

themselves. Thinking that some of the teachers would like to read another "contribution" to the burning question, I have sent them to you.

A cloud of sorrow deep and black
Hangs o'er the Teaching Sisterhood,
As on the hated Pension Act
With cultivated minds they brood.

It settles on their classic brows,
And tear-bedims their learned eyes,
And eke disturbs the calm repose
That should prevail in minds so wise.

"Tis vain" they sigh "to teach the boys
(Since boy is Father to the man),
If, when they came to man's estate,
Such horrid, wicked Acts they plan

"We know that Government consols
Means interest paid for money lent,
But nought repays us or consoles
When parting with our two per cent.

"The age of chivalry is past"—
Oh! for the age of gallant knight,
Whose life was service to the fair
Though he could neither read nor write.

"'Twixt him and those who framed this Act—
The Politician and the Knight—
Comparisons are odious, but
The two comparisons invite.

"We know the object that they have,
These mean, mean men who framed this Act—
They wish to bind us to our task,
To make us all 'old maids' in fact.

"Oh! what an awful fate were that,
To teach and teach till age set in,
To spend our time in cramming heads,
Amid the schoolroom's hideous din!

"No! we are Women and we won't
Submit to such a fate as this.
When Hope points to a cottage neat,
Contentment, and connubial bliss.

"When Time brings forth the Manly ones
Who'll fill our hearts with sweet content,
We'll leave the school and cleave to them,
A man's worth more than Two per cent!"

The verses are without title.

Yours, &c.,

ANXIOUS BROTHER.

[Note.—There is an old saying "leves curæ loquuntur, ingentes stupent."
The Pension Act grievance is perhaps not so serious as we thought it at first.

—EDITOR.]