

houses, and even tried to plough the down-trodden fields and sow crops. Many societies of French women are undertaking to help in the devastated districts. Many women have undertaken to work independently, living with the people and sharing their hardships and sorrows. Thousands have disappeared from these villages never to return, victims not of shrapnel but of deportation. Hundreds fell by the wayside, and hundreds became separated from their families in the mad evacuation before the oncoming Hun. Boys and girls by the thousands are lost forever to the Hun. To help these tragic cases of cruelty is the special work of the women's societies.

The spirit of French women is shown in their attitude towards the Women's Congress of the Hague, which met in April, 1915. Not a single French society sent a delegate to this Pacifist meeting. The 150 feminist associations and the 80 suffragist societies refused to accept the proposed programme. As long as that spirit survives, victory is assured to the Allies.

DON'T FORGET THE GRANDFATHERS.

Mary Bronson Hartt

The romance of colonization—and what phase of history is so steeped in romance—is a volatile essence fatally likely to be dissipated in the dry air of the classroom, leaving what should be fascinating as a fairy tale, colorless and dull. The trouble is no doubt due in part to the shortness of the time allotted to the study of the peopling of the land. Condensed colonization is bound to have all the romance squeezed out! But is it not also due in part to the fact that we fail to make the children realize their own vital connection with the makers of colonial history?

In Boston there's a devoted little teacher whose yearly class in American history is always one of the most eager in the school. She attributes her success to grandfathers. That is, she makes the most of family history as it is linked into the story of the nation. Every fall she sets the members of her history class to finding out when their forebears settled in Massachusetts, where they came from, and why. Boston being a cosmopolitan place and one given to the study of genealogy, the answers she gets cover pretty much the whole colonial story of New England and the original thirteen colonies. Besides descendants of the Pilgrims, there are those of Dutch or Huguenot ancestry (to say nothing of those whose coming to America dates from the days not of colonization but of emigration, and whose nationality is of every stripe). One child may report that his forebears originally settled in Connecticut, helped to found Hartford, emigrated to Vermont before the Revolution and fought with the gallant Green Mountain Boys, later trekked to the wilderness of Western New

York and struggled with the Indians for a chance at life.

In a Canadian class-room such a quest would develop the fact that some remote grandfathers came from Massachusetts in the days before the Revolution, attracted by the invitation of the Governor of the Province of Nova Scotia, who held out inducements to Essex county folk to come up and settle on the lands left vacant by the expulsion of the Acadians. And some would point with pride to the fact that their people were Loyalists driven out of the American colonies by the intolerance which followed the war with Great Britain. And some would trace to dark-eyed Acadians. So much of family history almost every pupil would be able to produce. But in many a household records are kept or traditions cherished much more detailed. Some of the children might come back with vivid stories of the dangers and hardships of life in early settlements. There might even be some happy child whose great-great-great-grandfather took part in the glorious first siege of Louisburg, or fought on the King's side in some Loyalist corps like "Skinner's Greens" in the American Revolution, or was among the pioneers who sailed and paddled up the St. John River to St. Ann's plain and founded the modern city of Fredericton.

Whatever the stories, they will wake the children up to the fact that their very own people, whose blood runs in their veins, lived through the times the histories tell of and made their strong mark on the foundations of Canadian life. It will be a poor teacher indeed, this consciousness once quickened in her pupils, who cannot make the beginnings of local history beyond all else engrossing.

Don't forget the grandfathers. They're an educational asset of no small value.

SELFISH FRIENDS

Make no friend of a selfish person. No matter how close you cling to him, he will get rid of you some day. When the fox is troubled with fleas, he will go into the water to a small depth, and the water will rise very little above his legs. The fleas will creep up toward the top of his back. Gently and by degrees he will sink his back beneath the surface of the water, till the fleas are driven forward. And in the same quiet way he will merge every part of his body beneath the water except his nose, on which the fleas will congregate as on an island. At last he will sink his nose, and leave the insects to be drowned. That is the way a selfish friend will abandon you.—*Progress Enterprise*.

It will not do itself; while you delay
The Task grows harder; put it through Today!