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Editorial Notes.

THE joint meeting of the Dominion and Ontario Associations is in session as we go to press. The attendance bids fair to be good. We hope to give our readers a comprehensive report of this important gathering in our next number.

OUR thanks are due to the Minister of Education for a copy of his Report for 1894. Though we have not yet had time to examine it as a whole, we glean for our columns a few facts which are of general educational interest. Though both the school population of the Province and the total registered number of pupils were somewhat less in 1893 than in 1892, it is encouraging to observe that the average attendance was larger in the latter year by between five and six thousand than that of the preceding year. Probably the Truant Act is bearing fruit.

IAN MACLAREN, whose charming Scotch character sketches in the *British Weekly* (some of which are now published in book form) have brought him so much well-deserved popularity, is evidently a thorough believer in all-round development. In an article on "Culture," in *The Young Man* for April, he says: "An ignorant mind and a sickly body are precisely on the same level, but the former is the more disgraceful, because a man may not be

responsible for weakness, but he is for ignorance. The difference between one who has his favorite author and one who is satisfied with a sporting paper is similar to that between an athlete whose skin shows like velvet and fits his body like a glove, and an object with a chest measure of thirty and an arm like a pipe-stem. The gymnasium and the library together afford perfect and full-rounded culture. The former without the latter gives an animal, the latter without the former produces a prig; both united, with the fear of God, create a man."

IN concluding his reply to Mr. Whitney, in the Legislature, on the question which we discuss elsewhere, the Minister of Education reminded his hearers that it is an undoubted fact that higher education costs more than primary education, even in the Public Schools. This is obviously true, and it is a truth which should be strongly impressed upon the minds of trustees and parents, as well as upon those of legislators, with a view, not to discourage the higher education, but to cause all to see the necessity of making more liberal appropriations for the purpose of obtaining it. Two practical questions which Mr. Whitney might have asked in this connection are: (1) Is the cost per pupil for, say, one year of higher education greater in the Public or in the High School? (2) Assuming that it is desirable that this year of higher education should be given to the greatest possible number, will this larger number be more likely to accept it if offered in the Public, or in the High School?

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, in his address which we reproduce in this number, gives an anecdote or two of the late Professor Blackie. It may not be amiss to add here what is said to be an entirely truthful account of a scene in his class room—the sort of scene which occurred there very often:

"The Professor—And now I will read to you a song I have just written. (Immense applause.) First, I will read it in Greek, and then, since probably none of you will know enough Greek to under-

stand it—(Oh! Oh!)—I will read it in the barbarous tongue which you can comprehend." (Laughter.) A Celt on one of the back benches—"Sing it, Blackie!" (Cheers, cat-calls, laughter, roars of "Sing it!" the Professor vainly endeavoring to get a hearing. In a lull of the storm he ejaculates: "You are a pack of——" (the epithet is drowned in howls). The Professor (gathering up his papers)—"I won't read the song at all." (Profound silence.) The Professor (smiling benignly)—"Very well, my dear fellows, since you really seem able to behave yourselves, I will read the song." (And Blackie, whom all the rough lads adore, begins to recite his song in Greek and then in 'the barbarous tongue'—and a capital song it is.)

WE have often heard of the brilliancy and grandiloquence of some of the American Congressional "oratory," but could scarcely have conceived of anything so dazzling as the following, had we not had the privilege of seeing it in print. It is given by a contemporary, whose name we forgot to append to the clipping, as a specimen passage from a eulogy pronounced by a North Carolina Congressman in honor of a deceased North Carolina Senator. As a sample of a style not to be imitated, it would be difficult to find anything better:

"Yes, he has left behind a radiant stream of effulgent glory. Like the brilliant sun, which sinks behind the distant hilltops and leaves behind a golden stream of gorgeous splendors, making the whole western horizon seem as if the most opulent dye-pots in the studio of the angels had been upset, and had leaked through upon the clouds, thus giving them the tintings of celestial glories, so his sun of existence has sunk behind the hilltops of death, and has left behind a stream of memories that will never fade from the tablets of our hearts. Unlike the glories of the setting sun, which soon lose their gorgeous colorings in the bosom of darkness, his resplendent virtues will not lose their brilliancy in the shadow of death's dark night, for they were dug from mines of richest and purest ore, and bright in glory's jewelled throne they will shine forever more."

That touch about the upsetting of the dye-pots is unique.