

one of our teachers noticed, as probably we all did, that houses, fences, everything was covered with ice and the branches of the trees kept up a continuous rattle as they swayed in the wind. Her class had been reading, the day previous "The Wreck of the Hesperus," a selection familiar to most boys and girls. One line in it, describing the condition of the wrecked vessel, runs thus, "the rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice," and by a very natural association of ideas the lines recurred to her repeatedly, as she walked. Just after opening exercises, the class was asked whether anyone had noticed anything peculiar on the way to school; more than a dozen answered, "The branches of the trees are all ice." "Well," said their teacher, "what then." "They rattle when the wind blows." "Now," she continued, "they have been reminding me of one line in the 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' can any of you tell me which one?" After a few moments and without any further assistance, two hands went up, and the line was repeated, one boy adding, "it's the rattling trees all sheathed in ice" this morning. The teacher was surprised and pleased particularly at the voluntary adaptation of the words, and this perhaps helped to fix the incident in her memory. It is wonderful with what rapidity these little folk convert abstract notions into every day realities, and how quickly they familiarize to themselves the names and works of writers until even the teacher feels as if they were personal friends in whom a hearty interest was taken.

Never take a book away from a boy, be it ever so worthless without suggesting, or if possible supplying him with a substitute, and do not think a few minutes at recess or noon wasted that is spent in calling him to you and showing him wherein the book is valueless. He will remember your criticisms long after you have

forgotten them, and will probably judge the next book he reads by the standard you have set before him. There are some boys in the city who are carrying the names of several books by certain entertaining authors about with them written on a scrap of paper "so's we'll know what to ask for when any one wants to give us a book." Of course the paper will be destroyed, used as bullets for pop-guns, or rolled into wads to fire at any offending companion, but the impression will have been made and retained in after years. It is to be hoped, though, that the present possession of the lists, will not suggest the asking, or parents and friends may not grow enthusiastic over the device.

It is only in little ways like these quietly interwoven in our daily school work that we can direct to any extent the present and future course of reading our pupils may adopt. No arbitrary rule will effect the desired result, but we are wiser than to attempt any such plan. Steadily and perseveringly we must work on, filling up each nook and cranny in our boys' minds, leaving no vacant space where dust or refuse may find lodgment, so that when all the varied literature of the present day is open to them, they may find no place for useless or vicious matter.

In view of the opening of the Home Library, from which we anticipate so much, it is desirable that some regulation should be passed limiting the age at which young people be allowed the privilege of selecting books, or better still, there should be a young People's Department, and this section only, open to them. Unless some step of this kind is taken the Library will not prove an unalloyed good to the community. It surely would be inadvisable that our young folks of twelve or fifteen years, should have the extensive range that so large a library must afford, and yet it