

came to live in Syracuse? The pettiness disappears when the petty detail is one of a thousand strokes that paint a great and beautiful picture. Or supposing that the petty detail is essentially petty, has no significance in proportion to the general whole, is but a splash of paint on the wall—is it not worth something to learn what to reject as well as what to accept? To know what has no worth, as well as to know what has a story to tell, a place in the picture?

So local history has its place in study and teaching, a place which nothing else can fill. There lie finally the labor, the reality, the very ground of history. There the citizen finds his home in the great world of time as well as in the great world of space. There he learns how to interpret history through the toil and heroism of some few men whose works he has seen, whose words he has read, in whose footsteps he himself daily treads.—*Educational Review*.

THE PROFESSIONAL PARENT.

"I AM the professional parent," said a witty schoolmaster not long ago to the present writer. Miss Buss, the schoolmistress whose life has just been brought out by Miss Annie Ridley, was essentially the professional parent. She began her profession early and she carried it on late. From fourteen to sixty-eight she was never out of the schoolroom, and during that time she tells us she never once quarrelled "even with the most absurd" amateur of the same calling. During her lifetime the education of middle-class girls underwent a revolution, a revolution affecting its whole scope and meaning. And Miss Buss meant by education not so much learning as training. She desired to be a great deal more than an instructor, and was more anxious about the characters than the capacities of her pupils. Judging from Miss Ridley's account, we should say Miss Buss used rather too freely that excellent instrument of discipline the moral lecture. But this is almost an inevitable snare to the professional parent of daughters. The weapon is light and very effective, productive, too, in certain rather morbid natures of great affection for the skilful wield-

er. Naturally she is apt to look for occasions for its use.

Miss Buss began her career in her mother's little private school, which contained the germ of these public day-schools for girls which are now killing the boarding-schools, and alas for her, poor thing, the incompetent governess; killing too a more substantial foe, the snob of the upper middle-class, who preferred that his girl should grow up ignorant at home rather than that she should receive a good education on the same form with the butcher's daughter. Thirty years ago, for the first time, the commissioners of education began to take account of girls' schools, and summoned Miss Buss as a prominent schoolmistress to give evidence before them. Five years later Miss Buss turned her private school into a public one, putting it into the hands of ten trustees, and remaining herself as a salaried head-mistress, drawing £1,000 a year, and head-money amounting to another £300. Part or the whole of this latter sum she several times sacrificed for improvements in the school. One would imagine that it cannot have been very easy for a woman like Miss Buss to work with a