

very glad to see you, and though perhaps some solitary woodpecker or moose-bird tolerates this glad company if the boys and girls have a few crumbs to scatter, it will be quite useless to attempt to call on Molly or the woodmice or any of the other little dwellers of the wood. They are sure to be "out," even to nimbler and fleetier feet than your own. The reason is not far to seek.

If boys and girls, and woodsmen of an older growth, had been content for generations past to carry crumbs or nuts instead of guns they would long ago have made friends of these gentle woodland folk. How many persons who have passed through Boston Common have kept the recollection of the friendly gray squirrels who slide down from the trees on their approach and take nuts from the hand or seek them out of the pockets of the good-natured provider of dainties. How the humanity of man shines in this sympathy for the least of these woodland creatures. But in the neighborhood of most of our towns and cities the gentler of the wild animals have been almost exterminated or they flee at the approach of human beings, because they see enemies, who do not kill them for food but in sport (?). The times are changing. A wiser and more generous sympathy is growing every year under the influence of thoughtful and humane teachers.

But these woods that lie deep in snow have even now a promise of early spring. Here are the naked catkins of the alder and birch which await only the winds of March and the showers of April to make their stiffened forms pendulous, discharging their clouds of fruitful pollen. Here is an elder whose large rotund buds, full to bursting, seem to tell a story of spring, and you spread the news at home that welcome spring is near, because the buds show it. No; those buds were just as large last fall as now. Formed in the early summer, they kept on adding to their bulk until the donning of their last overcoat completed the outfit for winter. Open a large bud by carefully removing scale after scale and you will find the tender parts of a compound leaf and undeveloped flower with its masses of pollen, and, well within the others, the tender growth that is to produce the branch and next year's bud.

Notice how the buds of each tree or shrub differ in appearance from others,—from the bulb-like resinous form of the horse-chestnut to the slender

cones of the beech, the most graceful and symmetrical of all. The wild cherry and bilberry have their snow-white blossoms of spring snugly tucked away in buds; and beneath the print of your snowshoes lie the bulbs and buds of the spring-beauty, the fawn-lily, the violets and innumerable hosts that lie waiting the call of spring.

Gather a few of the twigs, take them home and put them in water, keep them in a warm steady temperature, if possible in the sunshine, and watch them unfold. Recall the incidents of this snow-shoe tramp and all that was seen and heard as the buds unfold and tell *their* story, and you will have one of the best of nature lessons.

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The Commonwealth of Australia has recently decided upon the Yass-Canberra district as the site for its Federal capital. A new name will be given the city. This district lies 193 miles southwest of Sydney and 395 miles from Melbourne. It can be made accessible by a branch from the railway connecting these cities. The situation is mountainous, therefore healthy, and has a good water supply from the Merrumbidgee river. Nearby the projected city there are quarries of excellent building stone, including marble and sandstone of fine quality. New South Wales will cede the land to the Commonwealth, so that the question as to where the capital shall be situated may be considered settled.

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The following is a device for History classes: When teaching the Early Explorations of this country I have an outline map placed on the blackboard, and as we study each explorer we draw lines on the map with coloured crayon following his line of travel, using a differently coloured crayon for the explorers of each country, until by the time we have finished, we can tell by looking at the map, exactly what land belongs to each country by right of exploration.

To fix the travels of explorers in the mind: After we have gone over them, I give one explorer to each child and have him look up all the outside knowledge he can of his explorer, then I call upon him in class and he tells the story as though he himself were the explorer; *i. e.*, "Cartier may tell us of his travels and privations." Then the child tells his story.—*Selected and adapted.*