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Editorial Notes.

TO OUR READERS.

OUR publishers warn us that we must either curtail our usual Editorial Notes or omit the Christmas songs and carols which we have selected for the use of teachers in the schoolroom, and families in the home. We prefer, as no doubt most of our readers will, the former alternative. We, therefore, surrender the greater part of this first page to Miss Coolidge's beautiful version of an old Christmas legend, which is as full of truth as of beauty, and to other productions of the muse who draws her inspiration from the marvellous Gospel narrative. As our friends will perceive, we have, at the cost of a good deal of labor and expense, taken a somewhat new departure, and endeavored to make the best contribution in our power to the sources of pleasure which we hope the holiday season will bring in abundant measure to all our friends and patrons. We should hardly have been able to do this but for the generous and efficient aid given us by the The Poole Printing Co., Ltd., the printers and advertising managers of the JOURNAL, who have spared no pains in their endeavor to make this Christmas number an attractive and welcome visitor to the homes of all our subscribers, and to those of thousands of others to whom we shall send it.

WE are sorry that a number of those who have subscribed for or ordered sample copies of *The Cosmopolitan* have been disappointed in regard to the October and

November numbers. The circulation of the magazine has been going up by such immense leaps and bounds since the great cut in the price that the publishers have been unable to keep pace with the demand. No doubt all will have received the December number—another World's Fair number—before this reaches them. If any have not received it, will they please write us—or better, write direct to the publishers of the *Magazine*—at once.

Christmas Poetry.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
The glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold ;
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
From heaven's all gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

For lo ! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS, D. D.

IN THE ORPHAN-HOUSE.

(A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE).

They sat at supper on Christmas Eve,
The boys of the orphan school,
And the least of them all rose to say
The quaint old grace in the old-time way
Which always had been the rule :
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."

The oaken rafters holly bedight
And brave in their Christmas guise,
Cast shadows down on the fair young face,
The hands clasped close with childish grace,
The reverent wistful eyes ;
And for a moment as he ceased
Silence fell on the Christmas feast.

The smallest scholar he sat him down,
And the spoons began to clink
In the pewter porringers one by one,
But one little fellow had scarce begun
When he stopped and said, "I think"—
And then he paused with a reddened cheek,
But the kindly Master bade him "speak!"

"Why does the Lord Christ never come?"
Asked the child in a shy soft way ;
"Time after time we have prayed that He
Would make one of our company
Just as we did to-day,
But he never has come for all our prayer,
Do you think he would if I set Him a chair?"

"Perhaps ! who knoweth?" the Master said,
And he made the sign of the cross,

While the zealous little one gladly sped
And drew a chair to the table's head
'Neath a great ivy boss,
Then turned to the door as in sure quest
Of the entrance of the Holy Guest.

Even as he waited the latch was raised,
The door swung wide, and lo !
A pale little beggar-boy stood there
With shoeless feet and flying hair
All powdered white with snow.
"I have no food, I have no bed,
For Christ's sake take me in," he said.

The startled scholars were silent all,
The Master dumbly gazed ;
The shivering beggar he stood still—
The snow flakes melting at their will—
Bewildered and amused
At the strange hush ; and nothing stirred
And no one uttered a welcoming word.

Till, glad and joyful the same dear child
Upraised his voice and said,
"The Lord has heard us, now I know,
He could not come Himself, and so
He sent this boy instead
His chair to fill, his place to take,
For us to welcome for his sake.

Then quick and zealous every one
Sprang from the table up,
The chair for Jesus ready set
Received the beggar cold and wet,
Each pressed his plate and cup.
"Take mine ! take mine !" they urged and prayed,
The beggar thanked them, half dismayed.

And as he feasted and quite forgot
His woe in the new content,
The ivy and holly garlanded
Round the old rafters overhead
Breathed forth a rich, strange scent,
And it seemed as if in the green-hung hall
Stood a Presence unseen which blessed them all.

O lovely Legend of olden time,
Be thou as true to-day!
The Lord Christ stands by every door,
Veiled in the person of His poor,
And all our hearts can pray,
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."
SUSAN COOLIDGE IN *Wide Awake*.

HANG UP THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.

HANG up the children's stockings,
And ring the happy chimes,
For peace and love shall reign on earth
In merry Christmas time—
Mementos of that other morn,
In Bethlehem where Christ was born.
Some homes in every nation,
In city or in town,
Still keep the dear old customs
The past has handed down,
And celebrate them year by year,
As Christmas crowns the world with cheer.
In English homes, 'neath mistletoe,
They sing the Christmas song,
While o'er the yule-log's rugged side
The bright flames creep along,
And scarlet Holly berries glow
Among the green boughs bending low.
We decorate the branches
Of Christmas trees with cheer.
An emblem of thanksgiving
For all the fruitful year.
And Santa Claus brings dolls and drums,
To glad expectant little ones.
Oh, day the best and dearest
Of all the seasons bring,
The hope of every Christian's heart,
The birthday of our King ;
The one glad day of joy and mirth,
When God's best gift was sent to earth.

SELECTED.