

the contest. Its very severity enhances the importance of those aids to education which money can procure—good tutors, good books, good society, the careful direction of the pupil from the earliest years, the utilization of his talents and energies, and the making the most of him generally. With wisdom and experience, educational results may be attained as remarkable as the triumphs of culture in physical departments. These advantages the middle classes will always possess in a superior degree, and possessing them, it will be their own fault if they are distanced in the competition. *Montreal Gazette.*

3. WANT OF COURTESY.

The "bluff and honest" often talk down people at dinner-parties, and push women aside to secure railway tickets, and, finally, have the ungentelemanly impertinence to narrate their heroic sieges to secure the best places when they return home. They are the "gentlemen" who put their heads out of railway carriages having only four persons in them, and then call out of the windows, "Quite full!" to prevent the entrance of others, who will have to wait for the next train. "It's all very well," you say, Mark, "but for courtesy to be convenient and beautiful, other people must be courteous too!" Well, in the end, courtesy is creative. If you treat an old woman, grey with years and bent with toil, respectfully, your "bluff and honest" fellow-traveller who never lifted his portmanteau to give her a seat, will incline to be more courteous should another passenger enter. I have seen that, and believe in the influence of boorishness to create boorishness, and of courtesy to create courtesy. But if you are not repaid, what of that? Courtesy is right! Yes; the grand old Book—our inspired teacher, counsellor and comforter—tells us in one brief, pregnant sentence, to "be courteous." It is to be hoped that all readers of these pages have entered into the spirit and genius of Christianity, and that they detest the rude rush and crush, the selfish inattention to strangers and to foreigners, and many more of the rude signs of an absent courtesy which shame our English life. We ought to be honest, as we prize our fair name, and fame, and influence—always honest. But let us not mistake "bluffness" for the appropriate partner of this grand old virtue! C. and H. come, even alphabetically, nearer than B. and H.; and, morally, let us wed Courtesy and Honesty in our lives.—*By the Rev. W. Statham, M.A., in "The Quiver."*

4. THE COURTESY OF BLUFF AND HONEST PEOPLE.

One word more about your "bluff and honest" people. I wonder who married these two words! Cannot you have polite and honest, refined and honest, gentle and honest, courteous and honest, as well as bluff, or rough, and honest? You have put the words, mark, in juxtaposition, but there is no real vital connection between them. It is as manifest as can be that honesty is one of the noblest characteristics of a good man. Without that all acquirements are but decorations on a tomb; that is to say, they cover rottenness and corruption. For a dishonest man contravenes the first principles of peace and happiness in society. He degrades his nation, his family and himself. A man may be dishonest in many ways, and when detected he should be visited with the opprobrium of society—whether he picks a pocket, swindles a company, steals a reputation, or simulates what he is not.

5. CARRYING WATER TO THE SCHOOL.

Some time ago I passed by a school-house in Bucks county that had a nice little "Cucumber" pump in the yard. "Oh, dear!" I said, (I was talking to myself, not to my companion), "If I could only have a pump in my school-yard." And to-day I find myself echoing the wish again and again.

From time immemorial, school children have carried water from the neighbours' wells. Our neighbour had an old pump, and a dilapidated platform, and I used to see the scholars start, with fear and trembling, for I fully expected that they would fall down the well, break their bones and come home drowned. One day the aged pump did go down, but a beam "held her nozzle agin' the bank," and by propping and tinkering at the old thing, we managed to get the bucket under, and still secure a supply of water. The man who rented the place met the "Board" and made known his grievances. They tendered him a five-dollar note for necessary repairs, which he quietly pocketed, and moving from the place shortly afterward, he left the pump no better than he had found it.

Finally the landlord pulled up the superannuated pump, and as there was no family to need the well at that time, it was soon in part filled up with dirt and leaves. I used to let the water stand

till it settled, and then pour it off. At last it became too bad for use, and we began to scour the country for water. The season was hot, many wells were dry, and some families could not spare us as much as a bucketful.

There was another house untenanted, not far off, and we tried that well, but one of the boys was confident that "some dead things had jumped down there and died;" and the water was so dark, and smelled so abominably, that I soon put my veto on going there. We managed to get through the summer by walking a long distance and using the water sparingly. We used ditch water for wetting slate-rags, and washing the zinc and door-step. One day after vacation, the boys were all aglow with the good news that a "Cucumber pump" was being put in the old well, and we hoped our troubles were over. But the workman did not understand his business, or the pump was worthless, for it never worked properly, and we still foraged the country for water. I sent to one place and the proprietor complained that the boys frightened the ducks and stared in the windows. So I sent girls and made them wear their big paste-board sun-bonnets, and my last injunction was: "Pull your bonnets over your eyes; don't look at any body; above all, beware of the ducks." This worked capitally well for two days, when they were told not to come again as the pump was broken. Truth was "crushed to earth" considerably at that statement, and so were we, and we went back to the old well, removed a plank and let down the bucket. It was dangerous. I was in a fever all the time they were out of my sight.

Sometimes the bucket, rope and all sank to the bottom. They would rush to me with the astounding news. I improvised a grappling-hook out of an old shutter-fastener, and some window-cord, and they stood on the rickety planks and fished for them. Owing to their successful angling, the bucket slowly rose, and such was the moving of the waters, the stirring of the mud, and turning up of decayed leaves and fishing-worms, that we had to wait about an hour for everything to settle calmly.

This spring my large scholars all left, and I cannot permit little children to risk their lives over that well, so I often carry water myself. How my scholars are employed in my absence, I can but vaguely conjecture. I imagine that while I am raising the water they are "raising Cain." My private opinion is, that the monitor I leave in charge is kept in hot water until my return with the cold. Drawing water from the well is romantic and picturesque and all that. When I kneel on that uncertain plank, I feel like Rebecca in the Bible story. When I look at my blistered hands and muddy dress, poetic emotions are strongly stirred within me.

The other day the rope slipped from my hands. Being a woman, I only said: "Bother!" but while I fished with my patent grappling-irons, if my august Board had been around, they would have had the benefit of some of my private sentiments on the subject of "school economy."

My troubles have reached a climax. I must have sympathy, so I'll just let the world—through *The School Journal*—know what tribulations we pass through to get a drink of water. But the bitter end will come some day, for I shall surely fall down that well. Then, and not till then, will the hearts of those in authority be filled with remorse. Then, all too late!—they will put a "Cucumber pump" in my school-yard.—*A. Lee, in Pennsylvania School Journal.*

6. ANIMALS AND THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

In the history and poetry of ancient Greece we find constant reference to all varieties of animals. The Greek mythology teems with stories of the Gods of Olympus visiting earth under the guise of familiar animals; and Jupiter has his symbolic eagle always beside him; Juno is attended by her peacocks, which now are perched near her, and now are harnessed to her car; and Venus is said to have loved especially the swan, the sparrow, and the dove. The cock, the swan, the crow, the grasshopper, the wolf, and the hawk, were all considered sacred to Apollo. Diana is painted with her hunting dogs, and sometimes drawn by white stags. The owl and the cock were the favourite birds of Minerva. It is evident from this that animals, both as types of moral qualities and as personal friends, occupied a prominent place in the Greek mind.

Among others, the beautiful legend of Melampus is an example of the tenderness with which the higher class of minds regarded even reptiles. Melampus, says the story, was a soothsayer and physician who lived at Pylos in the Peloponnesus. One day two serpents came to an oak-tree near his dwelling and made their nest there. To the great concern of Melampus, his servants killed the intruders; so, taking their dead bodies, he burned them on a funeral pile, with all reverence. At the foot of the oak he found nestling a family of little serpents, and taking compassion upon their orphaned state, he fed them with milk, and tended them with