NATIONAL ANTHEM

The following are the verses of the National Anthem, being sung at church parochial intercessory services held in England.

God save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King;
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks
On Thee our hopes we fix
God save us all.

On bended knee, O Lord,
To-day, with one accord,
We pray that Thou
Make this dread war to cease;
Make world-wide love increase,
And give us lasting peace,
Lord hear us now.

With truth and righteousness
Our widespread Empire bless;
God save the King!
Though Britain's vast domain,
Sing we the bold refrain,
"King George, long may he reign!"
God save the King!

WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

What can a little chap do
For his country and for you
What can a little chap do?

He can play a straight game all through;
That's one good thing he can do.

He can fight like a knight
For the truth and the right;
That's another good thing he can do

He can shun all that's mean,
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within;
That's another good thing he can do

His soul he can brace
Against everything base
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face;
That's an excellent thing he can do

He can look to the light,
He can keep his thought white,
He can fight the great fight,
He can do with his might
Which is good in God's sight;
Those are great things he can do.

Though his years be but few,
If he keeps himself true
He can march in queque
Of the good and the great,
Who battled with fate
And won through;
Those are great things he can do.

And in each little thing
He can follow the King—
Yes, in each smallest thing
He can follow the King—
He can follow the Christ, the King.

THE FOREST SCHOOL

(By K. M. York)

To sit against a giant pine with blossoms at one's feet with strange insects crawling over one's knee to see in the hollow below groups of children in the open taught with blackboard and pointer by teachers dwindling to elfin size beneath the towering old forest trees—that is to have a glance at a bit of twentieth century education in the guise of a pastoral of school life—a so-called "forest school' one of the two now established in the city of Toronto.

The "plant" is simple. In the background is a low structure of rough whitewashed wood, in the foreground a cluster of iron cots, covered with brown canvas, to right and left the classes.

As one looks—it is nearly ten o'clock— the teachers lay down the pointers. The children rise and flock to the wooden pavilion, issuing with big gray bundles, with which they run to the cots. Each child spreads a cot with grey blankets and a pillow, over which the canvas is pulled. This done they troop up to the pavilion again, seating themselves on wooden benches in a long open-air room, roofed but not walled. Each has a mug, and large pitchers of milk are quickly emptied into them. The milk luncheon over, they scatter to play. Soon there is a short session of school once more. Then more play, a period of systematic ablutions under instruction, for which time is allowed in the schedule and then dinner in the pavilion.

So the day goes on. At one the cots come into service. Each child creeps into a grey blanket and goes to sleep in the open air under the pines and maples for two hours. At three there is milk again, then a short school period, and play until tea time.

That is the "forest school" idea, as it is worked out in Toronto.

Unlike other schools the forest school concerns itself rather with the physical than the mental side of child life. In this leafy classroom you do not concentrate your energies on arithmetic and grammar from nine until twelve with a breathless few minutes of relaxation thrown in somewhere. If you concentrate on anything at all it is on open-air play, on drinking large draughts of milk and eating generous meals of simple, nourishing food, with short periods of sylvan arithmetic and pastoral grammar sandwiched in to prevent the danger of boredom. And all the time there is, a few feet away the glorious blue of the lake and the wonderful beach; or on the other hand, growing everywhere under foot, the strange and beautiful forms of wild leaves, grasses and flowers, and about the whisper of the trees in the wood-scented breeze.

The forest school is the public school's new 'education" for its city children, sub-normal physically, and often threatened with mental or moral disaster through overcrowding in badly-aired houses, too little food and breaking all the rules of hygiene. Six months of life in the woods, good and plentiful food, sleep and play.

The wooden pavilion is the carpenter's story of life reduced to its simplest and wholesomest. It consists of a kitchen, a wash room, and an open-air dining room. The kitchen, where three cooks prepare "forest school" fare three times daily, the wash room where two primitive bath tubs stand ready to afford practical lessons in their use, are enclosed. Nothing else has walls. Those costly contrivance for hoarding our possessions and hampering our vigor are conspicuously absent. There is no enclosed living room, dining room or school room. Here is an example of how well life may be lived with neither possessions nor shelter. On the outside of the wooden walls hang the small personal belongings deemed necessary to healing and bracing life—a line of numbered towels above a row of enamel basins and —in a conspicuous place of honor—a rack full of numbered tooth brushes. For, since the advent of the school nurse you may, if you please, go without shoes, but you must have a tooth brush.

During the six months' session of the school —from early May well on towards November—the entire days of the children are passed in the open air. At six o'clock they take the car cityward and sleep in their own homes, but soon after seven in the morning they are again en route away out past the hilly, unmade roads of the suburbs till streets come to an end and walls made with hands and riches and poverty and the battle that goes to the strong—till the car line iself at last comes to an end in the soft yellow sand and the bracing lake air rushes up from the side roads.

Breakfast is at 8.30 at the forest school. And breakfast is no perfunctory matter—it is part of the day's work. Every boy and girl is expected to do their duty. Trifling with "coffee and roll" would never pass muster here, and if you are in the habit of having "no appetite for breakfast," it is necessary to find one. There is one here who lays down the rule—a rule with an old-fashioned parental sound —is it possible that sound, rational living is to be built up by restoring old-fashioned parental methods?—that every one must take at least "some of everything at each meal."

The object of building bodies is not to be baulked by fitful appetites or tastes for the spice of life in preference to milk.

So novel a scheme as a "forest school." although after all so astonishingly natural— might warrant, the introduction of something in the way of new forms of food—special health brands or experimental combinations—something at least that has not been tried before apparently failed. But there is a tradition in nursery diet—built up by those whose children have been sound and fair. The backbone of that tradition is milk—porridge is a noble second. The menu at the forest school is distinctly traditional. Breakfast consists of porridge, bread and milk; dinner of a meat stew and vegetables or a milk soup, a milk pudding, and milk to drink; and tea of stewed fruit, bread and butter and milk. Each child the nurse explains, drinks a quart of milk a day, in addition to the milk incidentally taken in puddings, soups or porridge.

Who are these "forest schoo!" children, taken form the pursuit of knowledge, formerly all-important, to pursue simply health, wont to be regarded as one of fortune's favors, but now a state requirement in schools?

There is a school record. Not the bare record that used to tell merely that John, aged ten the son of Thomas and Jemima was in the class in fractions. That sort of record is no more. There is much more of John than that now. At any rate this is a school nurse's record. There is a mother note about it but a mother note with a scientific ring and the force of the national life behind it. Is it well with the child? Is there anything in himself or the estate in which he is created to interfere with his being a healthy happy man?

Not only are John's physical defects noted and his mentality—whether good or dull—but his personal history and his family history—whether his father has work, what sort of house he lives in, and whether his mother keeps it clean.

As the forest school is one of the new public health "building up" agencies, an important item is John's weight on entering and on leaving. Indeed every child is weighed every Monday morning. Almost every child gains in weight during the first week the school is opened, varying from one-half to four and one-half pounds.

From this record at once stands out a particular fact—namely, that tuberculosis has been rife in the homes of the pupils chosen to make up this school. For the children have been most carefully picked out this year of unemployment when say the school nurses, who know the city homes as no one else knows them, it would be hopeless to attempt to bring out all the under-nourished children in Toronto.

So only children who had had definite illness themselves or in their homes were given the preference. Of such illness an especial point is made of the white plague. Albert's mother for example is in Gravenhurst, and his brother in a preventorium. Albert himself was a poor miserable, delicate fellow. At the forest school, however, he is "doing very nicely." The mother of four Finnish children, all at the school, had died of tuberculosis. Their "family history" showed that their home consisted of exceedingly limited quarters in a lane—'a miserable place.' A little sister of fourteen "keeps house" in the "miserable place." The family pays the carfare of two of the four to and from the forest school, the School Board for two. The children were under-nourished. The forest school life told at once. One of them gained four pounds in less than two weeks. Many other parents had died of consumption. One child had a serious case of pleurisy during the winter; another coughs and has frequent colds. Another that the doctor thought perhaps that was what was making him mentally so deficient.

The forest school in this way, besides "toning up" the physical material for the teacher, is the school preventorium, to use the new word that has come to us with the fight against the white plague. It is education's contribution to the tuberculosis campaign. The child with a tendency to the disease is caught at the start through the agency of the school nurse, in the excellent community "dragnet' of the public school now for the first time, being made use of in the interests of public health and the social regulating of the population. Not only can the possible consumptive be watched for an indefinite number of years (as is now done by the Toronto Public Health nurses) and instruction in preventive measures be given, but the actual building up that is needed is attended to at the Board of Education's forest schools, without delegating it to the poverty-crippled home.

Health is the first object of the forest school. But it would not be a modern health measure if it had not a social aspect. The uplift of the child both mentally and spiritually is looked on as no small part of what the school in the woods accomplishes. Apathy changes to interest, dullness to intelligence.—The Westminster.

The great bazaar for the benefit of the war sufferers of the Entente Allies which has been in progress in New York for 18 days, has closed, with profits unofficially estimated at $1,500,000 and an attendance record of nearly 750,000.

ICE ON SUMMER SEAS

(By Neil Mack in "Onward")

One of the most beautiful sights on the water, and at the same time one of its greatest dangers, is a floating iceberg. Very grand and impressive to look at, but very unsafe to be near, it sails like a master mariner of the deep and sometimes gives proof enough of its power to rule it—an evil power that men have learned to dread, hidden behind a beauty that is alluring, deceptive, and cruel. Nevertheless, ice a-sailing is something to remember.

The North Atlantic is where one may best see the wonders of the icebergs processions. Every spring and summer floating ice comes down from the polar regions, spreads out over the open sea, and sails its prideful way till finally, in the warmer waters toward the south, it wastes and disappears. Thousands of bergs, large and small, come thus into the vicinity of the northern Atlantic steamship route and greatly add to the difficulties of navigating it.

Most of this ice started its sea voyage from Greenland, whose frozen shores are the greatest producers of icebergs in the northern hemisphere. The glaciers and snowfields with which Greenland is so largely covered send down great masses of snow-ice to the coast, where they accumulate more snow, and finally break off, or "debouch," into the water. The launching of some of these bergs requires a vast amount of space, for they are of almost unbelievable proportions, and could find floating room only in the ocean. Once afloat, however, they move with surprising ease, and sometimes make, when well out in the open, twenty miles or more a day.

On the other side of America there are no large icebergs, for the reason that the Pacific coast has much shallower water, and cannot carry such massive traffic. The glaciers of Alaska therefore, empty their overflow of ice in comparatively small fragments, which drift out to sea and melt away in the warmth of the Japan current.

But even greater than the bergs of the north Atlantic are those of the Antarctic, which have the whole south polar world for their field. From the almost limitless stretches of that snow-bound wilderness huge mountains of ice are set adrift, the like of which is not to be seen in any other waters. The Atlantic bergs however, being nearer home, are more familiar to seamen and ocean travellers, and are of equal interest as wonders of nature.

One needs to see an iceberg from a distance, and then gradually to come nearer to it, to get a full impression of its size and grandeur. The bigness of it is, naturally enough, its most striking feature, and when put into figures it far exceeds any surface estimate. An average berg is from seventy to one hundred feet above the water, and frequently one of three hundred feet is seen. The width and length are in proportion. But what one sees on the surface is the smallest part: seven-eighths of the entire mass is under water, tremendous but invisible. If, then, the cap above the water line stands between two hundred and three hundred feet high, the total height of the berg is nearly two thousand feet. One-third of that, with a top surface six hundred feet square is a quite common size. As to the weight of such masses, one can only estimate that it runs into millions of tons. A particularly large berg was once measured by Admiral Peary in the north, and estimated by him at two billion tons' weight.

It is evident enough that floating ice of these proportions must carry danger with it, and the more so because only a small part of the berg can be seen. There are sometimes long projections of the mass under water, so that what appears to be a straight ice-wall at a safe distance may stretch out a treacherous tongue just below the surface. The danger in such cases is that the berg should suddenly change position lift its sunken projection, and so strike the ship that might at the time be passing over it. This was exactly what took place in one distance a few years ago, when a steamer was lifted bodily in the air, and then fortunately slid of into the water again, unharmed.

The list of wrecks at sea through collision with icebergs is a long and dismal one. The loss of the Titanic is a recent and memorable instance of the terribly destructive power of these floating mountains of ice. No mass of the hardest rock could be more crushing in its might and weight.

If one is far enough away, however, and watchful against its dangers, an iceberg is a beautiful and wonderful spectacle. In the sun it is a dazzling white, but its colors change in different lights and from one season to another. The ice itself, beneath the surface of snow, is an intense blue that glistens and sparkles in the sunlight like millions of fine jewels; where the water washes it, it is of a greenish hue; and at sunset the whole mass is a glorious pink. As the summer advances the colors deaden, and the berg becomes almost opaque.

The many strange shapes assumed by the bergs are as weird and beautiful as their colors. The ice seems to have a special liking for imitating the architecture of men, for great temples and buildings with noble towers and turrets, are a favorite form with it; but it also assumes the mammoth shapes of animals and strangely proportioned birds. In many cases it sails in the form merely of rude, irregular masses that have no suggestion of design. The shapes are ever changing, for as pieces of the ice break off, either above or below the surface, the rest of the mass shifts its position till it finds a new balance in the water. This gradual substraction goes on until the berg finally wastes away. The pieces that break off, in many cases large enough to make bergs themselves are known in seamen's terms as "calves," and out of these is made the smaller floe-ice that sometimes fills the northern sea for miles beyond.

Floe-ice, with a sprinkling of bergs begins to show on the north Atlantic early in the summer, and by mid-July there is a thick spread of it in all directions. The possession of sailing ice-bergs, from Greenland and the Arctic coast keeps up till into August. Last year it was much later than usual, and in the third week of August there were still large numbers of bergs off the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. By that time, however, the floe-ice had disappeared, and some of the bergs had come to a stop by stranding in shallow bays, where they would waste away unadmired by any, and without the grandeur and beauty of the other ice-ships that kept on sailing.

Here is a mixture of kingdoms, if not of metaphors, taken from a history examination paper:

"He stretched his sultry length beneath the ewe-tree's shade."

"Away back as far as the time of Jack Carter, England sent her ships into Hudson Bay to trade beads and muskets with the Indians for ivory off the walrus-tree."—"Century."