

The village of Portage la Prairie, having recently become incorporated as a town, the limits of the school districts are to be made to correspond with those of the town, so that advantage may be taken of the special clauses in the school law, which relate to cities and towns. A large number of new school districts have been organized lately.

St. John's College and St. John's Ladies' School re-open on Monday, 17th inst.

Rev. Professor Bryce, M. A., LL.B., has returned from his trip to Ontario.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the advancement of this country, in the past, has been the want of schools, caused by the difficulty in maintaining them in sparsely settled districts. To-day, we have the pleasure of announcing that, in compliance with the urgent representation of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, the Dominion government has decided to grant aid to such schools in the territories as comply with very simple conditions. It will now be within the power of every settlement to establish within its borders, schools for the education of its youth, as the Government, with commendable liberality, agrees to pay one half of the salary of the teachers of every school at which there is an average daily attendance of fifteen pupils.

Additional aid is also to be given to schools on Indian reserves, the maximum amount of salary to be paid to teachers being raised from \$800 to \$500—this sum, however, only to be paid where the average daily attendance is large enough to call for it at the *pro rata* allowance of \$12 a day, for each pupil over the minimum number required to entitle the school to any aid. In this connection there are also some provisions made with a view to secure efficiency in the teachers, by requiring them to pass an examination as to qualification.

We trust that every settlement in the territories will at once avail itself of the means now placed at their disposal for further education, and would urge upon them the advisability of, as far as possible, securing well-qualified teachers to begin the good work upon a solid basis, for it is a great mistake to suppose that any other than a well-qualified person is "good enough" for the schools of a new country.—*Saskatchewan Herald*.

## Readings and Recitations.

### DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

Two little ones grew tired of play,  
Roamed by the sea one summer day,  
Watching the great waves come and go,  
Prattling, as children will, you know,  
Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings,  
Sometimes hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach  
An old boat cast upon the beach,  
Heeter-skelter, with merry din,  
Over its sides they clambered in—  
Ben, with his tangled nut-brown hair;  
Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,  
Nearer and nearer the great waves creep;  
Higher and higher upon the sands,  
Reaching out with their giant hands,  
Grasping the boat in boisterous gleo,  
Tossing it up and out to sea.

The sun went down, 'mid clouds of gold;  
Night came with footsteps damp and cold,  
Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by;  
And now, across the sunny sky,  
A black cloud stretches far away  
And shuts the golden gates of day.

A storm came on with flash and roar,  
While all the sky is shrouded o'er,  
The great waves rolling from the West,  
Bring night and darkness on their breast,  
Still floats the boat through driving storm  
Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home-bound vessel, "Seabird, lies,"  
In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies.  
Her captain paces restless now,  
A troubled look upon his brow,

While all his nerves with terror thrill—  
The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands,  
And grasps his arm with eager hands;  
"A boat has just swept past," cried he,  
"Bearing two children out to sea,  
'Tis dangerous now to put about.  
Yet they cannot be saved without."

"Naught but their safety will suffice,  
They must be saved!" the captain cries,  
"By every hope that's just and right;  
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,  
I'll peril vessel, life and mon  
And God will not forsake me then."

With anxious faces, one and all,  
Each man responded to the call;  
And when, at last, through driving storm,  
They lifted up each little form,  
The captain started with a groan,  
"My God!" he cried, "they are my own."

—By the author of "Curfew Must not Ring To-night."

### THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;  
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,  
His long thin hair was white as snow,  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;  
And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
"Let us be happy down here below;  
The living must live though! the dead be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
Writing, and reading, and history, too;  
He took the little ones up on his knee,—  
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,—  
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.  
"Learn when you're young," he often said,  
"There's much to enjoy down here below;  
Life for the living and rest for the dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boy he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentle tones;  
The rod was hardly known in his school,—  
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,  
And too hard work for his poor old bones;  
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said,  
"We must make life pleasant here below,  
The living need charity more than the dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,  
With the roses and woodbine over the door;  
His room was quiet, and neat, and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort here held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor;  
"I need so little," he often said,  
"And my friends and relatives here below  
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air  
Every night when the sun went down,  
While the soft wind played in his every hair,  
Leaving the tenderest kisses there,  
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;  
And feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,  
"Twas a glorious world down here below;  
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat in his door one summer night,  
After the sun had sunk in the West,  
And the lingering beams of golden light  
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,  
While the odorous night-wind whispered rest!  
Gently, gently he bowed his head,—  
There were angels waiting for him I know;  
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,  
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

—George Arnold.