

WITH this number the REVIEW enters upon its nineteenth volume. The aim will be to make it this year still more useful to its readers, who are now found in increasing numbers in every province of the Dominion.

THE Summer School of Science will meet this year at Yarmouth, from Tuesday, July 11th, to Friday, July 28th. The location is an admirable one, easy of access, and combining many attractive features of scenery and climate which will make it a pleasant recreation spot for those who attend. Our advertising columns will give some information to those who are interested. The calendar, which gives the courses of study and other information, may be had by writing to the secretary, Mr. W. R. Campbell, Truro. Instruction and recreation are so well combined in the Summer School that teachers especially will find it of great advantage to take the course during their vacation.

DR. A. H. MACKAY, Superintendent of Education, Halifax, was one of the speakers at the teachers' convention in Ottawa on the 25th of May. Two days were given up to papers and discussions on nature-study, which just now is attracting great attention throughout Ontario. Dr. MacKay's address on the nature-study movement in Nova Scotia was an excellent one, and aroused the enthusiasm of his auditors. Other noted speakers were Professor J. W. Robertson, Dr. Jas. Fletcher, Dr. Sinclair and Professor Hødøe, of Worcester, Mass.

Devoting the whole time of a teachers' convention for two days to such an important subject as nature-study seems worthy of imitation elsewhere.

The Treatment of the Insane.

How those unfortunate people, deprived of their reason, appeal to our sympathies! Years ago the writer visited an insane asylum and the remembrance of it haunts him still. Men and women, sitting with folded hands day after day without occupation; others more violent confined in straight jackets and filling the air with curses and lamentations. How different the treatment now—and the results.

A few days ago a brief visit was paid to the Lunatic Asylum at Verdun, near Montreal, at the head of which is Dr. T. J. W. Burgess, an old friend. Imagine a fine spacious building, every room of which is neat and faultlessly clean, pictures on the walls and books for the occupants, with some useful handiwork to employ their time. Outside was a farm and beautiful grounds, with fine trees and shaded walks, overlooking the noble

St. Lawrence. On entering the grounds a baseball match was going on, while two score or more on the grand stand applauded hits or home-runs. It was a well-played game; all, players and spectators, were lunatics! As one stood on a broad verandah overlooking the ample recreation grounds, three young women walked by, just from the golf links, talking with enthusiasm but with perfect sanity apparently of their recent game.

"What is that building yonder?"

"That?" said Dr. Burgess, "that is our curling rink."

"What! do lunatics play the game of curling?"

"Do they?" was the reply; "we had a dozen curlers last winter that might try conclusions with any 'knights of the broom.' Three of them were discharged cured this spring, and I attribute their cure chiefly to the interest they took in curling."

There was ample provision for other sports and games, both in winter and summer; and a farm of nearly one hundred and thirty acres, which yielded produce enough—perhaps more than enough—for the inmates of the Asylum, nearly six hundred persons, including patients and the staff of attendants. There were also a fine conservatory, a hennery, horses, cows and other animals. Walking round the grounds with an air of consequence was the "boss," a lunatic who imagined that he owned and directed the whole. And no one deceived him.

Tact, sympathy, courtesy marked the demeanor of nurses and attendants toward the patients; abundance of healthy exercise and the stimulus of athletic games diverted their thoughts from themselves. What ideal conditions for a class of unfortunates about whom the careless world scarcely knows or thinks!

The east bound transcontinental train on the Canadian Pacific Railway was slowly toiling up through the Fraser River canyon when the brakeman called out, as he approached a small town, "Yale! Yale!" Two passengers were sitting in the Pullman, and one said to the other in the confident tone of him who has mastered his geography, "Yale! Ah, yes, that's the seat of a great university, you know!"

Ask God to give thee skill

In comfort's art,

That thou mayest consecrated be

And set apart

Unto a life of sympathy,

For heavy is the weight of ill

In every heart,

And comforters are needed much

Of Christ-like touch.

—Anonymous.