

## Ontario Normal College Monthly

## EDITORIAL BOARD.

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NORMAL COLLEGE students wish the new Two Cent Postage well. The golden hoards dissolved of yore in profitless sacrifices to the demon of Postal Revenue may now be invested in the substantial things that a hungry student needs. Many, however, who have heretofore indulged themselves in an annual correspondence will snap at the bait and increase their output of letters to one a month. But let us be frugal, trusting to telepathy and such things to supplement the shortcomings of a lean pocket-book. All we want now from the powers of the land is more books and papers for the library, more seats, and the shower baths. Just a little expansion will suit our taste.

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QUITE important changes have been made in the time-table for the present term. The two-hour lectures by the Principal on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons will be full of interest for lovers of the psychological aspects of literature. Still there are few, perhaps, among us who can be keyed up to such enthusiasm as to last out two consecutive hours under the strain which a solid subject solidly treated involves. The normal brain has intervals of slumber during the second hour, in some cases awaking from its lethargy only under the stimulus of epigram or wit. Nevertheless we ought to be able to stand it if the Principal can. And it can be confidently expected that he and we may succeed in adjusting our activities to the new conditions, or that another

distribution of time may be found feasible. Two hours will not appear a long time for a lecture, when it is remembered how German lecturers have been known to unfold themselves for four hours at a time. In such extreme cases the speaker can help himself out with considerable physical drill, while his hearers gradually stiffen and petrify in their seats. Two hours is not so long.

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IN the study of Literature and Pedagogics we are continually meeting with and using such phrases as "according to nature," or "law of nature." Nature poetry is frequently contrasted with a so-called artificial poetry. Some think for a moment and discover that all poetry is artificial. In general there is great confusion of ideas as to what "nature poetry" is. Only a very great or a very bold man would venture to define it even broadly, but some obscurities may be cleared away by an exposure of a misconception of nature that seems to be widespread.

The error of treating Nature as something external to man is a most unhappy one. It corresponds to the false conception of Science as knowledge of everything less important than man, his thoughts and his works. Nature is regarded as simply the landscape that we human beings look out upon. The "we" and the "looking out" do not count as part of Nature. Those who force an extreme interpretation on the lines of Wordsworth, where he says:

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach us more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

neglect to notice that the impulse does not come to the barbarian, who has no piled up treasure of books to