

teacher's diligence and ambition, the remuneration of teachers is on the whole steadily improving. There is still, however, too much cheap teaching, too many inducements held out by penny-wise and pound-foolish trustees to get teachers to underbid each other. Besides the "Please state salary required" device, which we exposed in the January issue of this journal, it is only too common for teachers to make private arrangements with trustees, so as to secure an engagement at a smaller salary than would be needed were the matter left to public competition. All such practices are treasonable to the self-respect and interests of both teachers and trustees.

The real evil which is at the root of all under-selling and under-estimating teachers' salaries is the over-crowded state of the profession. The teaching profession, we repeat, is at present over-crowded by third-class certificate teachers. This enables the cheap teachers to play into the hands of the economizing trustee nobly ambitious of saving his constituents five cents each in school-tax. Other motives besides economy may prevent the trustees from being always ready to secure an advanced teacher for a school, some of whose pupils need advanced teaching. The trustee may have no children, or may have young children in one of the junior classes, while perhaps the children of the poorest man in the section, who has neither land nor farm stock on which to employ them, are the most regular attendants at school, and may even have studied the entire course for third-class certificate, and thus be absolutely in need of a teacher of higher grade.

A very simple remedy for this we venture to suggest. It is that the Inspector be instructed to grade the schools in his district, for those in which there are the more advanced pupils making it imperative for the trustees to employ only first or second-class teachers, whilst for others the third-class certificate holders would still be available.

MR. DICKSON IN COURT.

As intimated in the last number of the JOURNAL, a suit was entered by Mr. Milton Haight against Mr. George Dickson, Principal of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, to obtain the sum of seventy-five dollars, the amount of a scholarship offered by Mr. Dickson to the student of the Hamilton Institute who took the highest number of marks at the first-class teachers' examination in 1880. The trial took place on January 25th, and judgment was reserved until the 28th. The judge then announced that he had decided to have the case tried before a jury, and it has been set down for hearing on the 28th of February. The facts as elicited at the trial are as follows:—Mr. Dickson admitted on oath that he was responsible for issuing the circulars; money for the scholarships having been partly raised by subscription. He did not deny that Mr. Haight had fairly earned the scholarship, but urged that as Mr. Haight did not return to the Hamilton Institute, he was justified in withholding the scholarship, although the circular issued contained no proviso requiring attendance for any specified time.

We refrain from making any remarks concerning the case until it is concluded. We are informed that other actions are depending on the issue of the one instituted by Mr. Haight.

We sincerely hope, however, that whatever may be the result of this trial, the Hamilton authorities may give up the discreditable methods of puffing which they have been practising during the past year and a half. For a Collegiate Institute to issue a monthly advertising sheet; to send out an agent whose ostensible mission is to obtain subscribers, but who is remarkably ready to give advice gratis to those who intend to prosecute a course of study; or worse than all to send out private circulars to good students in various parts of the province; these are certainly unabashed violations of all professional etiquette, most injurious to the dignity of a profession which, more than any other, needs, in order to establish its just claims to social position, what Arthur Hugh Clough calls "the tonic of a wholesome pride."

The fact that Mr. Milton Haight and others, after taking scholarships at the Hamilton Institute, should leave it and go to another, goes a long way to prove the correctness of the contention we have made, that loud boasting is not an indication of excellence in teaching, any more than in any other department of work. It is a confirmation of the principle laid down by Thomas Carlyle that an age of shams is also an age of advertisements, an age when the aim is not to do better work than others, but to *assert* and *publish* as noisily as possible that our work is the very best in the world's market.

FRECHETTE'S POEMS.

Louis N. Frechette has added to the copious and admirable literature of French Canada two volumes of lyric poetry, both of very high order, the latter of which, *Les Fleurs Boreales*, has obtained the very high honour of being crowned by the Academy in Paris. The French Academy is a literary tribunal whose historic lustre has been fully maintained to the present day; it numbers on its roll all the greatest names in French Literature. Neither political interest nor imperial power have ever been able to sway its decisions, and therefore its award of the highest honour, in its power to bestow, on a Canadian citizen, is for us, as well as our French brethren in the sister Province, a matter for just pride and rejoicing. We are pleased to give our readers as a specimen of Mr. Frechette's lyrics, a translation as literal as may consist with our wish to give the spirit rather than the letter of the original. The following is however a very literal reproduction of the prelude to *Les Oiseaux de Neige*:

THE PROLOGUE TO "THE SUN-BIRDS."

When the rude Equinox at length was over,
And less inclement winter skies became,
We watched them then our fields in thousands cover—
Those winged guests whom we the sun-birds name.

No grain of food; no growth of leafage screening
Their flight from chills that Norway ice-blasts bear;
The aid of Heaven alone is intervening
'Twixt these sun-courers and the fowler's snare.

Dear little wanderers! on your joyous wings
Gleams the first ray of brightness that is Spring's,
Go! fearless fly where avalanches fall,
Go! 'mid the snow-drifts take your sportive way,
'Mid those white walls your snow-white wings display—
Weak things, whom God makes safe, most safe of all.

O. P. M.