

the fences the neatly raked moist black earth shows where loving hands have planted the magic seeds that will bring beauty to our winter-tired eyes. Unless your grounds look like this there must be something wrong with your school, and you had better find out what it is, and try to remedy the trouble.

Coming quickly along on these bright spring days, which are so much longer now that we have moved the clock's hurrying hands forward an hour, are two more days of note—Empire Day and Victoria Day. The first, as you know, is a day set aside that the school children of Canada may devote all their time to learning about the glorious Empire to which we belong. In these days of great danger, when all the best that our Empire stands for is being threatened by that terrible and fearful enemy—the German—when the future freedom of the world hangs in the balance, we must waste no moment of the day given us for this study, but must learn all we can, so that when we we say “we love our country and our Empire,” and we are asked “Why?” we can give an answer which will satisfy anyone. A little study of the lives of some of the Empire's sons and daughters, published in the April number of the Journal, will show us one reason for our love and pride. Our history studies, our story reading and the words of many of our songs will give us further reasons to think of our mighty Empire. How wonderfully the poet Kipling describes its great extent in the “Recessional”:

“God of our fathers known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Within whose mighty hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.”

Palms of the tropics; pines of the polar regions! Burning heat and freezing cold! Black men, white men, yellow men! Islands washed by the hot southern seas; islands round which the icebergs gather! Lands where the mighty elephant and the lion thunders through the jungles; lands where the polar bear lives in a cave of ice—all

these form part of our Empire; one king, one flag, one battle line! From all these lands so far apart have gone soldiers and sailors to the Empire's aid and all of them bearing the Union Jack as their banner, all of them fighting for the freedom that our Empire has given them, and for the principle which we call “democracy.”

Now, this word democracy which you hear very often now-a-days, comes from two ancient words which mean: people — power, and a democracy means a country which is governed by the people. This is the form of government in all the countries of our Empire, and in France, Italy and the United States. The Parliament, or Congress, or whatever it happens to be called, is elected by the people, and the parliament makes the laws, which are then signed by the King or President, who, however, is advised what to do by some of those men who were elected by the people. In such a country as Germany, the King does what he wishes, no matter what his parliament desires, and if he makes a cruel or unjust law the people have no power to change it. It is against this unfair and terrible form of government that we are fighting; and not only the British Empire, but all our allies hope that when the war is over Germany will become a democracy, so that the people may rule themselves, instead of being ruled by a wicked Emperor. It is because England is a great democracy that she became the mother of such countries as Canada, India, South Africa, Australia, and now these countries have become the grown-up children of the great mother, they are each little democracies themselves, but altogether they form the British Empire. It is these countries and their work in the world, their heroes, their wonders and their wars that we must study on Empire Day, so that our pride in our Empire and our love of her may grow stronger and finer.

On Victoria Day we commemorate the long and wonderful reign of Victoria the Good. The story of the young