

healthy, vigilant and constantly active? We can nourish them with plain, wholesome food. We can keep our bodies in the open air and sunlight as much as possible; we can have fresh air come into our homes and school-rooms; we can be clean; get plenty of sleep; plenty of good food; avoid chills; avoid bad habits; avoid violent and long continued exercise.

The subject will be continued in next number.

### The School House of the Future.

Apropos of the suggestion in the January REVIEW—to make the school room the centre of education for the whole community—the Sydney *Daily Post* daws a picture of the ideal "school house" of the future:

..... Instead of the bare, lonely box-building, with its rows of little coops and odor of chalk, we see an attractive structure set in the midst of well-kept lawns and gardens. Inside we find a pleasant reading-room, with tables, easy-chairs and the home-like embellishments of culture and taste. Here also we find the farmers, their wives, their sons and daughters, all students in the little rural university, which will become the hot-house of progressive ideas and the portal to a higher plane of existence.

Following the thought we miss the lounging crowd at the cross-roads store, where once, on boxes and boards, sat the youth and yeomanry of the country-side, sucking briar roots and swapping yarns that were not taken from the epistles of St. Paul.

It is possible that such an institution might interfere with the lodge on Monday, the woman's missionary society on Tuesday, the prayer-meeting on Wednesday, and the dance on Thursday. Well, if it does, let it! The aggregate moral and intellectual loss will be infinitesimal. The boys will learn how to make good roads, sanitary houses and clean politics, and the girls will learn how to make good butter and good music.

All that is wanted is that some bright, progressive and brainy little community should take the lead. This done, the idea becomes a physical demonstration.

### February's Noted Days.

February 2nd.—Candlemas. (See Feb. REVIEW, 1907).

8th.—Opening of Russo-Japanese War, 1904.

9th.—Railway between Montreal and Quebec opened, 1879.

10th.—Canada ceded to England, 1763.

14th.—St. Valentine's Day. (See Feb. REVIEW, 1907).

21st.—Cardinal Newman born, 1801.

22nd.—Geo. Washington born, 1732.

27th.—Battle of Paardeburg, 1900.

28th.—Relief of Ladysmith, 1900.

### The Woods in Winter.

What more wholesome and refreshing exercise is there than a trip through our northern winter woods on snowshoes, especially after a light fall of snow? The fragrant spruces and firs with their tapering cones, snow laden to the ground, have caught and imprisoned in their meshes the myriads of white crystals that have fallen—"silent and soft and slow"—from the wintry sky. The bare, bud-laden birches and maples have scarcely enough of the fleecy mantle to cover their nakedness. Yet how beautiful is the tracery of each limb and twig against the wintry sky. How could those old Norse story-tellers help peopling the woods with fairies which sparkled with merriment in the sunlight or were ghostlike and awesome in the pale rays of the winter moon!

And you, excellent teacher, who have not forgotten how to enjoy yourself amid such scenes—have not forgotten the myths and nature stories and sports which delighted your own childhood—take your boys and girls out into this enchanted land. Let them imagine themselves to be brownies or elves and let them disport themselves to their hearts' content, and spend hours there, the recollection of which will refresh their spirits in the years to come. You will endear yourself to these young people, and become a happy youngster yourself, by entering into such sports and pastimes. And you will gain more insight into the character and disposition of each girl or boy on such a tramp than a month in the school room would give you.

These winter excursions need not be all noise and merriment. On every twig and bush, those little buds, encircled by snowy crystals, will in a few months burst forth into leaf and flower. The snow that covers the ground hides and keeps warm the plants which will bloom and again make a glad summer in these woods. Perhaps the chickadee with its cheerful song comes to greet you, darting from tree to tree and welcoming you to the winter woodlands with its gladsome cheery notes:

It is a comely fashion to be glad;

It is the grace we say to God.

Those tracks in the snow that mark successive leaps must be the telltale crooked way to Molly Cottontail's winter bower that Mr. Moore describes in this number, and those prints in the snow, are they not the tracks of woodmice and other little animals that he told us about in these pages last year? But though the chickadee is "at home" and