

master had placed two problems on the board: £461 16s. 7½d, divided by 79 and 85, and £269 15s. 6d. multiplied by 275. This type of problem was very common in other schools I had seen, the object being to keep the pupils employed for some time and to be a test of accuracy in continued operations. I heard no explanation of rules, nor did I see any examination of the work in arithmetic during my stay in this or the other schools. The pupils' writing was neat and in a legible roundhand; and I was shown some excellent drawings from objects, chiefly flowers and their parts. The master told me he had accomplished some good results in nature study by following out Ruskin's idea of taking pupils through the life history or development of certain plants. The drawings and descriptions shown of the tulip and others were good. The attempts at colouring were very natural, and the master said the pupils mixed their own colours after he had explained the process and made the desired colour as a pattern for them.

A curious floral shower occurred while I was in the schoolroom. The petals of the may (hawthorne) under the influence of a strong north wind fell in such abundance that the yard and neighboring roofs were whitened with them, reminding one of a fall of hail or snow. Although it was the first week in June, the weather this morning was cold enough for snow; but in curious contrast the country everywhere had the appearance of a great flower garden, with rhododendrons, the may, blue bells and other flowers in the greatest profusion.

Johnnie and Jimmie missed the word *hundreds* in the spelling lesson two days in succession.

The teacher gave them this poem to write twice before they went home. The next day Johnnie and Jimmie did not miss *hundreds*, and there was no scolding or fussing about the bad lesson, and two little hearts were g'addened by the beautiful thoughts expressed in the poem:

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;  
 Hundreds of shells on the shore together;  
 Hundreds of birds go singing by,  
 Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;  
 Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the morn,  
 Hundreds of lambs in the crimson clover;  
 Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;  
 But only one mother the world wide over.

—School Education.

[A better way than to write *hundreds* fifty or a hundred times.]

### November Days.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

November's sky is chill and drear,  
 November's leaf is red and sear.

This month received its present name—November, the *ninth* month—at the time when the Roman calendar had but ten months in its year. By the Anglo Saxons it was known as *Wind-Monāt*, the windy month.

The first day of the month, called All Saints' Day, is not one of the most ancient of church festivals; but ever since the first of November, 608, when the Pantheon, the famous heathen temple at Rome, which was devoted to the worship of *all* the gods, was dedicated as a Christian church under the name of the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary and *all* the Martyrs, this day has been kept in memory of all the saintly men and women, known or unknown, who have passed away from earth.

The poet Lowell says of this day:

One feast, of holy days the crest,  
 I, though no churchman, love to keep,  
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest  
 In God's still memory folded deep.

The fifth of November is the anniversary of the discovery of the famous Gunpowder Plot in the reign of James I. The parliament had shown itself unfriendly towards the Roman Catholics, and some of the more desperate men of that religion formed a plan to blow up the House of Lords on the day when the king and the members of the house of commons would be assembled there for the opening of parliament. They hired a cellar under the House of Lords and stored the gunpowder there; but the secret of the plot leaked out, and on the evening of the fourth of November, 1605, the cellars were searched, and Guy Fawkes, one of the conspirators, was discovered, with a lantern in his hand. He and others of his party were put to death with great cruelty, and it is his name that has always been remembered in connection with the plot. The anniversary is often called Guy Fawkes' Day, and used to be celebrated very generally by the carrying in procession of a scarecrow figure with a lantern in one hand and a bundle of matches in the other. The "Guy" was finally burned in a bonfire, towards which the bystanders were asked to contribute. In London, this burning was done in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where as many as twelve or fourteen Guys were sometimes consumed in a huge fire. The