

## COMPOSITION ANGLAISE

## THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR

The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwelling. "Poor people," said a sensible old nurse to us once, "do not bring up their children, they drag them up." The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery in their hovel, is transformed betimes into a premature, reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten.

It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless oburgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a real meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing cares, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything or the cheaped off-hand contrivance to divert the child, the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome fictions, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passions of young wonder.

It was never sung to; no one ever told it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as an object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it can be the cooperator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times.

It makes the very heart to bleed, to overhear the casual street talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor

in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holiday sitting that age of the promised sight or play, of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child that should be the very out pourings of curiosity in idleness are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman before it was a child. It has learned to go to market, it chafers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs, it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say that the home of the very poor is no home?

## ARITHMETIQUE

I. Un homme achète pour \$6210 de grain. Il donne  $\frac{1}{3}$  de cette somme pour du blé à \$1.25 le minot;  $\frac{1}{4}$  pour de l'avoine à .75; et le reste pour de l'orge à \$1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Combien de minots de chaque sorte de grain a-t-il achetés?

Rép. 1656 minots de blé,  
2070 " d'avoine,  
2300 " d'orge.

*Solution :*

$$\begin{aligned} \$6210.00 \times \frac{1}{3} &= 2070.00, 2070.00 \div \$1.25 = 1656 \\ 6210.00 \times \frac{1}{4} &= 1552.50, 1552.50 \div .75 = 2070 \\ 6210.00 \times \frac{1}{5} &= 2587.50, 2587.50 \div 1.12\frac{1}{2} = 2300 \end{aligned}$$

*Preuve*

$$\begin{aligned} 1656 \text{ minots à } \$1.25 &= \$2070.00 \\ 2070 \text{ " } .75 &= 1552.50 \\ 2300 \text{ " } 1.12\frac{1}{2} &= 2587.50 \end{aligned}$$

\$6210.00

II. Que coûtent 27 actions de la Compagnie du Grand Tronc, à 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  % de prime?

Rép. \$2821.50.

*Solution.*

$$\begin{aligned} 27 \text{ actions à } \$100 &= \$2700 \\ 2700 \times .04\frac{1}{2} &= 121.50 \text{ prime} \\ 2700 + 121.50 &= \$2821.50 \text{ Rép.} \end{aligned}$$