

out by the Government. These projects were not only first broached there, but their advisability discussed, the best means of perfecting them argued, and with what result? Where must we look for the results? Why at the bills submitted to Parliament.

There will in all probability be a bill to provide for the deepening of the St. Lawrence; another concerning various duties; another concerning the fisheries, and many others. These bills are framed by these associations and carried through Parliament by their influence, aided by the recognition by the representatives of the people of the wisdom and energy displayed by such associations.

Could any government do all this work? Work in commerce? work in law? work in agriculture? Could any government do all this alone? Impossible! Much must be prepared for them or they must remain in ignorance of some of the most crying wants of the public. And much is done for them in all branches, except in that of education. We have associations, we have representatives at Parliament, we have a Minister of Public Instruction, and a Government willing to listen to the just demands of all classes, and I have yet to hear of the first instance of action among teachers such as is daily taking place among those classes of the community.

It is then, I consider, a fair question—Why this difference? Is it because we have no hope of gaining from Government what we desire? That is no reason, because we have never tried. Is it because it is difficult to approach the Government? We have representatives and a minister; the road to them may well be difficult, and rough for us who do not care to keep it open and travel it frequently. Is it because we have no demands—no suggestions to make? Certainly not. We have plenty, and if only once we can begin to draw a little closer this bond between ourselves and a branch of the Government created expressly to listen to such suggestions as our representatives may submit to it from us, if we can once begin to do this the benefit to the Government, to our class and to the community will be difficult to estimate.

At the last meeting of this Association we unanimously agreed that it would be very beneficial to the cause of education if our Government would concede to us a privilege enjoyed by teachers in Ontario, that of spending five days in each year in visiting one another's schools. Now, how are we to gain this privilege? There is a chance that the Government may think of it. If it did think of it it would be almost certain to grant it. Why then should we not in a constitutional manner, through our representatives or by memorializing the department, ask for something which the Government would almost certainly grant immediately, with feelings of respect for teachers who shewed themselves no less interested than the Government itself in the general improvement of education? The road being thus once opened, the bond drawn closer, some arrangement concerning the present humiliating conditions of engagement might be made; and the teachers and the department once acting in concert, we teachers in free Canada might expect to occupy a higher position than teachers in Prussia, by so much as we, a sovereign people, are higher than they—the subjects of an empire swaying powerful rule. This last bond between us drawn closer, the others would also be drawn closer too. We should respect ourselves and one another more highly, and the people, whose dearest interests are entrusted to us, would respect us and have confidence in those who shewed confidence in themselves.

Before concluding I must ask you to remember that these relations I have presented for your consideration this evening are only some of the relations which exist between us,—that they are also relations which exist between ourselves, and have only indirect connection with the school-room. I am perfectly aware that the grand mission of the teacher lies in the school-room, and that his direct relations with it are paramount, but that is not his only sphere of action. He is also a man—a member of a class or profession and a member of the community in which he lives and works.

In conclusion I beg to ask your kind indulgence for this paper. Considering the immense importance to us and to the community of the relations I have endeavoured to lay before you, it will at once appear no easy task to treat of them as might be wished in a paper of the length suitable to our meeting. But I have long pondered over these subjects and on them with others, and could not refrain from bringing them before your notice at the earliest opportunity.

Many, if not all of us, have doubtless considered these matters, and in thus urging their claims upon us for more than mere consideration I claim to myself no credit further than that of one who embraces an opportunity of uttering and keeping in the ears of his fellowmen what he and they both know to be true,—remembering always that truths to produce effect must be proclaimed and published, not suffered to remain in silence.

A San Francisco paper says: It is with deep and universal regret that we announce the death of our esteemed fellow citizen, Dr. Livingstone. This melancholy event has come upon the country like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Had the doctor borne a charmed life his death would not have provoked greater astonishment and vexation. Up to yesterday noon the village physician at Ijiji was perfectly confident that he would recover, although the pestilential climate of Soudan had considerably worried him, and had proved fatal to his faithful and attached hippopotamus. At about 1 o'clock, however, he began to fail rapidly, and by 5, there was nothing left of him at Ijiji, though he was still prevalent in several regions to the southward, and the vicinity of Oebel-el-Cumri was prevailed with him in considerable quantity; but by 7, advices came from Dahomey that he was dead in that section, by 8 he had perished along the Upper Nile; by 9 had faded and gone from Beled-el-Jared; and before daylight this morning the returns were all in, and Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer, was no more forever! The obsequies will take place at Borlopoola Gha, as soon as all the remains can be concentrated at that point. In her deep affliction science has our heartfelt sympathy, and we cheerfully condole with everybody.

A railroad official at Albany had on his mantelpiece a portrait of Fisk, given him by the Colonel himself. On the day of Fisk's shooting, it fell to the floor, at almost the very moment that Stokes fired the fatal shot. It was picked up and placed in a safer position, but at the hour of Fisk's death next day, it dropped again and was broken to pieces.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

I F.

I.

It it must be; if in this life
We never more shall meet,
If one be taken, one be left,
The blank page to complete.

II.

If, for the full deep joy
Of wedded love serene,
The perfect trust, the bliss,
The service that hath been—

III.

Only a grave new-dug
Beneath the winter snow,
Only an "It hath been,"
From the still dust below

IV.

Remain. What then? Can joy
Spring like the flowers again,
Quickened by melting snows,
And soft, warm, summer rain?

V.

Ah can it be! God knoweth best;
Yet love for me,
Only one hope is left—
To rest with thee.

Feb. 1872.

C. B. B. E.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

—OO—
BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IV.

ADRIAN URMAND had been three days gone from Granpere before Michel Voss found a fitting opportunity for talking to his niece. It was not a matter, as he thought, in which there was any need for hurry, but there was need for much consideration. Once again he spoke on the subject to his wife. "If she's thinking about George, she has kept it very much to herself," he remarked.

"Girls do keep it to themselves," said Madame Voss. "I'm not so sure of that. They generally show it somehow. Marie never looks love-lorn. I don't believe a bit of it; and as for him, all the time he has been away he has never so much as sent a word of a message to one of us."

"He sent his love to you, when I saw him, quite dutifully," said Madame Voss.

"Why don't he come and see us if he cares for us? It isn't of him that Marie is thinking."

"It isn't of anybody else, then," said Madame Voss. "I never see her speak a word to any of the young men, nor one of them ever speaking a word to her."

Pondering over all this, Michel Voss resolved that he would have it all out with his niece on the following Sunday.

On the Sunday he engaged Marie to start with him after dinner to the place on the hillside where they were cutting wood. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, in that pleasantest of all months in the year, when the sun is not too hot, and the air is fresh and balmy, and one is still able to linger abroad, loitering either in or out of the shade, when the midges cease to bite, and the sun no longer scorches and glares; but the sweet vestiges of summer remain, and everything without doors is pleasant and friendly, and there is the gentle unrecognised regret for the departing year, the unconscious feeling that its glory is going from us, to add the inner charm of soft melancholy to the outer luxury of the atmosphere. I doubt whether Michel Voss had ever realised the fact that September is the kindest of all the months, but he felt it, and enjoyed the leisure of his Sunday afternoon when he could get his niece to take a stretch with him on the mountain-side. On these occasions Madame Voss was left at home with M. le Curé, who liked to linger over his little cup of coffee. Madame Voss, indeed, seldom cared to walk very far from the door of her own house; and on Sundays to go to the church and back again was certainly sufficient exercise.

Michel Voss said no word about Adrian Urmand as they were ascending the hill. He was too wise for that. He could not have given effect to his experience with sufficient eloquence had he attempted the task while the burthen of the rising ground was upon his lungs and chest. They turned into a saw-mill as they went up, and counted the scantlings of timber that had been cut, and Michel looked at the cradle to see that it worked well, and to the wheels to see that they were in good order, and observed that the channel for the water required repairs, and said a word as to the injury that had come to him because George had left him.

"Perhaps he may come back soon," said Marie. To this he made no answer, but continued his path up the mountain-side.

"There will be plenty of feed for the cows this autumn," said Marie Bromar. "That is a great comfort."

"Plenty," said Michel; "plenty."

But Marie knew from the tone of his voice that he was not thinking about the grass, and so she held her peace. But the want or plenty of the pasture was generally a subject of the greatest interest to the people of Granpere at that special time of the year, and one on which Michel Voss was ever ready to speak. Marie therefore knew that there was something on her uncle's mind. Nevertheless he inspected the timber that was cut, and made some remarks about the work of the men. They were not so careful in barking the logs as they used to be, and upon the whole he thought the wood itself was of a worse quality. What is there that we do not find to be deteriorating around us when we consider the things in detail, though we are willing enough to admit a general improvement?

"Yes," said he, in answer to some remarks from Marie, "we must take it, no doubt, as God gives it to us, but we need not spoil it in the handling. Sit down, my dear, I want to speak to you for a few minutes."

Then they sat down together on a large prostrate pine, which was being prepared to be sent down to the saw-mill.

"My dear," said he, "I want to speak to you about Adrian Urmand."

She blushed and trembled as she placed herself beside him,

but he hardly noticed it. He was not quite at his ease himself, and was a little afraid of the task he had undertaken.

"Adrian tells me that he asked you to take him as your lover, and that you refused."

"Yes, Uncle Michel."

"But why, my dear? How are you to do better? Perhaps I, or your aunt, should have spoken to you first, and told you that we thought well of the match."

"It wasn't that, uncle. I knew you thought well of it; or, at least, I believed that you did."

"And what is your objection, Marie?"

"I don't object to M. Urmand, uncle—at least, not particularly."

"But he says you do object. You would not accept him when he offered himself."

"No; I did not accept him."

"But you will, my dear—if he comes again?"

"No, uncle."

"And why not? Is he not a good young man?"

"Oh, yes—that is, I dare say."

"And he has a good business. I do not know what more you could expect."

"I expect nothing, uncle,—except not to go away from you."

"Ah, but you must go away from me. I should be very wrong and so would your aunt, to let you remain here till you lose your good looks, and become an old woman on our hands. You are a pretty girl, Marie, and fit to be any man's wife, and you ought to take a husband. I am quite in earnest now, my dear; and I speak altogether for your own welfare."

"I know you are in earnest, and I know that you speak for my welfare."

"Well,—well,—what then? Of course, it is only reasonable that you should be married some day. Here is a young man in a better way of business than any man, old or young, that comes into Granpere. He has a house in Basle, and money to put in it whatever you want. And for the matter of that, Marie, my niece shall not go away from me empty-handed."

She drew herself closer to him and took hold of his arm and pressed it, and looked up into his face.

"I brought nothing with me," she said, "and I want to take nothing away."

"Is that it?" he said, speaking rapidly. "Let me tell you then, my girl, that you shall have nothing but your earnings—your fair earnings. Don't you take trouble about that. Urmand and I will go bail there shall be no unpleasant words. As I said before, my girl shall not leave my house empty-handed; but, Lord bless you, he would only be too happy to take you in your petticoat—just as you are. I never saw a fellow more in love with a girl. Come, Marie, you need not mind saying the word to me, though you could not bring yourself to say it to him."

"I can't say that word, uncle, either to you or to him."

"And why the devil not?" said Michel Voss, who was beginning to be tired of being eloquent.

"I would rather stay at home with you and my aunt."

"Oh, bother!"

"Some girls stay at home always. All girls do not get married. I don't want to be taken to Basle."

"This is all nonsense," said Michel, getting up. "If you're a good girl, you will do as you are told."

"It would not be good to be married to a man if I do not love him."

"But why shouldn't you love him? He's just the man that all the girls always love. Why don't you love him?"

As Michel Voss asked this last question, there was a tone of anger in his voice. He had allowed his niece considerable liberty, and now she was unreasonable. Marie, who, in spite of her devotion to her uncle, was beginning to think that she was ill-used by this tone, made no reply.

"I hope you haven't been falling in love with any one else," continued Michel.

"No," said Marie, in a low whisper.

"I do hope you're not still thinking of George, who has left us without casting a thought upon you. I do hope that you are not such a fool as that."

Marie sat perfectly silent, not moving; but there was a frown on her brow, and a look of sorrow mixed with anger on her face. But Michel Voss did not see her face. He looked straight before him as he spoke, and was flinging chips of wood to a distance in his energy.

"If it's that, Marie, I tell you you had better quit of it at once. It can come to no good. Here is an excellent husband for you. Be a good girl, and say that you will accept him."

"I should not be a good girl to accept a man whom I do not love."

"Is it any thought about George that makes you say so, child?"

Michel paused a moment for an answer.

"Tell me," he continued, with almost angry energy, "is it because of George that you refuse yourself to this young man?"

Marie paused again for a moment, and then she replied:

"No, it is not."

"It is not?"

"No, uncle."

"Then why will you not marry Adrian Urmand?"

"Because I do not care for him. Why won't you let me remain with you, uncle?"

She was very close to him now, and leaning against him; and her throat was half choked with sobs, and her eyes were full of tears. Michel Voss was a soft-hearted man, and inclined to be very soft of heart where Marie Bromar was concerned. On the other hand he was thoroughly convinced that it would be for his niece's benefit that she should marry this young trader; and he thought also that it was his duty as her uncle and guardian to be round with her, and make her understand, that as her friends wished it, and as the young trader himself wished it, it was her duty to do as she was desired. Another uncle and guardian in his place would hardly have consulted the girl at all. Between his desire to have his own way and reduce her to obedience, and the temptation to put his arm round her waist and kiss away her tears, he was uneasy and vacillating. She gently put her hand within his arm, and pressed it very close.

"Won't you let me remain with you, uncle? I love you and Aunt Josey" (Madame Voss was named Josephine, and was generally called Aunt Josey) "and the children. I could not go away from the children. And I like the house. I am sure I am of use in the house."

"Of course you are of use in the house. It is not that."

"Why then should you want to send me away?"