

making a good impression on the rising generation; normal trained teachers have increased in the last ten years from 408 to 1077.

The reports of the principal of the Normal school, of the supervisor of manual training, of the supervisor of Halifax city schools, and of the various county inspectors are suggestive, and the tones of encouragement and progress are satisfactory to note.

Dr. MacKay in discussing low salaries places the responsibility where it belongs and gives a warning which should have a far reaching effect on public opinion. He says:

The question of salaries of teachers is one which concerns the people of Nova Scotia generally more than it does the teachers themselves personally; for the teacher can improve his position very simply—and he is doing so—by taking up another occupation. But no matter how modern or ideal the general educational system may be, if it has the one defect of indifferent teachers all the other perfections will avail little. It is plain to every one who thinks that without "living salaries" it is impossible to retain more than a very few able teachers. Under these circumstances it is the people who suffer; for too large a proportion of the clever members of the profession will enter other more remunerative employments. No passing of laws, no dissemination of instructions, no amount of inspection, however agonized the officer may be over his mass of defectives, can produce good results when the teacher is weak. And if the salaries are to remain low, only the weaker, as a rule, will remain in the profession, even should circumstances force many rising individuals to take temporary employment in the service.

President Eliot was arguing in favor of education by "showing how," before the kindergartens. He said that he was learning something every day by being "shown how."

He illustrated his point by describing the training of medical students, and concluded by telling of an old friend of his who had suddenly become deaf in one ear.

"How did it happen?" I asked him.

"Well, I was blowing my nose the other day, when I felt something snap in my ear, followed by an aching and dullness.

"When the doctor came he said the drum was split, and asked how I did it.

"I only blew my nose," I told the doctor."

"Well, had you opened your mouth when you blew your nose you would not now have a damaged ear-drum," was the medico's reply.

"You see, my friend had lived seventy years and have never been shown how to blow his nose," continued President Eliot. The application was appreciated and greeted with a great burst of laughter.—*Boston Journal*.

### English Literature in the Lower Grades.

#### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

This poem was published in Browning's *Dramatic Lyrics*, and is there headed: *A Child's Story*. (Written for and inscribed to W. M. the younger). W. M. was the son of William Macready, the famous actor. The substance of the story is to be found in different works, the accounts varying but slightly. The poet is said to have taken it from a book called, *The Wonders of the Little World: or, A General History of Man*, by Nathaniel Wanley, published in 1675. The prose tale runs as follows:

"At Hammel, a town in the Duchy of Brunswick, in the year of Christ, 1284, upon the twenty-sixth day of June, the town being grievously troubled with rats and mice, there came to them a piper, who promised, upon a certain rate, to free them from them all: it was agreed; he went from street to street, and, playing upon his pipe, drew after him out of the town all that kind of vermin, and then, demanding his wages, was denied it. Whereupon he began another tune, and there followed him one hundred and thirty boys to a hill called Koppen, situate on the north by the road, where they perished, and were never seen after. This piper was called the Pied Piper, because his clothes were of several colors. This story is writ, and religiously kept by them in their annals at Hammel, read in their books, and painted in their windows and churches, of which I am a witness by my own sight. Their elder magistrates for the confirmation of the truth of this, are wont to write in conjunction, in their public books, such a year of Christ, and such a year of the transmigration of the children, etc. It is also observed in the memory of it, that in the street he passed out of, no piper is admitted to this day. If a bride be in that street, till she is gone out of it there is no dancing to be suffered."

Another account, however, published in 1605, gives the same date to the event that Browning gives in his poem, namely, the 22nd of July, 1376. The difference in dates does not matter, for it is hardly necessary to say that the whole story is a myth. Scholars tell us that it belongs to that group of interesting tales based on the characteristics and actions of the wind. The wind blows sometimes softly and sweetly, sometimes loud and fierce, purifies and invigorates, steals things away, breaks, destroys, or kills. It has now the gentleness and weakness of a child, now the strength and fury of a giant. It is invisible, and can go where it will. One old story tells how Mercury, when but a few hours old, stole the cattle of Apollo, the sun-god. When accused, the thief was found in his cradle, protesting that he was but a little helpless thing, that did not even know what cows were. Here