

beginning to mark them at all; and, in the case of a competition for prizes, to look over the best papers a second time. Some examiners, on the contrary, made it a rule never to look at a paper twice, conceiving that the first impression would be the true one. He could not say that he approved of this plan. As to the principle of awarding negative marks, *i. e.*, deducting marks for very ignorant and absurd answers, he thought that most examiners would unconsciously be led to do this.

Professor Foster thought that examination papers should be short, so as to allow time for full answers; whereas a long paper, affording much latitude of choice, would tempt the pupil to "nibble" at a number of questions to very little purpose. In drawing up a paper, the examiner should always formulate for himself the answer he would expect to each question. He was not in favour of giving the marks assigned to the separate questions, as it ought to be apparent from the questions themselves, which would carry most marks. For preserving the standard, it would be found useful to note certain types of answers, and to keep them in view during the revision.

Mr. Storr said that the question of who should be the examiners was certainly a very difficult one. His own experience of the working of the plan of setting the masters of a school to examine other than their own forms was not very satisfactory; and he gave some instances where an absurd system of marking by an outside examiner produced the most fallacious results.

The Chairman was inclined to recommend a dual examination, by the teachers of the school as well as by outsiders, and considered that *vis à vis* questioning was essential to bring out a true result. Uniformity in the marking might be secured by selecting certain papers as standards of reference.

After a few remarks from Mr. Quick in reply to the different speakers, a vote of thanks to the lecturer concluded the proceedings.

Heroines.

Read at the Convention held on the 12th June, 1878, before the Stanstead Wesleyan College.

In thinking of heroines I recall a beautiful old legend which Mrs. Browning has given of the Bride of Linteged. This lovely lady of fiction has been pronounced by no less an authority and critic than Ruskin to be the finest character in literature since the days of Shakspeare.

There was in feudal times a certain Duke who, dying, left his only child, a little daughter, to the care of his brother, a neighboring Earl. When the child was but twelve years old the uncle betrothed her, for the sake of her broad lands and dowry gold to his wicked son Lord Leigh. But as the little May ripened into gracious womanhood, her proud spirit rebelled against this hated union, and on a certain day she made an oath that she would never wed Lord Leigh,—but Sir Guy of Linteged. Indifferent alike to the haughty incredulity of the father and the angry threats of the son, that very night in the old ivy-covered chapel, had the priest blessed her,—Sir Guy's bride. Then the bridal train swept into the night, flying fast and faster still, until at length the mighty towers of Linteged are reached, and the cries of "Live the

Duchess and Sir Guy," arise from the deep court yard. Then comes a description of the grand old castle, of the beautiful bride, and of a brief honeymoon,—“a three month's joyance,” when again the scene grows wonderfully dark. Five hundred archers besiege the castle wall to slay Sir Guy and recapture Lady May, and Lord Leigh is at their head. The brave young bridegroom leans sadly against the strong grey walls which yet cannot save him. He sees the archers. On and on they come! They have almost sapped the wall! If with his followers he meets them at the breach they must all perish one for one; but if he alone dies, his girl-bride, his shy young sister, his faithful followers will all be saved.

The resolve is made! He will order his red-roan steed to be saddled and goaded up the stair to the lofty tower below which yawns the dark and awful gulf of one hundred feet. Mounting he will take the fatal leap which will result in certain death below. Blessing with his last words his fair young bride, he will “ride alone to God.” As the Duchess May hears this desperate purpose from the frightened attendants, she takes the bridle of the panting horse and with gentle words and kind caresses leads him up the dark and winding narrowness of the turret stair until the high east tower is reached. She kneels at her husband's feet, deaf to all commands to retreat.

If he has need of his red roan steed he has also need of her.

“What, and would you men should reck that I dared more for love's As a bride, than as a spouse?” [sake.

“What, and would you it should fall as a proverb before all, That a bride may keep your side while through castle-gate you ride, Yet eschew the castle-wall?”

Sir Guy mounts! In vain he wrings her hands apart and tries to force her back.

In agony the true wife clings to the stirrup. Her fair hair sweeps the ground!

He calls to his companions to save his wife “for God's sake.” Then as if up breathed by the sacred name she springs to the saddle. By her love she overcomes! For a moment there is breathless silence. The mighty steed, upbearing lord and noble lady stands upon the brink of ruin.

“They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose, in For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air, [vain— On the last verge rears again.”

“Now he hangs, he rocks between, and his nostrils curdle in! Now he shivers head and hoof, and the flakes of foam fly off, And his face grows fierce and thin.”

“And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go, And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony Of the head long death below.”

“Then back toppling, crashing back, a dead weight flung out to Horse and riders overfell.” [wrack,

Fiction teaches us another phase of heroism in the story of “Elizabeth,” the Exile of Siberia who travelled on foot the whole breadth of Russia—2000