

The College authorities here sold the old building and site, and are now endeavoring to secure a site in as central a part of the city as possible. The new college building, it is hoped, will be commenced in the spring. Both St. John's and Manitoba colleges are filled to their utmost capacity.

The first meeting of the Board of Protestant school trustees for Winnipeg since the annual school meeting, took place this afternoon.

Mr. Stewart Mulvey was unanimously re-elected Chairman for the ensuing year. Mr. W. F. Luxton is chairman of the school management committee, Mr. J. Stewart has been re-elected Secretary-treasurer.

The appointment of Inspector of city schools has been conferred upon Mr. J. H. Stewart of this city.

The Superintendent-general of Indian affairs has just issued an order to all school teachers in the employment of the Department to the effect that if they do not hold a certificate of competency and good character from the Protestant section of the Board of Education, and unless they obtain the same previous to the 30th of June next they must be prepared to be replaced by properly qualified teachers.

Readings and Recitations.

JONES'S DREAM.

BY W. H. SMITH, COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

It was the year of grace, 1830, and on the first day of the year, Denis Duval was plodding along on horseback through the mud and mist, when he met, at the section corners, Mr. Paul Jones, a neighbor, who was mounted like himself, and the two headed their horses into the same lane, and jogged along together. Duval gave Jones a "Happy New Year" as they met, to which Jones replied in a low monotone, "The same to you," and then became silent. The splash of the horses' feet was the only sound heard for several rods, when Duval broke out:

"What's the matter, Jones? I never saw you look so tore up in my life. You're always counted the best man in the business for a joke; but you don't look much like it to-day. What's the matter? Anybody dead?"

Jones looked up, gave a kind of grim and glastly smile, and then replied:

"No, there ain't anybody dead, but I dreamed there was; that's all," and again he was silent.

Nothing but splashing for the next eighty rods at the end of which Duval again made an attempt at conversation:

"You dreamed there was? What'd you dream it was?"

"Myself," said Jones, with a wink and a sly grin from under his slouched hat.

"That you were?" said Duval; and then there was silence again.

At length Jones heaved a deep sigh, straightened himself in the saddle, and spoke as follows:

"Yes, I dreamed I was dead. Didn't dream much about the dyin' part, but the first I knew I was standin' afore a gate and waitin' to get in. I waited around awhile, and nobody seemed to care; so I stepped into a kind of a little office just to one side of the gate to wait. 'Twas a nice kind of a room, not being big, and I was goin' around it, lookin' at things, while I was waitin'; and first I knew I saw a big book like a ledger, set up on a desk, or frame like. I kind o' wondered what it was, and as it was right out in the room where anybody could see it, I went up and looked at it, and as sure as I'm a sinner, there stood my account. It was headed in good style, 'Paul Jones, in account, etc.' Dr. on one side and Cr. on the other. It kind o' took me back a little to run into it so sudden, but I'd been thinkin' about it more or less all the time I'd been waitin'. Well, nobody'd come yet, so I got to looking over the account. The first statement was, 'general business account,' and I don't want to brag, but I had a pretty fair showing, take it all round. I was charged up with some things, just as I deserved to be, but in the main I confess I was pretty well pleased with the way the account looked.

"Well, then came on the 'Church and benevolent society account,' and that made a fair show, too. You see I've always had considerable to give, and I've liked to give pretty well, and so I've given a good deal one way and another, and it was all down all right. There was one or two charges though, on the other side that got me a little. For instance, there was, 'neglecting meetings,'

and 'giving for personal benefit,' and 'giving for the sake of public approval.' That got me a little, but I stood that pretty well. I went on down to the 'widows and orphans' account,' which was in pretty good shape, too, and I was beginnin' to feel pretty good, when I struck 'school trustee account!' and I tell you, Duval, my heart struck the bottom of my boots like lead. You see I'd never thought about running an account with that headin' anyhow. But there it was, and I had to face it.

"Well, as soon as I got my breath, I took a look at it. I daren't tell you all there was there, but it just makes me sick now to think about it. Why the Dr. columns ran on for about six pages, and here's about the way it went:

"Item—Neglecting to keep school-house in repair, on account of which George Nowcomb's little girl caught cold and died, and several children suffered severely. [See testimony of Nowcomb's little girl.]

"Item—Neglecting to stand by the teacher when some meddlesome people in the district tried to break up the school.

"Item—Neglecting to sustain the teacher when he attempted to coerce a few bad, big boys, who were trying to run the school.

"Item—Hiring Mehitable Parker (you see she was my wife's cousin, and had been spending the summer visitin' us), to teach the school, she being young and inexperienced, when Hiram Sansom could have been hired in her stead, he being an experienced and accomplished teacher, the change being made for the sake of saving five dollars a month.

"Item—Neglecting to visit the school and personally inspect the work of teachers and pupils.

"Item—Neglecting to confer with teacher and patrons about the interest of the school, and so on. Here it went, page after page, all charged up.

"Item—Neglecting to insist on uniformity of text-books, and so greatly crippling the school.

"Item—Allowing family quarrels in the district to interfere with and weaken the school."

"I can't give 'em all, but they made my hair stand on end when I read 'em."

"Was there nothing on the other side of the account?" put in Duval.

"Well, yes; clear on to the end there was just one item, and that was: 'Credit by balance, for serving for school director for nineteen years without pay, and subject to the growls and slanders of the whole district.'

And the old man winked slowly with both eyes, as he looked his companion in the face. He then proceeded:

"That let up on me a little, but even that couldn't make me feel just right, and I was pretty well down in the mouth about the business, when I heard the door open, and I turned around to see who had come, and it was my little girl, who came to tell me breakfast was ready, and wish me 'a Happy New Year.' Well, I got up, ate my breakfast, but I kept thinking of my dream, and I just made up my mind that I'm going to do what I can for the rest of my natural life to make a better-looking record than that, when the time really does come that I have to face it. There's our school-house now, with no foundation under it, half a dozen panes of glass out, a poor stove, cracks in the floor, the plastering off in three or four places, so that the wind blows right in; the out-houses without roofs, and their sides half torn off, and I don't know what else; and I'm on my way now to call a meeting of the board to fix things up, and if they aren't better'n than they are now inside of a week, why my name ain't Paul Jones, that's all, and if ever I hire a teacher for any reason except because he's the man for the place, it'll be because I get fooled. Good-morning."

And at the section corners they splashed away from each other at a right angle, Jones to call the board together, and Duval to tell a reporter of Jones's dream and its results.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

RECITATION FOR A GIRL.

A traveller through a dusty road threw acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn.