

slightest breeze. This is caused by the flat thin petiole of the leaf being easily swayed by the wind. There is a legend that the wood of the cross was made from this tree, which is the cause of its trembling—as if for shame. This quivering is characteristic of other poplars, and is no doubt the reason for the name of the genus, from the Latin *populus*, the common people, because of the restless, swaying character of the mob.

The leaves of the trembling poplar are broadly ovate or roundish, finely crenulate or toothed all round and coming to a sharp point. The bark is greenish; the wood soft, weak, light in colour. A cubic foot of it weighs twenty-five pounds. The young growth is used for making excelsior matting, and the wood makes a good finishing when found large enough, the fibre being tough, although the heart is bad.

The large-toothed-leaved poplar (*Populus grandidentata*) is larger than the preceding, with the edges of the leaves broken up into great teeth. Its wood is slightly heavier and more compact than the preceding, weighing twenty-nine pounds to the cubic foot. Its uses are the same. In spring, its leaves are a soft grayish white colour, and coming out after many other trees are in bloom produce a beautiful contrast to the delicate fresh-green tints of the woods.

The balsam poplar (*Populus balsamifera*) is a larger tree than either of the preceding, and has very resinous buds. It is not common; but the writer observed great stretches of low land covered with it along the upper valley of the Restigouche river, where its suckers had formed a dense matting in the gravelly soil, shutting out every other tree. A variety of the balsam poplar called the Balm of Gilead (*Populus balsamifera*, var. *candicans*) is frequently planted for ornament, but there are the same objections to it as above noted.

The Lombardy poplar and the abele or white poplar are not native, but are frequently planted. One or two of each add to the beauty of a grove or the borders of a lawn.

A Home-Made Recitation Book.

Having quite a collection of select reading, poetry, etc., cut from old journals, papers, and magazines, I decided we could best preserve them for future use in a scrap book.

I obtained an old law book—this was selected because it was large, well bound, and put together with strong thread—and carefully removed every

other leaf, sometimes two or three in a place, to allow for the paper to be put in.

It was then divided into sections, one for Christmas selections; others for humorous, patriotic, pathetic selections.

The recitations were then neatly pasted into the book each in its proper place. After it is all filled we are going to arrange an index.

The pupils take interest in finding something "good enough" for the book, for of course only the best selections are put into it, and those bits suitable for pupils as recitations for Friday afternoons, or for special entertainment programmes.—*Teachers' Magazine*.

Will teachers who have good selections for Christmas, Empire, Arbor Day, Friday afternoons, and other school occasions, kindly send copies of them to the REVIEW for publication, so that other teachers may have the benefit of them.

The Poetry of Earth is Never Dead.

The poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—Keats.

In the study of a poem the following exercise has been found to be profitable and pleasant: One pupil reads a stanza. He reads it again, this time changing as many words as possible to words having the same meaning, also the same number of syllables, if possible. The following is an illustration, as read by a pupil in the fifth grade:

"Then Nature, the loving mother
In the moony month of leaves,
Arrayed in yellow and crimson
Her children, the autumn leaves."

The verse changed reads as follows:

"Then Nature, the gentle mother,
In the shining month of leaves,
Dressed in yellow and scarlet
Her children, the forest leaves."

—Selected.