

On Letter Writing.

Apropos of the article in the REVIEW for October on "Letter Writing," it is not without use to remind readers that *yours truly* is not the business signature in England; there, *yours faithfully* is for business and greatest formality.

A Canadian correspondent wrote to England and was answered *yours faithfully*. The correspondence continued, and the Englishman turned to *yours truly*, which to him meant growing intimacy. But the Canadian, noticing the change, which to him meant increasing coldness, said to me that he feared he had given cause of offence.

The use of *sir*, for perfect coldness between persons having no knowledge of each other, is a useful English distinguishing expression. To Americans, it seems—judging by some books—to imply discourtesy or roughness.

Can any of your readers explain why writers in Canada shrink from saying "Dear Mr. So and So" to a person they know? There is something very disconcerting in receiving, from a person to whom you have often spoken, the salutation "Mr. So and So, Dear Sir."

Another contrast to note is that English usage—after a *Sir*, or a *Dear Sir* letter—writes "A. B., Esq." at the end of the letter, not at the beginning.

Which is the instinctive feeling in Canada—that *Dear Sir* or *My Dear Sir* is the more familiar?

W. F. P. S.

Queensland educational authorities are now substituting inspection for examination. The inspectors are in future to see whether the school is being efficiently conducted, whether the teacher is doing his duty, and whether he is successful in his work in proportion to his opportunities. A duplicate of the inspector's report is to be sent to the teacher. The examination of every class in every subject is to be discontinued. Frequent short visits are to take the place of the usual lengthy annual visit. Little time is to be spent with teachers who are doing well, but much help and counsel are to be afforded to the less skilled teacher.—*Australian Journal of Education*.

Another language—Spokil, the name of it—has been invented. Volapuk is gone, Esperante is going and Spokil will follow. The inventors should have studied the trees of the forests and lilies of the field. These are not invented—they grow.—*Western School Journal*.

Short Ladder to Heaven.

Over in New York a certain great house hired a new boy. In the multitude of clerks he was lost, unrecognized by his chief. In the middle of the afternoon it was his duty to stand beside the head of the house and place checks and important documents for a rapid signature. He did this work with such skill and such exquisite manners that suddenly his employer looked up and recognized a new face.

"How long have you been here?"

"Two weeks, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen, Mr.——."

"How much are you receiving?"

"Three dollars."

"Do you live at home?"

"No, Mr.——."

"Is your mother living?"

"No, Mr.——, she died when I was three years old."

"Does your father do nothing for you?"

"No, sir."

"With whom do you live?"

"My teacher."

"Do you mean your teacher in the public schools?"

"I do, sir."

"Three dollars a week will not support you. Have you had any extra expenses this week beside car fares?"

"I had a dentist's bill last week."

"How much was it?"

"Fifteen dollars. I am paying it off a dollar a week."

Just a few colors and strokes of the brush, and lo, the artist paints the angel and the seraph. Very few the strokes—you see a little child left an orphan at three, we see another woman coming into the home and counting the stepchild a burden. We see a man making himself unworthy, casting a little child out into a great world. Then we see a school teacher interested in this boy, who must drop her classes, and then, opening her slender store, she makes a home for this child, puts his feet on the first round of the golden ladder, teaches him by night. Somewhere in this city there is a heroine. I know not her name. She abides in our midst, and she lends glory to this city. Ten men like Abraham could have saved Sodom, and ten women like this could civilize Brooklyn and New York.—*Rev. Dr. D. D. Hillis, in Plymouth Pulpit*.