

The school was in a little railroad village, and the pupils lived in the immediate vicinity. When these compositions were read, one wrote a brief description of Madison, Wisconsin. When it was through the teacher said: "That is correct, for I have been there; when were you there?" She said, "When my father was a member of the Legislature." Another wrote of the white rocks in the Alleghanies. She described the surroundings; how they can be seen for miles from the adjacent country like a great white scar on the mountain's brow, and then told the story of the faithless lover who, under the promise of marriage, lured his affianced to the cliff, only to hurl her over in front to a cruel death in the chasm below. The teacher said: "That is true, for I have been there, and the narrative is an historical fact." The whole community became interested in the summer normal.

With skill the composition class can be made as interesting as any class. The pupils acquire skill in using language by writing. "Writing maketh an exact man." Have the pupils write of facts, of things they know. Avoid fiction and fictitious stories. Leave them for later life. Nothing so adds force to a written article as to say: "This is true."—*J. N. D., in American Journal of Education.*

Correspondence.

REPLY TO FOUR-YEAR-OLD TEACHER.

To the Editor of THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL:

SIR,—As one of the woman teachers of Ontario, I wish, through your valuable paper, to take exception to some of the remarks of that four-year-old teacher, and to express my views on the subjects which he discusses.

So long as the average salary paid to teachers is so small, very few men can afford to make it a life work, and that is what compels many who love the work and are very successful in it to leave it. No one can blame them for this step, for, while the sentiment of "working for the love of it, and not for so many dollars and cents," is a very proper sentiment, in this material world money is a very necessary article. I think that the average teacher who is thus compelled to enter other fields of labor does good work, and that the profession loses nothing by his being connected with it; and I also believe that the true man who makes teaching a stepping-stone to any other profession must, by virtue of his experience as a teacher, fill his chosen place more acceptably.

I fail to see how changing the minimum age of candidates can alter the number of them, and I do not think that any one whose character is not sufficiently settled at eighteen to be competent to attempt to "train the young idea" will be very competent at any age, so I see nothing to be gained by making such change.

I know nothing, personally, about Toronto's boys and girls, but this I do know—if city boys are growing into unworthy citizens, it is very largely the fault of their parents, and usually those parents who are most negligent of their duty are the ones who censure the teachers most severely. Boys from thirteen years old upward are not prevented from spending their spare time and some of their evenings outside of their homes, and often in very questionable places. Parents do not provide proper reading matter, and the child reads all sorts of that easily-procured yellow-covered literature, one volume of which can and does do more towards unmaking a noble character in a boy than a score of male teachers, with all the requisite backbone and nerve, can do towards building one up in him. It is very true that many of our young men and women are not what they should be, but do not lay all the blame where little belongs.

Your correspondent says that the children, especially the boys, give only a "certain kind" of obedience—not a genuine kind—to their female teachers. I, for one, am well satisfied with the kind I get. My boys, many of them larger and nearly all of them stronger than I, obey me because it is right—because they want our school to be prosperous, and know that unless it is under good government it cannot prosper. They have no long list of "Thou-shalt-not's," coupled with dire threats, but only a few general rules for the well-being of all concerned. Beyond that I simply say, "Boys, I expect you to do what you know is right." Of course, they sometimes make mistakes, but I expect to see them grow into law-loving citizens.

I receive a loving, cheerful obedience from all; if there is a better kind than that, will Mr. Grant please describe it to us? I have met male teachers lacking grit, nerve, backbone, and knowledge, quite as frequently as I have met females of a like type; but the average teacher, whether male or female, is as far removed from such a character as possible. I do not think that the lady teachers need a champion. I know some of those employed in Toronto, and they are pure, noble, womanly women, and I would rather risk my little boy's chance for a strong character, which should possess respect along with all other noble traits, to the training of any of them than to that of a man who is lacking in the very first element of strong, manly character, namely, the disposition to think and speak highly of woman.

I have in my mind now a woman who was not physically strong, yet loved her work and her pupils. I knew one of them, a fine little fellow in many respects. When he grew up I heard him say, "I owe whatever true manliness there is about me to that teacher. She showed me my defects and how to remedy them." He is a true man, though he was a petted, spoiled child.

I believe the work of the teacher is mainly to assist boys and girls to become *men and women*. Some of the necessary qualifications for such work are purity and uprightness of character; love for, sympathy with, and appreciation of child-nature; perception of, or rather belief in, good points in every child and willingness and ability to turn such to account; justice, patience, tact. Such qualities are fully as prominent in woman as in man.

Humberstone, March 8th, 1895. M. A. S.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

To the Editor of THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL:

SIR,—A meeting of, it is claimed, a highly representative character was held in Toronto Normal School recently, the object of which was the promotion of the scheme for establishing Boys' Brigades in connection with the various religious denominations of this country.

That meeting may have been representative of a large and wealthy element of the population of Toronto; but it certainly was not representative of a remainder of no small magnitude, and it was very far from representing the views of a large number of people throughout this country, whose opinions are as worthy of consideration as those of the persons who attended the meeting referred to. Holding the opinions that many of us do in regard to the subject of militarism, we might fairly be charged with cowardice, or worse, if we remained silent and inactive when an attempt was being made to form an intimate connection between religion and the brutal and demoralizing practices connected with the science of warfare.

Is it not enough that, in a large number of our public schools, the boys are being systematically familiarized with weapons designed for the destruction of human life, and with exercises suggestive of violence and cruelty from beginning to end? Many of us think it little short of a disgrace that our public schools are made subservient to a spirit of jingoism and silly and unhealthy solicitude for the safety of an empire in no danger whatever, seeing that we live in an age the spirit of which is entirely opposed to that which has so often caused England to engage in wars, sometimes aggressive, useless, and sometimes unjust and meddling.

Holding such views, then, in regard to the giving of military instruction in our public schools, we must surely look with horror upon an attempt to establish an intimate connection between religious training and military training. Is it not evident that the result of such a conjunction will be to stamp upon the minds of the young the impression that cutting, stabbing, and slaying are duties quite appropriately learned in connection with the benign, the holy, duties of a religious life? And will not the fresh young nature yearn and pine for an opportunity to try its newly-acquired skill in blood-letting or brain-spattering? I answer "Yes," most emphatically, or I have studied the boy in vain.

In conclusion, let me ask if it has been so difficult hitherto to procure soldiers to fight the battles of our country that we must begin to bias the tender minds of our children in favor of warfare before they have reached an age when they can form their own opinions? Let our children grow up unprejudiced in favor of militarism, and even

then far too many men will be found inclined for a military career.

It is claimed that boys are taught reverence by means of brigades. Reverence for what? For freedom, for justice, for the welfare of humanity? Or is it for glory, or for gorgeous regiments, or for the aristocratic swells who command?

TEACHER.

Teachers' Miscellany.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL BELL.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D.D., LL.D.

When the streets are hushed and still,
Lone the thoroughfares,
And the heart, or good or ill,
Burdened is with cares,
Sounds the great cathedral bell
Out of midnight deeps:
"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"
"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

When the reapers on the plain
Heed the morning call,
And the hosts of golden grain
Like an army fall,
Floats upon the pure, sweet air,
With its stroke sublime,
Like a blessing from a prayer,
The cathedral chime:

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

When the children from their play
Mid noon shadows pause,
Their whole life a holiday
'Neath God's gentle laws—
Aye, from childhood to old age,
As their feet go on
To fill out life's pilgrimage,
All unchanged the tone:

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

When the toiler of the sea
Spies familiar land,
Back brings heart of constancy
And an outstretched hand.
Hark! the old accustomed note
Melts his eye to tears,
Out the benedictions float
As in long-gone years:

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

When the day of life is o'er,
And night-shadows fall—
When from that mysterious shore
Comes the mystic call,
Mingled with the "dust to dust"
Said by open grave—
Is that word in which we trust
Mighty still to save?

"He that keepeth Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps!"

Howard University, Washington, D.C.

—*Sunday School Times.*

The following lines, written by a young man—a teacher, we think—who "fell asleep" a few weeks ago in this city, are sent us by a sorrowing friend, who has been also a teacher, and a valued contributor to THE JOURNAL:

THE CONQUEST.

Torn by contending thoughts,
Haunted by sorrow,
Seeming but dim to see
Hope for the morrow.
Only "God, help!" she said,
Faith's cross uplifted,
Scarcely the words have sped,
Dark clouds are rifted.
Borne now by loving hands,
Swifter, yet swifter,
Up to the fairer lands,
Earth's erring sister.
Freed from all sin and shame,
Joyful and glorious,
Lists to the loud acclaim,
"Christ is victorious."

T. HARRY PEARCE

277 Carlton street, Toronto,
January, 1895.