

An Autumn Song.

The purple haze
Of Autumn days
Soft o'er the Earth is falling.
The mournful trees
Sigh in the breeze;
For Earth their leaves are calling.

In vain we pray
The leaves to stay.
They heed the winds' caresses,
And sink to sleep,
In shadows deep,
Clad in their gorgeous dresses.

The mountains seem
Wrapt in a dream.
The air is full of mourning;
The children fair
Of Autumn rare
To dust are now returning.

The birds of song
Were with us long,
They see the land grows dreary;
With morning light
Begin their flight
With wings that never weary.

MARY A. SCULLIN.

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Anna Margaret had a great many toys, and her mother thought she ought to give some of them away before Christmas to less fortunate children. Anna Margaret was willing to part with the broken trunk and the cracked set of dishes and the one-legged Teddy bear, and a few other toys that were in the same dilapidated condition. But when it came to her pet baby doll, the one that went to sleep with her every night, she rebelled. Mama assured her that Santa Claus would undoubtedly bring to her another doll, even better. She refused to be comforted. "Mama," she wailed, "if God sent you another baby, would you give me away?" She kept her doll.—*December Delineator*.

The following, from a pupil's answer paper in a public school in British Columbia, may serve to show there is room for better teaching of Canadian geography:

Montreal is a small province on the St. Lawrence River. Its capital and chief city is Winnipeg. It does not grow fruit, but grain, chiefly wheat. They have dry hot summers and very cold winters.

Bring the School to the Boy.

Back to every question that has to do with better farming, better homes and better lives, is the question of better rural schools. If we are to have better farming we must begin with the boys and grow them. There is no other way. The problem that is now before our people is how to bring the best school to the boy or girl right where they are, on the farm, and to so revise its curriculum that valuable time shall not be wasted in teaching studies in which the average country boy has no interest and which he will never make good use of. There is need that even the elementary text books shall be revised, shortened and simplified so that more time can be given to elementary agriculture, nature studies and practical demonstrations in these subjects that will fit him for country life and make him see the value of this life rightly lived and to love it. It seems almost incredible that the farmers are not asking for this reformation of the rural schools and that they themselves are the greatest hindrance to the needed changes.—*Calvin J. Hudson*.

At the meeting of the Dominion Educational Association held at Vancouver, B. C., recently, Prof. Robertson, of Macdonald College, is credited with saying that no people on the face of the globe claiming to be intelligent spent a smaller portion of their income upon schools than Canadians. The entire amount of our outlay for last year was \$12,000,000, and when the liberality of some of the larger centres is accounted for the general attitude, especially that of rural districts, towards the common school, as expressed in their cost of maintenance, is discouraging. There is no work in the community to be compared with that which is accomplished by the common school. There is no person to whom society is under as great obligation as the common school teacher, and yet the man who labours on our streets is paid better wages. Our ideals in this respect are certainly capable of improvement.—*Home Journal*.

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J. F. L. B.