

flower a boy sees, after a few lessons, he looks at with interest, as modifying the view of flowers he has attained to. He is tempted by his discoveries: he is on the verge of the unknown, and perpetually transferring to the known: all that he sees finds a place in his theories, and in turn re-acts on them, for his theories are growing. He is fairly committed to the struggle in the vast field of observation, and he learns that the test of a theory is in its power of including facts. He learns that he must use his eyes and his reason, and that then he is equipped with all that is necessary for discovering truth. He learns that he is capable of judging of other people's views, and of forming an opinion of his own. He learns that nothing in the plant, however minute, is unimportant; that he must observe truthfully and carefully; that he owes only temporary alliance to the doctrines of his master, and not a perpetual faith. No wonder that Botany, so taught, is interesting: no wonder that M. Demogeot, who visited some English Schools last year, at the request of the French Emperor, expressed himself to me as charmed with the vivacity and intelligence of the botanical class of one of my colleagues.

Very possibly a master might make his boys get up a book on Botany, and learn it in the order in which it stands in the book,—cellules and parenchyme, protoplasm and chlorophyll, stems and medullary rays, petioles and phyllodes, rhizomes and bulbs, hairs and glands, endosmose and exosmose, secretions and excretions, and so on; and ultimately come to the flower and fruit; and possibly a boy of good digestion might survive it and pass a respectable examination in a year's time. But this is not the aim. And even if in this way a greater number of facts could be learned, it would be far inferior to the method of investigation. A master must never forget that his power of teaching facts and principles is far inferior to a willing pupil's power of learning and mastering them. He must inspire his boys and rely on them: nor will he be disappointed. Those who have in them anything of the naturalist will collect and become acquainted with a large number of species, and follow out the study with care and accuracy; and the mass, to whom an extensive knowledge of species is a very unimportant matter, but who can appreciate a sound method of investigation and proof, will have gained all that they can gain from botanical teaching. And it must be remembered by those who speak of teaching science, and yet have never tried it, that a method which would succeed with a few naturalists might utterly fail with the mass.

There is a time in the growth of mind in which there is considerable activity and considerable power of accumulation, but little power of method. And to insist at this stage on rigorous definitions, on sternest formality, is to forget the indications given by nature alike in the growth of the individual and of the world. In a boy's mind is only the dawning twilight of science, which brightens out slowly, if at all, into the perfect day.

A boy leaves the botanical class as a rustic leaves the militia after three months' drill. He has gained something: he is more awake, can listen and learn better, knows what he is about; in fact, he has been drilled. Year after year I have had new boys and old in my classes, and always have been able to notice that at first the new boys seemed to be at a positive disadvantage in competing with the old, although the subject I was teaching had no reference to Botany.

### HOME AND CHILDREN.

"Home, sweet home; there's no place like home." There must be something done to make "no place like home." There must be exertion and planning to make home attractive. The sooner parents and guardians understand this, the better for the "dear ones" under their charge. They are responsible for not making "home" above all other places the most inviting. They lose sight of the fact in practice that home is, and should be, the place where their children should delight to dwell. When one sees children running around in the street, bare-foot and bare-headed, it says to him those children have no suitable home, and hence their home and affections are in the streets; all the sanctity of their homes is the wide thoroughfares; there they receive impressions that grow into tendencies and harden into habits, and make them after a while what they will be. This is their school, their training. Children should have sunlight and oxygen, and they should get these at home. There should be their little world of comfort and joy. If they are agriculturally disposed, let them have their little ploughs, hoes and barrows and fields; if horticulturally disposed, let them have their spades and rakes; paths, and beds, and seeds, and flowers; let them have their little gymnasiums and Olympian and Pythian games and be athletic Greeks: marbles, tops and whistles should they have, and home! home! should be the theatre of their action and the place of their joys, hopes and aspirations. Don't let them run in the streets, for they are to all intents and purposes waifs on the sea of life. You may not think so, but you do practically make them such. They are as much beyond your care and vigilance there as if they were in Lapland. The non-attractiveness of home is owing to neglect somewhere, and of course it lies at the door of the parents. They do not study the wants, necessities,

and aspirations of their children. The mother is full of household duties, the father engaged in business; they can't attend to their children, and, as a consequence, these tender ones that should be educated in everything, and made happy at home, and constantly surrounded with home delights, but finding none there, push through the gates ajar, and get into the streets as eagerly as a culprit leaps the wall of his prison house, and they *are waifs*, and grow up as anything else would grow if neglected, come up some how. Two-thirds of the children come to manhood and womanhood in this way, and it is a matter of culpable oversight and ignorance on the part of otherwise fond parents. Mother, your household duties are secondary. Father, your children first, your business afterwards. Make your children happy; let them have some happiness where you can see them, watch them, care for them, love them. Administer to their little aspirations, and as they are a part of yourselves, let them not be separated from you. Don't send them to school either simply because they would annoy you at home; don't send them here to "get them out of the way." Send them to school to have them cultured for life's realities and duties, and for no other purpose, and you should know that those schools are rendered proper for them. Make home comfortable, delightful. There should be more study and system in regard to this than thousands of daily duties.

These words apply to "children of older growth," young men especially, who, finding no library, books and fresh reading at home, go out to the saloon and the bowling alley, and it is all because home is "duller than any other place." "Oh! that the words were true," "Home, sweet home! there's no place like home."—*Ex. in Montreal Daily News.*

### THE FUNERAL FLEET.

All in the winter silence,  
Rapt with a sense of awe,—  
A vision half, and half a dream,  
This was the sight I saw.—

A vision of a fleet,  
A fleet of vessels three;  
The star flag and the lion flag,  
And the flag of the fleur-de-lis.

No ripple at the prows,  
No wake of shimmering spray;  
Like cloudlets white in the pale moonlight  
They glided on their way.

Sentinels paced the deck  
With solemn tread and still,  
"Peace" was the watchword that they gave,  
The answering word, "Good will."

An angel at the helm,  
Stood all in garments white;  
And angels hovered o'er the keel,  
And guided through the night.

They bring no crowned king;  
Their's is a holier trust;  
They bear a treasure from afar—  
A good man's sacred dust.

Mourned by the rich, he taught;  
Mourned by the poor, he fed;  
Mourned by a race with whom he brake  
A nobler food than bread.

To the soil that gave him birth,  
They bring him for his rest;  
Blue shall his native violets be  
Above his honored breast.

A vision of a fleet,  
A fleet of vessels three;  
The star flag, and the lion flag,  
And the flag of the fleur-de-lis.

All in the winter silence,  
Rapt with a sense of awe,—  
A vision half, and half a dream,  
This was the sight I saw.