

THE question has often been asked, and never, we believe, answered quite satisfactorily—certainly not to the satisfaction of the ladies concerned—why female teachers should not receive as large salaries as male teachers, for doing the same work. The question has lately, we believe, been up in the London School Board. A newspaper correspondent says that a majority of ten members of that Board are now of the opinion that ladies should receive even more, but that “for some unexplained reason, probably a fear of increasing the salaries account, they have been afraid to handle the question.” Miss Eliza Yates, one of the oldest members of the teaching staff in that city, lately wrote an open letter to the Board on the subject. Here is one of her paragraphs :

“My services to the Board are worth at least \$500 per year. Were I a man I would say \$900, but it is a well-known fact that in all the callings of life where men and women are engaged—unless indeed that of gardening, and there, strange to say, no one seems to think of asking when a turnip is brought to market whether a man or woman hoed it, as he pays the price for it—a woman pays a premium for the privilege of being a woman, the premium being often, as is the case in the teaching profession, a very large one.”

ACCORDING to figures submitted to the Minister of Education by a deputation from the Toronto Public School Board, the saving of cost to parents by the adoption of the free text-book system is a strong argument in its favor, to say nothing of other considerations, such as the loss of pupils' time, teachers' patience and parents' temper often resulting from the present system. The deputation figured out the problem as follows:—During the last year there passed through the city schools 28,000 pupils. The cost of providing these pupils with books at \$1.07 per head amounted to \$29,960, or, in round figures, \$30,000. Some parents had large families, and transferred the books from child to child as each came of age to attend school. With this fact in view the actual sum expended might be estimated at \$25,000. At this estimate the cost would amount in five years to \$125,000. The scheme proposed, if adopted, would bring the expense for the first year down to \$20,000, and to \$7,000 for each of the four years following; so that the total cost for five years would be only \$48,000, a saving of over \$75,000 being thus effected in the five years. The object of the Board in sending the deputation was to ask an amendment to the School Act, authorizing trustees or boards to provide free text-books for the pupils. The Minister seemed to regard the proposal very favorably, and promised to lose no time in consulting his colleagues in regard to it. It is, therefore, not unlikely that the amendment to the Act may be made during the present session.

THE following beautiful stanzas composing the closing poem in Tennyson's last volume, have been extensively quoted, and have, no

doubt, been seen by many of our readers, but for the benefit of any who may not have met with them we reproduce them here. The poem is entitled “Crossing the Bar.” There is something infinitely touching in the picture suggested of the aged bard, conscious of having finished his life's work, and sitting down at the close of the day, and at the end of the journey, on the shores of the great Unknown Sea, to wait his summons to embark for the final voyage. The little poem would be a fine one, in the hands of a skilful teacher, to be used in calling out the literary and poetic sense of the pupils in a third or fourth class. The language, the imagery, the melody, the thought and the grand suggestion are all highly educative :

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a time as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross't the bar.

THE domestic servant difficulty is beginning to make itself felt in some parts of England, and it is not surprising to find that some of those who suffer inconveniences are disposed to lay the blame upon education. The *Schoolmaster* admits that there is some truth in the complaint, as the class of people who used to send their daughters to domestic service are now, by reason of the better education provided all round enabled to place them in higher walks of life. It points out, however, that it is rather to the general widening of the sphere of female labor in every department of society and commerce that the decrease in the supply of general servants is to be attributed. Formerly a working girl could only take service either as a mill or factory hand, or as a general servant. Now, however, there are innumerable lines of business in which female labor is becoming more and more in vogue every day. But admit the charge in its full force as against general education, and what follows. Is the larger part of the human race to be doomed to perpetual ignorance in order that they may be the more willing to perform menial service for the smaller and more favored classes? That is, we suppose, stripped of disguise, the old view, and still the view of many of the “upper classes.” Shall we not rather rejoice in the fact that, as a consequence of the spread of intelligence, the conditions under which manual labor and menial service are to be performed must be henceforth radically changed, in such a manner that they shall no longer be galling to a free intelligent worker, or inconsistent with the dignity and nobility which are properly inherent in all labor?

Educational Thought.

HE needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.—*Coleridge*.

HABITS are soon assumed, but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

—*Cowper*.

DOING God's will in small things is the best preparation for doing it in great things.—*Prof. Drummond*.

A SOUND mind is a real organism in which everything has its own place, but in which all things work together for the same end.—*Compayre*.

THE culture of the whole body is as necessary as that of any special organ. The health of the body as a whole seems to be intimately connected with the emotional condition.—*McLellan*.

“SOUNDS which address the ear are lost and die
In one short hour; but that which strikes the eye
Lives long upon the mind; the faithful sight
Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light.”

Prof. E. V. De Graff.

EDUCATORS should feel beyond everything that character is the highest attainment of a human being, and use their influence accordingly. We know that character can always be counted on. Conditions and circumstances may shift and change, but the vital elements of character remain the same.—*Exchange*.

LIFE is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—*J. R. Lowell*.

IT was Dr. Thomas Arnold's opinion that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. A teacher is doing what he ought to do only when he is learning more than his pupils. We might as well stop living when we get to the point where we can stop studying, for studying always means improving. The expression, “I know enough to teach the common branches,” was more common a few years ago than to-day. The impression is growing that we shall never know enough to teach the common branches, or any other branches, as well as they might be taught. The teacher who settles down for life on a States certificate, a normal school or college diploma, ought to be settled in some place where there are no schools, for he is certain to settle into a soggy mass of inert stolidness. The best teachers among us are our most growing scholars.—*N. Y. School Journal*.

YET if a poet goes into the same field, what manifold marvels his mental vision may behold. Bear witness all happy songs of field, and forest, and stream, and hill, that have been, or shall be, sung on earth. Bear witness butterfly and flower, bird, bee and every living thing that gladdens earth with life that moves, in all earth's changing moods, and which now make melody for evermore in human hearts dwelling in lasting summer of the poet's verse. Yet in all cases the image on the retina is the same. The ploughboy sees the same field; the sportsman sees the same field; the painter sees the same field; the poet sees the same field; the actual eyes of all are the same. Compare the ploughboy's world, a prison without light, with the poet's world. Compare the prison of the walls of flesh with the dark soul within closed round with gloom, cribbed, cabined and confined in its unwidened body, with nothing but a lump of bacon in the midst of the gloom as its highest thought and joy; compare this and the poet's inheritance and empire over worlds on worlds. Nay, compare it with the feeblest glimmer of the dawn of light in the heart of the unwilling schoolboy: would not the most stolid schoolboy clamor after light? For he would feel a sense of power and pleasure in himself, a new selfbeginning to live, and would not let go the feeling and the gain. But this truth holds good through every gradation of progress, whenever each learner with certainty grows new powers through true guidance and teaching, however slowly it may be. Give the certainty, and there will be no more living prisons with bacon, or cricket in the darkness, as the sole relief, flickering like a farthing rushlight, soon to go out in stench.—*Thring*.