

In those days people did not think that because a happy thing was strange and unlikely, therefore it could not be true. They thought that nothing could be too wonderful or too beautiful to happen to a brave heart. So Rhœcus was quite sure that the beautiful Dryad would love him, and as he walked along on his way back to the city, he was so happy that the earth seemed to spring under his tread, and the sky looked bluer, and the sunshine brighter than ever before.

Now Rhœcus meant to be faithful and to keep his promise, but he was not thoughtful, and was too apt to be taken up entirely with what was going on in the present. So when he met some friends who were playing at dice, he began to play with them, and forgot all about the wood, and the hour before sunset.

The game was going on merrily; Rhœcus had had bad luck at first, but now he was winning, and was laughing in triumph, when a yellow bee flew into the room and buzzed about his ears. Rhœcus only laughed, and brushed the bee away, but it came back again three times, and Rhœcus, growing angry, drove it roughly off. At last the wounded bee flew out of the window, and as Rhœcus looked after him, he saw the sun setting red behind a mountain. Then he remembered; his heart sank, and without a word, he rushed out of the house and through the city and across the plain, which was growing darker every minute.

When, all out of breath, he reached the tree, he was almost afraid to listen; but he heard the low voice say, "Rhœcus." He looked eagerly round him and could see no one. Then the voice sighed, "Oh, Rhœcus, you can never see me again. I would have given you a greater love than has ever been given to man; but you scorned my humble messenger and sent him back to me hurt and bruised. We spirits can only show ourselves to gentle eyes; we must have an undivided love; and he who is scornful and unkind to the least of nature's works, shuts himself out from them all."

Then Rhœcus was very miserable and he cried, "Dear spirit, forgive me just this once, and let me see you again." But the voice replied "It is not I who am unmerciful, but you who are blind. You have blinded yourself by your own forgetfulness and unkindness. I forgive you, but I cannot make you see; only your own heart can do that." The soft rustle of the trees seemed to murmur "Nevermore," and Rhœcus was left alone.

### Better Salaries.

There is little new to be said about the necessity of better wages so as to result in better schools. The thing needed now is organized work by teachers to effect the reforms outlined. In 1896 the *Atlantic Monthly* said editorially:

"The thing to do is to make the profession of teaching one of greater dignity and greater reward. Teaching is clearly not held in as high honor as it ought to be. It is doubtful, indeed, if the public school system can reach adequate efficiency until in every community the teacher's status is as high as that of the highest profession. To lift the teacher to this esteem two things are necessary: (1) To give efficient teachers security in their positions and freedom to do their best work. (2) To pay them salaries large enough to make the profession attractive to the very ablest men and women, not as a make-shift, but as a life career."

"If you are not satisfied with your pay for teaching, then take some other employment." This is a common remark on the platform and in print. It is not easy to voice one's sentiment on such an expression. It is not easy for anyone to change employment, and least of all for a teacher. If one has fitted herself for teaching, if she is successful in it, if she enjoys it, she has no right to leave it simply for better pay, and she should not be required to stay in her chosen employment for less pay than her talent, skill, and devotion would be worth elsewhere. It is a legitimate argument for better pay for teachers that they are not so well paid as they would be under the same conditions in other equally honorable employments.—*N. E. Journal of Education*.

### Notes on Names.

What name a city has—what name a state, river, sea, mountain, wood, prairie, has—is no indifferent matter. All aboriginal names sound good. I was asking for something savage and luxuriant, and behold here are the aboriginal names. I see how they are being preserved. They are honest words,—they give the true length, breadth, depth. They all fit. Mississippi!—the word winds with chutes—it rolls a stream three thousand miles long. Ohio, Connecticut, Ottawa, Monongahela, all fit. . . . What is the fitness—what the strange charm—of aboriginal names? Monongahela: it rolls with venison richness upon palate. . . . No country can have its own poems without it has its own names. The name of Niagara should be substituted for the St. Lawrence. . . . The right name of a city, state, town, man or woman, is a perpetual feast to the æsthetic and musical nature.—*Walt. Whitman, in The April Atlantic*.