

the inquiries made by the board no doubt a good man was secured. No teacher's chances of securing another school were put in peril by unnecessary delay.

Beware of all advertisements that ask you to state, as it is sometimes put, "lowest salary." They are the schools that are looking for "something for nothing," and they seldom think they secure it.

There is a point of etiquette upon which teachers are very remiss. It is not intentional on their part, but its consequences are none the less awkward.

After applying to an inspector for a position they should drop him a postal if in the meantime, unknown to him, they accept another position. It may be two or three weeks before he is in a position to reply. If, through his direction, they secure a school, they should notify him also; as, if negotiations have failed and no notification sent, a district may be left for some time without a teacher, and this has occurred many times.

Also please instruct trustees upon the following point: While they are under no obligation to apply to the inspector for a teacher, nor to accept one of his selection, yet the most intelligent ones do so because of his better opportunities of judging of teachers' merits. If they do so, they should in justice to him and the teacher whom he asks to apply, defer appointment until a reply has been received, and give the preference to that candidate. It makes an inspector feel very foolish to direct a teacher to apply for a school at the request of a school board, and to find that perhaps the same day the trustees have written him, another has been engaged.

Teachers very often write inspectors asking for certificates and perhaps feel hurt at not receiving them. No inspector is safe in giving an open certificate, as in a few years, conditions may have entirely changed, but the recommendation is still supposed to hold good. Again, a request is frequently made to write a school board regarding a teacher's qualification. This may be done if it is known that such information is desired, but the better way is to refer the school board to the inspector, when if it wishes information it can write and request it. This is the course now pursued in nearly all cases.

In January.

How can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January?
By each day doing what is best,
By thinking, working for the rest;
So can a little child be merry,
In snowy, blowy January.

—Sel.

NATURE STUDY.

Snow in Literature.

(A sequel to "Nature Study" in December REVIEW, page 131)

New Year day is well remembered by all the scholars although it was in the midst of the two weeks of holidays. Along the Atlantic coast the breath of the ocean was being chilled by an air wave coming from the far north. The fine specks of vapor in countless myriads were creeping into smaller and smaller size within their watery skins, until when the temperature fell to 32° Fahrenheit, each one suddenly blossom ed out or exploded into a beautiful six-rayed fairy star of the brightest white. The wind carried them inland while they were still growing, each ray becoming longer and sending out still finer branches from their sides from the remaining moisture in the air in which they were floating. The moving air was several miles in depth, and as it went speeding on, some parts moved faster than others, and the crystal stars while floating in order several miles each hour, were also slowly whirling, now this way now that way, and running into each other they became entangled in great white flakes. Denser squalls of these could always be seen stalking over the water like great sheeted ghosts whose heads were lost in the gray clouds above, rushing up on to the land, over fences and fields and buildings and into the forest beyond. A muffled roar as if each of the myriad sheeted spectres were wailing its own particular dirge from pianissimo to fortissimo, filled the air and took possession of the senses. In the midst of this weird harmony in minor key but mighty mood, the storm spectres dashed themselves against the buildings into a sheet of spray, sliding over the roof and hiding in the lee, or scudded across the bare frozen furrows until they leapt the fence, where so many were tripped that a white bank grew up on both sides all along the line—banks of the spectres bones, the fairy snowflakes. The woods, the glens and the roads were piled up with them, and when the storm ceased the whole country was covered with a dazzling white tombstone, carved by the north-wind into fantastic forms, with epitaphs written in the wind language whose native home is around the Pole. While waiting for the resurrection of the buried provinces let us see how the snow has appeared to other people.

T. Further south than we are, between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, and perhaps 3,000 years ago, a poet sang of the snow as follows:

He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold.

—Hebrew Psalm, 147: 16, 17.

What can you say about the passage?