union has taken place, we shall probably see a consolidation of the denominational colleges. The problem of university consolidation has entered on another phase, and its further development will be watched with increasing interest. Union is strength in education as well as in religion.

In reference to our notices of the Minister's report in the June number, Inspector White thinks the statement that "about 56,500 of the 85,000 R. C. children in this province attend the public schools" may be misunderstood if left unqualified. He adds that about 30,000 of these 56,500 attend public schools where R. C. children form the greater part, often the whole number, of pupils.

In the editorial columns of this number we have endeavored to give our readers some glimpses of educational opinion outside our "proper patch of soil." They will not dislike an occasional excursion into the regions beyond where noble work is doing by fellow-laborers and worthy brethren.

The Upper Canada college question is again cropping up in various quarters. Public opinion, as far as can be judged, all tends in the same direction. The demand for its abolition was never more clearly voiced than at the present time.

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