

resources of each colony and province were discussed. Special attention was directed to the excellent administration of law in the "mother country" and in all her dependencies as the greatest blessing that could be enjoyed by the people of any country.

Early on Tuesday morning a British flag could be seen floating from twenty-three school houses in the city. The boys and girls in their Sunday clothes were busy decorating their class-rooms with flags, or making maps of Greater Britain on the black-board, or reviewing their British and Canadian history, or preparing patriotic songs and recitations for the afternoon; and, being thoroughly interested, they assimilated knowledge with the greatest readiness—knowledge which will leave a permanent impress upon their characters. The forenoon also brought busy preparation and something of anxiety to every orator and public man in Halifax; for they were all drafted as speakers in the various schools.

The exercises in the high schools took place in the forenoon. The pupils of St. Patrick's girls' high school read several original compositions of great merit. They were addressed by Lieut.-Governor Daly, who offered for next year a gold medal for the best essay on "The Object and Advantages of Empire Day." He was followed by the Rev. Father McCarthy, ex-mayor Stephen, and the Hon. D. McNeil. At 11 o'clock the large Assembly Hall of the Halifax Academy was crowded to overflowing. Over 300 students, led by Miss Mackintosh, sang patriotic songs. They listened to eloquent addresses from Mr. Geldert, the chairman of the School Board, from the Rev. Wm. Dobson, on "The Liberty and Security enjoyed under British Law," from the Superintendent of Education, Dr. MacKay, on "The Development of the British Constitution," and from the Lieut.-Governor.

In the afternoon there were similar exercises in all the other schools. For example, the pupils of St. Mary's girls' school met in St. Mary's Hall, and, dressed in appropriate costume, they rendered a pleasing programme of songs, calisthenic exercises and recitations, in return for which they were entertained with addresses from Lieut.-Governor Daly, Mr. Geo. Mitchell, M.P.P., and the Hon. T. E. Kenny. The newspapers for the next two days were filled with accounts of equally successful celebrations of the day at Pictou, Stewiacke, and nearly every large school section in the province.

It may be mentioned as a special characteristic of the speeches to which we listened that they all reflected a tone of deep appreciation of, and sincere thankfulness for our free institutions, with not a word of bluster or brag or any remarks that could offend the citizens of any other country.

### Some Jottings by the Way—II.

One pleasant morning I spent half an hour in a primary school in a town near Boston—a town that has an excellent reputation at home and abroad for its schools. There was a good healthy atmosphere of work in the room. The boys and girls were a little lively, but none too stirring for youths of six and seven years. Beyond an occasional reprimand for a burst of activity, everything seemed to point to an orderly and well-conducted school. But as I arose to depart, the teacher approached me apologetically and said, "You perhaps know that sometimes everything goes wrong in a school; some days mischief and unrest are abroad, and we can do nothing to stop them." Except for this confession of weakness I should have gone away with the impression that this was a pretty good school. (Moral: If a teacher attends strictly to business, whether visitors are present or not, and avoids complaints reflecting either upon herself or scholars, she may deceive even the very elect into supposing that she is doing excellent or fairly good work).

I next directed my steps to the high school of the town—a fine building which stood on an elevation with acres of breathing space and play-ground around it. What a choice spot to combine study and recreation! I was shown into the handsomely-furnished reception room, and a copy of the daily programme of studies was placed in my hand. I selected a class where a recitation in first year English was going on, and was shown to the room by a bright looking lad of fifteen. The class consisted of about twenty-five, of whom two-thirds at least were girls. They were reading a book of selections from Pope's Translation of Homer. The subject for the day was the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon on account of an insult to the former. The reading was poor, and mechanical to the last degree, without the slightest appreciation or enjoyment of what was read. The correct pronunciation of the proper names proved a stumbling block to every member of the class, and each one had to be helped over the names as they were met with in the lesson. Shades of Homer! I could imagine the poor old bard turning over in his grave at the callous indifference and carelessness with which his heroes were treated. But what appealed to me most was the reproachful, almost defiant, attitude of these boys and girls, as if they resented being compelled to study a piece of literature for which they had no taste or sympathy. And no coaxing or scolding on the part of the teacher, whose lack of interest with the subject was plainly evident, seemed to affect them.

It was a relief to all apparently when the bell announced the close of the period. "Have these boys or