

or card playing, while many others think that great harm may result. A teacher in a community thus divided in opinion will do well to abstain from these amusements. His example will have a good effect on the children. As far as I have been able to observe, these games soon become so fascinating that the children care for little else. Games that are really educative, and there are many such, become distasteful. The children cease to give proper preparation to their school lessons, and come to school listless, and with little energy for their daily tasks.

In nearly all towns, there is opportunity to attend plays, magic lantern shows, moving picture shows, or similar gatherings. The teacher should ascertain, if possible, the nature of such entertainments, and not attend any of a questionable nature. He should himself attend, and encourage the children to attend, any gatherings that are at the same time interesting, instructive and morally uplifting.

Education is an all-round development—mental, moral and spiritual. Too often only the mental aspect of the subject is attended to by teachers, and the moral and spiritual is neglected. Carlisle says, "What our country needs is not so much people of keener intellects, but men and women, who are the soul of honor and uprightness." Let the teacher's character measure up to this standard and our boys and girls can be safely entrusted to their care.

The cheery "Good morning" and the pleasant "Good evening" between teachers and scholars must never be omitted. If boys and girls feel that these greetings are genuine, much has been accomplished by way of establishing confidence and friendship.

"'Tis the human touch in this world that counts—
The touch of your hand and mine.
That means much more to the fainting heart
Than shelter, or bread, or wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er
And bread lasts but for a day,
But the sound of the voice, and the touch of the hand
Live on in the soul away."

He who loves the best his fellow-man
Is loving God the holiest way he can.

Anemone, so well
Named of the wind, to which thou art all free.
—George MacDonald.

There remains one enemy to be encountered—the indifference of men in general, and even of very good men, to the duty of helping those who have yielded to the temptation of drink.—*Archbishop of Canterbury.*

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.
—Wm. C. Bryant.

Thoughts and Flowers for Empire Day.

The golden fields are waving,
The sun sets golden red.
A sleeping empire's waking,
An empire's day is breaking,
A maiden empire's making
A mother empire's bread. —Cy Warman

The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse or forest dingle.
—Walter Scott.

One fleet shall make our union strong;
Our sons shall not be slaves,
In distant lands, bursts forth the song,
"Britannia rules the waves." —Myles B. Foster.

There are many things left for May, but nothing fairer if as fair, as the first flower, the hepatica. I find that I have never admired this little firstling half enough. When at the maturity of its charms, it is certainly the gem of the woods. What an individuality it has! No two clusters alike; all shades and sizes; some are snow-white, some pale pink, with just a tinge of violet; some deep purple, others the purest blue, others blue touched with lilac.—*John Burroughs*

Here's to the land of the rock and the pine;
Here's to the land of the raft and the river!
Here's to the land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the North-lights
quiver! —William Wye Smith.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day;
To some new bird each hour we listen.—*Selected*

Our country is that spot to which our heart is bound.
—Voltaire.

Sweet May has come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on. —Heine

We love those far-off ocean isles,
Where Britain's monarch reigns;
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood
That courses through our veins;
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name;
And haughty Albion's powers,
Reflect their matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours. —Sir James Edgar.