

Kate may describe the form. Hugh obeys, and Kate pronounces that the seeds are nearly flat,—are broad at one end and pointed at the other. "Now look and tell me toward which end of the apple the points of the seeds are set." "Toward the stem," Kate replies. "How many have noticed that?" asks the teacher. "That is another thing for us to prove for ourselves about apples. Ruth may count the seeds." "There are eleven," decides Ruth. "Here the children are wise. They have counted seeds in other apples, and have found as many as eighteen in some." "And sometimes," volunteers Kate, "there are little bits of seeds that have stopped growing, and wouldn't be any good." "Good for what, Kate?" "To plant," answers Kate. "Is that the use of the seeds?" "Yes," James responds, "if you plant the seed, an apple-tree will come up." "Ah, then the apple is good for something besides eating?" "It is good to make apple-trees, as well as pies," says demure little Ruth.

"Now we have come to another part of the lesson," says Miss Hayes, after a short pause. "Let us use our other eyes a little,—the 'thought-eyes' we talked of the other day. Look at this little seed, and think what it will become, if I plant it. Think carefully, and tell me what you see." "Can we see under ground with our thought-eyes, Miss Hayes?" asks Emma. "Why not?" "Then I see a little root going down into the ground, and some very small leaves coming up." "How many see that?" They have watched growing seed, and their thought-eyes are turned in the same direction. "I see a little tree after that," continues Emma; "a very little tree, only a few inches high." "Suppose you wait a few years, and then look again in the winter." "The snow is on the ground, and I see a large spreading apple-tree, without any leaves," says Ruth. "In the spring?" "The leaves are coming out." "In May?" "It is all covered with apple-blossoms," cries Hugh; "they are pink and white." "What come after the blossoms?" "Apples!" cry they all; "there are apples in the fall."

"Ruth may tell me what she sees about the tree." "I see red apples on the ground, and children picking them up." "Where is your tree, Ruth?" "In an orchard." "Where is yours, Jamie?" "In a garden, at home." "Where is yours, Kate?" "In a field, near a stone wall."

"We look upon different pictures with our thought-eyes, it seems," says the teacher. "Now we have only a few minutes left. You may write about the apple for your next lesson. You may now write on paper one thing you have learned from our talk this afternoon, and give me your paper as you pass out." *N E Journal of Education.*

HINTS IN THE USE OF COPY-BOOKS.

We recently saw a device for getting pupils to study the copy at the top of the page while writing, instead of their own writing in the next line above. This was to have the bottom line of the page written first, then the next line above, and so on. The pupil's own writing was thus partly covered by his hand and pen, making it more convenient to look up at the successive words in the copy, which in the ordinary copy-book, pupils are not very apt to do. Another benefit was that the paper did not get soiled by the hand before being written upon.

Another practice of this teacher, which, however, we have seen used elsewhere, was to have but half of each page written the first time going through the book. On writing the second half of the page the improvement, or lack of it, made by the pupil become very apparent, and the desire that it might show improvement caused superior effort. —*Intelligence.*

The teaching of grammar is infinitely better than the old way of taking a sentence, that was made to express a beautiful thought or behind which lies a grand picture, and mangling it by hard names, cutting it into minute pieces, hanging its mutilated remains on cruel diagrams; while the author's meaning remains as far away from the pupil's mind as the bright stars in heaven. There will come a time, in the course of proper development, when teaching technical grammar may be made a most excellent and profitable study; when the rich mine of thought and emotion, of which our literature is full, may be opened to the growing minds of children. Technical grammar, to my mind, as it is usually taught, effectually disgusts children, and bars the way to deeper insight into the beauty and strength of language. —*Col. F. W. Parker.*

Educational Notes and News.

Toronto has pledged its quota of \$10,000 to the Improvement Fund of Woodstock Baptist College.

According to the Editor's note-book in *The Chautauquan* for July, there are 1300 members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle in Japan.

The friends of Vassar Ladies' College, have contributed to the funds a sum sufficient to establish a fine astronomical observatory. They do those things well on the other side.

The custodian of the Vienna Industrial Art Museum has the courage to defy fashion and to protest against the worship of Japanese art on the ground that it is essentially caricature.

Johns Hopkins University this year conferred upon Dr. Shosuko Sato, a Japanese, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He has already published an elaborate essay, giving a history of the land question in the United States.

The examination of the Model School, Charlottetown, took place on Friday. The efficiency of the school is highly spoken of, and reflects much credit upon Mr. McSwain, the Principal, and his assistant, Miss Scott. —*Summerside Journal.*

The closing exercises at Woodstock College on the 25th, 27th, and 28th ult, consisted of a public competition in elocution; a sermon on Sabbath, by Rev. J. Denovan, of Toronto; graduating essays, followed by speeches, an evening concert, an alumni meeting and dinner, and a literary evening by the alumni. The occasion seems to have been one of more than usual interest and hopefulness, owing largely to the new and bright prospect opened up before the college, by Senator McMaster's munificence.

In Essex, some Public School boys have been missing from school of late, under various excuses, the real reason of their absence being the formation of the Bmidt Brothers' League of Boycotters, who played Jesse James and Jack Sheppard in the ruins of Allan Bros.' old mill. Secrecy was maintained for some time by a solemn league and covenant. The matter leaked out, and the principal made a raid on the bandits' headquarters, capturing the whole excepting one.

Six boys attending our town High School, were suspended for bad conduct last week. Card-playing, novel-reading and profanity were the charges preferred against them, and all acknowledged their guilt or were caught red-handed in the act. The head master at once suspended them. Since their suspension they have expressed sorrow for the offences, and upon promising a better line of conduct in the future, all except one have been allowed to go back to school. —*Brampton Conservator.*

Sir George Young, who recently appeared before the select committee of the House of Commons on the endowed school acts, opposed any periodical inspection of the schools, on the ground that it would tend to produce uniformity and routine. He recommended the establishment of a council, to be composed largely of teachers, charged with regulating, not inspections, but examinations—all examiners to be licensed. Mr. Fitch, on the other hand, advocated compulsory inspection, but would limit it to such matters as buildings and equipments.

Must we put aside our hope of pure Anglo-Saxon to the day of the millennium when all good things will come? A glance at a page of the note-book, the work of a half hour with our morning paper, makes us believe so. The first news item is of an "inebriated individual," the book reviewer praises certain "dainty booklets," an advertisement calls attention to an "elite event," and now a correspondent from the South tells how the "flowering trees may be seen in a perfect galaxy of beauty," and that he went on a "recherché drive." —*The Chautauquan.*

Miss Brewer, the colored girl who graduated alone from the Vincennes (Ind.) High School because the eight white girls in the class "wouldn't graduate with a nigger," is the heroine of the day in her town. Her essay was on "The education of colored youth," the hall was crowded, and when she finished, little white girls passed among the audience and collected huge baskets of flowers, a silk badge was sent her from the woman suffragist association at Richmond, Ind., and Principal Taylor, who carried through the exercises as though the classes were of the usual size, has received many congratulations from near and far. —*Exchange.*