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unity, the books were used throughout the nineteenth-century Empire. Religion dominated their selections:

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

The second official textbooks, *The Ontario Readers*, were published in 1909 and remained in use through 1936. Though compiled by Canadians, they gave less emphasis to Old Testament morality than to Imperial British sentiments:

"The Canadian"

J. C. Middleton

I never saw the cliffs of snow,
The Channel billows tipped with cream,
The restless, eddy tides that flow
About the Island of my dream.
I never saw the English downs
Upon an April day.
The quiet, old Cathedral towns.
The hedgerows white with May.

*And still the name of England,
Which tyrants laugh to scorn
Can thrill my soul. It is to me
A very bugle-horn.*

The *Ontario Readers* were scrapped in 1937. In the next four decades there was a new emphasis, which was not officially sponsored. Its success was incidental to other profound changes in the world

and the Western Hemisphere. It came from the United States and reflected the homogeneity of a continental market economy.

Most recently there has been an attempt to fashion a competitive set of books, the *Nelson Readers*, with a distinct, if usually subtle, Canadian flavour. In the following poem by Emily Hearn, the Canadian flavour, the reference to skating, is authentic, though brief:

Courage is when you're
allergic to cats and
your new friend says, can
you come to her house to
play after school and
stay for dinner then
maybe go skating and
sleep overnight? And,
she adds, you can pet
her small kittens! Oh,
how you ache to. It
takes courage to
say 'no' to all that.

Ms. Repo concluded that editors find it difficult to create a strong sense of national identity in a country that has accepted satellite relationships with more powerful nations. She said, "In 125 years of public education in Ontario we have moved from the vision of being Christian soldiers and empire builders to the goal of becoming happy individualists in pursuit of excitement."

The Four Young Hanks Would Rather Live in Baldur

Dr. Edward Hanks and Mrs. Hanks and their children — Arthur, Sarah, Timothy and Robert, ages nine to thirteen — live in a two-story wooden house in Baldur, a town of four hundred in southeast Manitoba. Sarah's best friend, Sidney Beaufoy, lives a house and a road away.

If you live in Baldur, your physical world is large: Dr. Hanks drives 150 miles to Winnipeg every Tuesday or Wednesday, in a little over two hours, on straight uncrowded roads. Your personal world is small: everyone in Baldur knows a lot about everyone else.

If you are young, you probably know your brothers and sisters very well, better perhaps, or at least differently, than you would know them if you lived together in the city. Also you may read more. All of the Hanks children read regularly.

Arthur is called "The Bookworm." He prefers

history, but he is often kidded by his older sister and brothers about his enchantment with a book called *The Love Story of a Spanish Princess*. Timothy says, "When Arthur finishes a book, he starts a new book right away. If there isn't another he starts the same book over." Sarah likes mysteries. In the last year she has read twenty-nine different Nancy Drew books.

If you are eleven, soon to be twelve, as Timothy is, you may be inclined to make a little fun of Arthur and Sarah. You are more cautious with Robert, who is thirteen. "I'm the first one to get up in the morning," Timothy says. "I make my own breakfast; these three have to wait for Mom to get their breakfast. I'm creative. Sometimes I go up-town about nine. There's this guy called Oscar; his store is open any time — he opens about 8:30 and he closes whenever he wants to."