

following for some time, he evidently was satisfied, and flew away. Why? This species breeds quite abundantly in the northern portion of New Brunswick, and the southward flight begins about the first of October. The adults moult in July and August, and at this period are sometimes quite unable to fly, owing to the loss of too great a number of the flight feathers at one time.

The natural enemies of the whistler, besides man, are the large owls, which take them at night. The mink and fox steal upon them when upon shore, and also pick up wounded birds.

This species gets its common name from its beautiful golden-yellow eyes, the whistling sound produced by the wings in flight, and because it may be found throughout North America. The scientific name is *Clangula Americana*.

There are many ways of getting parents to visit a school. One is to have a standing committee of pupils, whose duty it is to invite visitors. Such a committee should be changed every two or three weeks, and a record may be kept of the number of visitors secured by each committee. In this way competition will be aroused among the children, and even among the parents.

Everything, both in nature and the works of man, is produced by a process of building. The rock is built up of atoms; the plant, the animal, and the man are made of cells; a house is built of bricks, and a book is built of letters. A world is composed of a large number of forms, and a city of a large number of houses. The arts, sciences, and institutions of a nation are built up by the efforts of individuals. The history of a nation is the building of its deeds.—*Sel.*

My school days were happy, seriously speaking. I was a happy boy; all the year round I was happy. And in the loyal, tender, loving niches of my heart I have builded the fairest shrines my affection can fashion, wherein I have placed the images of the saints who were my school teachers. Some of them are living; some are dead; all are old and gray. But there, where I alone can see them, they are all living; they are all young, with the morning light of love and enthusiasm shining in their faces. Memory makes them beautiful, and the years cluster about their brows like stars.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

### Canadian Literature.—I. Two Pioneer Poets of Canada.

ELEANOR ROBINSON.

Professor Cappon, in his "Studies in Canadian Poetry," says:

The true Canadian poet will be he who manages to get the right materials of Canadian life into his song in such a way that all the world may feel what it is that gives Canada character and significance amongst nations. I do not mean that we need any more heroic odes on Canada, or celebrations of Lundy's Lane or Chrysler's Farm, but rather a kind of poetry which is able to present the vital features of Canadian life in ordinary scenes and incidents which we recognize with pride and tenderness as distinctively national.

It may be that we, as a nation, are too young in experience for this true national poet to appear just yet. Perhaps Canada is like the ship "Dimbula" in Kipling's story, who only "found herself" and her voice after the first hard voyage, where all her parts learned to work together and together to resist the force of storm and tempest. However this may be, we are still looking for this true Canadian poet who will rouse our "pride and tendencies" in our distinctive characteristics, as, for example, Burns does for Scotland.

But Canada is not, and has not been, without her national singers. From very early times in her history, she has given birth to men and women who have expressed in verse, for themselves and for their fellow-countrymen, delight in her natural beauty, pride in her history and faith in her destiny. Some of these, especially among the writers of our own day, have reached a high level of literary attainment. Their poetry stands on its own merits, and is judged without reference to the country from which they have sprung. But there are others whose work, if tried by this universal standard, will be found wanting. Their aspirations may have been as high, their feeling as pure and strong, their efforts as earnest, but in accomplishment they have fallen short. Yet they have their place in the history of our country's literary development, and their claim on our attention. Especially is this true of those pioneer writers of verse who, in all the roughness of early colonial life, amidst the struggle for material necessities, with little of stimulation or encouragement, still helped to keep alive the sense of beauty and the recognition of the higher needs of man's life. The torch of poetry, sometimes, it is true, burned low in their hands, but at least they passed it on.

Writing of the period of Canadian history be-