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Educational Weekly

VOL. II.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24TH, 1885.

Number 52.

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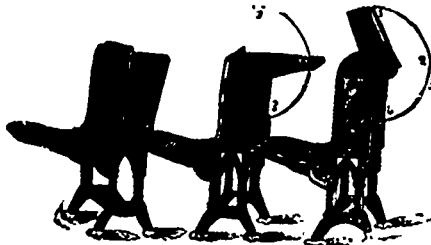
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The Educational Weekly.

Christmastide, 1885.

SONNET.

[This beautiful sonnet, reprinted from the *Canadian Monthly*, of June, 1873, was written by an esteemed contributor of the EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY. At the time of its appearance one of the most eminent of living poets wrote to the author commending it in terms of the highest praise.]

"And there was no more sea."—*Rev. xxi., 1.*

"AND there was no more sea": to me erewhile
These words scant meaning and no comfort bore;
Regret to miss the myriad-dimpled smile
Of Ocean, and the music of his roar,
Possessed me rather. Time that proves all things
Has taught me better, and I love to muse
How each slow hour still near and nearer brings
That hour supreme when eyes that cannot choose
But weep to mark the barren, endless toil
Of the sad waves, shall hail this promise fair
With rich fruition crowned; and, cleansed from soil
Of life's long voyage, the tired mariner
Shall bid farewell forever to the sea,
Safe-anchored in the haven where he fain would
be.

FATE AND THE TIGER.

A HINDOO FABLE RETOLD IN VERSE.

PROWLING about in quest of food
Within the confines of a wood,
A tiger heard a calf bleat low.
He licked his chops. "Fate wills it so,"
Resignedly the feline said,
"Calves live that tigers may be fed;
And, though I pity the poor beast,
'Tis plain fate offers me a feast."
He sprang; but at that very minute
The trap sprang too—and he was in it
Two days he lay there, prisoned fast;
The third a Brahmin pilgrim passed.
"Oh! Brahmin!" cried the tiger, "see
My cruel state, and set me free!"
The pilgrim paused. "I would, with pleasure,
Did wisdom sanction such a measure,
Good friend," he said; "but much I fear
The kindly act would cost me dear;
And, once released, so well you'd treat me,
That—out of gratitude—you'd eat me."
"Nay," his petitioner replied,
"The calf my hunger's satisfied;
But were I starving, Brahmin, know
The base temptation I'd forego—
To make a meal of one who ne'er
Trode on a worm without a prayer,
And counts the meanest thing that lives
Sacred to Brahm who being gives."
"You move me much," the pilgrim said,
And on the spring his hand he laid.
A second, and the brute was free.
"I, too, am moved—much moved," quoth he,
"With liber'—(how strange!) I find
To let you go I'm disinclined;
For such an appetising savor
Greets me as I approach you, brother,
I yearn to taste the unknown flavor
Of Brahmin flesh without more pother.

'Tis fate; and fate we cannot fly,
Therefore, good priest, prepare to die."
"But, friend, your oath," the other pled.
"Oaths are for men," the tiger said.
"But you forget your life you owe
To one who might have been your foe."
"Tis true; and there you lacked discretion;
According to your own confession."
He smiled as only tigers can,
With eyes and teeth, upon the man,
And wagged his tail with satisfaction
At thought of his strategic action.
Just then, a rustling in the bush
His notice drew; a fox's brush
He saw, and soon the fox himself,
Smooth-seeing, sly, eaves-dropping elf,
As if by accident appeared;
And, swearing by the prophet's beard
No interruption he had meant,
Begged they would pardon the event
And suffer him at once to fare
Upon his journey to Hurdwar.

The lordly tiger shook his head;
"It cannot be," he sternly said,
Threatening the other's path, "unless
Frankly your errand you confess."
"Most willingly," returned the fox;
"I go to settle grave disputes
Between the Brahmins orthodox
And some of Chunder Sen's recruits;
Though Mussulman, my wisdom's known
And sought in every clime and zone;
They've asked me to decide the matter
As fair, impartial arbitrator;
And much I hope my judgment may
This strife of creeds at once allay."

"Ah! that's your business," spoke the priest;
"Since you're a learned, honored beast,
Delay your travel for a space,
And, if the tiger will agree,
Adjudicate another case
Betwixt his royal self and me."
Replied the tiger, "My permission
I grant, but on this sole condition—
That you, Sir Fox, your fee remit,
And bear in mind—I, too, have wit.
Brahmin, I'll first the facts relate,
And then your grievance you may state.
The last word's yours; but I incline
To think, good priest, *the case is mine.*"
A horrid wink the fox he gave,
Who looked as solemn as the grave;
Then plausibly his story told,
And nodded to the Brahmin old.

The judge upon his haunches sat,
Attent to this side, then to that;
At length he rubbed his head, and rose,
Glanced at the tiger's cruel toes,
And coolly said, his eyelids lifting,
"Your tale, O pilgrim, needs much sifting.
You make conflicting statements here.
And how to rule I am not clear.
Suppose this most confused transaction,
For my judicial satisfaction,
You now repeat—in act, I mean,
Such things are plainer when they're seen

Than when described—unless I ask
(The day is warm) too great a task.
You, honest tiger, be so good
As first to show me how you stood
Before this treach'rous cage, and then
Just how you got within the den.
Next, aged Brahmin, I would see
How you set the prisoner free;
The very way your hand was raised,
And on the spring obedient placed;
And how, friend tiger, you at once
Leaped out beside the reverend dunce.

To this proposal, both assented.
The Brahmin set the trap once more—
Nor was the good man so demented
As sooth he'd seemed to be before;
For well he guessed the fox's part,
And blessed the scamp with all his heart.
Behind the cage he backward stepped,
And into it the tiger leapt.
Jerk went the spring! the door shut fast;
The dangerous brute was caught at last.
Vanished the fox's gravity;
"Friend tiger," waggishly said he,
"My verdict you anticipate—
I leave you in the grasp of fate,
Good morrow; for I cannot hope
Successfully with fate to cope
Where you have failed. Good morrow, priest;
You're lucky thus to be released.
And suffer me this one suggestion:
When you a tiger meet again,
Whether in jungle or in pen,
Don't stop to parley or to question,
But show your heels without delay—
Believe me, 'tis the wiser way."

—E. D. K., 11 November *Wide Awake*.

LOVE-LILY.

A MODERN LYRIC.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BETWEEN the hands, between the brows,
Between the lips of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born whose birth endows
My blood with fire to burn through me;
Who breathes upon my gazing eyes,
Who laughs and murmurs in mine ear,
At whose least touch my color flies,
And whom my life grows faint to hear.
Within the voice, within the heart,
Within the mind of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born who lifts apart
His tremulous wings and looks at me;
Who on my mouth his finger lays,
And shows, while whispering lutes confer,
That Eden of Love's watered ways
Whose winds and spirits worship her.
Brows, hands, and lips, heart, mind, and voice,
Kisses and words of Love-Lily—
Oh! bid me with your joy rejoice,
Till riotous longing rest in me!
Oh! let not hope be still distraught,
But find in her its gracious goal,
Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought—
Nor Love her body from her soul.

THE SNOW-STORM.

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

LIGHTLY and whitely
As wheat from the grain,
Thickly and quickly
As thoughts through the brain,
So fast and so dumb
Do the snow-flakes come ;—
Swift, swift as the lays drop
From glad poet-lips,
Soft, soft as the days drop
From Time's finger-tips.
Oh, so many, so many !
Yet no sound from any.
Oh, so fast, oh, so fast !
Yet no track where they passed.
Oh, so fragile, so frail !
Yet no force can prevail
To speed them or stay them.
No prayer can out-weigh them.
They fall where they must,
Through the fathomless gray,
And bring to earth's dust
What of heaven they may.
—From the Christmas St. Nicholas.

A LITTLE SONG.

IN ANSWER TO A LADY'S DEMAND.

"A LITTLE SONG" is all you ask of me,
And wiser in your wish you could not be :
For had I Milton's soul and Shelley's fire,
And both could fuse, to fashion your desire,
The less the space the more glow you should see.

Diffuse is thought where speech is spent too free,
Be brief—is Art's and Passion's joint decree,
A flash of wit, or love, may well inspire
A little song.

Sonnet and roundel, pearls of Poesy,
From sounding shell of Genius welcome me,
Or canzons struck, at heat, from quivering lyre ;
But when, as now, drops dulness from the wire,
You'll welcome, dear, just for its brevity—
This little song.

—William C. Richards, in the University.

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHRISTMAS literature was born eighteen centuries ago, when Matthew, the son of Alpheus, and Luke, the beloved physician, wrote each in his own way the beautiful story of the watching shepherds, the choiring angels, the Babe that was cradled in a manger, and the marvellous star that led the wise men to its bet. Out of that one Christmas story all others have grown. It was the germ—the seed of all. Sown in weakness, like the grain of mustard seed, it grew, and waxed a great tree, and the fowls of the air lodged in its branches. Invariably do tradition and song precede written history. Therefore we may well believe that even before the Christian martyrs, fleeing from Nero and Diocletian, sought refuge in the dread abysses of the catacombs, Christian mothers sang to the children at their knees the song of Mary and the Child Jesus,

Early in the sixth century Christmas Day was ushered in by the celebration of masses, but the custom of singing canticles or carols, in commemoration of the song of the shepherds, dates from about the time when the common people of Southern Europe, ceased to use the Latin tongue, substituting therefor the Romance Language, or *Romana Rustica*. Many of these mediæval carols have come down to us; but of perhaps the oldest collection, only a single leaf remains. This is carefully preserved in the Bodleian Library, with a volume of "Christ-masse Carolles," printed by Wynkin de Worde, in 1521. The French, the Germans, the Welsh, and the Scandinavian races, all had their own carols, filled with local color, and fashioned after their own ideas.

All the long line of noble English poets have sung of Christmas; sometimes making it, with Milton, a day of most sacred significance, but oftener, perhaps, a day of wassail and wildest revelry. The "lord of misrule" and the "abbot of unreason" reign over their pages quite as often as the Lord Christ.

But it was reserved for the nineteenth century—and its latter half at that—to give us a real Christmas literature—a literature that in the name of our Elder Brother stretches out its hand to all His kin and ours, linking them together in the bonds of universal brotherhood. There are those who claim that religious faith is dying; that the culture and science of to-day are at war with Christianity, and that within the last fifty years the Christ of Nazareth has lost His hold upon men. Yet it is a curious fact that during these very years in which cavillers maintain that the world has been drifting away from Him, the celebration of His birthday has been growing more and more universal, more and more Catholic, and purer, as well as holier; and that Christmas has come to mean not only a stretching out of hands to want, ignorance and pain, but a giving of love as well as alms.

Were *Punch* and Douglas Jerrold the John the Baptists, the forerunners, of the new literature that was one of the chief means to this end? *Punch* from the first, under all its brightness, its bitterness, its pointed irony, its terrible, scorching sarcasm, hid a most tender heart. It took the side of the poor and the oppressed. Its sympathies were with the under dog in the fight. In its columns, unless my memory plays me false (and I am at this moment unable to verify the assumption), brilliant, mocking, tender, satirical, kindly, impetuous Douglas Jerrold published the first distinctively Christmas story.

But if he was the John the Baptist, Dickens may well be called the apostle of Christmas literature, divinely inspired to awaken in man a fuller sense of the real meaning of

the angelic song, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men"—the gospel of a universal brotherhood. It is easy to say of Charles Dickens, as it often has been said, that he was a "snob," that he was an egotist, that he was vain and wore flashy waistcoats, that he quarrelled with his wife—in short, that he was not perfect. But, if we may believe the sacred records, neither were the holy men of old who "wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," perfect. In fact, writers, as well as other folk, are quite apt to have had their little failings, whether they lived fifty years ago or five thousand. Being inspired by God, let it be said reverently, to do noble deeds, or to speak brave, earnest, tender, hopeful words, by no means renders a man impervious to the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

It is easy, too, to say of Dickens that he made us acquainted with many unsavory characters—people whom we would hardly care to associate with in real life, or to touch without gloves; and it is easy to ask why one need be so familiar with them and their disreputable haunts on paper. But what a thrill ran through the whole English-speaking race when "A Christmas Carol in Prose" announced to it that Marley was dead, to begin with—as dead as a door-nail! No carol that ever was sung so stirred the deep heart of humanity. The world laughed and cried over it, and Scrooge and Scrooge's nephew, and old Fezziwig, and Bob Cratchit, and Tiny Tim, became household words in a million homes. It was not Scrooge only that the Ghost of Christmas Past led backward over the pathway of the years, showing him the wasted opportunities, the graves of buried loves and hopes, the monuments raised to pride and hatred, the littleness, the meanness, the barrenness that made "the shadows of the things that have been" so terrible. It was not to him only that the Ghost of Christmas Present revealed the things that were, the light struggling with darkness, patience and faith and hope and innocent merry-making in lowliest homes, the love that sweetens penury, and, side by side with it, the degradation that is unutterable. And not to Scrooge alone, thank God, did Christmas Future show that the past, with all its record of sin and misery, could be blotted out, and a new page written.

This first was undoubtedly the best of the series of Christmas stories that flowed from the same pen from year to year. Yet there are many others among them that the world will not willingly let die—notably "The Chimes," that lovely, pathetic prose-poem through which the chiming of the bells runs like a silver chord, and "The Cricket on the Hearth," as pure and sweet a domestic idyll as ever was written.—From the *Book Buyer for December*.

VASTNESS.

ALFRED, LORD TANNYSON.

I.

MANY a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after
many a vanished face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the
dust of a vanished race.

II.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's
pale history runs—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of
a million million of suns?

III.

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless
violence mourned by the wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular
torrent of lies upon lies;

IV.

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious annals
of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong
cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat :

V.

Innocence seethed in her mother's milk, and charity
setting the martyr aflame ;
Thralldom who walks with the banner of Freedom,
and reckes not to ruin a realm in her name.

VI.

Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the gloom of
doubts that darken the schools ;
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd
up by her vassal legion of fools ;

VII.

Pain, that has crawled from the corpse of pleasure,
a worm which writhes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and
stings him back to the curse of the light ;

VIII.

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots ;
Flattery gilding the rift of a throne ;
Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty ; honest Poverty,
bare to the bone ;

IX.

Love for the maiden crowned with marriage, no
regrets for aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children, debtless
competence, golden mean ;

X.

National hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy
spites of the village spire ;
Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and
vows that are snapt in a moment of fire ;

XI.

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and
died in the doing it, flesh without mind ;
He that hath nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self
died out in the love of his kind ;

XII.

Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter,
and all these old revolutions of earth ;
All new-old revolutions of Empire—change of the
tide—what is all of it worth ?

XIII.

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy,
varying voices of prayer ?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is
filthy with all that is fair ?

XIV.

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our
own corpse-coffins at last,

Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd
in the deeps of a meaningless Past ?

XV.

What, but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a
moment's anger of bees in their hive ?—

Peace, let it be ! for I loved him, and love him
forever ; the dead are not dead but alive.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON: A
SKETCH.

DURING the publication of the *Riverside Magazine*, of Boston, there appeared in it, and in the pages of some other journals of that time that were intended for youthful readers, a number of fantastic tales which, although founded, in a measure, on the old fairy model, were so entirely novel in invention, so unique in the selection of droll and chimerical personages, so full of quiet humor, with a touch of kindly satire, that it seems a pity they were ever denominated "Fairy Tales." Even where the time-honored fairies, giants, dwarfs, etc., are used, their deeds are so different from those of their ancestors, their actions, thoughts, and feelings so modern, and all infused with a wisdom so subtle we rather feel it than read it, that it is evident that the thread which connects these with the old fairy tales is a very slight one. These stories were written by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, and became so popular not only with the children, but with grown people (for whom they were equally intended) that it may be mentioned here that Mr. Stockton has, in later years, continued these from time to time, and they have appeared in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, all possessing the qualities of the earlier productions, but with improved flavor. Among the best of the earlier ones are the "Ting-a-Ling Tales," with more of the old fairy elements than the collection of some of his later stories of this kind, published under the title of "The Floating Prince and Other Fairy Tales," all of them humorous, and marked by a rich exuberance of fancy.

In this account of Mr. Stockton's work these fanciful tales are first noticed, not because they are the most important, but because Mr. Stockton made his appearance before the public with these. In those years he did not give his whole attention to literature, although he soon began writing occasional stories for magazines for adults. He was also a frequent contributor to humorous papers, such as *Vanity Fair* and *Punch-inello*.

In course of time he became connected with a daily newspaper in Philadelphia, and, after that, with *Health and Home*, of New York. Later, he attached himself to the editorial staff of *Scribner's Monthly*, and when *St. Nicholas* was started he became assistant editor of that magazine. While

pursuing his editorial work he wrote a number of short stories for grown people, and some serial tales for young folks.

It was during this period that he wrote "Rudder Grange," which is, perhaps, his best known work. The first paper was published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and at the time of its writing only a single story was contemplated by the writer, but it became so popular that a second was demanded, and then a third, and so, gradually the papers accumulated until there were enough for a volume, which was issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1879. A new and handsome edition, illustrated by Mr. Frost, had just been published by the same firm. This book is widely known, not only in America but in Great Britain. Pomona, the servant-girl of the story, has been truly defined by a critic as "unique in literature," and her oddities caused by the strange mingling of the practical and the ultra-romantic in her mental organization, have been often quoted and referred to in stories and essays, and selected by professional elocutionists for humorous readings to public audiences. But there are not wanting those who see in this book, besides Pomona's comicalities, other things—the sweet and simple home life of Euphemia and her husband, told with tender humor, and the skilful touches of character, from "the boarder" and "old John" to the dog, "Lord Edward."

The growing popularity of these papers and of his short stories, induced Mr. Stockton, some five years ago, to drop all connection with editorial work, and to devote himself entirely to literature. His short stories, written within that period, have attracted public attention in a great degree, and some of them, such as "The Lady or the Tiger," "A Tale of Negative Gravity," "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke," "Story of Assisted Fate," and "The Discourager of Hesitancy," have excited much comment and discussion. These stories are all written in a humorous vein, and many of them contain a certain "element of unexpectedness" which lends them a peculiar interest. Some of these have already been collected in book form under the title of "The Lady or the Tiger and Other Stories."

It is understood that Mr. Stockton intends in the future to give much of his attention to stories of the serial or novel form, and he is at present engaged on work of that kind.

Among the books that Mr. Stockton has written, besides those mentioned above, are : "The Story of Viteau," "The Jolly Fellowship," and "What Might Have Been Expected."

Mr. Stockton was born in Philadelphia in 1834. He is married. Of late years he has resided principally in or near New York, although he has spent a good deal of time in Virginia, Florida, and Europe.—From the *Christmas Book Buyer*.

THE GRIFFIN AND THE MINOR CANON.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

OVER the great door of an old, old church which stood in a quiet town of a far-away land there was carved in stone the figure of a large griffin. The old-time sculptor had done his work with great care, but the image he had made was not a pleasant one to look at. It had a large head, with enormous open mouth and savage teeth; from its back arose great wings, armed with sharp hooks and prongs; it had stout legs in front, with projecting claws; but there were no legs behind—the body running out into a long and powerful tail, finished off at the end with a barbed point. This tail was coiled up under him, the end sticking up just back of his wings.

The sculptor, or the people who had ordered this stone figure, had evidently been very much pleased with it, for little copies of it, also in stone, had been placed here and there along the sides of the church, not very far from the ground, so that people could easily look at them, and ponder on their curious forms. There were a great many other sculptures on the outside of this church—saints, martyrs, grotesque heads of men, beasts, and birds, as well as those of other creatures which cannot be named, because nobody knows exactly what they were; but none were so curious and interesting as the great griffin over the door and the little griffins on the sides of the church.

A long, long distance from the town, in the midst of dreadful wilds scarcely known to man, there dwelt the Griffin whose image had been put up over the church-door. In some way or other, the old-time sculptor had seen him, and afterward, to the best of his memory, had copied his figure in stone. The Griffin had never known this, until, hundreds of years afterward, he heard from a bird, from a wild animal, or in some manner which it is not now easy to find out, that there was a likeness of him on the old church in the distant town. Now, this Griffin had no idea how he looked. He had never seen a mirror, and the streams where he lived were so turbulent and violent that a quiet piece of water, which would reflect the image of anything looking into it, could not be found. Being, as far as could be ascertained, the very last of his race, he had never seen another griffin. Therefore it was, that, when he heard of the stone image of himself, he became very anxious to know what he looked like, and at last he determined to go to the old church, and see for himself what manner of being he was. So he started off from the dreadful wilds, and flew on and on until he came to the countries inhabited by men, where his appearance in the air created great consternation; but he alighted nowhere, keeping up a steady flight until he

reached the suburbs of the town which had his image on its church. Here, late in the afternoon, he alighted in a green meadow by the side of a brook, and stretched himself on the grass to rest. His great wings were tired, for he had not made such a long flight in a century, or more.

The news of his coming spread quickly over the town, and the people, frightened nearly out of their wits by the arrival of so extraordinary a visitor, fled into their houses, and shut themselves up. The Griffin called loudly for some one to come to him, but the more he called, the more afraid the people were to show themselves. At length he saw two laborers hurrying to their homes through the fields, and in a terrible voice he commanded them to stop. Not daring to disobey, the men stood, trembling.

"What is the matter with you all?" cried the Griffin. "Is there not a man in your town who is brave enough to speak to me?"

"I think," said one of the laborers, his voice shaking so that his words could hardly be understood, "that—perhaps—the Minor Canon—would come."

"Go, call him, then!" said the Griffin; "I want to see him."

The Minor Canon, who filled a subordinate position in the old church, had just finished the afternoon services, and was coming out of a side door, with three aged women who had formed the week-day congregation. He was a young man of a kind disposition, and very anxious to do good to the people of the town. Apart from his duties in the church, where he conducted services every week-day, he visited the sick and the poor, counselled and assisted persons who were in trouble, and taught a school composed entirely of the bad children in the town with whom nobody else would have anything to do. Whenever the people wanted anything done for them, they always went to the Minor Canon. Thus it was that the laborer thought of the young priest when he found that some one must come and speak to the Griffin.

The Minor Canon had not heard of the strange event, which was known to the whole town except himself and the three old women, and when he was informed of it, and was told that the Griffin had asked to see him, he was greatly amazed, and frightened.

"Me!" he exclaimed. "He has never heard of me! What should he want with me?"

"Oh! you must go instantly!" cried the two men. "He is very angry now because he has been kept waiting so long; and nobody knows what will happen if you don't hurry to him."

The poor Minor Canon would rather have had his hand cut off than go out to meet an angry griffin; but he felt that it was his duty

to go, for it would be a woful thing if injury should come to the people of the town because he was not brave enough to obey the summons of the Griffin. So, pale and frightened, he started off.

"Well," said the Griffin, as soon as the young man came near, "I am glad to see that there is some one who has the courage to come to me."

The Minor Canon did not feel very courageous, but he bowed his head.

"Is this the town," said the Griffin, "where there is a church with a likeness of myself over one of the doors?"

The Minor Canon looked at the frightful figure of the Griffin and saw that it was, without doubt, exactly like the stone image on the church. "Yes," he said, "you are right."

"Well, then," said the Griffin, "will you take me to it? I wish very much to see it."

The Minor Canon instantly thought that if the Griffin entered the town without the people knowing what he came for, some of them would probably be frightened to death, and so he sought to gain time to prepare their minds.

"It is growing dark, now," he said, very much afraid, as he spoke, that his words might enrage the Griffin, "and objects on the front of the church cannot be seen clearly. It will be better to wait until morning, if you wish to get a good view of the stone image of yourself."

"That will suit me very well," said the Griffin. "I see that you are a man of good sense. I am tired, and I will take a nap here on this soft grass, while I cool my tail in the little stream that runs near me. The end of my tail gets red-hot when I am angry or excited, and it is quite warm now. So you may go, but be sure and come early to-morrow morning, and show me the way to the church."

The Minor Canon was glad enough to take his leave, and hurried into the town. In front of the church he found a great many people assembled to hear his report of his interview with the Griffin. When they found that he had not come to spread ruin and devastation, but simply to see his stony likeness on the church, they showed neither relief nor gratification, but began to upbraid the Minor Canon for consenting to conduct the creature into the town.

"What could I do?" cried the young man. "If I should not bring him he would come himself and, perhaps, end by setting fire to the town with his red-hot tail."

Still the people were not satisfied, and a great many plans were proposed to prevent the Griffin from coming into the town. Some elderly persons urged that the young men should go out and kill him; but the young men scoffed at such a ridiculous idea.

Then some one said that it would be a good thing to destroy the stone image so that the Griffin would have no excuse for entering the town; and this idea was received with such favor that many of the people ran for hammers, chisels, and crowbars, with which to tear down and break up the stone griffin. But the Minor Canon resisted this plan with all the strength of his mind and body. He assured the people that this action would enrage the Griffin beyond measure, for it would be impossible to conceal from him that his image had been destroyed during the night. But the people were so determined to break up the stone griffin that the Minor Canon saw that there was nothing for him to do but to stay there and protect it. All night he walked up and down in front of the church-door, keeping away the men who brought ladders, by which they might mount to the great stone griffin, and knock it to pieces with their hammers and crowbars. After many hours the people were obliged to give up their attempts, and went home to sleep; but the Minor Canon remained at his post till early morning, and then he hurried away to the field where he had left the Griffin.

The monster had just awakened, and rising to his fore-legs and shaking himself, he said that he was ready to go into the town. The Minor Canon, therefore, walked back, the Griffin flying slowly through the air, at a short distance above the head of his guide. Not a person was to be seen in the streets, and they proceeded directly to the front of the church, where the Minor Canon pointed out the stone griffin.

The real Griffin settled down in the little square before the church and gazed earnestly at his sculptured likeness. For a long time he looked at it. First he put his head on one side, and then he put it on the other; then he shut his right eye and gazed with his left, after which he shut his left eye and gazed with his right. Then he moved a little to one side and looked at the image, then he moved the other way. After a while he said to the Minor Canon, who had been standing by all this time:

"It is, it must be, an excellent likeness! That breadth between the eyes, that expansive forehead, these massive jaws! I feel that it must resemble me. If there is any fault to find with it, it is that the neck seems a little stiff. But that is nothing. It is an admirable likeness—admirable!"

The Griffin sat looking at his image all the morning and all the afternoon. The Minor Canon had been afraid to go away and leave him, and had hoped all through the day that he would soon be satisfied with his inspection and fly away home. But by evening the poor young man was utterly exhausted, and felt that he must go away to eat and

sleep. He frankly admitted this fact to the Griffin, and asked him if he would not like something to eat. He said this because he felt obliged in politeness to do so, but as soon as he had spoken the words, he was seized with dread lest the monster should demand half a dozen babies, or some tempting repast of that kind.

"Oh, no," said the Griffin, "I never eat between the equinoxes. At the vernal and at the autumnal equinox I take a good meal, and that lasts me for half a year. I am extremely regular in my habits, and do not think it healthful to eat at odd times. But if you need food, go and get it, and I will return to the soft grass where I slept last night and take another nap."

The next day the Griffin came again to the little square before the church, and remained there until evening, steadfastly regarding the stone griffin over the door. The Minor Canon came once or twice to look at him, and the Griffin seemed very glad to see him; but the young clergyman could not stay as he had done before, for he had many duties to perform. Nobody went to the church, but the people came to the Minor Canon's house, and anxiously asked him how long the Griffin was going to stay.

"I do not know," he answered, "but I think he will soon be satisfied with regarding his stone likeness, and then he will go away."

But the Griffin did not go away. Morning after morning he came to the church, but after a time he did not stay there all day. He seemed to have taken a great fancy to the Minor Canon, and followed him about as he pursued his various avocations. He would wait for him at the side door of the church, for the Minor Canon held services every day, morning and evening, though nobody came now. "If any one *should* come," he said to himself, "I must be found at my post." When the young man came out, the Griffin would accompany him in his visits to the sick and the poor, and would often look into the windows of the school-house where the Minor Canon was teaching his unruly scholars. All the other schools were closed, but the parents of the Minor Canon's scholars forced them to go to school. Because they were so bad they could not endure them all day at home—griffin or no griffin. But it must be said they generally behaved very well when that great monster sat up on his tail and looked through the schoolroom window.

When it was perceived that the Griffin showed no sign of going away, all the people who were able to do so left the town. The canons and the higher officers of the church had fled away during the first day of the Griffin's visit, leaving behind only the Minor Canon and some of the men who opened the doors and swept the church. All the citizens

who could afford it shut up their houses and travelled to distant parts, and only the working people and the poor were left behind. After a while these ventured to go about and attend to their business, for if they did not work they would starve. They were getting a little used to seeing the Griffin, and having been told that he did not eat between equinoxes, they did not feel so much afraid of him as before.

Day by day the Griffin became more and more attached to the Minor Canon. He kept near him a great part of the time, and often spent the night in front of the little house where the young clergyman lived alone. This strange companionship was often burdensome to the Minor Canon; but, on the other hand, he could not deny that he derived a great deal of benefit and instruction from it. The Griffin had lived for hundreds of years, and had seen much; and he told the Minor Canon many wonderful things.

"It is like reading an old book," said the young clergyman to himself; "but how many books I would have had to read before I would have found out what the Griffin has told me about the earth, the air, the water, about minerals, and metals, and growing things, and all the wonders of the world!"

Thus the summer went on, and drew toward its close. And now the people of the town began to be very much troubled again.

"It will not be long," they said, "before the autumnal equinox is here, and then that monster will want to eat. He will be dreadfully hungry, for he has taken so much exercise since his last meal. He will devour our children. Without doubt, he will eat them all. What is to be done?"

To this question no one could give an answer, but all agreed that the Griffin must not be allowed to remain until the approaching equinox. After talking over the matter a great deal, a crowd of people went to the Minor Canon, at a time when the Griffin was not with him.

"It is all your fault," they said, "that that monster is among us. You brought him here, and you ought to see that he goes away. It is only on your account that he stays here at all, for, although he visits his image every day, he is with you the greater part of the time. If you were not here, he would not stay. It is your duty to go away and then he will follow you, and we shall be free from the dreadful danger which hangs over us."

"Go away!" cried the Minor Canon, greatly grieved at being spoken to in such a way. "Where shall I go? If I go to some other town, shall I not take this trouble there? Have I a right to do that?"

"No," said the people, "you must not go to any other town. There is no town far enough away. You must go to the dreadful

wilds where the Griffin lives ; and then he will follow you and stay there."

They did not say whether they expected the Minor Canon to stay there also, and he did not ask them anything about it. He bowed his head and went into his house to think. The more he thought, the more clear it became to his mind that it was his duty to go away, and thus free the town from the presence of the Griffin.

That evening he packed a leathern bag full of bread and meat, and early the next morning he set out on his journey to the dreadful wilds. It was a long, weary, and doleful journey, especially after he had gone beyond the habitations of men, but the Minor Canon kept on bravely, and never faltered. The way was longer than he had expected, and his provisions soon grew so scanty that he was obliged to eat but a little every day, but he kept up his courage, and pressed on, and, after many days of toilsome travel, he reached the dreadful wilds.

When the Griffin found that the Minor Canon had left the town he seemed sorry, but showed no disposition to go and look for him. After a few days had passed, he became much annoyed, and asked some of the people where the Minor Canon had gone. But, although the citizens had been so anxious that the young clergyman should go to the dreadful wilds, thinking that the Griffin would immediately follow him, they were now afraid to mention the Minor Canon's destination, for the monster seemed angry already, and, if he should suspect their trick he would, doubtless, become very much enraged. So every one said he did not know, and the Griffin wandered about disconsolately. One morning he looked into the Minor Canon's schoolhouse, which was always empty now, and thought that it was a shame that everything should suffer on account of the young man's absence.

"It does not matter so much about the church," he said, "for nobody went there; but it is a pity about the school. I think I will teach it myself until he returns."

It was just about school-time, and the Griffin went inside and pulled the rope which rang the school-bell. Some of the children who heard the bell ran in to see what was the matter, supposing it to be a joke of some one of their companions; but when they saw the Griffin they stood astonished, and scared.

"Go tell the other scholars," said the monster, "that school is about to open, and if they are not all here in ten minutes, I shall come after them."

In seven minutes every scholar was in place.

Never was seen such an orderly school. Not a boy or girl moved, or uttered a whisper. The Griffin climbed into the master's seat, his wide wings spread on each side of

him, because he could not lean back in his chair while they stuck out behind, and his great tail coiled around, in front of the desk, the barbed end sticking up, ready to tap any boy or girl who might misbehave. The Griffin now addressed the scholars, telling them that he intended to teach them while their master was away. In speaking he endeavored to imitate, as far as possible, the mild and gentle tones of the Minor Canon, but it must be admitted that in this he was not very successful. He had paid a good deal of attention to the studies of the school, and he now determined not to attempt to teach them anything new, but to review them in what they had been studying; so he called up the various classes, and questioned them upon their previous lessons. The children racked their brains to remember what they had learned. They were so afraid of the Griffin's displeasure that they recited as they never recited before. One of the boys, far down in the class, answered so well that the Griffin was astonished.

"I should think you would be at the head," said he. "I am sure you have never been in the habit of reciting so well. Why is this?"

"Because I did not choose to take the trouble," said the boy, trembling in his boots. He felt obliged to speak the truth, for all the children thought that the great eyes of the Griffin could see right through them, and that he would know when they told a falsehood.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the Griffin. "Go down to the very tail of the class, and if you are not at the head in two days, I shall know the reason why?"

The next afternoon the boy was number one.

It was astonishing how much these children now learned of what they had been studying. It was as if they had been educated over again. The Griffin used no severity toward them, but there was a look about him which made them unwilling to go to bed until they were sure they knew their lessons for the next day.

The Griffin now thought that he ought to visit the sick and the poor; and he began to go about the town for this purpose. The effect upon the sick was miraculous. All, except those who were very ill indeed, jumped from their beds when they heard he was coming, and declared themselves quite well. To those who could not get up he gave herbs and roots, which none of them had ever before thought of as medicines, but which the Griffin had seen used in various parts of the world, and most of them recovered. But, for all that, they afterwards said that, no matter what happened to them, they hoped that they should never again have such a doctor coming to their bed-

sides, feeling their pulses, and looking at their tongues."

As for the poor, they seemed to have utterly disappeared. All those who had depended upon charity for their daily bread were now at work in some way or other; many of them offering to do odd jobs for their neighbors just for the sake of their meals—a thing which had been seldom heard of before in the town. The Griffin could find no one who needed his assistance.

The summer had now passed and the autumnal equinox was rapidly approaching. The citizens were in a state of great alarm and anxiety. The Griffin showed no signs of going away, but seemed to have settled himself permanently among them. In a short time, the day for his semi-annual meal would arrive, and then what would happen? The monster would certainly be very hungry, and devour all their children.

Now they greatly regretted and lamented that they had sent away the Minor Canon; he was the only one on whom they could have depended in this trouble, for he could talk freely with the Griffin, and so find out what could be done. But it would not do to be inactive. Some step must be taken immediately. A meeting of the citizens was called, and two old men were appointed to go and talk to the Griffin. They were instructed to offer to prepare a splendid dinner for him on equinox day—one which would entirely satisfy his hunger. They would offer him the fattest mutton, the most tender beef, fish, and game of various sorts, and anything of the kind that he might fancy. If none of these suited, they were to mention that there was an orphan asylum in the next town.

"Anything would be better," said the citizens, "than to have our dear children devoured."

The old men went to the Griffin, but their propositions were not received with favor.

"From what I have seen of the people of this town," said the monster, "I do not think I could relish anything that was ever prepared by them. They appear to be all cowards, and, therefore, mean and selfish. As for eating one of them, old or young, I couldn't think of it for a moment. In fact, there was only one creature in the whole place for whom I could have had any appetite, and that is the Minor Canon, who has gone away. He was brave and good and honest, and I think I would have relished him."

"Ah!" said one of the old men very politely, "in that case I wish we had not sent him to the dreadful wilds!"

"What!" cried the Griffin. "What do you mean? Explain instantly what you are talking about?"

The old man, terribly frightened at what he had said, was obliged to tell how the

Minor Canon had been sent away by the people, in the hope that the Griffin might be induced to follow him.

When the monster heard this he became furiously angry. He dashed away from the old men, and, spreading his wings, flew backward and forward over the town. He was so much excited that his tail became red-hot, and glowed like a meteor against the evening sky. When at last he settled down in the little field where he usually rested, and thrust his tail into the brook, the steam arose like a cloud, and the water of the stream ran hot through the town. The citizens were greatly frightened, and bitterly blamed the old man for telling about the Minor Canon.

"It is plain," they said, "that the Griffin intended at last to go and look for him, and we should have been saved. Now who can tell what misery you have brought upon us?"

The Griffin did not remain long in the little field. As soon as his tail was cool he flew to the town-hall and rang the bell. The citizens knew that they were expected to come there, and although they were afraid to go, they were still more afraid to stay away; and they crowded into the hall. The Griffin was on the platform at one end, flapping his wings and walking up and down, and the end of his tail was still so warm that it slightly scorched the boards as he dragged it after him.

When everybody who was able to come was there, the Griffin stood still and addressed the meeting.

"I have had a contemptible opinion of you," he said, "ever since I discovered what cowards you were, but I had no idea that you were so ungrateful, selfish, and cruel, as I now find you to be. Here was your Minor Canon, who labored day and night for your good, and thought of nothing else but how he might benefit you and make you happy; and as soon as you imagine yourselves threatened with a danger—for well I know you are dreadfully afraid of me—you send him off, caring not whether he returns or perishes, hoping thereby to save yourselves. Now, I had conceived a great liking for that young man, and had intended, in a day or two, to go and look him up. But I have changed my mind about him. I shall go and find him, but I shall send him back here to live among you, and I intend that he shall enjoy the reward of his labor and his sacrifices. Go, some of you, to the officers of the church, who so cowardly ran away when I first came here, and tell them never to return to this town under penalty of death. And if, when your Minor Canon comes back to you, you do not bow yourselves before him, put him in the highest place among you, and serve and honor him all his life, beware of my terrible vengeance!

There were only two good things in this town: the Minor Canon and the stone image of myself over your church door. One of these you have sent away, and the other I shall carry away myself."

With these words he dismissed the meeting, and it was time, for the end of his tail had become so hot that there was danger of its setting fire to the building.

The next morning the Griffin came to the church, and tearing the stone image of himself from its fastenings over the great door, he grasped it with his powerful fore-legs and flew up into the air. Then, after hovering over the town for a moment, he gave his tail an angry shake and took up his flight to the dreadful wilds. When he reached this desolate region, he set the stone griffin upon a ledge of a rock which rose in front of the dismal cave he called his home. There the image occupied a position somewhat similar to that it had over the church door; and the Griffin, panting with the exertion of carrying such an enormous load to so great a distance, lay down upon the ground, and regarded it with much satisfaction. When he felt somewhat rested he went to look for the Minor Canon. He found the young man, weak, and half starved, lying under the shadow of a rock. After picking him up and carrying him to his cave, the Griffin flew away to a distant marsh, where he procured some roots and herbs which he well knew were strengthening and beneficial to man, though he had never tasted them himself. After eating these the Minor Canon was greatly revived, and sat up and listened while the Griffin told him what had happened in the town.

"Do you know," said the monster, when he had finished, "that I have had, and still have, a great liking for you?"

"I am very glad to hear it," said the Minor Canon, with his usual politeness.

"I am not at all sure that you would be," said the Griffin, "if you thoroughly understood the state of the case, but we will not consider that now. If some things were different, other things would be otherwise. I have been so enraged by discovering the manner in which you have been treated that I have determined you shall at last enjoy the rewards and honors to which you are entitled. Lie down and have a good sleep, and then I will take you back to the town."

As he heard these words, a look of trouble came over the young man's face.

"You need not give yourself any anxiety," said the Griffin, "about my return to the town. I shall not remain there. Now that I have that admirable likeness of myself in front of my cave, where I can sit at my leisure, and gaze upon its noble features and magnificent proportions, I have no wish to

see that abode of cowardly and selfish people."

The Minor Canon, relieved from his fears, now lay back, and dropped into a doze; and when he was sound asleep the Griffin took him up, and carried him back to the town. He arrived just before day-break, and putting the young man gently on the grass in the little field where he himself used to rest, the monster, without having been seen by any of the people, flew back to his home.

When the Minor Canon made his appearance in the morning among the citizens, the enthusiasm and cordiality with which he was received was truly wonderful. He was taken to a house which had been occupied by one of the banished high officers of the place, and every one was anxious to do all that could be done for his health and comfort. The people crowded into the church when he held services, and the three old women who used to be his week-day congregation could not get to the best seats, which they had always been in the habit of taking; and the parents of the bad children determined to reform them at home, in order that he might be spared the trouble of keeping up his former school. The Minor Canon was appointed to the highest office of the old church, and before he died he became a bishop.

During the first years after his return from the dreadful wilds, the people of the town looked up to him as a man to whom they were bound to do honor and reverence; but they often, also, looked up to the sky to see if there were any signs of the Griffin coming back. However, in the course of time, they learned to honor and reverence their former Minor Canon without the fear of being punished if they did not do so.

But they need never have been afraid of the Griffin. The autumnal equinox day came round, and the monster ate nothing. If he could not have the Minor Canon, he did not care for anything. So, lying down, with his eyes fixed upon the great stone griffin, he gradually declined, and died. It was a good thing for some of the people of the town that they did not know this.

If you should ever visit the old town you would still see the little griffins on the sides of the church; but the great stone griffin that was over the door is gone.—*St. Nicholas.*

IN 1866 he ("Josh Billings") contracted with a New York weekly paper to furnish an eighth of a column a week, for which he received \$10,000 a year. He was well educated, and possessed a most excellent taste. "As a philosophical humorist and humorous philosopher," says the *Revue de deux Mondes*, "Josh Billings has been equalled only by Sydney Smith." His gains from literary labor—lectures, books, and weekly sketches—aggregated at least \$600,000.—*Bookseller.*

TORONTO:

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1885.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Wide Awake (Boston: D. Lothrop & Company. \$3.00 per annum) for December is a holiday number, a gift book in itself. Two "tile sketches," a "Lass of '76," and a "Lad of '76," are exceedingly beautiful examples of color-tone printing. All the articles are illustrated, but the "Little Captain," by Sandham, the "Deacon's Little Maid," by Miss Humphrey, and a "Chance Acquaintance," by J. C. Beard, deserve special mention. Among the contributors of poetry are Christina Rossetti, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney and Nora Perry. Among the contributors of prose are Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Piatt and Mrs. Pennell. *Wide Awake* represents what is best in American art and American literature.

The Popular Science Monthly (New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$5.00 per annum). As we have said before, no monthly publication contains more matter of interest to educationists than the "Popular Science." For December we have the conclusion of Sir Lyon Playfair's address before the British Association; a sketch of Professor Hyatt, of Boston, a most successful teacher of science, and an ardent promoter of science teaching; Professor Lesley's address at the American Association on the "Spirit and Method of Scientific Study;" and in addition, papers on "Carlyle," "Neuter Insects," "Arctic Birds," and "The Scientific Study of Religions." One of the most important articles is that of the Bishop of Carlisle, on "The Uniformity of Nature." The whole number is of great interest.

BOOK REVIEW.

The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By Charles Darwin. New York: J. Fitzgerald. 1885. In four parts. 15 cents per part.

This book, the epoch-making book of modern thought, needs no comment from us. We have simply to remark, that Mr. Fitzgerald has brought out this excellent edition for those who cannot afford to buy the expensive English editions. The pages are divided into two columns, but the type is clear, and the paper of a fine white color. All the illustrations are reproduced.

A Primary History of the United States; for intermediate classes. Illustrated. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company. 225 pp. 60 cents.

The first thing that strikes one on taking up this work is its superior mechanical execution. The clear type and the beautiful illustrations profusely scattered throughout the book, remind one much more of Christmas literature than of a school history, at any rate of such as we see in Canada.

This work is not a mere catalogue of facts, bristling with dates, but a readable history, told in simple language, in which the attention of the student is directed to causes as well as to effects, so that in studying it his memory is aided by his judgment. Unimportant details and minor events

are omitted. Maps, without which no history is complete, fully elucidate the text.

The pupils of the upper classes of public schools and the lower forms of high schools, for whom this book is intended, on reading it will have their attention aroused from the outset, and they will acquire from a study of it a clear idea of the connection of the important facts which go to make up the history of the United States.

Franklin Square Song Collection. Two hundred Songs and Hymns for Schools, Homes, and the Fireside. No. 3. Selected by J. P. McCloskey. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1885. 176 pp. 50 cents.

This is a book which we can cordially recommend to all lovers of song, and especially to those who wish to obtain an appropriate selection of good music for use in the schoolroom. In our own experience we have bought many books and many pieces for schoolroom use, yet we have never seen anything so suited to schools as this collection. The songs chosen are for the most part old favorites. The best composers are all represented, and in addition there are many popular airs which, though far from classical, are yet loved by the people. Each song is given with the four parts in full, and the scoring is both melodious and simple. There is vast variety in the subjects, from nursery rhymes to operatic choruses; and though a few pieces will require much practice, everyone is within the attainment of the pupils of our high and public schools. We should say, too, that the editor has filled up the spaces on each page with interesting and instructive quotations from well-known authors, respecting music, musicians, and the influence of music upon the people.

A Handbook of Poetics, for Students of English Verse. By Francis B. Gummere, Ph.D., formerly Instructor in English in Harvard College. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1885. 250 pp. \$1.10.

This is one of the most sensible and scholarly books of the year. Probably more nonsense has been written concerning verse, metre, feet, and rime, in English, than upon any other subject. Dr. Gummere takes the impregnable position, that in English verse, in fact in the verse of all the Germanic languages, *stress or force*, or *accent*, is the main principle, *quantity* merely a regulative principle; while in the classic languages the relative importance of these principles was the reverse of this. Germanic metres, then, depend on stress, not on feet. The laws which govern the due use of these stresses are all succinctly explained and illustrated in Dr. Gummere's treatise.

This, however, is only a small feature of the *Handbook*. After an introduction discussing the various definitions of poetry, then the Epic, the Lyric, and the Drama, and their sub-contained variations, are treated fully. This in Part I. In Part II., Poetic Style and Figures are examined. In Part III., Rhythm, Quantity, Accent, Pauses, Rime, Metres, and Stanzas, form the subjects of excellent chapters. The book, though intended principally for the schoolroom, is equally interesting to the general reader, and is quite fresh in all its discussions. As an example, the popular French forms of verse, not touched upon in similar works, are here discussed in full.

The Greek Prepositions; studied from their original meanings as designations of space. By F. A. Adams, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1885. 131 pp. 75 cents.

One of the most difficult things in the study of Greek is to understand the exact force of prepositions, either when they are in composition or used with cases; and much of the force of the original is often lost in translation, by failing to grasp the meaning of a preposition. This little book, then, is designed to aid those who are trying to master this subject, and instead of being an abridgment or carefully-weighted selection from extensive works on the preposition, it contains merely a number of sentences and phrases mainly from Xenophon, the New Testament, and Homer, to illustrate the author's theory. His hypothesis is stated in the following words: "The Greek prepositions, suggestive primarily of notions of space, show through all their uses, such analogy to the primary meanings as affords aids indispensable to a satisfactory understanding of the language." In discussing each preposition he analyses the meaning as a notion of space, and the notions which accompany that meaning in nature, and then "seeks for the analogues of these in human experience." All the prepositions are treated first as separate words, secondly in composition and in contrast with other prepositions. It is in this latter treatment of them that Dr. Adams has best succeeded, for he has clearly and concisely expressed the real differences which exist between the various prepositions. This is especially the case in his chapter on *ἐπί* and *πρός* in composition. We cannot but think that he has overlooked the historic element in the study of language when, to illustrate a point, he puts side by side an extract from Homer and one from the New Testament, thus taking no account of the vast development and change in the Greek language during so great an interval. The book, however, is very interesting, contains much information, and will repay perusal.

Astronomy for Beginners; in Thirty-two Lessons, with Illustrations. By Francis F. Lowes, M.A. New York: John Wiley & Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Company. 1885. 135 pp.

We have read this little book with the greatest pleasure, and we recommend it very cordially to young people, and to those who wish to have some excellent guide to a true scientific teaching of astronomy. It begins, as the author says, at the beginning. Starting with that elementary knowledge of the shapes and motions of the heavenly bodies which every schoolboy is supposed to have acquired in his study of geography, it proceeds gradually by reasoning from observations which every one can make for himself, to obtain a knowledge of the sun's daily motion, his annual motion, the phenomena of day and night, the causes of winter and summer, the moon, her motions and phases, the eclipses of the sun, the eclipses of the moon, the occultation of stars, the appearances and motions of Mercury and Venus, and the motions of Jupiter and the other planets. The fixed stars are then taken up, possible observations alone furnishing the facts, and then the divisions of the heavens into constellations.

The positions and constituent stars of the constellations are then described, the names being given wherever necessary, this occupying a large portion of the book.

The little work is intended simply to assist the observer. He is to obtain knowledge at first hand by direct study of the heavens. When he has been taken as far as he can well go without a telescope, chapters descriptive of variable and double stars, of nebulae and of comets, and a general description of the solar system, and a short sketch of the history of astronomy, are added.

The tone of the book is one of great reverence, and many passages from the Old Testament, and the poets, are quoted to show what interest the heavenly bodies have always had for the human soul. The only criticism we offer is that it seems to us very much to be regretted that the pronunciation of the names of the stars and constellations has not, in every necessary case, been given.

Pease's Singing Book; for the use of high schools and singing classes. By F. H. Pease. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1885. 125 pp. 80 cents.

To those who wish to learn to read music at sight, this book will prove to be of very great use. The method adopted by the author for treating the subject, though a somewhat novel one, is an exceedingly good one, and is well fitted to make the student's efforts successful. As stated on the title page it is for use in high schools and singing classes, and so is not a purely elementary work, but must be supplemented by explanations by the teacher of many of the technicalities indispensable to a thorough knowledge of music, and which are here omitted.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part, though based upon the tonic sol-fa method, is a modification of it, figures being used to represent sounds, instead of the syllables, *do, re, mi, fa*, etc. This change has the effect of simplifying the matter very much at the beginning, inasmuch as the figures are an infallible guide to the lengths of the intervals. This practice in the tonic sol-fa system is intended either as an introduction to the staff or to be taken up along with it. Whichever plan is adopted a complete mastery of the staff is pretty sure to result.

The second part of the work deals with the staff and the ordinary system of notation, so treated that only one new feature at a time is introduced, and exercises are given bearing upon it. These exercises are in the form of rounds, part songs, choruses, etc., both sacred and secular, and are such as will not only rob "practising" of its horrors, but also make it a recreation rather than a task.

The progress from the simple to the complex is so gradual that the student will find himself in possession of the power to read music quite readily, almost before he is aware of it.

The book appears to be admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, and it may confidently be said that it will be exceedingly popular with all who once use it. It appears to be very carefully printed, and as far as can be seen on a somewhat hasty inspection, is free from the annoying errors that are so often found in musical note books.

Movements of Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century. By John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Senior Principal in the University of St. Andrew's; St. Giles Lectures. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchinson. 1885. 338 pp. \$1.50.

Dr. Tulloch, in the St. Giles Lectures for 1885, supplies us with a volume of delightful reading. The venerable principal has evidently lost none of his strength of intellect or grace of diction, and has given us a most readable book in his last treatise.

The period reviewed is one of surpassing interest and activity both in England and Scotland. Covering only about thirty-five years, from 1825 to 1860, it embraces all that is important in the Anglo-Catholic and Broad Church movement in England, and all that has interest in the subjectively spiritual activity of Scotland a quarter of a century ago. During the first quarter of the century there was little of importance in the intellectual or religious life of Britain. National activity was absorbed in continental wars most of the time. The quarter of the century which dates from 1860 to the present time is one of abiding interest, and one almost wishes that the learned author of this volume had brought the discussion down to a later date. His able pen could well sketch the later movement of Liberalism in Oxford, dating from the publication of "Essays and Reviews," the development of historical criticism in England, of which Dean Stanley is the type, and the radical forms of the higher criticism of which Robertson Smith is the Scottish leader. These movements, however, did not fall within the author's plan, and we can only wish that he may be spared to do for these what he has done for the period covered by the volume before us.

This handsome volume contains eight lectures, covering 336 pages octavo. The letterpress and binding are excellent, and reflect credit on the publishers.

The first lecture is concerned with Coleridge and his school. It contains a very fair outline of his spiritual philosophy, without burdening it in any way with his metaphysics. Those who are familiar with Coleridge as a poet only, will perhaps be surprised to learn that his influence in the religious sphere was so marked. His three works, "Aids to Reflection," "Confessions of an Enquiring Mind," and the "Constitution of Church and State," are reviewed, and the influence of Coleridge's teaching on prevailing Christian ideas, on Biblical study, and on the conception of the Church, is well described. Indeed, we do not know a better sketch of Coleridge in this respect.

The second lecture deals with the early Oriel or Noetic school. Three chief names come before us here—Whately, Arnold, and Hamden. The estimate of Whately and his work is higher than most writers award him. Arnold's position and work are very finely balanced. The troubled life of Hamden is described in eloquent and touching terms.

In the third lecture the Oxford Tractarian movement is dealt with. Keble, Newman and Pusey justly receive chief attention in connection therewith. Most interesting personal details in regard

to each are given, and their relationships are clearly pointed out. The general influence of the "Tracts for the Times," is well estimated, and the progress of Newman towards Rome is traced out step by step, and in a most charming way.

The fourth lecture brings us to Scotland, and is occupied chiefly with that movement in which Erskine, Campbell and Irving are the chief actors. For these men Dr. Tulloch has evidently warm sympathy and generous admiration. The action of the Scottish Assembly in deposing Campbell is condemned. No doubt many will coincide with this opinion.

The fifth lecture is entirely devoted to Thomas Carlyle. His influence as a literary man and as a religious teacher is depicted with excellent discrimination. His early years, and his life-long devotion to his mother and her memory, call forth some of the most pathetic passages in the whole course of lectures. Our opinion is that this single lecture will give a better idea of Carlyle, as a whole, than even Froude's volumes afford.

In the sixth lecture, John Stuart Mill and his school are considered. The lecture opens with a comparison between Carlyle and Mill, which is exceedingly fine. Mill's early life and training is full of interest as related by Dr. Tulloch, and his religious views are well analyzed and soundly criticised. In one or two points Mill may scarcely be fairly represented. His father, James Mill, and his disciples, Grote and Lewes, are also briefly referred to.

The closing lectures of the series are devoted entirely to the so-called Broad School movement. One lecture is devoted to Maurice and Kingsley, and another deals with F. W. Robertson and Bishop Ewing. The estimate of Maurice is higher than most writers of even the present day would allow him, but his intensely religious character goes far to excuse even doctrinal errors. The poetic temperament of Kingsley is exquisitely contrasted with the earnest, practical spirit of Maurice.

Of all names, however, which come under review, that of Robertson, of Brighton, calls forth the highest admiration of Dr. Tulloch. The eulogy in some respects may be exaggerated, yet the general opinions expressed in regard to Robertson's intellectual power, spiritual intensity, and unqualified sincerity, will be accepted by most who are familiar with his writings. Brief reference to Bishop Ewing in Scotland, and some remarks in regard to religious thought since 1860 conclude this fascinating volume. After a careful perusal we can commend the book as one of surpassing interest.

Those who are familiar with thought and writing along orthodox lines may be inclined to complain that there is so little reference to them during the period covered by these lectures, but it was evidently the purpose of the author to confine himself to the other line, and so no particular fault is to be found with him on this account. It makes the treatment as a whole, however, a little one-sided.

The spirit of the book is its chief commendation. It is broad, yet not sentimental; it is generous yet discriminating; it is catholic yet liberal. We can promise our readers a rich treat in the perusal of its pages.

THE DEACON'S LITTLE MAID.

ADELINA D. T. WHITNEY.

In this new world that was waiting when
The star in the east shone down
And lighted the steps of the Magian men
To the inn in Bethlehem town,
Many a hillside sloped to the sun,
Or dipped to a shining sea,
Fair for God's presence as ever one
In Judah or Galilee.
Many a soul that was tarrying there,
Till centuries should go by,
To take its place in the line of men,
To the Lord was just as nigh
As John, or Mary, or Lazarus,
Who walked with Him by the way
For the blessed sign it should be to us
That He walks at our side to-day.
So, lovely with love that hath no compare,
The very names grew dear ;
And Marys and Johns were everywhere,
And Bethels were builded here.
Deep in the green New England hills,
In a dimple fair to see,
With orchards whose fruitage the summer fills,
Lies a little Bethany.
And looking eastward between the farms,
As over the river you go,
Stately with elms as the old with palms,
You may see sweet Jericho.
What wonder that Mary, the little maid,
Pondering Bible-lore,
Pictured, wherever her steps had strayed,
Those marvellous things of yore ?—
That the darksome hollow beyond the bridge
Where the pollard willows stood,
And the steep, rough roadway up the ridge
In the gloom of the hemlock wood,
Should seem like the wayside where the thieves
Beset the traveller-man,
And left him, all wounded, upon the leaves,
For the Good Samaritan ?
Or the scathed old pear tree by the brook,
That the lightning in the night,
When the farmhouse with the thunder shook,
Left ghastly and dead and white,
Should be to her fancy the fig-tree, bare.
Or yielding but bitter and worst.
That the Lord, when he found it fruitless there,
With an awful withering cursed ?
That, scanning the houses far away
On the hillsides in the sun,
She questioned, many an innocent day,
Which was the very one
Where the brother and sisters sat at meat
With their friend, when the day was low,
And Mary lovingly washed the feet
That had journeyed in mercy so ?
She was Deacon Sternbold's little maid,
And her mother was kindly true ;
Her primer and hymns to her sire she said,
But her heart the mother knew.
Helping the dame one Saturday morn
At the churn, all suddenly she

Cried, " Mother, oh, I wish I'd been born
Real Mary of Bethany !
" Or I wish that Jesus would walk in here,
And would call me to Him, and say,
With His eyes' great glory upon me, ' Dear,
Come sit at my feet all day ! ' "
" And doesn't He ? " answered the mother sweet ;
" Can you think it except He say ?
To love Him well is to sit at His feet—
To serve Him, to bide alway.
" Now bring me the tray ; and the spats, and
prints,
Cool in the ice-bowl there ;
Then finish the seams in your gown of chintz
That to-morrow you may wear.
" And if baby wakes from his long, nice nap,
Just sing him your little song
While mother's busy ; the work, mayhap,
Won't need to hinder her long."
Maid Mary went at the gentle word ;
Some beautiful inward smile
Dawning up to her face as if she heard
More than was spoken the while.
For the child's deep heart was beating still
With the joy of that saying sweet :
" To bide with Him is to do His will,
To love Him, to sit at His feet."
So while she fetched the spats and the prints,
And hastened away to sew
With ready fingers the gown of chintz,
She went as the angels go.
And sitting there by the cradle-side,
When a comrade lifted the latch
And eagerly signed to the pasture wide,
And whispered, " Blackberry Patch ! "
Softly she shook her delicate head,
But smiled as she did it, too ;
Till the other guessed she must know, instead,
Of some pleasanter thing to do.
And when the baby awoke at last,
Fretting with sleepy whim,
Though the seam was done, and an hour was past,
Still she smiled : " I can wait, with Him ! "
When the older brothers came whooping in—
Roger, and roguish Dan—
Routing her quiet with rollicking din,
And teasing, as brothers can ;
And father, vexed for a mischief played,
Full hastily called and chid—
Never a cloud on the face of the maid
The beautiful brightness hid.
For what could take her with ill surprise,
Or what could provoke a frown,
When she knew the glory of Jesus' eyes
Was over her, looking down ?
So Saturday's nightfall folded the hill
And the Day of the Sun broke bright :
And the good folk gathered sedate and still,
In the meeting-house on the height.
With her tender secret in her face,
Maid Mary sat in the pew ;
The Lord who was here in His holy place
Had been at home with her, too.

And when the people stood up to pray,
As the custom used to be,
She whispered, " Dear Christ, like yesterday
Make all the to-days for me ! "
Ah, many a Mary, merry or staid,
On the hillsides there might be ;
But was not the deacon's dear little maid
Real Mary of Bethany ?

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC.*

A. W. GREELY, U. S. A.

THE winter solstice, although marking our shortest day technically, was by no means the darkest at Fort Conger. For a portion of the day the air was filled with falling spiculae of frost, which were not sufficient to prevent a view of the stars. The outlines of Porteus Point, four-fifths of a mile distant, could be seen.

My journal says, December 21st, 1881 :
" We have long looked forward to the coming of this day, and its advent is a source of blessing and relief to me. It removes all fear that the winter may not pass safely and comfortably, and so lightens my heart and mind most materially. The blessings of continual health and exemption from serious accidents, except in Gardiner's case, should cause feelings of gratitude to spring up in our hearts toward that Divine Providence which has us all in His keeping. The sun to-night turns northward in its course, and in a few days darkness will give place to returning light, which, as with many other blessings, has never been fully appreciated until it took flight."

It appeared surprising that the mere fact of the sun having commenced its northward journey should have such a marked effect upon the spirits of the men as was visible in the days immediately following. It was the most striking illustration of the many instances in connection with our Arctic experiences as to the powerful influence exercised over the physical conditions of the body by the existing mental conditions.

The solstice past, the attention of the expedition was drawn to other considerations incident to the season, the most important of which were the preparations for the proper celebration of the Christmas holidays. It was fortunate that the preparations for Christmas entailed certain work and physical exertion on the part of some of the party, as Sergeant Brainard, who had systematically kept the men at useful labor, completed the last steady outdoor work on the 22nd, when the officers' quarters were completely banked up with snow. This labor, with the ordinary routine, sufficed to keep the men from brooding too much over the contrasted conditions as to the coming and past Christ-

* This article will be included in Lieut. Greely's forthcoming book, " Three Years of Arctic Service."

mases, and yet kept their minds healthfully on the pleasures of the holidays.

The preparation of the Christmas dinner was commenced several days in advance, as from its extensive character much extra labor was entailed upon Frederick, who was the regular cook. Unfortunately he burnt his arm quite badly on the 22nd, but, despite his condition, requested that he be permitted to complete his tour of duty. Long, who was considered the especial cook of the party, with his customary cheerfulness, assisted Frederick in the preparation of this important meal.

The capacity of our excellent cooking-range, with its large ovens and hot-water boilers, was thoroughly tested on Christmas Day. When Frederick, the cook, had planned out a place for cooking the many dishes for the great dinner, he was thrown into a state of dismay on learning that plum-pudding had been added to the list. He came to me, saying that he did not see how he could cook this dish, as his range was taxed to its utmost; and he was much relieved to learn that Mrs. Greely had sent a case of pudding as a Christmas-present for the expedition.

The quarters thoroughly cleaned, Sergeants Brainard and Rice took upon themselves the task of elaborately decorating the quarters with such flags, guidons, and other articles as could be used in draping and ornamenting. I refrained from visiting the men's room, until on Christmas eve I was notified that my presence was desired, and on entering I was greatly delighted with the changed appearance of the general quarters. The room, low-studded and unpainted, had never presented a cheerful aspect, even in our days of sunlight, and during the winter season the accumulation of soot from the soft coal burned in the quarters had given it an air of gloom and darkness, which was largely enhanced through the subtle influence of association by the monotony of the long days passed within it. The room was now well lighted, and with its elaborate trimmings gave a gay and lively appearance not unlike that presented by army quarters in the Far West on like occasions.

I made a few remarks suitable to the festival we were to celebrate, and with reference to our peculiar situation, apart from and yet a part of the great civilized world.

I had assigned to Sergeant Rice the grateful task of distributing the Christmas gifts, and he performed his duty with pleasant and well-received remarks befitting the gift and the person receiving it. We had neglected to provide ourselves with a Christmas-tree, and our new country afforded not even the semblance of a shrub, the largest plant—the creeping Arctic willow—being about a foot long and not over an inch above the surface of the ground. In consequence, the gifts were spread out on our largest table.

The thoughtful consideration of a few friends and well-wishers of the expedition, some of whom were personally unknown to any of us, had resulted in the donation of many articles both valuable and useful. Every officer and man received a package addressed to him personally, and some were sent for distribution at the discretion of the commanding officer. The idea was a most happy one, and it would have done the generous donors much good could they have known how much pleasure their gifts made in the hearts of the men who received them. A number of the men, who had lived lives marked by neglect and indifference on the part of the world, were touched even to tears, although they strove, man-like, to conceal them. The commanding officer received a fan—not needed for Arctic use—and Lieutenant Kislingbury a small dog, which excited the more amusement when he turned away the ridicule by calling out, "Oh, Schneider, don't you want to buy a dog?" Poor Schneider did not hear the last of it for several days. The prosperity of the joke lay in the fact that Schneider had for many weeks devoted his spare time and attention to the successful raising of our Arctic puppies. These gifts were supplemented by a number from the commanding officer, which were distributed by lot, some of value and others of an amusing character. A plentiful supply of eggnog, and the removal of the restriction as to the hour of retiring, made the evening a delightful one, and long after the Sabbath and Christmas came together the quarters resounded to hymns, chants, carols, and sentimental songs.

Christmas morning came clear and cold, with a temperature of freezing mercury, which moderated later in the day. The calm air, unstirred by wind, made exercise tolerable, and all sought the harbor-floe for a long walk, in hopes of a marvellous appetite.

At 10 a.m. the Psalms for Christmas were read, to which I added as appropriate the second selection, consisting of the 139th and 140th Psalms. This reading was supplemented by the singing of a hymn and the doxology, led off by Lieutenant Kislingbury. I remember no service in all our Arctic experiences which so affected and impressed the men, unless it was that at our first burial in the winter, at Sabine. Our thoughts and tenderest feelings could not but go out to those we had left behind, with doubts and fears as to whether it fared well or ill with them, never distrusting but their hearts were with us in our Arctic Christmas.

Christmas falling on Sunday, no amusements of any kind were attempted, but every one waited with interest, and a certain impatience, for the dinner, which was as elaborate as our stores would permit.

The menu for the dinner was as follows: Mock-turtle soup, salmon, fricasseed guillemot, spiced musk-ox tongue, crab-salad,

roast beef, cider-ducks, tender loin of musk-ox, potatoes, asparagus, green corn, green peas, cocoanut-pie, jelly-cake, plum-pudding with wine-sauce, several kinds of ice-cream, grapes, cherries, pine-apples, dates, figs, nuts, candies, coffee, chocolate. Eggnog was served to the party in moderate quantities, and an extra allowance of rum was also issued in celebration of the day.

The candies, plum-pudding, and cigars were the most appreciated, not only for the satisfaction they afforded the taste, but as being gifts from thoughtful friends. The cigars came from an army lady who knew the weakness of the rank and file for the consoling weed, and the candies were from a leading confectioner of New York City.

On the 26th the men were busy in preparation for a variety show, which was set for that evening, as Christmas had fallen on Sunday. The Lime-Juice Club announced that they would perform at the Dutch Island Opera House for one night only, and that dog-chariots could be ordered at 10 p.m. The admission fee was in tobacco, the current coin of Grinnell Land.

The first act was a representation of an Indian council, which ended with a waltz. Nine of the party participated in this scene, which was admirably rendered. Most of the actors had served in the Far West, and some had spent months continuously in Indian camps, and so were thoroughly familiar with the parts they portrayed. I doubt very much if a more realistic representation of the wild red-man was ever presented in the Arctic Circle, if elsewhere.

A female impersonation followed, by Schneider, which afforded amusement for the party, but particularly so to the Eskimos. Schneider had provided himself at the Greenland ports with the entire costume of the Eskimo belle, and being a small man, was able to squeeze himself into the garments. As he appeared on the scene with his elaborate make-up and closely-shaven face, one was struck by the excellent resemblance to the Innuitt belles whom we had seen in lower latitudes. In his *armoot*, or woman's hood, he brought the largest of his charges, one of the Grinnell Land puppies, who was nearly frightened to death by the applause which greeted his first advent into polite society. Excellent comic songs by Henry were followed by equally amusing imitations of a well-known military character by Connell.

The entire party were prepared for a delightful and interesting literary treat from Sergeant Jewell, who announced that he would give a select reading. It proved to be a well-received jest, which ended the entertainment for the evening. Jewell entered, and, after elaborately arranging and opening a large volume, carefully hung up an aneroid barometer and made a special reading of it for the meteorological information of the party.

For the Young Folk.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

LILLA CADOT FERRY.

I FEEL so happy I cannot keep still !
Just one day more and 'twill be Christmas day,
And all the house is full of secrets now,
And everybody whispers what they say !

When I go in the door, unless I knock,
Or rattle with my hand upon the latch,
Mamma hides something underneath her chair
And Auntie jumps up something else to snatch.

John's got a ball for Bess, and yesterday
He let me bounce it on the playroom floor,
And how we laughed when Bess came running up
To ask about the racket, at the door !

I've made a heart-shaped pin-ball for papa,
And auntie's book-mark now, at last, is done ;
She has not seen it, and she cannot guess
What I have for her—O it is such fun !

To-night when nurse went down to get our tea,
I watched the man lighting the lamps below,
And saw them twinkling up the long, long street,
Like a procession of stars down in the snow,

When jingle, jingle, straight up to our door
Came through the dusk a horse, and wagon too,
A man jumped out with bundles in his arms,
And to the staitop all we children flew ;

Then Jenny took them in, but ere we saw,
Mamma ran up the stairs and drove us back,
But Bob said he was sure he saw a sled
When, naughty boy, he peeped out thro' the crack !

To-morrow night I shall not go to sleep,
But watch the chimney, Santa Claus to see,
I think he is papa, but now he lives
In the spare room and auntie has the key,

And all the bundles Jenny puts in there—
To-morrow how the bell will ring all day !
O dear ! how I do wish Christmas would come
And Santa Claus, and never go away.

—*Dutember Wide Awake.*

THIRTEEN AT LAST.

NORA FERRY.

Titts is my birthday to-day, you know :
The days are so long, and the time goes so slow,
When one is waiting as I have been
A whole long year to bring thirteen.

But here I am in my teens at last :
I feel quite old as I think of the past,
As I look 'way past down the years and see
The little girl that once was me !

But thirteen is quite old, I'm sure,
What some people might call " mature " ;
Why, all my skirts have been let down,
And I'm to have with my next new gown,
A jacket-waist just like mamma's
Trimmed with buttons and braided bars,
And I've got some splendid grown-up gloves,
With long slim wrists, that fit like loves.

Yes, thirteen is quite old—and so—
I suppose I must let my dollies go.
There's Maud and Alice, and that sweet dear
With the flaxen curls, I had last year.

It seems a shame to put them away,
But one must give up childish play
When one is almost a woman grown ;
And yet—and yet—my heart's like a stone,

And I feel like having a real good cry,
When I think of bidding my dolls good-by.
Oh dear, oh dear, I've always been told
Life grew so hard as one grew old !

Well, nothing, I'm sure, can be harder than this—
To give my children a farewell kiss.
Yes ! they are my children, and Jack may laugh,
And all the rest may tease and chaff,

I can't, I can't, and I won't turn away
My Maud and Alice and flaxen May !
I'd rather go back and be once more
The romping girl I was before !

I'd rather have all the tucks put back
In my lengthened gowns, and the childish sacque
In place of the waist, just like mamma's
With the pretty buttons and braided bars :

I'd rather—yes, even my grown-up gloves,
With the long slim wrists, that fit like loves,
I'd rather give up than turn away
From my dear old dolls at this late date.

For love is better than all the rest,
And one must be true to have the best ;
So Jack may tease, and the others chaff,
I'll take my way in spite of their laugh.

But oh ! it isn't so nice, I see,
To grow up big, as I thought 'twould be,
And it's very true, what I've been told,
That life grows hard as one grows old.

—*Xmas Wide Awake.*

ONE LITTLE RHYME.

ERNEST. WHITNEY.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars ;
One little flower in a field of flowers ;
One little star in a heaven of stars ;
One little hour in a year of hours,—
What if it makes or what if it mars ?

But the bar is built of the little grains ;
And the little flowers make the meadows gay ;
And the little stars light the heavenly plains ;
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.

—*From the Christmas St. Nicholas.*

TIMIDITY—A HINDOO FABLE.

JOEL DENTON.

A SILLY mouse, thinking each thing a cat,
Fell into a helpless worriment thereat ;

But, noticed by a wizard living near,
Was turned into a cat to end its fear.

No sooner was the transformation done,
Than dreadful terror of a dog begun.

Now, when the wizard saw this latest throe,
" Here, be a dog," said he, "and end your woe."

But, though a dog, its soul had no release,
For fear some tiger might disturb its peace.

Into a tiger next the beast was made,
And still 'twas pitiful and sore afraid.

Because the huntsman might, some ill-starred day,
Happen along and take its life away.

" Then," said the wizard, turning towards his
house,

" You have a mouse's heart—now be a mouse."

'Tis so with men ; no earthly help or dower
Can add one atom to their earthly power ;

Them from their smallness nothing can arouse—
No art can make a lion from a mouse.

—*New York Mercury.*

THE LONELY LION.

THE lion was lonely ;

Said he, " There is only

One way of driving this gloom from me :

I must enter into society !"

So he asked the beasts in a manner quite hearty
To come to his cave for a little party.

On the appointed day,

In a frightened way,

A parrot flew over his head to say

That the beasts would be happy the lion to greet
But they very much feared he was out of meat !

" Alas !" the lion cried, with a groan,

" And must I then live forever alone ?"

A CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

ELIZABETH RODINS FENNEL.

CHRISTMAS is as great a day for young
Romans as it is for Americans, and on it
they, like other boys and girls, eat too much
candy, and get more new toys than they
know what to do with. But they have one
way of keeping it which other children do
not have ; and as I was in Rome one Christ-
mas, I will tell you what I saw them do.

In the morning, about half-past ten, I
went to a church on the Capitol Hill, called
Church of the Altar of Heaven. This hill is
high, and there are one hundred and
twenty-four steps leading to the door of the
church. It was a dull gray day, and the
rain was pouring down so hard that there
were little pools and streams all over the old
stone steps. But many people were going
up. There were men from the country in
blue coats and short trousers, and women
with bodices and square white head-dresses,
who carried the largest umbrellas you have
ever seen, blue or green or purple, with
bright borders around them. And there
were children, more than you could count,
some with the country people, others with
their nurses, and many who were very
ragged, all by themselves. At the top of the
steps men were selling pious pictures, and
did not seem to mind the rain in the least.
Over the doors were red hangings in honor
of Christmas.

Inside were more people. At the far end
service was going on, and the monks, to
whom the church belongs, were chanting,
and there was a great crowd around the
altar. But near the door by which I came
in, and in a side aisle, was a still larger
crowd, and it was here that all the little

ones had gathered together. They were waiting in front of a chapel, the doors of which were closed tight. For they knew that behind them was the manger which every year the monks put up in their church. Right by the chapel was a big statue of a pope, larger than life, and some eager boys had climbed up on it and were standing at its knee. And some who had arrived very late were perched on another statue like it on the other side, and even in the baptismal font and on tombstones at the foot of the church. Women and men were holding up their babies, all done up in queer tight bandages, that they too might see. And all were excited and looking impatiently down the long aisle. Presently, as I waited with the children, there came from a side door a procession. First came men in gray robes, holding lighted tapers, then monks in brown, with ropes around their waists, and last, three priests who carried a statue of the Infant, which is almost as old as the church itself. When they reached the chapel the doors were thrown open, and they took this statue in and placed it at the foot of those of the Virgin and St. Joseph.

I wish you could have been there to look in as I did. It was all so bright and sunny and green. It seemed like a bit of summer come back. In front were the Holy Family with great baskets of real oranges and many bright green things at their feet. And above them, in the clouds, were troops of angels playing on harps and mandolins, and in the distance you could see the shepherds and their sheep, and then palm trees, and a town with many houses. It was so pretty that a little whisper of wonder went through all the crowd, while many of the boys and girls near me shouted aloud for joy.

So soon as the procession was over, every eye was turned from the chapel to a small platform on the other side of the church. It had been raised right by an old column which, long before this church was built, must have stood in some temple of Pagan Rome. Out on the platform stepped a little bit of a girl, as fresh and as young as the column was old and gray. She was all in white, and she made a pretty courtesy to the people, and then when she saw so many faces turned towards her, she tried to run away. But her mother, who was standing below, would not let her, but whispered a few words in her ear, and the little thing came back and began to give us all a fine sermon about the Christ-child. Such funny little gestures as she made! Just like a puppet, and, every now and then, she looked away from us and down into her mother's face, as if the sermon were all for her. But her voice was very sweet, and by and by she went down on her knees and raised her hands to Heaven and said a prayer as solemnly as if she really had

been a young preacher. But after that, with another courtesy, she jumped down from her pulpit platform as fast as ever she could.

And this is the way Roman children celebrate Christmas. On Christmas Day, and for a week afterwards, for one hour every afternoon, they preach their sermons, and all the people in the city and the country around, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, come to hear them.

I made a second visit to the church two or three days later.

The rain had stopped, and the sky was bright and blue, and the sun was shining right on the steps, for it was about three in the afternoon. And such a sight you have never seen! From top to bottom people were going and coming, many in the gayest of gay colors. And on each side were pedlars selling toys. "Everything here for a cent!" they were calling. And others were selling books, through which an old priest was looking, and oranges with the fresh green leaves still on their stems, and beans which the Romans love better than almost anything else, and pious pictures and candy. Ragged urchins, who had spent their pennies, had cleared a space in one corner and were sending off toy trains of cars. Climbing up in front of me, two by two, were about twenty little boys, all studying to be priests, and dressed in the long black gowns and broad-brimmed hats which priests in Italy wear. To one side was a fine lady in slippers, with such high heels that she had to rest every few minutes on her way up. On the other were three old monks with long gray beards and sandals on their bare feet. And at the church door there was such pushing in and out that it took me about five minutes to get inside.

Here I found a greater crowd even than on Christmas. There were ever so many peasants, the men's hair standing straight up on end, something like slovenly Peter's, only much shorter, and the women clasping their bundles of babies in their arms. And close to them were finely dressed little girls and boys with their nurses. If you once saw a Roman nurse you would never forget her, for she wears a very gay-colored dress, all open at the neck, around which are strings of coral. And on her head is a ruching of ribbon, tied at the back with a bow and long ends, and through her hair is a long silver pin, and in her ears large ear-rings. And there were many priests and monks and even soldiers, and the boys had climbed up again on the statues, and one youngster had put a baby he was taking care of right in the pope's lap.

The lights were burning in the manger, but the people were standing round the platform, for the preaching had begun.

Before I left I heard about ten little boys and girls make their speeches. One or two of the girls were quite grown up, that is to say, they were perhaps ten or twelve years old. And they spoke very prettily, and did not seem in the least bit afraid. Some wore fine clothes and had on hats and coats, and even carried muffs. But others had shabby dresses, and their heads were covered with scraps of black veils. First came a young miss, whose words tumbled out of her mouth, she was so ready with them, and who made very fine gestures, just as if she had been acting in a theatre. And next came a funny little round-faced child, who could hardly talk because she was cutting her teeth and had none left in the front of her mouth, and who clutched her dress with both hands, and never once clasped them or raised them to Heaven, or pointed them to the manger, as I am sure she had been taught to do. But she was so frightened I was glad for her sake when her turn was over. Two little sisters, with hats as big as the balos around the saints' heads in the pictures, recited a short dialogue, and all through it they held each others' hands tight for comfort, even when they knelt side by side and said a prayer for all of us who were listening. And after that a little bit of a tot said her little piece, and she shrugged her shoulders until they reached her pretty little ears, and she smiled so sweetly all the time that when she had finished every one was smiling with her, and some even laughed outright. But while they were still laughing a boy, such a wee thing, even smaller than the little smiler, dressed in a sailor suit and with close-cropped yellow head, toddled out. He stood still a moment and looked at us. Then he opened his mouth very wide, but not a word could he get out. His poor little face grew so red, and he looked as if he were about to cry. And the next moment he had rushed off and into his mother's arms. But, indeed, the big boy who took his place was almost as badly scared, and half the time he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and you could see it was hard work for him to jerk them out to make a few gestures.

They were all pretty little sermons and prayers, and I think they must have done the people good, for after they were over everybody seemed so cheerful and friendly. When I went out from the cool gray church on to the steps again, the sun shone right into my eyes and half blinded me, and perhaps it was that which made me sneeze twice. A small bare-headed girl who had been staring at the toys ran out from the crowd when she heard me and cried, "*Salute!*" which is the Italian way of saying "God bless you." And I thought it a very fitting Amen to the sermons.—*Christmas Wide Awake.*

Educational Intelligence.

FRES are to be abolished in Chatham High School.

MR. J. W. THOMPSON remains at Maxwell's, East Whitby, at an advance.

PICTON High School has purchased \$250 worth of physical and chemical apparatus.

PRINCE EDWARD Co. Teachers' Association has established a reading circle.

THE Thorold teachers are re-engaged at present salaries for next year.—*Thorold Post*.

THE high school at Port Rowan is larger than usual. There are over forty in attendance.

MR. UNDERHILL, of Atha, Pickering, has been engaged in the Taunton School for next year.

THE total number on the roll of the Galt Public Schools for October was 1,000.—*Galt Reporter*.

ALL the teachers in our high and public schools have been re-engaged.—*Dundas County Herald*.

PICTON High School, having four teachers and 110 pupils, is looking forward to being a collegiate institute.

JAMES DAWSON, a school teacher, was fined \$30 at Chatham for selling whiskey.—*Embro Courier*.

THE Guelph Board of Education wishes to have the High School changed into a Collegiate Institute.

MR. J. W. STITT, has been appointed head master of the Victoria Public School.—*Norfolk Reformer*.

THE Milton School report shows the unusual fact that more boys than girls attend school here.—*Milton Sun*.

MR. DUNCAN CHRISTIE, late of Alexandria High School is now on the staff of the Picton High School.

MR. TAIT, of Collingwood, has been presented with an address and a handsome purse containing \$77 in gold.

MR. D. BURKE is re-engaged for another year as principal of the Bright School.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review*.

MISS KATE MCDUGALL has been engaged as teacher, for 1886, in the Amherstburg Public School.—*Strathroy Age*.

MR. JOHN MOOR, of Shirley, has been engaged to teach Greenbank School next year.—*Notmanville Statesman*.

MR. LATTEK and Miss Baxter have been engaged for the Markham School for the ensuing year.—*Economist*.

MR. SOLOMON JEFFREY has been re-engaged to teach Kinsale School another year at an advance of salary.—*Bowmanville Statesman*.

THE principal of the Stratford Model School on Dec. 10th was made the recipient of an address and an easy chair.—*Stratford Herald*.

CEDAR SWAMP trustees have re-engaged their present teachers, Misses Harkin and O'Neil; salaries, \$300 each.—*St. Mary's Argus*.

MR. D. M. GRANT, teacher in the Petrolia High School, has been engaged as assistant master in the Sarnia High School.—*Strathroy Age*.

MR. THOS. SCOTT, head master of Lucan School, has sent in his resignation, the reason assigned being ill-health.—*St. Mary's Argus*.

MR. NEIL McEACHREN, B.A., has been appointed Science Master of Toronto Collegiate Institute, in lieu of Mr. Geo. Acheson, resigned.

THE Brantford Collegiate Institute Board has decided to expend the sum of \$300 for physical and chemical apparatus.—*Brantford Expositor*.

OUR public school is flourishing under the present management, the teachers becoming more popular all the time.—*Bowmanville Statesman*.

FOR Meaford School Mr. A. H. Stephen is re-engaged as principal at his present salary, and Miss Lizzie Page for the third division at \$300.

MR. JAMES SMITH, M.A., head master of the Cornwall High School, has been appointed to a similar position in Alexandria.—*Cornwall Freeholder*.

THE students attending the Goderich Model School have presented Mr. Embury with a silver casket stand accompanied by an address.—*Huron Signal*.

MR. JAMES A. CARMAN, B.A., has been engaged as head master of the Iroquois High School; Mr. Potter is his assistant.—*Dundas County Herald*.

THE Minister of Education has authorized the Inspector of East Bruce to grant special teachers' certificates in the weak sections of the Indian Peninsula.

MESSRS T. A. AND S. G. BROWN have been appointed to the head mastership of the public schools of Leskard and Green River.—*Canadian Statesman*.

MR. GEO. H. ALLEN, of Toronto Normal School, has been engaged for Revere School, No. 5, Perth County, for 1886; salary \$450.—*St. Mary's Argus*.

THE place of Mr. Otto L. Schmidt, B.A., in the Picton High School, who has gone to Harrison High School, is filled by Mr. McQuaig, late of Queen's College.

MISS NICHOLLS, of Uxbridge School, has been granted an increase of salary, and Miss A. Nelson has been appointed to the position vacated by Miss Wooten.—*Uxbridge Journal*.

On Wednesday, Dec. 9th, 1885, at the close of the concert given by the Parkdale Model students, a gold-headed cane was presented to Principal Wismer by them as a token of esteem.

MISS STANMELON is engaged for the second and Miss Carr for the junior department of the Kingsville School, at salaries of \$300 and \$250, respectively.—*Chatham Planet*.

MISS LILLIE INGERSOLL and Miss Bella Delmage have been appointed to fill the vacancies in the teaching staff in the primary department of the St. Mary's Public School.—*St. Mary's Argus*.

MR. R. D. DAVIDSON, of Canton, has been appointed to the vacancy caused by Mr. A. Barber's resignation in the Union School, at a salary of \$600 per annum.—*Bowmanville Statesman*.

THE principal of the public schools intends practising the fire drill regularly as laid down in the school regulations. In Detroit they can empty the schools in three minutes.—*Amherstburg Echo*.

MISS MAGGIE THOMSON, of the Telfer School, London township, has been appointed to an important situation in the Ottawa Provincial Model School at a salary of \$650 per annum.—*Strathroy Age*.

THE following are on the staff of teachers for the Leamington Public School for 1886: Mr. Smith, Miss McMullen, Miss Johnson, Miss Mary Windsor and Miss Bertha Chamberlain.—*Chatham Planet*.

AMONG the teachers appointed for the Peterboro public schools for 1886 are:—Messrs. Wm. Smith and A. Scott, and Misses Johnston, Graham, Ellsworth, Errett and Davidson.—*Peterboro' Examiner*.

MR. F. H. SYKES, B.A., University, Toronto, has been appointed Modern Languages Master of Port Perry High School, at a salary of \$800 per annum. The other members of the staff continue as before.

THE Guelph Board of Education have engaged Mr. Cull and Miss Henry for the Central School, Mr. McGuire as fifth master in the high school, and Miss Kilgour for the South Ward School.—*Guelph Mercury*.

MR. BRACKEN has been presented with an address by the Chatham Model School pupils, thanking him kindly for his efforts in giving them gratuitous instruction in the Tonic Sol-Fa system.—*Chatham Weekly Banner*.

THE principal and staff of Stratford Collegiate Institute have been re-engaged at the following salaries; Principal McBride, \$1,300; Mr. Mayberry, \$1,000; Mr. Wilson, \$1,000; Mr. Deguerre, \$850; Mr. Morgan, \$800.

A LOUISIANA schoolmaster, whose wife was one of his pupils, had occasion to punish her one day. Next day the schoolhouse door bore this inscription: "School closed for one week, owing to the illness of the schoolmaster."

THE attendance at the Caledonia High School has become so large that the Board of Education has ordered about twenty additional desks to be placed in the school during the Christmas holidays.—*Grand River Sachen*.

ON the 1st of September, 1886, a regular kindergarten class will be opened in connection with the Ottawa Model School. It will be under Miss Bolton's charge. The number of pupils will be limited to forty.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

THE Langton School House is a new brick structure containing two rooms. It is well built and nicely furnished, and with its ample playground, shade trees, etc., is a credit to the township of Walsingham.—*Norfolk Reformer*.

MR. TILLEY, Model School Inspector, has paid a visit to Clinton School. He stated his pleasure at finding the pupils above the average; and expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the management of the school.—*Clinton New Era*.

THE Lindsay Board of Education is circulating a resolution passed by it, approving of an annual convention of High and Public School Trustees for Ontario, and requesting the co-operation of other trustees to bring about such a meeting.

THE following are engaged as teachers of the St. Mary's Public School for next year: Mr. J. W. Laird, salary \$700; Miss A. Verth, \$275;

Miss R. F. Barbour, \$275; Miss M. B. Miller, \$250; Miss E. Crittenden, \$275; and Miss S. Wright at \$225 per year.—*Listowel Banner*.

At a meeting of the Lindsay School Board held lately, two of the items discussed were a proposal to erect a new Union School building without adding to the taxation; and another to have the high school recognized as a collegiate institute.—*Victoria Warder*.

PROF. BELL-SMITH, teacher of drawing in London Public Schools, has prepared about twenty beautiful sketches which he offers as prizes to be awarded at Christmas to pupils whose work during the present term merits the distinction.—*London Advertiser*.

THE following teachers have engaged for the Alliston School for 1886. J. S. Hoath, Principal, Miss McDonald, Miss Janet Anderson, Miss Birnie and Miss McIntosh. The school building is quite new, heated by hot air, and the playground comprises four and a half acres.

So far as concerns the staff, the work done, and the tone of this school, it is one of the best in the Province. Its record at the recent University and Departmental Examinations is high. The accommodation, however, and in some respects the equipments, are not adequate.—*Inspector Hodgson, on Uxbridge High School*.

MR. C. C. JAMES, M.A., late Classical Master of Cobourg Collegiate Institute, has been appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, to succeed the late Dr. Hare. Mr. James is a Gold Medallist of Victoria University. He has been from the first a contributor to the EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY.

MR. SEATH, High School Inspector, recommends the Walkerton High School Board to claim the status of a collegiate institute for their school. He says the state of the school justifies it, and also that it is desirable to have a collegiate institute in this part of the country.—*Bruce Herald*.

ON the evening of Friday, November 4th, the teachers in training at the Bradford Model School assembled at the residence of the principal, Mr. Day, and presented him with a handsome inkstand and stylographic pen, and also with a complimentary address.—*South Simcoe News*.

ON the evening of Tuesday, December 1st, the students and assistant teachers of the Clinton Model School assembled at his house and presented the principal, Mr. Lough, with a complimentary address and two handsome lamps, and Mrs. Lough with a silver cake basket. A pleasant evening was spent.—*Clinton New Era*.

MR. JAMES STEWART, teacher of Woodburn School, gave a very pleasant entertainment on the termination of his first year's engagement, in the schoolhouse, on Friday evening, December 11th, the proceeds being devoted towards the purchase of prizes for the school children. The amount realized was \$25, to which Mr Stewart added \$10.—*Hamilton Times*.

MISS ROBERTSON, of Goderich, has been appointed to S. S. No. 1, Goderich township, for 1886; Miss Murray has been re-engaged as assistant teacher of S. S. No. 1, Colborne; Mr. Geo. Blackwell in S. S. No. 6, Turnberry, salary \$350; and Miss Addie Porter, in the section known as Colvin's, 2nd line Culross, at her former salary.—*Clinton New Era*.

INSPECTOR SEATH, on his late visit to Port Dover High School, found the work proceeding satisfactorily, though the accommodation is not sufficient. In his report he finds fault with the size of the class rooms, the ventilation, the library and the supply of physical and chemical apparatus. He considers the staff of teachers an unusually good one.—*Norfolk Reformer*.

ABOUT eight o'clock last Monday morning as the scholars had begun to gather, they discovered the Duart Schoolhouse to be on fire. They immediately gave the alarm, and with the assistance of the neighbors they succeeded in extinguishing the fire. It must have been the work of incendiarism, as a fire was started in a hole in the floor where a lot of paper and rubbish had accumulated.

At a special meeting of the Strathroy Public School Board a suggestion from Inspector Carson that teachers be appointed subject to the power of the board to move them from one room to another, was adopted by the board. The present staff of teachers were then re-appointed on these terms and at the same salaries.—*Age*.

THE staff of the Dresden Public Schools for 1886 is composed of R. M. White, Principal; Miss Seager, first assistant; Miss Keefer, second; Miss Mosher, third; Mrs. Brown, fourth; Mrs. Wallace, Monitor; Mr. G. A. Platt, teacher of colored division. Mr. White has already had charge of the Dresden School for upwards of three years, and is re-engaged at an advance of \$50 on present salary.—*Com*.

MR. J. S. TAIT, English Master of the Collingwood Collegiate Institute, has tendered his resignation, and accepted the principalship of a college at New Tacoma, Washington Territory. Mr. Tait is an excellent teacher, and has gained a provincial reputation as one of the best instructors in the Province. Mr. Tait is to receive \$1,500 in his new position, and in addition all the expenses of his household are to be paid.

MR. D. McMILLAN, of Palestine Public School, has been appointed to the principalship of Cambridge Public School, salary \$425. The trustees, Maple Hill, have engaged Miss Alice Birmingham, of Palestine, at a salary of \$250. Mr. John Spence has been re-engaged at an advanced salary of \$310 as teacher of Union School Section No. 2, Eldon. Mr. Silas Smith has been re-engaged as teacher of S. S. No. 3, Eldon.—*Victoria Warder*.

THE salaries of the whole staff of teachers in the Parkdale County Model School have been increased for 1886. They are as follows:—J. A. Wismer, principal, \$1,000; R. W. Hicks, assistant \$750; H. K. Currey, 1st assistant teacher, \$450; E. R. Eadie, second, \$425; M. Littlefield, third, \$400; F. W. Ralston, fourth, \$375; S. Noble, fifth, \$350; L. Currie, sixth, \$335; L. Cook, seventh, \$335; Mr. Warren, eighth, \$325; A. Duff, ninth, \$325.

MR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A., '81, has left Fredericton to enter upon his duties as Professor of English and French Literature in King's College, Windsor. Professor Roberts has for some years been regarded as one of the most accomplished poets and writers in Canada, and will, without doubt, reflect honor and credit upon his *Alma Mater*.—*University, Fredericton*. It will be remembered that Mr. Roberts was for some time the editor of the *Toronto Week*.

THE Winnipeg Educational Board has ordered 1,000 copies of the Ontario Scripture Readings, for use in their schools. They have also passed the following resolution: "That inasmuch as it appears from the statement of the superintendent it is desirable to provide for the training of the third class teachers during a session of six weeks commencing in January next, this board authorize the principal of the normal school to secure the services of a suitable assistant for that period, with the approval of the superintendent."—*Manitoba*.

OHIO has 35 colleges—more than any State in the Union. New York and Indiana have 28 each, Pennsylvania has 26, and Massachusetts 7. But the Massachusetts colleges have an income from productive funds of \$291,812, receipts from tuition of \$166,538, and libraries containing 303,126 volumes; whereas in Ohio the aggregate income from productive funds is \$210,510, and from tuition fees \$125,382, while there are only 161,302 volumes in the libraries. Michigan, with 9 colleges, has better provision for their support than Ohio has for hers. The colleges of New York and Pennsylvania are far better endowed.

SINCE September, 1883, the attendance at Caledonia High School has increased from 58 to 105. At the late departmental examinations this school had 30 candidates passed: 4 "A's," 8 "B's," and 18 Thirds. The staff is somewhat changed since last term. Mr. L. A. Kennedy, M.A., has entered upon his third year as Head Master; Mr. J. Elliott, late Mathematical Master, has been succeeded by Mr. R. C. Cheswright; and Mr. D. B. Kerr has been succeeded by Mr. R. Moir, B.A., as Master of Modern Languages. The literary society in connection with the school has a membership of more than 100. Special classes in elocution and in vocal music are conducted by Mr. Kennedy.—*Com*.

THE young ladies and gentlemen who have been attending the model school here for the past three months showed their appreciation of their teachers, Messrs. James Brown and A. G. Henderson, in a very tangible way. On Wednesday, November 9th, after the model school was closed for the term, Rev. Mr. Cockburn, of Uxbridge, on behalf of the school, presented Mr. Brown with a handsome walnut-faced clock and Mr. Henderson with a very comfortable student's chair. Both Mr. Brown and Mr. Henderson made pleasing extemporaneous replies.—*Whitby Chronicle*.

AT the Orwell School a very improper occurrence took place on Nov. 19th. The teacher, Mr. Jesse W. Mills, had occasion to correct the child of Mr. Wm. Macready, and did so in a proper manner, but after the dinner hour Mr. Macready thought it proper for him to go to the school and correct the teacher by knocking him down outside the schoolhouse several times and blackening his eye, and then followed him inside the schoolhouse where he commenced beating him again before the whole school. The trustees naturally feel indignant and intend pursuing the matter for disturbing what was always regarded as an orderly school. Meanwhile a warrant has been issued on the information of the teacher for the arrest of Macready for the personal indignity offered to his office, and for the assault and battery of his person.—*St. Thomas Times*.

Correspondence.

THE WATERLOO RESOLUTIONS.

To the Editor of the EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY.

SIR,—I have watched, with a good deal of interest, the discussion going on in your paper which has emanated from the Waterloo resolutions.

I am well pleased with the WEEKLY as an educational journal, and feel that I could not well do without it. And knowing the editor to be an old teacher, I expected we would find in him a warm advocate of our rights. But from the general tone of the editorials in this discussion I fear that my hopes have been fallacious.

I fully agree with those who claim that we, as teachers, have a right to protection as well as doctors, lawyers, or any company of business men.

In the last issue the editor states that the public have no desire to help the teachers of the Province to become a close corporation. Teachers are not so simple as to expect anything of the kind from the public. If we get anything of that kind we will have to fight every inch of ground against the public. The only hope is, that we may be able to rise as one man and demand and keep demanding, until the educational authorities will admit the justice of what we petition for. We have stood too long on the justness of our cause, expecting that virtue would bring its own reward.

We are told that raising the standard of qualification will be a remedy for too easy entrance to the profession. The standard of qualification for teachers has been raised when it was necessary in order to make them keep pace with the onward march of educational progress. Beyond that no country has gone. At present about 75 per cent. of the public schools are in the hands of third-class teachers. To raise the standard for firsts and seconds would merely improve the chances for thirds, as cheap teaching is a greater object than high qualifications in the minds of most trustees.

Another resolution, equally as important as the increase of fees, was that any teacher attempting to oust another should be reported to the association, etc. A teacher who so far loses his self-respect as to be guilty of so unmanly an act is, to say the least, a person who can crawl pretty low, and certainly no adornment to any profession or calling, and richly deserves to be treated with social ostracism. Yours truly,

ANOTHER TEACHER.

December 12th, 1885.

REPLY TO "SCIENCE MASTER."

To the Editor of the EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY.

SIR,—It is perhaps hardly worth while to reply to your correspondent, "Science Master," in view of Dr. Reynolds' exhaustive letter. As, however, the example I quoted of the use of atomic formulae, by Tilden, is objected to on the score of its being a "very isolated" one, just let me say that on page 105 we have the equation $2CO + O_2 = 2CO_2$, while on page 192 we have the same thing in this shape: $CO + O = CO_2$. Further instances will be found on pages 139, 243, 261, 262, 267, 268, and doubtless elsewhere. As I said before, these equations do not deceive anybody.

Let me also draw "Science Master's" attention to the following statement of Tilden's on page

129: "But notwithstanding the multiplicity of the rules which serve to guide chemists in the selection of formulae whereby to represent molecules, there still remain a large number of bodies which cannot be dealt with by any method at present known. Hence many of the formulae commonly accepted and employed in chemical works, are at best expressions of mere guesses enjoying various degrees of probability."

The truth is, I fear, that "Science Master" has only recently graduated. After a while, when his judgment has matured, and his reading taken a wider range, and he has learned to separate fact from conjecture, he will no doubt develop into a useful member of the honorable body to which he belongs.

Faithfully yours,

H. B. SPOTTON.

The Collegiate Institute, Barrie, Dec. 10, 1885.

"OUTIS" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY.

SIR,—With your kind permission, I offer a few more remarks on "Outis" and his "Modern Instances." In his communication of this week, he asks why I did not notice the mistake in No. 3. Throughout almost every part of his paper, I noticed errors and crudities of expression; but the errors I selected were sufficient for my purpose. My opinion is that "Outis" in that paper made "Modern Instances" more rapidly than he corrected them. He missed the point in my criticism of the expression "a man." My remarks on that and on "who" implied that one so particular as "Outis," might be expected to make the changes I suggested. Further, in his reference to Worcester's definition of "man," he committed a fallacy. "Man" is of common gender in one of its uses; but it never is of common gender in the expression "a man." I hope "Outis" may see the force of this remark. He should consult his beloved "Verbalist" on the use of "couple." His reference to my ignorance of what Ayres says on one of the points discussed is really amusing. My advice to "Outis" is, don't tether yourself so closely to the "Verbalist" nor even to Mason's "Grammar."

Yours truly,

TEACHER.

Dec. 5th, 1885.

TORONTO NORMAL SCHOOL.

THE closing exercises of the Toronto Normal school were held, Friday evening. Principal Kirkland occupied the chair. An excellent programme, consisting of readings, musical selections, and calisthenic exercises, was presented. Dr. MacVicar delivered an address to the students. Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, addressed the graduating class, giving them advice as to how to act in the sphere of usefulness they were about to enter. The chairman, Dr. Carlyle, and Mr. McFall, in brief speeches expressed the regret they felt at parting with those who were about to leave the school, and their hopes for the future success of their late pupils. A vote of thanks was tendered by the students to the teachers of the Normal School for their many kindnesses during the past session.

SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS.

Following are the names of the students who have obtained second-class professional certificates:

Messrs. G. H. Allan, G. Anderson, W. G. Armstrong, H. T. J. Bolitho, J. Brown, T. E. Burnett, J. E. Coombes, W. Elliott, L. K. Fallis, G. A. Fraser, L. E. Fierheller, G. C. Graham, A. E. Galbraith, G. N. Hazen, C. Horton, A. Irwin, G. W. Kaiser, J. C. Manuel, G. Marshall, J. H. McBain, A. McVicar, H. Polk, T. L. Pardo, E. J. Rowlands, J. Rogers, E. Richardson, A. Sinclair, A. M. Sweeton, T. W. Shine, J. Snell, S. Y. Taylor, W. H. Tufford, A. S. Tilley, W. J. Whittington. R. Watkin, A. Watson, T. A. Wilson, Geo. Wilson, Eli Wilson, E. J. Welbourne, A. N. Zimmerman; Mrs. S. Allen, Misses J. Anderson, M. L. Agar, M. Best, S. E. Barrington, W. Bee, G. M. Burnett, V. Braithwaite, M. Braithwaite, S. E. Bowman, A. Barr, H. T. Boyd, M. Bell, L. E. Cody, M. Cron, J. Carter, L. Coleman, D. Crawford, A. Cole, L. Cloney, E. H. Cluness, A. Chapman, H. Dunn, B. E. Davis, M. Douglas, M. A. Davies, G. M. Elder, C. Eakin, A. H. Ellis, J. Foster, M. M. Ferrier, J. Forsyth, H. Flett, C. M. Fairbank, M. E. Fyfe, M. Fenton, J. Forbes, M. S. Fletcher, M. Y. Gowans, E. Goodson, V. A. Gregory, M. C. Green, M. Hay, M. L. F. Hart, M. E. Hambly, A. Henry, E. J. Head, J. Hepburne, E. Johnson, M. M. Kilgour, E. Keown, H. M. Keefer, H. Lindsay, K. McLeod, M. L. D. McMillan, S. Mc Nerney, A. V. Mills, L. Moore, E. A. Norris, A. J. Neild, M. Oliphant, A. Pook, M. Porter, M. A. Rutherford, M. Raines, A. Rose, A. L. Reazin, M. Ross, C. Reid, C. M. Smiley, L. Sanderson, J. Sutherland, A. Smith, A. Staple, E. Sparling, M. Stevenson, A. Sutherland, A. F. Skene, L. Tector, E. Troup, M. Tracy, P. Wilson, M. Whiteside, A. J. Whittington.

The following gentlemen having 70 per cent. of the aggregate marks, and 70 per cent. of the marks assigned for teaching, have their certificates raised from second B to second A:—George H. Allen, George Anderson, William G. Armstrong, William Elliott, George A. Fraser, James H. McBain, Ernest J. Rowlands, Stephen J. Taylor, William H. Tufford, Sidney Albert Tilley, Alexander Watson, Albert N. Zimmerman.

The following ladies having obtained 70 per cent. of the aggregate marks, and 70 per cent. for teaching, have had their certificates raised from B to A:—Misses Jessie Anderson, Victoria Braithwaite, Grace Burnett, Laura Coleman, Elizabeth H. Cluness, Grace Elder, Annie H. Ellis, Jennie Foster, Clara M. Fairbank, Margaret E. Hambly, Minnie Raines, Isabel Sutherland, Mary Stevenson, Elizabeth Troup.

The following, holding first-class certificates or second A's, are deserving of special mention for general excellence:—Arthur Sinclair, Joseph Snell, H. J. Bolitho, J. E. Bennett, George N. Hazen, G. W. Kaiser, T. W. Shine.

The following ladies, holding second A's, are worthy of special mention for general excellence: Maggie Braithwaite, Agnes Barr, Louisa Cloney, Margaret V. Gowans, Ellen Lindsay, Annie Rose, Ella Sparling, Christina Smiley.—Mail.

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