

the world." But are we as free from the benumbing effects of such a course of training (?) as our Toronto friend seemed to imply? or did distance lend enchantment to his view? Let us think about it, and subject ourselves and our methods to a rigorous cross-examination.

From Toronto to Truro is a long distance. I arrived at this growing educational centre in time to take part in the peace celebrations at the Normal School. The beautiful grounds in front of the building, over-arched with the fresh green of a newly awakened spring foliage, presented a lively scene. The martial sounds of volleys of musketry and the fine soldier-like bearing of the school cadets, mingled with the patriotic songs, and the bright dresses and approving smiles of the young lady students, left no doubt that loyal hearts were rejoicing in the return of peace. Moving about among the students were Principal Soloan and his wife and the members of the staff, all entering into the spirit of the hour and in complete sympathy with the feelings of the students. The spirit of rejoicing and frolic was abroad that afternoon. And there was evidence that peace has her victories no less renowned than war. From near by came the sounds of workmen engaged in laying the foundations of the new academy building, which will soon stand as another monument worthy the educational spirit of this enterprising town. Close to the Normal School is the new science building, recently finished, admirably planned and thoroughly equipped institution.

G. U. HAY.

The wonderful electric cannon recently invented in Norway is thought by some to mean a greater revolution in warfare than that which was brought about by the invention of gunpowder. The principle upon which the new gun acts has not been made public; but it is known that the projectile is thrown from a cast iron tube wrapped with copper wire. No explosive gases result from the discharge. It is expected that when the invention takes practical form it will be possible to throw a projectile weighing two tons to a distance of twelve miles.

It is thought that the United States is about to acquire territory in Africa, by the lease or purchase of a coaling station in Liberia.

A battalion of Turkish troops is reported to have been annihilated by rebels in Arabia.

For the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.]

Where the Modder River Flows.

There is no flower in Canada,
That's fragrant now to me;
The sweetest song in all her fields
Is void of melody;
And the gladness of her people
Cannot wile away my woes,
For my heart is with my Willie
Where the Modder River flows.

They tell me that they laid him down
As in a pleasant dream,
In the shade of the mimosa
By that dark and distant stream;
That they marked the spot and left him
To a mortal's last repose—
All alone, to sleep forever
Where the Modder River flows.

But oh, perhaps, some bird will sing
His requiem overhead;
Some little flower take root and grow
Above his narrow bed;
Some stranger pause, and shed a tear
In sympathy for those
Who mourn a loved one sleeping
Where the Modder River flows.

"KANATA."

The River.

"Why hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue,
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for ever more.
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam,
And never find a home.

"Why hurry, little river,
From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping,
And the quiet cattle feed?
The loving shadows cool,
The deep and restful pool,
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream
Of the mighty woods that sleep
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

"Oh linger, little river,
Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sunbeams glitter
On your shallows and your bars,
And at night the dear God stills you
With the music of the stars."

—George Frederick Scott.