

Wild Geese.

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled cloud,
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus. "It is spring! It is spring."

The grass comes, the flower laughs, where lately lay the
snow,
O'er the breezy hill-top hoarsely calls the crow,
By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
And the sweet song sparrow cries, "Spring! It is spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!
Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang, kling.—
Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! It is Spring."

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;
Chase the snow into the north, O strong of heart and wing,
While we share the robin's rapture, crying, "Spring! It is
Spring!"—*Celia Thaxter.*

Ah, passing few are they who speak.
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee:
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.
For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of spring.—*Bryant.*

Wake up, little flowers, why sleep you so long?
Don't you know the bright springtime is here?
The snows of the winter are melted and gone,
And it's time your sweet faces appear.

The birds are coming home soon;
I look for them every day;
I listen to catch the first wild strain,
For they must be singing by May.

St. Patrick's Day, March 17th.

Wherever I wander, sweet isle of the ocean,
My thoughts shall still turn to thine emerald shore;
Ah! still shall my heart beat with fondest emotion,
While musing on scenes I shall visit no more.

Adieu, then, dear land of romance and wild story,
Thy welfare and honor forever shall be
The prayer of an exile, whose boast and whose glory
Is the tie that still binds him, loved country, to thee.
—*Anon.*

An angel, robed in spotless white,
Bent down and kissed the sleeping Night.
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.
Men saw the blush and called it dawn.—*Dunbar.*

Educational Values.

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COURSES OF STUDY.—There is heard much complaint and much ill-considered criticism of the overcrowding of the public school curriculum. Critics have counted the thirteen subjects prescribed for the youngest grade and quoted the number as though its mention proved that the course must be overcrowded. But they have not named the subject which children of that grade are not capable of learning in some degree, and of which they should not or need not know anything. An active child living on a farm is spontaneously learning facts and acquiring experiences that might be grouped and classified under a score of subject titles. The ground for criticism lies with the method of teaching and quantity of matter taught, rather than with the number of subjects.

THE HABIT OF WORK.—Doing things that to the child seem worth while for himself and others, especially when there is an element of his own planning in the doing, is richer educational experience than sitting at a desk absorbing knowledge from books. My observation is unique unless it is generally true that the youth who does not learn to work between the ages of fourteen and eighteen stands little chance to become a successful worker at any time. An uninterrupted course of book-learning up to the eighteenth or later year usually limits its victims to the soft-handed vocations.

ESTIMATION OF A TEACHER'S WORK.—I heard of an instance where a teacher failed to agree with her trustees in respect to the following year's salary. When it was known that she proposed to leave the school at the end of the term, five of the farmers in the section offered to add \$5 apiece to their school rates to retain her services on the ground that she "was the first teacher they had ever had who made lessons at school of the things the children do at home."

THE PROPER USE OF EQUIPMENTS.—It is not easy to exaggerate the potentialities of the school garden, but it is easy to overrate its mere existence. The educational value of school gardens, nature collections and scientific apparatus is entirely dependent on the way that they are used. Awarding money grants for merely having them without regard to their use may be worse than waste.—*Adapted from Ont. Ag. College Review.*