

England or Canada, who is interested in Arctic exploration; and another of thirteen writes to a Greenwich boy, "Give me a description of the city you live in and of the ships that pass by." A South Australian girl of ten wants to correspond with a girl in Edinburgh who is interested in music. This list could be multiplied indefinitely, but these few examples will serve to show how keenly, once they are awakened, the young minds grasp the idea of comradeship; and what immense encouragement can be given to Imperial feeling, and the realization that they are all fellow citizens of one great Empire, working for a common cause. If young minds are thoroughly accustomed to this idea they will never forget it later on in life, and if called upon at any time to go out into distant lands, where they have once had a correspondent, they go feeling less like strangers than might otherwise have been the case.

The work of the School-linking and Comrade Correspondence section of the League has attained such large proportions that a special committee has been formed to deal with it. The members of the Committee are: Vice Admiral Johnstone (Chairman), Lady Sargood, Sir Philip Hutchins, Mrs. Aston Key, Colonel Colquhoun, Mrs. Ord Marshall, Mr. Henry V. Ellis, Miss Lyall; who invite the interest of all teachers and others throughout the Empire in the furtherance of their work. They desire it to be as widely known as possible, and will gladly give information to all who send enquiries to their Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Ord Marshall, League of the Empire, Caxton Hall, Westminster, London, S. W.

We keep a weather record in my fifth grade which interests the pupils very much. A large booklet has been made, the cover being a large sheet of drawing paper ornamented with an appropriate design and the words "Weather Record" and the year. The inside pages are the large sheets of commercial paper. These are each ruled into four columns for the date, weather (clear, cloudy, rain, or snow), wind (calm, slightly windy, or windy), and for the temperature we have a thermometer just outside of the windows. This record is always taken at the same time every day, about ten minutes past nine, and I find that the pupils enjoy looking it over and comparing the records. If the records of several years are kept, the pupils are very much interested in comparing them.—*Selected.*

The Flag of Old England.

All hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard, with seafoam still wet!
Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet,
Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes;
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,
Securely the Mayflower* blushes and blooms.

Hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standards, with seafoam still wet,
Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet,
We'll honour it yet, we'll honour it yet,
The flag of old England! we'll honour it yet.

In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained,
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours,
The graves where they moulder, no foe has profaned,
But we wreath them with verdure and strew them with flowers!

The blood of no brother, in civil strife poured,
In this hour of rejoicing encumbers our souls!
The frontier's the field for the patriot's sword,
And cursed be the weapon that faction controls!

Then hail to the day! 'Tis with memories crowded,
Delightful to trace 'midst the mists of the past,
Like the features of Beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,
They shine through the shadows Time o'er them has cast.

As travellers track to its source in the mountains
The stream, which, far swelling, expands o'er the plains,
Our hearts on this day fondly turn to the fountains
Whence flow the warm currents that bound in our veins.

And proudly we trace them! No warrior flying
From city assaulted, and fanes overthrown,
With the last of his race on the battlements dying,
And weary with wandering, founded our own.
From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story,
A century since our brave forefathers came,
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,
Enlarging her empire, and spreading her name.

Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens,
Every field she explores we are beckoned to tread,
Each laurel she gathers our future day brightens—
We joy with her living and mourn for her dead,
Then hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard, with seafoam still wet!
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.

—Joseph Howe.

*The Trailing Arbutus, the emblem of Nova Scotia.