

estuaries as they found their way to the Atlantic, glimpses of which we occasionally saw as we sped onward,—all combined to make the scene, with the point of view constantly changing, one of the greatest interest.

Washington is a strikingly beautiful city. Viewed from the top of the Washington Monument, 550 feet high, its symmetry and regularity charm the beholder. I had seen nothing so impressive since I stood on the top of the Eiffel Tower and looked down on Paris with its magnificent streets and buildings, its parks and gardens. The city of Washington was all carefully planned before a house was built. From the Capitol broad avenues and streets radiate in every direction, while parks and gardens everywhere refresh the eye, until the city is gradually lost in the open country beyond. The Congressional Library Building, the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum, the building that houses the State, Army and Navy departments, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, are all constructed on a magnificent scale and are objects of which the citizen of the United States may justly be proud. One need not be surprised therefore to hear the said citizen make constant apologies for the unpretentious plainness of the White House, the home of the President. To be sure it is plain when compared with the stately buildings around it, but as I saw it on a bright April morning, its plain white walls rising from verdant lawns spangled with bright blossoms and over-arched with great trees in their fresh spring foliage, I thought it was good enough even for a president.

"This suits me," said a New Englander, one of our party, as he stood in an alcove of the Green room and gazed longingly around, "I would like to board here."

"Then you would like to be president," I said.

"Yes."

"What would you do first?"

"I would surround myself with the greatest and wisest of the land. I would keep out the white trash of Europe by making every man pay three hundred dollars for the privilege of breathing God's pure air in this great and glorious land."

But the White House with its cozy and comfortable appearance, may soon be a thing of the past, for the citizen of "this great and glorious land," with his imperial appetite whetted, will be satisfied with nothing short of a greater Windsor Castle or a Versailles.

What appeals most strongly to the visitor, perhaps, is Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. Situated on a commanding elevation which overlooks the Potomac and a great extent of country, it is indeed a beautiful place. Here were the books, pictures, relics of Washington; and the house and its surround-

ings are kept as nearly as possible the same as in his time. His remains rest in a plain tomb over-looking the Potomac.

There is not much satisfaction in looking minutely over the wardrobe, the private papers, or even the books left by a great man. It was more satisfaction to wander in the woods near by and beneath the shade of the great oak trees to see the spring flowers bursting through the dead leaves that formed their winter covering. Here were the Spring Beauty, the Bluets, a Violet (*V. tenella*), the Early Saxifrage and other well known spring flowers; and all around the birds were filling the grove with their melody. It pleased me more to notice these, and to think perhaps that Washington, in his declining years, saw and delighted in these yearly recurring tokens of spring.

G. U. H.

Normal School Training in Nova Scotia.

A letter from "J. M.," Queens county, has been accidentally overlooked for several months. Referring to an editorial in the REVIEW for April, 1898, he says that "Normal school training can scarcely be said to be optional in Nova Scotia; for the untrained teacher is degraded by law; thus if he passes 'B' he must take 'C,' etc.

Take the case of two students, Messrs. "X" and "Z," in any of our academies. They both take a "C" certificate. This merely implies so much scholarship by which they are fitted in a *general* way for any occupation in life, such as farming, engineering or fishing. Suppose, however, that they decide to become teachers. To obtain a license of class "C" there are two ways open to them, each requiring one year. Mr. "Z" elects to go to some academy for one year, study for grade "B" and read for the M. P. Q. examinations. Mr. "X" chooses to go to the normal school and study the theory and practice of his profession directly, just as the would-be lawyer receives a special training in a lawyer's office, or the would-be doctor receives a special training in the medical college and the hospital.

Starting from the same point, they were entirely free in the choice of the different courses, and they reached the same point at the same time,—one having no advantage over the other in that respect.

We repeat then that "in Nova Scotia normal school training is optional." The mistake of our correspondent arose from the fact that he did not distinguish between the "certificate" of *general* scholarship and the "license" which implies some *special* fitness for teaching.

We regret that it seems to be expedient in Nova Scotia to allow the majority of teachers to enter their profession without any normal school training.