

For those who have attended school before, the box of letters cut from coloured paste-board can be utilized, and their ingenuity in word-building tested. A story for reproduction, with crude illustrations, will hold their attention, or perhaps a short story placed on the board with blanks to be filled in—the completed story to be copied on their slates—will give the teacher some idea of their progress.

For the little ones just beginning, not much can be done that first day beyond making them feel at home, and getting them started on the very simplest lesson illustrated by a very simple drawing, rat, fly, cat, etc., or testing to see if they have any knowledge of numbers beyond the number one; if so, drawing one apple or two apples on their slates to illustrate that knowledge.

For the older ones, there has been tablet or slate work—a letter on some familiar subject, or a map, and the day's work draws to a close.

Not much real work has been accomplished perhaps, but you have taken stock of material and resources. You have decided that you can work in a little paper-folding and cutting with the younger ones; that you are going to give the Physical Drill a most thorough chance to do its work on some of those boys who carry themselves so atrociously. You see visions of hard work with those ambitious pupils who are preparing for Normal School, and when four o'clock comes, though unspeakably tired, you are not altogether discouraged, for this is only one day, and there is a feeling of thankfulness that all the things you are planning to do have not to be done at once, but that there are many days stretching ahead, to be filled with hard, but satisfying work.

Your principles and your objects must be high—the higher the better. And when you have grasped them, resolve to hold them tenaciously and over a long period. It matters less whether you have hit initially on the plan that is theoretically perfect than whether you throw yourself into it unswervingly and stick to it with all your might. Unswerving purpose and concentration are of the last importance. Stick to plans once formed, and do not let yourself think of changing them unless for the clearest reasons. It is firmness and persistence that bring success in the end probably more than anything else. You may be beaten at first; you may have to wait. But the courage that is undaunted and can endure generally at last prevails."—Lord Haldane.

The August Century.

(FICTION NUMBER.)

The August Century is, as usual, a Midsummer Fiction Number, with short stories to appeal to a wide variety of tastes—nine altogether, including "Under Silken Skins," a story of Southern horse-racing and love-making by Maria Thompson Daviess, and "Hoodooed," a tale of dark life and superstition by Alice Hegan Rice, of "Mrs. Wiggs" fame.

For those who do not care for fiction, there are further "Reminiscences of Tolstoy" by his son; part three of "Rodin's Note-Book," Marie Sukloff's story of her escape from a Siberian prison, and a paper on "The Slaves in America," by Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, besides new chapters from Arnold Bennett's delightful "Log of the Veisa," and of Albert Bigelow Paine's, "The Car That Went Abroad."

Literary Notes.

BIRD-LORE for June, aside from its reports on the spring migration, colored plates of birds and special articles, contains a report on the work of the National Association of Audubon Societies in forming Junior Societies for the study of birds under competent teachers. Nearly one hundred thousand children have been enrolled in these classes this season, or about double the number secured in 1913. At this rate of increase, in five years over one million and a half children will have received instruction in the value of birds to man.

AN EXPLANATION

Last November we printed in the REVIEW a little play for children called "Christmas Eve in the Forest," by Jean T. Leavitt. It should have been said then that the play was based on, "The Little Christmas Tree," by Susan Coolidge, and that the last half is really an adaptation of that poem. Miss Leavitt and the Editor alike regret that owing to a misunderstanding, this explanation has been so long delayed. The play was arranged by Miss Leavitt for her own pupils, with, at first, no thought of its appearance in print. At the time it did appear she was seriously ill, and did not know that due credit was not given to the author of the poem.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. R. C. Skinner, for eighteen years a member of the School Board of St. John. Mrs. Skinner was the first woman in New Brunswick to be appointed a school trustee, and the valuable services which she rendered to education during her term of office amply justified her appointment.

What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.—*Ruskin.*