

things as those of their elders, they are in a more retentive state than later on. Every mother has been struck by her child of two or three years remembering perhaps for some months where a certain thing is placed, or some little events of our early youth more forcibly than those of even a few months back. It is possible to begin to cultivate the memory as soon as a child can talk, when it should be made to describe everything it has seen during its morning walk, or to repeat some little story that has been told to it, or a short lesson which has been learned. Every teacher, before beginning a new lesson, should make sure that the lesson of the day before is retained and understood, for the more we overcrowd the little brain in the attempt to force knowledge upon it the less we impress upon it for future use. It is the experience of all those who have crammed for examinations that as soon as the examination is over the undigested knowledge passes away, and similarly through life. Unless an item of knowledge is assimilated it becomes as useless to the mental system as an undigested article of food to the bodily system, and in both cases they act as an irritant, interfering with the proper digestion of other matter. In a well ordered mind the facts remain and points are, as it were, pigeon-holed in such a way that they can be brought out immediately when required. There are untidy brains, in which the objects of knowledge are confused and not ready to hand, so that they may turn up at unexpected moments, but not just when wanted, in the same manner as there are untidy drawers, wardrobes and rooms, and to cultivate a habit of mental order, as well as one of physical order, should be the earnest desire of every mother and teacher.—*Home Notes.*

—THE BRITISH NORTH-WEST—Far to the North-west, beginning ten days' journey beyond Great Slave Lake and running down to the Arctic Ocean, with Hudson Bay as its eastern and Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine River as its western boundaries, lies the most complete and extended desolation on earth. That is the Barren Grounds, the land whose approximate 200,000 square miles (for its exact area is unknown) is the dwelling place of no man, and its storms and sterility in its most northerly part are withstood the year round by no living creature save the musk-ox. There is the timberless waste where ice-laden blasts blow with hurricane and ceaseless fury that bid your blood stand still and your breath come and go in painful stinging gasps; where rock and lichen and moss replace soil and trees and herbage; and where death by starvation or freezing dogs the footsteps of the explorer.

There are two seasons and only two methods of penetrating this great lone land of the north—by canoe, when the water-courses are free of ice and snow-shoes during the frozen period, which occupies nearly nine of the year's twelve months. The deadly cold of winter and greater risk of starvation, make the