

Foreign Lands.

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers before my eye;
And many pleasant places more,
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea, among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Halifax Memorial Tower.

REV. A. L. FRASER, Great Village, N. S.

This poem was awarded first prize, \$60, offered by the Halifax Canadian Club. There were thirty-four competitors. Professor Alexander, of Toronto University, was the final court of appeal in the decision.

Freedom doth greet this Royal throng today,
In these Elysian haunts,—largess of one
Whom time has amply proved Britannia's son!
And when or Age or Love or Ease shall stay,
In years unborn, this pillar to survey,
Its walls will tell not of War's stunning shock,
But how, long since, kind Liberty did rock
Her cradle by this old Atlantic bay.

And if far-scattered children turn their feet
To where their father's earliest hearth did blaze,
And bathe the very stones in tears, 'tis meet
That we of British blood this pile should raise
Where first a daughter of our ancient throne
Did sit beside a fireside of her own.

The dress of the teacher is of great importance. If the dress is neat, clean and in good taste, it constitutes a valuable asset. A teacher who applies for a place wearing a dirty collar, a white tie and a dingy Prince Albert coat, ought not be surprised at his failure. Sometimes a few dollars spent with a dentist and a few more for a neat business suit will work wonders in getting a position.—*The Educator-Journal*.

Why Tumblers are So Called.

How many times a day do we use words without stopping to think what they mean! Every day at luncheon and at dinner we drink out of a tumbler. But I, for one, never thought why the large glass that holds our milk or water was so called, until once upon a time I happened to have luncheon at All Souls' College, Oxford, where the curiosity of all the strangers present was excited by a set of the most attractive little round bowls of ancient silver, about the size of a large orange. These, we were told, were "tumblers;" and we were speedily shown how they came by their name.

When one of these little bowls was empty, it was placed upon the table, mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floor, balanced carefully on its side—up it rolled again, and settled itself, with a few gentle shakings and swayings, into its place.—*Sel.*

For the Little Ones.

In teaching little ones to write, begin with the figures first. Give one figure at a time and have them practice it until they can make it and also know it by sight. Give the numbers in the following order, 1, 7, 4, 9, 6, 3, 2, 8, 5, and you will get better results. After the first week give the easier letters also, such as, e, i, l, t, and so on.

For the older classes that can spell, make little spelling books and put a picture on each with the hektograph.

Make books about $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ inches.

Hang a calendar in the room and have some scholar give the month, day of month, and the year. I have them do this every day, the class repeating it two or three times. In small primer classes in the country each scholar may do this by himself.

For busy work give a month from an old calendar—one having large figures. Let the children cut numbers apart and then give each one a small square of cardboard with a pin stuck through it. Then children will find 1, stick it on pin, then 2, and so on, until they have all the numbers up to 31. Leave the numbers on the pin until they are wanted again; take them off, mix up, and use over and over until they are stuck full of holes.—*Primary Education*.