

conditions arising from the growing complexity of our civilization, and the development of far greater extremes of wealth and poverty"—that is to say, America, as her wealth and population increase, will have no immunity from the social and educational problems that present themselves for solution here. The wealthy citizens of New York, Boston, Chicago, and other large cities will come, in time, to regard with as much repugnance the sending of their children to the common schools, to mix with the poorest of the population, as the inhabitants of Mayfair and Belgravia would to sending their children to our Board Schools. Wealth and poverty differentiate the school training. The child of the wealthy man wants, or his parents want for him, an education of an order not to be had at the public school. Hence he is sent to a school where he can have any educational luxury he is ready to pay for. "There is," says the Commissioner, "an increasing prevalence of a belief in the necessity of certain forms and subjects of instruction that the public schools do not and cannot give."

There is one other matter on which American experience falsifies the expectations of the advocates of Free Education here, namely, that it secures regular attendance. The average attendance in all American common schools is only 65.7 of the enrolment. In England and Wales it is 76 per cent., and in Scotland 77 per cent. Nor is this all. In England and Scotland, to earn a grant, the school must have been open at least 400 times, reckoning morning and evening as separate attendances, and every scholar for whom a grant is claimed must at least have been present at 250 of these. The public schools in America are open, on an average, only 129 days in the year, and the number of average attend-

ances is only 93.7, so that the American scholar spends only some three months in school, whilst in England or Scotland the scholar spends from eight to nine months in school. We commend these facts and figures to the thoughts of those who think on educational matters. — *The Educational Times*.

THE PILOT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I hope to meet my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.—TENNYSON.

Who is the Pilot, into whose sure hand,
Waiting the summons, as the day grows dark,
Upon the border of this earthly strand,
We may commit our bark?

Can Reason rule the deck, and firmly steer
Through depths where swirling maelstroms
rave and roar,
And madly threaten to o'erwhelm us, ere
We reach the thither shore?

Has calm Philosophy, whose lore unrolls
The axioms of the ages, ever found
A perfect chart, to map what rocks and shoals
Beset the outward bound?

Can Science guide, who, with exploring glass,
Sweeps the horizon of the restless tide,
And questions, 'mid the mists that so harass,
"Is there a farther side?"

Dare old Tradition set its untrimmed light
Upon the prow, and hope to show the way,
Through gulping troughs that blinder make
the night,
Out into perfect day?

Nay,—none of these are strong to mount the
deck,
And, with authority assured and free,
Guide onward, fearless of the loss and wreck
That crowd this soundless sea.

O ye who watch the ebbing tide! what saith
The wisdom that through ages hath sufficed
For questioning souls?—The only chart is
faith,

The only pilot, Christ!

The Sunday School Times.