

For the REVIEW.]

Queries and Quotations.

"An attractive school room is a great credit to any teacher." Are you striving to make your school room attractive? Do you seek to interest your pupils in the decoration of the school room? We know a school room where a committee of the class is chosen by the pupils each month to attend to the decoration of the class-room. As a result, the walls are tastefully hung with pictures, flowers are found in profusion in the room, and a beautiful bouquet is daily placed on the teacher's desk. Pupils take a pride in their class room, successive committees vie with each other in making the room attractive. The interest awakened in the pupils for the good appearance of the room, is also shown in increased attention to their work and a great improvement in their conduct.

"In language work it is nonsense to allow children to describe the details of a picture without seeing its motive or conception." Yet how often are children told to describe a picture without any previous conversation by the teacher to draw out from the children what they conceive to be the plan and purpose of the picture to be described.

"If you make a rule, try hard to live up to it, and to have the pupils do the same." Never make a rule unless you are morally certain that you and your pupils can live up to it.

"It is as important that the child appreciate the spirit as the thought of the selection." In how many schools is there any attempt made to do more than hear the recitation without any effort to ascertain whether the child understands the question or not.

"What the neutral colour is in art and nature, subdued emphasis and reserve suppression is in expression." Yet in how many school-rooms you will hear the voice pitched in an unpleasantly high key. Such teachers fail to realize that they are cultivating an unnatural tone of voice in their pupils, and at the same time sowing seeds of disorder. Noise begets noise.

"Never forget that the school is for the children's best good, and not for the teacher's pleasure, pride, or prejudice." Are there not many teachers who consider themselves more than their pupils, and to whom personal inconvenience is much more regretted than loss or injustice to the pupil.

Do you teach civics? It is not enough to teach about the government. It is not enough to teach the constitution and the different departments of government from the school meeting in your section up to the legislature at Ottawa. The first duty of the teacher of civics is to

have the children love and reverence their country. To do this one of the most efficient agencies is the patriotic song.

Not just the time to talk about planting trees, is it? Well when the time comes you should have a strong sentiment amongst the pupils in favor of it. Would it not be well to commence just now, and by May day the entire school will be anxious to "plant a tree," that is if you are yourself enthusiastic. S.

For the REVIEW.]

Truro's Beautiful Park.

The following, crowded out of our November number, is a little unreasonable in December, but the warmth and brightness of the description will serve to recall one of the glories of our country — the wondrous beauty of our autumn foliage. [Ed.]

On Saturday morning, October 19th, a bright, sunny morning, following two bleak, stormy days and all the more beautiful by contrast a cab, placed at our disposal by the "handsome doctor" of the Normal school staff, conveyed a party of educationists, just released from their arduous duties at the Provincial Educational Association, to see the beauties of the park.

Principal Campbell, of Truro academy, accompanied the party and played the part of cicerone. And a more willing, genial and enthusiastic one than Principal Campbell no one could desire.

The park itself is a marvel of loveliness — a combination of natural and artificial effects. Imagine a narrow valley shut in by high hills on either hand, which rise abruptly and clothed to the summits with a many-hued garment of foliage. Imagine the brilliant autumnal tints which everywhere catch the eye, relieved here and there by the sombre green of the evergreens. Imagine mysterious winding paths, just wide enough for two, wandering aimlessly about and losing themselves in shady nooks and leafy dells, with rustic seats in pleasant spots, from which lovers of nature may look their fill; artistic bridges spanning the narrower places from hill to hill, and beneath imagine a brook gleaming, rippling, laughing, dancing, and occasionally leaping boldly over a ledge of rocks and dashing itself to pieces into a cloud of milky foam upon the rocks beneath.

In addition to all this, imagine the glorious October sun pouring a flood of living light upon the winding woodland paths; the waning autumn shades of red and green, brown and yellow, stretching like a brilliant curtain on the hillside; the heaving, tumbling, rushing water, and photographing upon the memory as charming a bit of landscape framed in gold light as one need to see.

GEO. J. MILLER.

Dartmouth, October 22nd, 1895.