

For the REVIEW.]

Arbor Day Reports.

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Arbor Day seems to have been observed more generally than ever this year, and no doubt other Inspectors besides myself have been perplexed by some of the reports of its observance that have been sent in.

Inspectors are required to report to the Education Department in the following form:

Number of district.....
 Parish.....
 Name of teacher.....
 Number of trees.....
 Number of shrubs.....
 Flower beds.....
 Improvements.....

Teachers often send their reports without the number of the district, and inspectors cannot remember it in every case. The boundaries have to be consulted or note books looked up, which is somewhat tedious. Sometimes the number of trees is not given. Two teachers reported the observance of Arbor Day this year as follows: "Arbor Day was observed in this district by *the planting of trees.*"

Where shrubs are planted many teachers do not report the number, and few teachers give the exact number of flower beds, simply reporting: "Some flower beds were made." Improvements are usually more carefully noted. I think there should be an additional general heading in the report, viz., one noting the school programmes carried out, as this is not by any means the least important part of an Arbor Day observance. Many schools have no other way of observing the day, and all schools should devote a portion of the day to it. I do not write this with the purpose of finding fault, which, indeed, I have very little occasion to do, as my reports, received from teachers, are usually very satisfactory, but for the purpose of showing to the teachers, through your largely circulated paper, the nature of the report an inspector has to send in. If teachers would send their reports to accord with the headings I have given, we would not only get a more accurate idea of the work performed, but it would be helpful to the inspectors as well.

Yours respectfully,

INSPECTOR.

May 30, 1891.

In my opinion, the boy who leaves at the end of a common school course with a love of reading good books, is better prepared for a life of honor and influence than one who passes through a high school course without that love; and he who has an ordinary high school education, combined with a taste for good reading, is better equipped for the duties of life than the graduate of the best college or university in the country without that taste.—*J. B. Peaslee.*

Childhood of Charles Linnæus.

(Translated from the French of Louise Colet by Helen F. More.)

(Concluded.)

"It is time," she said to him. "Day is dawning. Dress yourself, pray to God, eat your breakfast, and hasten out before your father awakes. You will have an hour in which to look for your plants. Go, my child, since it is your delight and your happiness."

The child thanked his mother, and while she helped him to dress he told the wonderful dream which he had just had.

Without understanding it, his mother saw in it a presage of happiness and of glory for her son, and determined to help him more and more in his vocation. As soon as he was dressed she gave him a wooden cup full of smoking porridge, which the child eat with avidity. Then she wrapped him in a little overcoat of coarse cloth, turning up the collar, which concealed the fresh face of the child as far as the ears. He set out joyfully, stick in hand. The good mother had abridged her sleep by at least two hours for the sake of her son, and to gratify his wishes.

Look into your memories, you children who are reading this, and you will find that your mothers have all taken the same tender care of you.

For a few days little Charles was able to botanize in peace among the mountains, and to discover in the mazes a few poor flowers and frail mosses which the snow had spared. But one morning, when his father had awakened earlier than usual to go and see a sick man whom the night before he had left in a dying state, he flew into a violent passion on not finding his son at home. In vain the mother made some excuse. The harsh man was not deceived by it, and declared that the next day the child should be sent to the Latin school at the little town of Vixiæ. The mother burst into tears. The father declared that her tears would do no good; when little Charles stole into the house, he found that dissensions and grief had entered it through his fault. He endeavored to excuse himself, promising his father a blind obedience for the future. The latter remained inflexible. He went out, ordering the mother to get his things ready, and that he would take him himself to Vixiæ the next day.

Ah, how this sudden separation tore the hearts of the mother and child! The mother above all could not resolve to separate herself from her beloved son. Since his birth he had never left her for a single day.

"No, no! it is impossible," she cried, covering her tearful face with her hands.

Charles, distressed by the sight of his mother's tears, stifled his own grief, and tried to encourage her. He said:

"The town where I am going is near here, and we shall see each other often. Then, too, I will work well and fast in order to satisfy my father, and I shall return."

But the mother still wept. A single day of separation was a great anguish. However, knowing that her husband was inflexible in his resolutions, she began to pack her son's clothes in a little trunk. She put at the bottom the beloved and fatal herbal which had been the cause of their separation. Besides this there was a little money in small change, a few sugar-plums and dried fruits—household dainties with which the mother delighted to regale the children.

When the pastor returned the trunk was packed, and perceiving that his orders had been followed, he appeared somewhat pacified.