

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

November and December, and again
November and December as before;
Dead season on dead season, o'er
and o'er,
Till leaflessness becomes most leaf-
less. Then
Naught for the lips, except the sad
Amen,
Naught for the eyes, except the
darkened den,
And for the pleasant Home of Leaves
no more
The Summer breezes with their high
refrain.

November and December—Ah, I
hear
Like unto heavy, sobbing winds,
the old
Novembers and Decembers moan
aloud.
No red leaf lights the darkness of
the year,
But only fire that grips the heart
of cold,
And stars that burn behind a world
of cloud.

From poems by Ethelwyn Wetherald.
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait
for day,
Though sitting girt with doubtful
light,

That from Discussion's lips may fall
With Life, that working strongly
binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
So close the interests of all.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New
Year to all readers of the Canada Educa-
tional Monthly.

For the past twenty years, the con-
ductors of this Magazine, under all condi-
tions and in all circumstances, advocated
a non-partizan political control of our
educational affairs; an independent com-
mittee of educational experts to recom-
mend the authorization of our school text
books; increase of salary and full personal
freedom to our teachers as to the best
mode of doing their work for the children
in our schools; the absolute necessity for
the constant use of the Bible and what it
adumbrates in order to preserve and in-
crease the wholesome life, public and pri-
vate, we now possess.

These things we did independently—
hew to the line, let the chips fall where
they may—seeking not to give offence to any.
In the future we hope to follow the same
course with greater efficiency and power.

Happy days to the restricted
workers. It is one of the many
blessings of life in Canada, that
wherever one many live, east or
west, he can, at small expense of
time and money, gratify the craving
to escape from his surroundings
and spend a few days or weeks in
recreation.

"Sweet recreation bound, what doth
ensure
But moody and dull melancholy;
Kinsman to grim and comfortless
despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious
troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes
to life." —Shakespeare.

INCREASE SALARIES.

We note with pleasure the sup-
port the country is giving to our
advocacy for the betterment of the