

there is still the question to be considered, as to whether the child or the youth may not be stimulated by having brought before him frequently reading just a little in advance of his powers of complete understanding—ideas which hover just above him, and which he can half grasp, but not wholly without further study and effort of thought. We think there is something in this, and that there is more than a little to be said in regard to the "Turn the child loose into the library" plan. Perhaps someone else has something to say on this phase of the subject.]

Manual Training and Individuality.

In a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" L. L. & E. Department appeared an article on Ruskin. In a subsequent rereading of some paragraphs by that distinguished author and critic, I have come upon a few ideas which have suggested an enquiry in my mind regarding the aim and work of the now popular manual-training schools, and manual-training, as taught as a department of many of our public schools. Perhaps some teacher of this branch who is a reader of your journal may answer. I ask simply for information.

Ruskin, as will be remembered, strikes some of his hardest blows at want of individuality in men, the deadening habit—whether enforced by circumstance, or permitted by indifference or want of alertness—of drifting along in a rut, doing things as others have done them, without seeking to introduce any MIND work into the matter; thinking things as others have thought them, without ever arousing the mental powers to follow new threads or to form independent conclusions. You will, perhaps, remember his striking illustration of this matter, which I may, perhaps, be permitted to quote at length:

"I shall only give one example, which, however, will show the reader what I mean, from the manufacture already alluded to, that of glass. Our modern glass is exquisitely clear in its substance, true in its form, accurate in its cutting. We are proud of this. We ought to be ashamed of it. The old Venice glass was muddy, inaccurate in all its forms, and clumsily cut, if at all, and the old Venetian was justly proud of it. For there is this difference between the English and Venetian workmen, that the former thinks only of accurately matching his patterns, and getting his curves perfectly true and his edges perfectly sharp, and becomes a mere machine for rounding curves and sharpening edges, while the old Venetian cared not a whit whether his edges were sharp or not, but he invented a new design for every glass he made, and never moulded a handle or lip without a new fancy in it. And therefore, though some Venetian glass is ugly and clumsy enough, when made by clumsy and uninventive workmen, other Venetian glass is so lovely in its forms that no price is too great for it; and we never see the same form in it twice. Now, you cannot have the finish and the varied form too. If the workman is thinking about his edges, he cannot be thinking of his design; if he is thinking of his design, he cannot think of his edges. Choose whether you will pay for the lovely form or the perfect finish, and choose, at the same moment, whether you will make the worker a man or a grindstone."

And again: "Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them. . . . All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger-point, and the soul's force

must fill all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steely precision, and so soul and sight be worn away, and the human being be lost at last—a heap of sawdust, so far as its intellectual work in this world is concerned; saved only by its heart, which cannot go into the form of cogs and compasses, but expands, after the ten hours are over, into fireside humanity."

Of course, in this last homily, Ruskin refers, more especially, to the operatives in our great manufacturing establishments. Nevertheless, it would seem that there is much in it that may spur up all men, even farmers, whose work and life permits of as much individuality as any under the sun.

I believe that we are not individual enough. It may be impracticable, at the present stage of earth's history, to do without these operatives. To-day it seems necessary that many must slave, as do those men in the big watch factories, who spend twenty, thirty years, perhaps,

were "copied." Is this true in the majority of cases? Will some manual-training teacher kindly explain? MARITIME ENQUIRER.

A Question of Demand and Supply.

II.

This question, matrimonially considered, is a many-sided one. It has many avenues of approach, and has been and will be looked at from many points of view. To those who face life with a full sense of their responsibilities, it has a very serious side, as indeed it should. Some treat the subject as a game of chance—a mere grab-bag into which one inserts one's fingers, and draws therefrom what may be either a five-cent doll or a veritable prize; whilst others look at it from a purely commercial point of view, as

time to time comments, often under flaring headlines, upon such subjects as, "Wives at a premium," "Girls, go West," "Husbands for 2,000 telephone girls, or providing homes for young women who may be replaced by machines." This latter suggestion, if true—for it reads almost like a squib—is said to come from a Canadian, the president of an automatic telephone company, who was about to propose to the French Government thus to provide for the large army of girls who would be thrown out of employment should his system be adopted. "We will," he said, pay all their expenses out to Canada, provide them with board and lodging and pocket money for six months, and do our utmost to procure for them suitable husbands."

"But where will you find husbands?"

"Why, there are hundreds of men in the Northwest Territories who have 'made their pile,' and are anxious to set up homes of their own. They would be glad to marry bright young women such as these French girls."

If it be true that there are out West "hundreds of men who have made their pile," surely these can manage to come down East and find good wives from amongst the homes of Ontario or the Maritime Provinces, instead of awaiting the arrival of the imported assortment of girls of whose qualifications they can only judge at sight, and to whom they will have to make their matrimonial proposition through an interpreter? On behalf of the bachelor farmers of the Northwest, it seems that the Salvation Army, too, is coming to the rescue on the plea, we suppose, that, "As Mahomet cannot come to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet." Even of the Salvation Army, with its honest effort to meet a very real demand with an adequate and well-chosen supply, we would venture to ask, "Are not the girls of Canada more fitted to become the wives of the men of Canada than even the most carefully selected band of women from any other land?"

Our Canadian girls are not likely to be willing to march, as it were, "with life and drum" to the besiegement of any fortress of Bachelordom, but there are many openings in the Northwest where good salaries can be earned, and where, in more womanly fashion they can be wooed and won, either amongst the cornfields of Manitoba, under the shadow of our glorious Rockies, or when driving home the "kye" from the limitless pasture grounds of the prairies of Alberta.

To our Canadian girls, eager for a wider range, willing to work, and encouraged by the certainty of higher pay than they could expect in Eastern Canada, I, too, would repeat the cry, "Go West, Girls, Go West!" but carry with you your sense of independence, your woman's privilege of free choice, and if the right kind of "Jock" comes along, and you feel that when you give him your hand you can, because he is worthy of it, give him your heart too, you may enter upon your new heritage fearlessly, and reign happily as the queen of your home. H. A. B.

The Woodman.

Of Stanhope A. Forbes, a well-known artist and frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, we are told that his favorite recreation is cycling. He has probably met in one of the forest-girded country lanes of old England the aged woodman whom he depicts carrying home his armful of faggots, a perquisite granted to him by the owner of the property in a nook of which his cottage stands. At eventide in rural districts one frequently exchanges a kindly good-night with the faggot-bearers of the village; sometimes it is a woman with her apron full, sometimes a little lad or lassie who has been "picking sticks for mother to boil the kettle with," but more often the grandfather who is no longer able to undertake heavier work. H. A. B.



Stanhope A. Forbes, A. R. A.

The Woodman.

dropping a screw through a plate. Whether the organization that necessitates such a spending of life be a fair one, or the only possible one, is not here the question. The idea which I wish to emphasize just now is that, in every way possible, individuality, growth, thought, must be encouraged.

Is this the primary object in manual-training? or are the children who study it simply set to copy admirably the work of the teacher, in order that the fingers may be made ready, and the eye trained—both of which are by no means insignificant objects? Quoting from Ruskin again: "The higher the mind, it may be taken as a universal rule, the less it will scorn that which appears to be small and unimportant." Nevertheless, the lesser object must not be subverted to the higher. . . . I have seen some work—fine work, too—done by manual-training students, but I was told that the patterns

those who should say, "as we cannot get along on our farms or in our homes without the women folks. it comes cheaper in the long run to marry them than to pay them wages as housekeepers." Of these are the class who advertise, with the result that they get just what they pay for and no more, all the finer attributes which go to the making of a happy home being, on both sides, left out of the contract.

Whilst we would fondly hope that, even in the changed conditions under which we live, such views are the exception rather than the rule, that every here and there are lived out sweet little idylls, true love stories, yet it comes somewhat as a shock to those who still hold sacred the belief that woman should be sought and not be the seeker, to read from