

### The Maple Tree.

[Arbor day, 1893, Girls' High School, St. John, N. B.]

The maple loves the sunlight fair;  
Its form this merry day in May  
Is clothed with tender flowers so gay,  
Our hearts and minds to cheer.

Its leaf by spring's soft showers fed,  
Will turn a bright and glossy green,  
Fluttering in breeze with laughing mien,  
'Till autumn comes, and, lo, 'tis red!

The wintry blast doth sadness bring,  
But it o'erlooks the winter drear,  
Frees our sad hearts from thoughts of care—  
It seems a herald of the spring.

'Twill prove a union true and sure,  
If we its planters e'er may be  
Like the sweet leaves upon this tree,  
Clinging to school days e'en when o'er.

The maple is our nation's tree,  
Its hardy roots are deeply laid,  
May all who rest beneath its shade,  
Strive e'er to be as good as free.

—J. C. Walker.

### Science.

"The advocates of science teaching are no less certain than they were that, except as a preparation for some few callings, the old classical training is condemned. It will die hard, but it will die. I do not mean that schools will cease to exist in which the classics will continue to form the main instrument of education. I should be sorry that this should be so. But I mean that such schools, although forming a part, and a very valuable part, of our organized system, whenever we get one, of secondary education, will be comparatively few in number, and in the great majority of our schools the discipline of education will be fetched from the study of what are called modern subjects. I repeat that the qualified success which has hitherto been attained in making the teaching of science a means of mental training, does not in the least degree modify the conviction of the advocates of such instruction, that the new education, based mainly on science, will supersede the old classical training, and will be found not only more practically useful, but more efficient as a means of mental discipline and training."—*Sir Philip Magnus in a recent Discourse on Method.*

"The school-house and its surroundings may generally be taken as an index of the intelligence and public spirit of the people of any community."—*Chief Supt. Inch, of N. B.*

### The Teacher in Recitation.

The teacher, while hearing a recitation should assume a position that will enable him to keep all of his pupils in sight.

The teacher should be pleasant and affable in his manner of teaching and thus control his class by his own example.

The teacher should so conduct his work as to keep all in the class interested and busy.

The teacher's language should be well chosen and correct, that his pupils may not lose respect for him because of his many errors of speech.

The teacher should be enthusiastic and energetic thus leading his pupils to feel the importance of the work in which they are engaged.

The teacher should be even tempered, not permitting trifles to ruffle or provoke him to scold, and thus make his pupils disorderly.

The teacher should be prompt in calling and dismissing classes, and prompt in his work.

The teacher should be quick to change his method of recitation the moment interest begins to lag.

The teacher should take as little of the recitation time as possible in reprimanding pupils. A simple shake of the head is more effective than a half-hour's scolding.

The teacher should move about occasionally among his pupils, even during recitation. This will tend to keep all orderly and busy. The teacher should not be too prompt to help a pupil out of difficulty by offering assistance. The recitation is to be made by the pupils, not the teacher.

The teacher should see that his pupils use correct speech in asking questions and in giving answers.—*Raub's School Magazine.*

Professor Truman Henry Stafford, of Williams' College, Boston, is said to be one of the most remarkable lightning calculators now living. One day a gentleman who had heard of his powers and wished to make a test, said to him: "I have a problem for you, Professor Stafford. I was born August 15th, 1862, at three o'clock in the afternoon, this is June 20th, 1883, and it is just three o'clock. Now can you tell me my age in seconds?" The professor frowned, bent his head, and began to walk rapidly up and down, twisted his moustache, and unclasping his hands in a nervous way. After a moment or so, he returned the answer, which was somewhere in the billions. The gentleman produced a paper containing the problem worked out, and said, with a superior smile, "Well, professor, I'll give you the credit for your great genius, but you're several thousands out." The professor stretched out his hand for the paper, then, running over the calculation, said contemptuously, "Humph—you've left out the leap years!"