

Rebellions, paragraph one described the Rebellion of 1715. Paragraph two might begin, "This was not the last attempt to restore the Stuarts to the throne;" or, "Not discouraged by the failure of the rising of 1715, the Jacobites made another attempt, etc."

To sum up, the essentials for clearness are—

First. Clear and definite thinking.

Second. Accurate use of words.

Third. Correct arrangement of sentences.

Fourth. Unity, continuity and explicit reference in paragraphs.

Little Homes in Apples.

Have you ever noticed a little hole in an apple you were eating? That is the doorway into a little apple home. Last summer a moth laid an egg on the skin of the apple. It was a very tiny egg and a wee worm was hatched from it. He was a very hungry little worm and he had no sharp teeth to cut through the tough skin of the apple. So he crawled round till he found the end where the blossom had been and walked in and began to eat his way to the core. He grew bigger and bigger as he ate the soft juicy apple, and grew a new coat for himself every little while. Then like other little folk he was eager to show off his new coat and see something of the world outside. So he ate a hole to the outside of the apple and looked round to see the beautiful world and the lovely sunshine that he had often dreamed about. Then he went back to eat more of the nice apple. By and by the wind blew the apple to the ground, and the little worm crawled out. (Perhaps he stayed in; did you ever find him in the apple?). He crawled round till he found the tree up which he climbed. He was looking for a snug winter home and he found it in the crotch of a branch. Then he spun himself a little grey-brown cloak, as much as possible like the colour of the bark. He was afraid that some hungry bird might find him out and make a meal of him. There he slept all winter, and lo! in the spring a little moth came out from underneath the grey-brown cloak. It flew about gaily all summer and then it laid eggs on the green apples just as its mother had done.

Little boys and girls who do not like wormy apples should look for these grey-brown homes on the trees in winter. Put one or two in a box to see the moth come out. Put all the rest in the fire.

English Literature.

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On our high school curriculum we find the names of many sciences—several branches of mathematics, chemistry, botany, physics, physiology, the grammar of three or four languages, etc. A knowledge of all these facts, laws and theories which have shaped our world and daily affect the life of everyone is indispensable, and the modern teacher spends four-fifths of his time every day in trying to present them as attractively and as clearly as he can. From this highly necessary preponderance of the sciences the teacher is forced to acquire a regular method, a scientific habit of thinking; he must see the steps of his lesson in arithmetic and plan the order of them so as not to confuse the pupils' present knowledge nor place any extra obstructions in the path of light. That lesson in chemistry,—you have illustrated by several experiments the preparation of a salt. You have shown on the blackboard how the reaction is expressed by chemical symbols, how the graphic formula explains it, and then you have clenched, so to speak, the information in the minds of the class by the definition of a salt. And the pupils, as is of course natural, respond to orderly methods of thought, and in every lesson the teacher realizes that they are, even though unconscious of it themselves, looking for the essential. The most lax and indifferent of them want something definite, something tangible, to make the lesson worth the effort of attention. And so it sometimes happens that when two or three times a week the English literature period arrives, it brings with it a feeling of vague perplexity to both teacher and class, especially to the former on whom falls the necessity of doing something. For here is the place in our list of studies farthest distant from the beaten track of rule, definition and the "why and wherefore,"—the place where you must rise on the butterfly wings of imagination, sometimes to heights where you feel that the young caterpillars before you are quite incapable of following. The poem or extract is written in fairly simple English; the teacher has read it perhaps dozens of times; there seems so little to take hold of in it. After a few comments on the more difficult words, a few facts in regard to the author, some unenthusiastic but passable reading on the part of