

in all the long days between this and September? Why, enjoy themselves, of course, take long tramps in the woods, go fishing, boating and picnicing, play tennis and lacrosse. Activity enough here, surely, for lungs, muscles and nerves. And sensible as it is to find recreation, not in ceasing work, but in changing one's employment, in being active out-of-doors, instead of in-doors, the question nevertheless suggests itself—ought education to be *quite* suspended during the summer holidays? Ten weeks' vacation is almost a fifth of the year, and if the multiplication of "summer schools" is any sign of the times, there is a feeling abroad that instruction should not come to a standstill between June and September. A holiday can be all the more enjoyable for being intelligently spent, and the free play of a boy's or girl's own tastes naturally point to the kind of knowledge they can most easily win, and most securely hold. It is wrong to suppose that education is mainly, or even in any large measure, concerned with what is stored up in books. "No book," Dr. Johnson said long ago, "ever taught a man to make a pair of shoes." And the skill of the blacksmith as well as the shoemaker, of every mechanic, every housekeeper, pleader at the bar, minister or judge, largely consists in the exercise of powers not to be described or defined in words. A carpenter knows by the feel of his plane whether it is working level or not, and in a practised hand the adze, file, or lancet becomes almost as sensitive and intelligent as the fingers themselves. Summer is a capital time to have such an introduction to nature as will lead to a strong desire for intimate acquaintance with her. The changes which so rapidly succeed one another in grove, field, and garden, are exactly such as to develop observation, to quicken the eye in its detection of nice distinctions of form, size and color. Suppose that a boy or girl is fond of plants and flowers, and has studied Gray's "How Plants Grow," a few minutes of every day can be given to watching a row of scarlet-runners mounting higher and higher, and with something very like instinct tightly clasp by their tendrils any support brought near. Or it may be that a bed of lilies will invite attention, amid all their variety bearing their strong family resemblance. Who, however, would suspect that wheat is no other than a degenerate lily? Yet Grant Allen has proved it to be so and has pointed out connecting ties between other species, apparently quite as far apart. His demonstration may be above the capacity of a young girl or boy to follow, but the principle which he adopts in it is one to be plainly seen wherever plants grow. As summer advances and grains and