

leaving, the teacher thanked the stranger, and hoped he would soon call again.

"Oh!" said he, "just send for me any time, and I will come and give any one a lift."

"Pray, sir, by what name shall we ask for you?"

"Mr. HARDSTUDY, sir—at your service!"

John Todd.

—*Pennsylvania School Journal.*

Individuality.

THE homely but forcible saying, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is but the popular expression for an idea upon which so many changes have been rung that one can not hope to say any thing original or new on the subject. Every one feels strongly that he wishes his own peculiarities of thought and of action—in other words, his own individuality—to be respected. Whether he is willing to accord this full freedom to others or not, he at least expects for himself that he shall not be crowded and pushed and manipulated,—amputated in one direction and drawn out in another,—until he shall be made to fit a mould which some other person has pleased to prescribe as suitable for him. We all prefer to do things in our own way, with no fear of being called to account because we are not exactly like A, B, or C. We are willing to conform to general laws, and to work according to the same general principles as the rest of the human race; but as to observing the same *letter* of the law, we wish to be excused.

Something of this same freedom should, we think, be allowed in the school-room. Certainly we must have rules there, and enforce them; but we must allow ourselves and our pupils some little latitude. Peculiar temperaments and peculiar home-influences must be carefully studied and observed, and, in our treatment of pupils, must be taken into account, if we would not suffer defeat. The Medo-Persian inflexibility of law will not do for the school-room.

To be sure, in avoiding this Scylla, we are in danger of the Charybdis of appearing to treat some pupils with partiality; and so the last evil may be worse than the first. But if we strive to keep our minds unprejudiced, and permit our best judgment to decide in every case, not neglecting the observance of the golden rule, we shall generally be able to maintain a course of action that will commend itself to that sense of justice which is strong in every child's mind.

When we see the heterogeneous mass of material that is often committed to the teacher's care, and consider that patience and tact and wisdom are needed to harmonize and control and guide them aright, what wonder that poor human nature shrinks back with the exclamation "Who is sufficient for these things!" Surely no guidance but his who never makes mistakes should satisfy any one who is called upon to teach.—*Illinois Teacher.*

Training of Girls.

MY head and heart are full of this subject, although I do not cherish the notion that I have new or original ideas in regard to it. No one, I suppose, can watch young, growing minds without having the very process of watching awaken thought. It has done it for me, at least to some extent, for I have by this means become so alive to the girl-training process that every nerve seems to feel it.

The fact that so many of our girls, sometimes our most promising ones, too, grow up to be vain, silly, selfish, inefficient women (these are the mildest terms I can apply to them), shows quite conclusively that there is *wrong training* some where. God made girls right, we may be sure. Yet, alas! they have grown to woman's estate in all but the womanliness. It is some times difficult, often quite impossible, to tell where the *fault* lies, but the *fact* is patent. It is possible that those who have the most to do in training girls, those who are quick to discover their

waywardness and faults and to complain of them, are not equally quick to notice their generous impulses, their general willingness to make any and all efforts to overcome what in them is unpleasant, disagreeable, or wrong. It is possible that those who voluntarily undertake the training of girls are *themselves untrained*,—'blind leaders of the blind'!

I dare not undertake to enumerate the qualifications essential in one who attempts the training of girls: so varied, so peculiar, so evidently endowed for the special work must he be, that no words can exactly define or even well outline what seems requisite.

A poet says, "A boy's will is the wind's will, and his thoughts are long, long thoughts"; but no poet that I have ever read has been able to define a girl's will, or tell what a girl's thoughts are like.

It is certain that one who has a heart for the work of training girls, and a power *in* the work, may well rejoice if the Master sends him early into the vineyard, for the plants are choice, of rapid growth, and of wondrous excellence and beauty in development, so be the training hand has the God-given power needed to bring them forward into a healthy, complete and perfect life.—*Ib.*

A. N.

HISTORY OF CANADA.

Papers relating to the History of Canada.

CHAMPLAIN AND THE DISCOVERY OF HIS TOMB.

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D.

Last Christmas was the two hundred and thirty-first anniversary of the day when the people of the little French town of Quebec, a mere dot amid the Canadian snows, followed to the grave, their great leader and guide, Samuel de Champlain, who had amid every discouragement and in spite of all obstacles, struggled to plant a permanent colony in the New World.

He expired on the 25th of December, 1635, after an illness of two months and a half, attended by the Jesuit missionaries, with whom he had lived an almost conventual life after the departure of his wife for France (1), closing, in the utmost peace and calm, a life of much vicissitude and many a stirring scene.

Born at Brouage, in Saintonge, in 1567 or 1570, of a respectable and it would seem even noble family, he had early sought a military career, and in the struggles of Henry IV to reach the throne, young Champlain fought stoutly for the King in Brittany, under the orders of d'Aumont de St. Luc and Brissac.

Peace did not send him to quiet or a barrack life. The family were men of the sea, and as his uncle held high rank in the Spanish navy, being Pilot General of the Armies, he sought employment in the same service, and when the Spanish retired from Blavelt, their last hold in Brittany, he proceeded with them to San Lucar, and in 1599, made a voyage to Mexico, in the St. Julian, and drew up an account of his visit in a journal which has come to light in our day, and been published in English by the Hakluyt Society, the original French being withheld from the press in France by a sort of literary forestaller, who has for years been threatening much and giving nothing.

He had just returned to France, in 1602, when it was proposed to him to sail to New France for De Monts, who had secured a patent. The prospect suited one whose taste for adventure had received a stimulus from what he had witnessed on the

(1) He married Helen Boullé, sister of a fellow-navigator, who, though at the time a Protestant, returned to the ancient faith, and on her husband's death, became an Ursuline nun, under the name of Mother Helen de St. Augustine. She died at Meaux, December 20, 1654, at the age of fifty-six, in a convent which she had founded (*Chronique de l'Ordre des Ursulines; Les Ursulines de Québec*, 352). They left no issue, the only heir appearing to claim any right in his estate being a cousin.—*SHEA'S Charlevoix*, II, 88.