

descript, who can do no great amount of harm, but who can possibly act, in emergencies, as a strong and healthy antidote to the eccentric vagaries and irregular predilections of youth. He is a sort of homespun restraining machine, belonging to every one in general and no one in particular. A species of masculine nurse-maid and professor in embryo combined, to whom may be committed with impunity the tender years of prattling infancy, or the maturer and more robustious period of shambling hobble-de-hoy-hood. Moreover, in certain country districts there is no small amount of real importance attached to the office. The pedagogue, in such localities, ranks second only to the minister—a \$500 dollar minister be it observed—and is usually considered the oracle of the neighbourhood. If a knotty question in arithmetic is proposed by the rustic genius of the spot, and his method of solution fails to satisfy the instinctive doubts of his fellow-rustics, the advice is at once tendered, 'Go to the skule teacher.' If the village pump gives out, or neighbour Goose-Poke's well goes dry, the 'skule teacher' is called on to explain in scientific principles the causes of the phenomena. If a small account is to be made out, or a secretary wanted at a school trustee meeting, the aforesaid 'skule teacher' is *the* man of the time. There is but one exceptional limit to this widespread sphere of notoriety and usefulness. Strange to say, whenever the financial year terminates and settling day arrives, by some unaccountable law of nature or of art, the 'skule teacher' is at a discount. No one seems to want him, and if he turns up at this inopportune period, he seems to be looked upon as rather in the way than otherwise. 'Which things are an allegory.'

Trustees of rural schools have much to answer for in the matter of anomal-

ous positions occupied by the pedagogue, for they under-pay their willing and too frequently over-tasked employees, and with the masses, as we very well know, money makes the man, although the man's great grandfather may have made the money. In many parts of the country these liberal-minded guardians of the intellectual potentiality of their respective neighbourhoods, may not seldom be found bargaining for a teacher in much the same manner that Daddy Hogg would haggle for a bushel of pease, wherewith to satisfy the abdominal cravings of his grunting and four-footed namesake. There is a system of advertising in vogue among the trustees of many rural, and I am sorry to add some town sections, which cannot be too strongly reprehended. It runs somewhat after this fashion:

WANTED.—Teacher for School Section —, must have a first or second class certificate. Apply by letter, forwarding testimonials, and stating salary required, etc., etc., etc.

Now I always look upon an insertion of this description as an advertisement of personal meanness on the part of the advertisers. I should not care to trust the originators of a similar specimen of penurious astuteness—within—say a hundred yards—of my chicken-roost; and were I a usurer, I should want good security before I lent them \$700. When translated it simply means this:—We, the undersigned, want a thoroughly efficient workman, but do not care to pay him a first class workman's wages. If we can obtain a first class man on a second class salary, well, if on a third class pittance, still better. Or, again, if Mr. H., a thoroughly qualified and practical teacher and disciplinarian, offers himself a candidate for the vacancy at a salary of \$500 per annum, and Mr. Z., a far inferior article, volunteers to instruct the young idea