

he could procure one of the opposition leader. We waited, and pasted in both at once.

I may add that the articles chosen usually contained words which sent the children from the "magazine" to the dictionary, so that they not only learned to look intelligently over the printed page and think about current events—which always had a place in our "magazine"—but also noticeably increased their vocabulary. J. W. M.

[For the Educational Review]

H. M. S. "Niobe."

How many readers of the REVIEW are superstitious, I wonder. From the unfortunate accident which recently befell our Canadian cruiser "Niobe," one is apt to conclude that a ship so named is doomed to disappointment as was the fabled Niobe of the mythological age.

The following sketch of this fabled being will, doubtless, cause many to ask why such a name should have been applied to a ship of our navy.

It has always been considered presumptuous for mortals to place themselves on an equality with the gods, and an unpardonable offense to dare to compete with them in any respect. There have been a few mortals whose folly brought them to disgrace if not death by such a line of action. One of these was Arachne, renowned for her skill in weaving. After boasting of her ability to surpass Minerva, goddess of the fine arts, she actually attempted to compete with her in a weaving contest. The result was that the goddess became angered and Arachne's web violently rent asunder. So great was her mortification over this mishap that she hanged herself. Before she died Minerva took pity on her and by a magic touch turned her into a spider. The news of this tragedy spread through the land and prevented many similar misfortunes. Nothing seemed to influence the proud and boastful Niobe, Queen of Thebes. At a celebration in Thebes in honour of Latona and her children, Apollo and Diana, Niobe surveyed the crowds of people with looks of anger. "What folly is this," cried she, "to prefer beings whom you have never seen to those who stand before your eyes!" She then began boasting of her parentage, her husband and her children. Her father was Tantalus, who had been feasted by the gods; her mother was a goddess, and her children numbered seven sons and seven daughters, whereas Latona had but two.

"Away with you from these solemnities," she cried, "put off the laurel from your brows—have done with this worship."

At this Latona became indignant. Her children offered to avenge the insults offered by Niobe. Accordingly Apollo and Diana darted through the air and alighted on the high towers of the city, from which spot they could view unobserved the warlike sports in progress on the plain below. One by one the seven sons of proud Niobe were slain by arrows from above. When Niobe's husband heard what had befallen his sons he killed himself.

Niobe and her seven daughters rushed to the spot where lay the seven brothers. "Cruel Latona," shouted Niobe, looking toward heaven, "feed your rage with my anguish! Sate your hard heart while I follow my seven sons to the grave. Yet where is your triumph? Bereaved as I am, I am still richer than you, my conqueror." Scarcely had the words fallen from her lips, when one of her daughters fell, pierced by an arrow through the heart. Five others were likewise despatched by the unseen heavenly visitors. Niobe, clasping her only remaining daughter to her bosom, begged the goddess to spare her only child, but even while she spoke that one also fell dead at her mother's feet.

Niobe stood transfixed with grief. The wind moved not her hair, no colour was on her cheek; her eyes were fixed and even her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth. Tears still continued to flow, even after a whirlwind lifted her up and placed her body, a mass of rock, on her native mountain, and even to this day a trickling stream flows from this rock—the tribute of her never-ending grief.

Vancouver, B. C.

H. P. DOLE.

The remedy for cheerlessness is cheerfulness—like begets like—sunlight will always dispel a shadow—a cheerful teacher will have a cheerful school. Pictures and decorations on wall contribute their part, but the most delightful picture to be found in any school is the company of happy, contented, and zealous children, reflecting the same spirit it found in their teacher.—G. N. White.

I was glad to note in the August REVIEW that Professor L. A. DeWolfe was going to repeat the substance of his lectures given at the Summer School, as, owing to attendance on other lectures, I could not give my attention to them as faithfully as I would wish. I consider these lectures alone worth the price of the paper.

C. S. M.