

VI. Any teacher retiring from the profession is entitled to a re-fund of one-half the total of his contributions to the fund.

Most new teachers will, no doubt, approve of the policy of discontinuing the too paternal policy of compulsory payments to a Superannuation Fund. With a multiplicity of benefit societies of various kind to choose from, each teacher can surely be trusted to make his own provision for the future. The fixing of the amount of the annuity on an equitable principle, instead of leaving it as hitherto indefinite, is a step in the right direction. There may be valid reasons for doubling the amount of the annual payments for those who choose to continue them, but certainly those reasons are not on the surface and the increase of the minimum annual payment from \$4 to \$8 looks like an indirect pressure put upon contributors to induce them to discontinue their payments. Simple justice too would seem to require that the annuity should be increased in proportion. If a payment of \$4 per annum for twenty years up to date entitles a beneficiary to \$120 per year, why should not a payment of \$8 per annum for 20 years to come entitle him to \$240 per annum?

Teachers should have a chance to speak out in regard to these proposed changes and others, such as that relating to payment for holidays. Simple justice and common courtesy unite in demanding that the Bill be left over until next session for consideration by those specially interested.

Special Articles.

A TEACHER'S SOLILOQUY.

(By AICE P. BRADISH in Rochester, N.Y., *Educational Gazette*.)

I pause, oftentimes, when I'm weary
And worn with the toil of the day,
When the pathway looks long and so dreary,
The end seeming still far away.
And think o'er the day's work just ended,
The routine of labor and care,
And ask if the world's any better
For what I have done for my share.

Each day brings its toil and its sorrow,
Each night brings its darkness and rest;
Is the rest but for toiling to-morrow?
Is the toil but to fit us for rest?
Do the days stretch onward forever?
Do the nights always come in their turn?
Is their length and their dreariness shortened,
By what I may teach or may learn?

The children around me come thronging
With faces so eager and bright,
I look at them fondly, with longing,
Asking that ever aright
I may guide them, and aid them, and lead,
But the troublesome question will come:
What shall I have to show for my caring
When all of my labor is done?

I sometimes ask, as I'm thinking
Of the centuries of sorrow and sin,
Of the millions of lives which have ended,
Of the myriads yet to begin,
What am I 'mid the circling of ages?
What are you 'mid eternities past?
Can it be that our deeds are of moment?
Can it be that our actions will last?

The stars shining down through the spaces,
With cold, distant looks seem to say,
We are here, we have been here through ages,
We will be here when you are but clay.
What are you then, oh! man, in your wisdom?
What are you in the strength of your might?
What are you with the striving and longing?
What are you in the gleam of our light?

I know that the stars in their places,
Are more than the sands of the sea;
I know that each one through vast spaces
Sends its clear, brilliant light down to me.
They all have been shining for ages,
They will shine on for ages to come,
Each one has its place in the pageant,
Each one has its share in the song.

My heart grows happier, lighter,
My thoughts of the future less sad;
The pathway before me grows brighter,
All nature around me more glad.
I, too, have my place in life's pageant,
I, too, have my share in its song;
Though the end may be sooner or later,
The way's not too short nor too long.

We each have our tasks for fulfilling;
The duties before us lie plain;
If we do what each day sets before us,
We'll find we've no time to complain.
If we pause not for question or query,
Just doing with all of our might,
We'll find when our work here is ended,
And seen by eternity's light.

What seems to us now small and needless,
Will unfold in the radiant whole,
To a far greater beauty and fulness
Than ever has dawned on our soul.
We'll find that each task has its meaning,
Each one, howe'er irksome, was right,
And the years we have passed through so slowly
Will seem but a day's transient light.

WHAT SHALL THE TEACHER READ?

The following paragraphs culled from an article in the *N. E. Journal of Education*, by J. O. Taylor, Texas, contain some excellent suggestions:

In answer to the question, What should the teacher read? one might reasonably say, Anything that any other man or woman ought to read. In answer to the question, From a professional standpoint what should the teacher read? one can only say, Such matter as directly concerns his business, and matter which, possibly, no one else does read. It is the fact that the teacher needs to know some things that the world at large is not expected to know, that insures to his calling the title of a profession. The mere fact that the teacher's work is professional, does of itself enforce the necessity of a professional literature; and a professional literature being the result of the highest efforts of the best practical thinkers and workers in the calling, commends itself to the attention, the consideration, and the profoundest thinking of all who would duly appreciate the honor of their chosen work.

In an eagerness, however, to pursue a special course of reading, the good results to be obtained from a well-chosen and maturely-studied general course ought not to be ignored. The man or woman who would know nothing but teaching is sure not to know that. He who refuses to know what the world has done, is doing, and yet promises to do, in the line of progress,—whether it be directly connected with the school-room or not,—refuses that which he needs, and in which he ought to be deeply concerned.

The school-room occupies only one corner in a vast field of labor, and those who tend it, while stirring the soil