

The poor little girl hid her face and cried!
 But the big dog nestled close to her side,
 And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
 Wondering what the matter could be!
 The dog *being large [and the sexton small]*,
 He sat through the sermon, and heard it all,
 As solemn and wise as any one there,
 With a very dignified, scholarly air!
 And instead of scolding, the minister said,
 As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head,
 After the service, "I never knew
 Two better list'ners than Rover and you!"

—James Buckham.

Education and Empire.

Lord Milner, speaking at a meeting held at Guildhall to consider the question of education in relation to the Empire, said that what was wanted was that teaching about the Empire should become a recognized and normal part of the education of children in all the schools of the country, and to secure that it was necessary to create the public feeling which would supply the necessary pressure to the educational authorities. The field of knowledge nowadays was so vast that there was no room for fads in education; but surely it was not a fad to familiarize the young with the nature of the State of which they were members, and the extent of their heritage. He concluded:—

I know that some people feel a kind of shudder when you talk to them about Imperial patriotism; they do not like the idea of looking on that map with such a lot of red upon it, because they think it leads to a spirit of boastfulness and aggression, and what they are pleased to call Jingoism. But is that really the spirit which the contemplation of that vast and complex structure which we call the British Empire is calculated to excite in any intelligent mind? A spirit of gratitude certainly—gratitude for the greatness of our birthright—a spirit of humble admiration for the efforts and the sacrifices of the past, for the enterprise, the courage, the heroic endurance, the patient labor of past generations of men and women of our race who have built it up, and who are building it up to-day. But there is something very different; that is the very antithesis of that spirit of boastfulness, of levity, of self-satisfaction, of self-complacency which is attributed—how wrongly attributed—to those of us who are proud to call ourselves Imperialists. For my own part the contemplation of that map inspires me not with feelings of boastfulness or over-confidence, but with a sense of my insignificance in the presence of anything so real, with a deep anxiety to preserve anything so precious, with a desire to be worthy of privileges so unique. That is the kind of spirit which we believe that Empire education is calculated to promote among the young. It is with something like a feeling of awe that I contemplate the British Empire of to-day, with something like a doubt

whether any nation is capable of permanently sustaining so vast a burden and of rising to so great a responsibility. I should feel that more strongly if it were not for the faith which I have in the younger members of the great British family, in the future that is before them, in the growing desire of which I feel we have lately had such striking testimony, to maintain and sustain and draw closer the bonds which unite us and them. With them I believe we can face the future with an equal mind. We cannot compel them to stay with us. We do not dream of doing so; but if they come forward and hold out the right hand of fellowship, if they claim to join with us in sustaining the great burden of our national destiny in an equal partnership, I cannot realize the depth of the blindness which would lead us to throw away so priceless an opportunity of unity. Only ignorance—ignorance the most crass and most unpardonable—could lead us to such a catastrophe. It is against that ignorance that we are waging war.

Mr. Deakin, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, seconded the motion, which was carried.

A resolution for the establishment of a "British Empire Fund" was moved by Lord Strathcona, seconded by Lord Ranfurly, and agreed to, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks.—*London Times*.

Our Funny Language.

You take a swim,
 You say you've swum;
 Your nails you trim,
 But they're not trum;
 And milk you skim
 Is never skum.

When the words you speak
 Those words are spoken.
 If a nose you tweak,
 It's never twoken;
 Nor can you seek
 And say you've soken.

If a top you spin,
 The top is spun;
 A hare you skin,
 Yet 'tis not skun;
 Nor can a grin
 Be ever grun.

If we forget
 Then we've forgotten;
 Yet if we bet
 We haven't botten.
 No house we let
 Is ever lotten.
 What we upset
 Is not upsotten.
 Now, don't you think
 Our language rotten?

—*New York World*.