

is in the hands of professionals, of men whose business in life is to write. They give him the benefit of the experience that has led to their advancement. Whether or not he is to make literature his profession matters little ; he is given an insight into the workings of a great trade. Composition becomes to him a serious art ; in the preparatory school it was, according to his temperament, a grind or an amusement.

Young boys, as well as college students, love the professional flavour. The fact that their teacher writes, and gets paid for it, inspires confidence in him, and in his precepts. The spirit of emulation is aroused. These linguistic quibbles about *shall and will*, the *cleft infinitive*, and the rest no longer seem small ; they represent part of the literary equipment of the young writer who would get into print.

This consideration alone, that of the outward respect in which he is held, ought to keep the teacher of English at work. Far more important, however, than the attitude of the community without is the effect upon the man within, of an art seriously pursued. It is the struggle to express that avails. Only by the teacher who is himself at constant warfare with his medium, constantly forcing it to follow his dictation, can most ready help be given to the struggling student. If one builds up for one's self a consistent theory of style ; if one learns actually to draw in language ; if one learns to take one's art very seriously, one's self a little less so, then there is a certainty that one will be taken with a little seriousness by the young people at school.—*School Journal*.

STORIES FOR REPRODUCTION.—The following stories will interest the children and will be found valuable in connection with the class in composition :—

(I.) Two gentlemen were out shooting on a very hot day. They had with them a fine retriever dog. Towards the middle of the day they rested, and then went away, leaving their hats at the place where they had been sitting. In a short time they sent the dog back for the hats. They were too big to carry together, and for some time the dog seemed puzzled what to do. At last with its paw it pushed one hat inside the other, and then, taking up the two, trotted off to its master. On reaching him it laid down its burden and wagged its tail, evidently expecting to be praised for its cleverness.