

the wisest Christian and Jew will deem it advisable to settle without arousing passion and prejudice. It is gratifying to learn that the New York board has withdrawn its obnoxious order.

A lady whose long and useful life has been filled with thoughts of doing good to others and how she may best render service to them, writes as follows:

What a happy world this would be if the people would only be kind to and thoughtful of each other. Those disgraceful conflicts between labour and capital would then cease, and instead of heated and often venomous discussions reasonable statement of grievances and amicable adjustment of differences would follow. We often see the evil results of this war—for it is nothing else. In London, a few years ago, the dockers' labour strike drove away to Antwerp and other places an immense amount of business which has never returned. I never realized till of late years how little capable of reasoning correctly and calmly weighing the great mass of any community show themselves. I believe that a sound teaching of history, general as well as British and Canadian, would be of the greatest possible value; and it ought to begin in the lowest grades, and of course be taught orally at first. Even in the upper grades the *viva voce* method should obtain. But the teachers must know history themselves, take an interest in it, and be able to point out at least a few of its great lessons, so that the future citizen may value his privilege and know how to use and not abuse it.

Nailing it Fast.

Once, when I was a little schoolgirl, a teacher said something in a speech he made which I shall never forget.

"Suppose," he said, "you were building a house, and instead of putting the shingles and weather-boards on with nails, you fastened them in place with tacks. It would be a foolish way to work. would it not? For the first high wind would send them flying off in all directions. None of you would do so silly a thing as that, I am sure. But how are you doing your school work day by day? Are you just tacking the lessons on so they will stay long enough for the recitation and then drop off your memory, or are you nailing them fast so that they will stay on for life and become a good, sound part of your education?—*King's Own*.

If you think a good magazine will be preferred, what better one could be had than Littell's *Living Age*, which comes every week with the choicest matter from the best English magazines; or the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the best current literature of America in its pages; or the *Canadian Magazine*, which so well represents the prosperity and growing culture of Canada.

Visits to English Schools.—V.

By G. U. HAY.

Before leaving London I wished to visit one or more training colleges for teachers, and by the advice of Chief Inspector Barnett, to whose kindness in directing me to other educational institutions I have before referred, I crossed the Thames to Battersea, which lies two or three miles south-west of Westminster Abbey. Here are situated St. John's College and Southlands, the former being a Church of England training college for men, and the latter, under Wesleyan supervision, for women teachers.

This portion of London (Battersea) was formerly occupied by market gardeners, who supplied London with vegetables, but the expansion of the modern city has driven these further afield. Beautiful villas and many educational and charitable institutions now adorn the "preserves" of ancient costermongers. It has a fine wooded park extending for some distance along the south bank of the Thames. It was a relief to get among the quieter walks and gardens after threading our way through the babel of din and traffic which led thither. But "quiet" is merely a relative term in London; the din is less appalling only as one turns aside from its great thoroughfares.

We were ushered into the grounds of St. John's College after passing through a typical English lawn and garden. Here was a mound known as "Pope's Mound;" and the beautiful sitting room in which we were received by Principal Rev. Mr. Dennis, and his wife, we were told, was the one in which Pope wrote his "Essay on Man." Here in imagination one could see the elegant and polished Lord Bolingbroke (Henry St. John), the "guide, philosopher and friend," entertaining the poet in his family place at Battersea. In this very room they probably talked over the plan of that wonderful essay, much of the matter of which has been attributed to Bolingbroke, though the poetical imagery and style are Pope's own.

Truly the ground that one treads on in England is sacred ground. He scarcely enters a place where there is not the vestige of some event in history, or some memento of literature, art, or of a former civilization.

As the principal of St. John's was just about leaving for the city, he turned us over to a deputy who conducted us through the different departments—rather too much so, for we wanted to see students and their work rather than rooms. There seemed to be little doing on this particular morn-