

of that time be able to reproduce at a distance not merely sounds but articulate speech, and not merely articulate speech, but every trick and accent of the voice of the sender, so that any one listening could say, "That's my friend," or "That is a stranger," or "That is a Scotchman," or "That is an Irishman" who is speaking, would you not have scouted it as the language of an enthusiast? Yet it is but six months ago. In this age the world very soon becomes accustomed to marvel; it does not wonder long—not even the proverbial nine days. I believe if to-morrow you found a man comfortably flying from the top of this building to the end of the pier, and alighting there without injury, it might attract spectators for about a week to see a daily repetition of the flight, and at the end of that time they would pay no more attention to it than if they had been in the habit of seeing men fly ever since they were born. (Laughter and cheers.)"

Mr. Lavis speculates on the causes of the Ischia earthquake; and Mr. Johnston deals with explorations of Mr. Stanley on the Congo.

Thus it will be seen, the work of the society is spread over a wide area; but the fact that so many, working along different lines, bring their several results together, is a proof that though specialists, they recognize the connection between all knowledge and its relations to human needs.

The next meeting of this distinguished society will be held at Montreal. This is good news for Canada. Our scholars will thus have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the learned men of the mother country, and of observing their methods of work—a privilege which if properly improved can hardly fail to stimulate original research throughout the Dominion.

A TEACHER'S REMINISCENCES.

No. 1.

There are periods in our lives when past scenes and associations crowd unbidden upon our thoughts. During such seasons memory seems endowed with a special power. It garners up the roses as well as the thorns of life's pathway with more than miser care. It penetrates the dark veil of the past and fastens upon experiences the most remote and shadowy. It recalls scenes around which cluster sad, yet pleasing emotions—scenes so indelibly engraven upon the tablets of mind that time and change are alike powerless to efface them.

Thoughts, too, richly freighted with the joyous memories of childhood, come gliding up and through the long vista of years, subduing the cold misanthropic spirit which the cares and disappointments of life are calculated to produce. The poet Woodworth gave expression to a sentiment that strikes a responsive chord in every breast when he penned the beautiful lines:

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew."

There are few centres around which cling so many tender recollections, or over which memory loves to linger with more quiet delight, than the old school-house. Our natures may grow stern and repellent through the numerous opposing influences which unite to retard our progress in life. By ceaseless attrition with the rough and angular points of human experience, our dispositions may undergo a thorough transformation, from the generous, sensitive boy to the cold, unimpassioned, calculating man; yet, away down in some secret chamber of the soul, will be treasured up the delightful recollections of schoolboy days, and faintly delineated upon the canvas of memory will appear the outline of the old school-house, whose grey walls, as they rise dimly through the mist of years, awaken a host of pleasurable reminiscences which tinge the dark storm-clouds of life with a lingering golden glow.

The old school-house is rarely distinguished for its imposing appearance. It is seldom made acquainted with paint or whitewash. Moss grows in rank profusion on its weather-worn roof. No trellised vine or clinging ivy adorns the windows or overhangs the doorway. Its rough clap-boarded walls possess little attraction to the passing stranger. Frequently, however, they are embellished with modest little notices or flaming hand-bills. Then the travelling public, with one accord turns from the highway and pays the old school-house a brief, but friendly visit. It has thus stood for ages as the silent, yet eloquent dispenser of private, as well as public intelligence. At one time will appear the exciting announcement from some practical farmer, whose penmanship betrays the fact that the writer is much more familiar with the corn stalk than the ink stand—that a mastiff of doubtful reputation is "Lost, strayed, or stolen." Next comes a proclamation from the county Sheriff, announcing that some political question of more than