

generation, apparently without any attenuation of the microbic action. The disease seems to follow a regular course, and the crustaceans died in three or four days. The phosphorescence, however, always lingered a few hours after death. Crabs were inoculated in the same way.—*Science*.

WELL, if he is a philosopher, the schoolmaster will reflect that the world does not crown those by whose humble and self-sacrificing exertions it has rolled so contentedly along; if he is an imaginative man, he may believe that some day the craft, like actors, from holding a position despised of all men, will rise to social prominence and become the pets of society; who knows? If he wants statistics, let him reflect that about ten per cent. of deaneries and bishoprics are held by ex-headmasters, and that it is believed by some that Lord Sherbrooke, an indeterminate number of years ago, taught the rudiments of mathematics. Let him aspire to a viscount's coronet; he will then take precedence of those humbler clerical brethren who have won their way to the Bench and spiritual peerages. But meanwhile, for his consolation let him turn his eyes upon his task and see how fair and noble a one it is. Day after day to be brought into close contact with all that is most innocent and generous and pure in humanity; to live in the presence of creatures whom our Saviour himself selected as an example for devoted men; to be surrounded with high hopes and pretty imaginings, and dowered with affection; if a man will but hold out his hand for it, which is ardent and unstained as few of the passions of human beings, one for another, are. To have soul after soul, in its freshest, most impressionable age, with all the grace of eternity, all the infinite possibilities of the future

carved out in gentle faces, and lying half hidden in loving eyes, placed in your hands so freely, so confidently, "Do with it what you will." To feel that a few words, a touch, affectionate interest, a question now and then, a syllable of encouragement, a little self-repression, a look, a sigh, may wake a sacred sleeping impulse, or draw a life from a shadow cast by the very spirit of despair. If a man is not sometimes touched, as it were, on the shoulder by such thoughts as these as he looks at the childish faces upon which life is preparing to write strange histories, if he is not haunted, in some halting-place of his busy life, by some sense of responsibility, some shuddering fancies of neglect, he can be hardly human. "It takes a poet to see these things," said a friend half contemptuously to me when I tried to give him a glimpse of the thoughts that press insistently even into such a life as ours. It is not so; even in common work-a-day moments, when we are shouting questions or supplying answers, steeped to the ears in dulness, irritability and inkiness, they hang too high above our heads, let a man be brought face to face, as all must be, with one of the tragedies of school life, a glimpse into a boy's soul, a home made desolate by some careless, shameless act dragged to light, and they will not escape then. Any one who lives such a life truly and with passion will be apt to be misunderstood by the world; he will leave the best of himself behind him, shut up in dusty schoolrooms, and barred and shuttered studies, and take a mere phantom away. If the world could realize how much—I say it in all humility, in no spirit of exaltation, for it is a spontaneous necessity of giving which cannot be denied—we really give to our boys, they would not blame us for having so little to bring abroad.—*Murray's Magazine*.