

assistant. The attendance at this school is so large that the services of an extra teacher will be required as soon as proper accommodation can be procured.

Mr. Edward McCrone had recently been re-elected Chairman of the Board of Education in the city of St. Thomas for the sixteenth time. Mr. McCrone has been an energetic and conscientious worker for the educational interests of St. Thomas and the citizens recognize his true value.

St. Thom's Central School boasts of a highly qualified staff of teachers, no one of the nine holding less than a second class certificate. Mr. Campbell, the able Principal, may well feel proud of the position taken by the "Central" among the schools of the county.

Mr. Wilson Taylor has accepted a position in the staff of the Ingersoll High School. It will be remembered that as principal of the Model School, he won golden opinions. This second engagement is a deserved recognition on the part of the board. Mr. Taylor is the right man in the right place.

Mr. Wm. O'Conner M.A. is head Master of the High School; Mr. R. Lees, of the Model School; Mr. W. H. Hallett, of the Public School; and Mr. M. O'Brien, of the Separate School in the town of Lindsay. A better array of teaching talent it would be hard to find.

The *Victoria Warbler* says, that Miss McRae, who so successfully taught in the junior department of the Public School of that place during a period of two years, has gone to attend the Uxbridge High School. As a teacher she gave universal satisfaction. Also that Miss McNevin, of Ingersoll, has taken charge of the junior department of the public school, and comes well recommended.

The services of an additional teacher, Miss Lynch, have been secured for Peterboro Separate Schools. The staff now consists of Mr. J. D. McHuroyle who has just entered upon his third year as Head Master; Miss Leonard, who has charge of the 2nd Division, Miss Lynch of the 3rd, and Miss Hurley of the 4th. The school is in excellent order and reflects much credit on Mr. McHuroyle and his able staff of assistants.

Correspondence.

A correspondent asks:—

1. Can a person who has held a third-class certificate have it renewed, under the new regulations, by passing another examination, without attending the Model School a second time? Is the Inspector's recommendation necessary?

2. Is it customary at the Normal School to give additional marks in some subjects to candidates who, having studied those subjects, are entitled to higher marks than they obtained at the non-professional examination?

REPLY.

1. Extension of certificates may be granted on application of the Trustees, and recommendation of the Inspector. Blank forms for such application, containing a number of questions to be answered are furnished to Trustees on application.

2. Students attending the Normal School holding Second Class Grade B, may on the recommendation of the Principal and Masters have the B raised to an A; and students holding Second Class Grade A, may be "honoured by mention."

In order to have the certificate raised both scholarship and teaching must be good.

Following is an

EXTRACT FROM REGULATIONS OF SEPTEMBER, 1884.

Third-class Certificates may be renewed on re-examination, and the County Inspector may award marks for efficiency and aptitude in teaching, not to exceed 20, to be added as a bonus to the aggregate number of marks obtained in non-professional subjects.

In case of emergency, such as a scarcity of teachers, or for any other special cause, Third-Class Certificates may be extended by the Education Department, on the joint request of any Board of Trustees and the County Inspector.

Miscellaneous

WHERE WHITTIER LIVES.

Mr. Whittier's dwelling in Amesbury is exceedingly simple and exquisitely neat, the exterior of a pale cream color, with many trees and shrubs about it, while within one room opens into another till you reach the study that should be haunted by the echoes of all sweet sounds, for here have been written the most of those verses full of the fitful music

Of winds that out of dreamland blow.

Here, in the proper season, the flames of a cheerful fire dance upon the brass and irons of the open hearth, in the centre of a wall hung with books, water-colors by Harry Fenn and Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter, together with interesting prints hung on the other walls, rivalled, it may be, by the window that looks down on a sunny little orchard, and by the glass-topped door through which you see the green dome of Powow Hill. What worthies have been entertained in this enticing place! Garrison and Philips and Higginson and Wason and Emerson and Fields and Bayard Taylor and Alice and Phebe Cary and Gail Hamilton and Anna Dickinson are only a few of the names that one first remembers, to say nothing of countless sweet souls unknown to any other roll of fame than heaven's, who have found the atmosphere there kindred to their own.

The people of Amesbury and of the adjoining villages and towns feel a peculiar ownership of their poet; there is scarcely a legend of all this country round which he has not woven into his song, and the neighborhood feel not only as if Whittier were their poet, but in some way the guardian spirit, the genius of the place. Perhaps in his stern and sweet life he has been so, even as much as his song. "There is no charge to Mr. Whittier," once said a shopman of whom he had made a small purchase, and there is no doubt that the example would have been contagious if the independent spirit of the poet would ever have permitted it.

These Indian-summer days of the poet's life are spent not all in the places that knew him of old. The greater part of the winter is passed in Boston; a share of the summer always goes to the White hills, of which he is passionately fond, and the remainder of the time finds him in the house of his cousins at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, still in his native county of Essex. There is a mansion, with its porches and porticoes and surrounding lawns and groves, which seems meet for a poet's home. It stands in spacious and secluded grounds, shadowed by mighty oaks, and with that woodland character which buds and squirrels and rabbits darting in the checkered sunshine must always give.

It is the home of culture and refinement, too, and as full of beauty within as without. Here many of the later poems have been sent forth, and here fledglings have the unwarrantable impertinence to intrude with their callow manuscripts, and here those pests of prominence, the autograph-seekers, send their requests by the thousands. But in the early fall the poet steals quietly back to Amesbury, and there awaits election day, a period in which he religiously believes no man has a right to avoid his duty, and of which he still thinks as when he saw—

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of destiny, whose hands conceal,
The mists of fate,
That shape the state,
And make or mar the common weal.

What a life he has to look back upon as he sits with his fame about him—what storms and what delights, what struggle and what victory! With all the deep and wonderful humility of spirit that