

"How much would he be willing to "sign" towards Mr. X's support?" "Wa-al, wa-al," after considerable hesitation, "you may put me down for two dollars. It's what I've always give, and I can't afford no more."

The matter was settled, but before leaving, the young incumbent offered up a pray, plain and practical for the farmer, his family, the success of his crops etc. When they rose from their knees, the tight purse strings were relaxed, the old fellow's heart had, in some mysterious manner, experienced enlargement. "*Guess we'll make it three!*" was his comment; a very satisfactory one you will think.

For the back country man is proverbial for keeping a tight hold of his money; he has hard work making it, and perhaps he is a little too loth to part with it.

This is especially so, in the case of his Doctor, and Clergyman, so he compromises matters in regard to the latter, by a "donation party," by which the clerical larder and stable shall be so amply supplied, as to more than make up for a very small subscription list.

The Donation Party occurs once a year, generally in the winter when the sleighing is good. About 6 p.m., the Clergyman is startled, or is supposed to be, for usually he has had a hint of the matter beforehand, by a thundering knock at his door, most likely the back door. It turns out to be young Tom A.— with a bag of potatoes, some buckwheat flour, and two turkeys. He is shown in, thanked, and welcomed. Another knock. This is the widow B.—, and her two daughters, Hannah Maria, and Jane Ann. She contributes two large pies, a crock of butter and a *turkey*. Then come old grandpa and grandma C.—, bearing triumphant two dozen eggs, a piece of fresh pork, a bag of oats and a *turkey*. (Turkeys generally predominate.) After one of these parties, where nearly fifty turkeys had been given in, the church warden, who must have been a wag, waited upon the Clergyman, with a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. This is not an advertisement. Well people continue coming, till the little parlour is packed with guests, and grain, vegetables, meat, bread, cakes, etc. are bestowed everywhere.

The clergyman, and his family, if he be a married man, beg their guests to be quite at home. He opens the piano, or the cabinet organ; proposes a song; succeeds perhaps in persuading some blushing swain, or diffident damsel, to sing "My Grandfather's Clock" or "Jenny my own true loved one." In fact he often unbends completely on this festive occasion, and indulges in much quiet jocularly with the young people. Intimates to Mr. Jemmie D, whose attentions to Miss Sarah F, are so marked as to be the subject of universal observation that he will find him ready to do his duty at any time. Pokes fun at Mrs. G, for her anxiety as to the correct behaviour of her youngest, a big ball of a baby, the definition of whose waist in pink sash ribbon, is almost effaced by the frolics of the youthful *debutante*.

Meanwhile a committee of matrons has adjourned to the largest room in the house, be it up or down stairs, has spread the cloth, made tea, cut up bread and cake and viands of every description, and now, it

being 8 o'clock, all are summoned to supper, sometimes called *lunch*.

This is a very convivial affair, though of course there is nothing stronger than tea or coffee to drink. The long drive in the cold has sharpened the appetites of the guests, and there is considerable demand for the viands which they themselves have brought.

Finally after a pleasant evening, they all depart. The sleigh-bells jingle merrily away, the donation party is over. Naught remains, but crushed antimacassars, wet moccasin marks, and cake crumbs on the carpet, and last, but not least the well stocked larder, and the feeling of friendly intercourse between pastor and people.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

EDUCATION AND CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

An historian of some note alleged, that his object in writing was to aid in the study of men, and his maxims would always be applicable, inasmuch as humanity moves in cycles. These maxims, like all generalities, serve only for a general view. For clear and accurate observation of men and manners the circumstances surrounding them and the motives prompting them, there is necessary a special well-trained faculty. And this faculty is of the greatest service to those who would be leaders or teachers of men. The teacher, who is really such, does not set out with certain adopted rules and formulae for every occasion like the abbé whose cabinet had pigeon-holes filled with constitutions of most approved pattern to be fitted to his country-like coats to the back. The teacher who is his own system, who knows rules only to disregard them, who makes his individuality felt allows for the existence of the same in learners, and admits that they, too, have a standpoint, from which things appear in a different light—this is the man to teach a school, or fill a chair. Better is such a teacher under a tree, than an incompetent staff in an equipped college. If one bring this faculty to bear on the classes of Canadian universities, he will find it necessary to modify to some extent commonly accepted lines of conduct to suit these classes. Composed as they are, not altogether of boys, but of men who have put away childish things, and have long since begun to think as men, and demand at least the treatment one man expects to receive from another. To those who have made educational progress one with their lives, it is encouraging to see teaching acquiring the dignity of a profession. It is now allowed that it contains sufficient to merit a man's best work, and is not exhausted by a novitiate of a few years. As an outcome of this spirit the universities are filled with men, who have given up lucrative places, beginning again at the bottom, to meet the requirements of the profession of which they still consider themselves members. Under these conditions it is excusable if they resent a condition of tutelage, even if that condition be only implied. If the universities of Canada fail to respond to this effort for individual improvement, which is at the bottom of all advancement, then they will have missed another opportunity for commending themselves to their public, at a time