

CORRESPONDENCE PAGE,

My pupils enjoyed Mr. DeWolfe's lesson of March; and some of them said they didn't know before, that lambkill and some other wild plants were evergreens till they found them mentioned as such in his botany lesson of last month.

They have studied the evergreen trees and can write fair compositions on these, but were so surprised to think those plants belonging to the heath were evergreens, that, yesterday, they went up the river and brought cranberry vines, tea-berries, lambkill, club mosses etc. The snow was so deep and is deep in places yet, that they couldn't get any low growing plants.

One of my girl pupils is going to write a letter on what she learned in the woods. She came back to school yesterday after being in the lumber woods since Christmas. She wasn't well and her parents took her to the pine woods and lived in camp till last Saturday.

If she can make her stories as interesting on paper, as she does when she relates some of her experiences to us, I know they will be worth printing.

LAURA J. EDDY,

Bathurst, N. B., April 1st.

Teachers: Brothers and Sisters in the profession, are we awake to the fact that in our hands is placed, to a large extent, the making or marring of the future of our nation in moulding the characters of the future citizens. Let us see to it then that we endeavor to make a good impression on those characters. As the Cretans of old were known everywhere to be "liars" may the Canadians of the future be known throughout the world to be all that is truthful and sincere. I say sincere, yes, for it seems to me so few really know or practice that word. To be sincere in all their dealings, we should instil it into their beings and let the children see how important in life it is. How many of ourselves have suffered through the insincerity of some we have trusted. Let us make the children profit by our experience.

Again, how few children can centre their thoughts on any one thing and carry it through as Macaulay must have done when he was asked on returning from the Sabbath service to repeat word for word the sermon. The memories of our children are not trained as they should be, and do we set them a good example? If they could see

us in our Teachers' Institutes rising and reading our thoughts from a paper when it would be so much more interesting and impressive if we would deliver it without the paper. "No confidence in our memories."

May I suggest that there be more time spent on memory training. You will hear people say to-day, "Oh how I wish I could remember this and that" While, it would have been so easy for them to remember such things if they had had a little memory training in youth.

We should be content with what we have but not until we have made the most of it. Let us make the most of the trust placed in our hands, and train those characters gently but firmly.

Riverside, N. B.

ANNETTA M. CHARTERS.

April 1, 1913.

An inspector of schools in New Brunswick mentions to the REVIEW that the scarcity of teachers is becoming a serious question in his inspectorate. The teachers who have recently graduated from the Normal School he cannot find filling positions in the schools, at least in his own counties, and he assumes that they have either gone to the West or have become stenographers or typewriters. Nor is the outlook for the future less serious. He finds few in the schools of his inspectorate in preparation for Normal School. We cannot think that this condition of things is general.

THE CAT AND THE MONKEY.

A cat and a monkey were very good friends. One day a little boy put some chestnuts in the fire to roast, and soon they began to burst with the heat.

"Oh, how good those chestnuts smell!" said the monkey. "I must have some of them, but how can I get them? If I put my paws in the ashes I shall be burned. O, I know!" he cried, and off he ran to find his friend the cat.

"Dear kitty," he said, "what beautiful hands you have! I think they were made especially for pulling chestnuts out of the fire. Won't you try it and see?"

So the foolish kitty put her paws in the ashes and pulled out the nuts, but in doing so she burned her fingers badly.

"Meow! Meow," she cried, "O, my poor fingers!" and while she suffered from her burns, the monkey ate up all the nuts.