

think us simple enough to believe that this "slate" was heaven-born, and heaven-printed, that they received it from, they knew not where, but were so struck with its surpassing excellence (possibly because their own names were on it) that they rushed from railway station to railway station, from boarding house to boarding-house, from member to member distributing the same? If so, they would indeed have us believe that they are wise as doves and harmless as—, well turtle doves! What shall be said of the manliness of officers of the association who made use of their position as officers to conspire against other officers—their equals in standing and experience? What effect can we expect

the adoption of such a mode of action to have on the public morality of the rising generation? If this be the code of the present day, then must my standard of measurement be an old-fashioned one, but I have not lost faith in the old saying, "Magna est veritas, prevalebit," and so shall raise my voice, though none other be raised, in protest against the introduction of anything that tends to reduce the liberty of thought and action enjoyed in the past by the members of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers.

Pardon me for trespassing so extensively on your valuable space.

R. J. HEWTON.

Richmond, Que., Oct. 30th, 1897.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

A new serial, "With all her Heart," has lately been begun in the *Littell's Living Age*.

The housekeeper is fully instructed as to the Thanksgiving Turkey in the November number of *Table-Talk*, also there are "A Few Words about Mincemeat," and "Some Ways of Using Cranberries," all of which sounds very sensible and hunger-inspiring.

Those who are in the teaching profession will turn with more than usual interest to an article in the November *Scribner's*, entitled "Confessions of a College Professor." It is necessary for even highly educated people of more than average ability to come to the conclusion that in the ultimate they are not going to create much of a sensation in the world. This would be both annoying and depressing if it were not for something else that is even more true, "Is not the life more than meat?" One can be happy

and even great in character and yet quite insignificant. The magazine is specially valuable as containing six full-page drawings by A. B. Frost.

There is a little story in a recent issue of *The Youth's Companion*, called "The Unsuccessful Teacher," which points out again to the doubting mind that after we have gone away and can't see things any more for ourselves, it is possible that good work may become evident. We were not told everything when we were children, and afterwards found that there was some sense in that; there may be in this too.

In the *Bookman* some like one thing, some another; but one person at least prefers the poetry. The fact that occasionally selections are made from books of verse recently issued, insures a more felicitous choice than if the editor made a desperate point of printing only the best that had