

diers of the Great King, with the cold and the fury beating around their bases, but with their heads far above in the blue sky. Here the little Snowflakes, quite tired with so long a journey, joined their small companions above the clouds, which, sitting aloof in eternal brilliance, await the death of the Sun. Here, too, Old Frost, after much wandering, became lost in the passes, and, soaring high in the air, returned to his master, so that of all that host only the North Wind crossed the Mountains. He, however, still undaunted, flew to the ocean, and over the ocean to other lands.

The Deep Waters, whipped to fury, pitched and roared, and thundered huge waves against the cliffs. The frail ships built by puny Man were thrown on high or swept beneath on rocks, and over all the deep was confusion, spread by the touch of the White King. And in those other lands brilliant birds crept fearfully under shivering leaves, while gaudy flowers bowed to the earth, and gay butterflies floating over rose-decked lawns fell among the grasses. A Southern Mother, standing in the glory of the dying sun, turned at the touch, and as she gazed the light of fear shone in her eyes. Well she knew that from whence came the North Wind there lives a blue-eyed Race, terrible and timeless as Old Storm its father, which, under the flag bearing the three crosses and a newer flag, has shaken the world. And she clasped her dark-haired babe closer to her bosom, and prayed her god that never might he feel their power, for their banners go never backward, and their ships encompass the earth.

Far away in the Northland sits the King as before, and lo! all is still. The wee stars, the children of God, twinkle merrily in the frosty light, while the pale moon, guided by the angels, rolls on her way. The frost-spangled trees, standing white and spectral in the magical scene, throw strange, checkered shadows for the fairies to dance upon, and here and there from the villages of the mountain and plain thin spirals of blue smoke twist upwards into the clear heavens. He looks around well pleased, for, from the High Hills to the Bay, and from the Islands to the Great Lakes, and beyond the lakes, a white blanket envelops the Earth where his armies have trod. And as he looks over the "Great Lone Land," so grand in its resources, so pitiful in its undeveloped greatness, his heart glows within him, and he softly murmurs, "Ah, my children of the North! My little ones of Canada, I send my legions down upon you, but to give you strength, for I love you. So will I make of you a nation so great that wise Time, though older than the world, shall wonder. Behold, the time approaches! Arise, make our Mistress of the North the Empress of the earth." Thus spoke the Old King, and, O Children, the words are for you alone. Listen! Hear the promise in the song of the North Wind.

JUSTUS MILLER, Jr.

Oxford Co., Ont.

Our only question in regard to the above concerns the use of the word "servants," in "though he assail his servants in fury," etc. It might be objected that the Snowflakes, North Wind, etc., were the servants of the Storm King, and not man, as here implied.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE MEMBERS.

Writing us just a year ago, the writer of "The Storm King" said: "The Literary Society is possibly the most useful portion of 'The Farmer's Advocate.' Anyone attending the cheese meetings, etc., cannot fail to notice the inability of the ordinary farmer to express his ideas clearly and concisely. In helping the farmers along this line, the Club should and no doubt will exert a great influence. Also, it cannot fail to create in the members a true

appreciation and a desire to study first-class literature, rather than the inferior material that is so largely read at the present time. This will probably be the greatest benefit of all."

To-day, "Milla," Quebec, says: "I have enjoyed the Literary Society very much this winter. I much appreciate your efforts in this work, and I hope and believe that many a writer in the future will look back to this Society as their starting-point."

We should be rewarded indeed should these prognostications prove true. To help our farmers to express themselves, to inculcate a more general love of good literature, to inspire, here or there, the literary genius—this would truly be a crown worthy of all effort.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND INVALIDISM.

Some time ago, when the question of a definition of education as the all-round development of the man physically, morally, intellectually, was under discussion, we received the following letter:

Editor, Literary Society:

I notice, in a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate," that you wish me to modify my assertion, that a good physical development is not necessary to the well-educated man. While not wishing to depreciate the value of good physical development, I do not think that a man who is physically weak need despair of becoming well educated. True, he cannot accomplish so much work, or acquire so much wealth, or win so much fame, as he might were he possessed of a more robust constitution, but if he does all he can, and uses what strength he has to the best advantage, he shall at least, "Bear, without abuse, the grand old name of Gentleman."

RALPH ERSKINE.

Queen's Co., P. E. I.

Owing to pressure of other things, this letter has been crowded out overlong, but the subject of which it treats is at all times opportune.

Mr. Erskine's misunderstanding has no doubt arisen from the fact that he has clung to the popular idea of education as a merely mental factor, whereas we had dwelt upon it in its

pedagogical sense of an all-round development, physically, mentally, and morally. For instance, in starting to educate a child, we must not aim solely at developing his brain-power, caring little whether his morals or his body be dwarfed or not. We must aim at developing the whole child; at giving him a sound mind in a sound body which will be a pleasure to him; at inculcating in him principles of right and honor; at stimulating in him the habit of independent thought; at awakening in him a love of knowledge and of the beautiful, and fixing in him a conviction that all that he learns and all that he is should be expressed in useful work. In these terms is education, in its broadest significance, contained.

Upon the other hand, we have no wish to quarrel with the common use of the term as referring to merely mental accomplishment. We must call Bacon an educated man, notwithstanding the fact that he was both physically infirm, and possessed of so little honor as to betray a friend; we are willing to call George Eliot an educated woman, even while recognizing that her morals, in some respects, might have been improved. Indeed, were physical infirmity alone to be considered, it would almost appear, judging from the long list of illustrious invalids, that ill-health might be a concomitant to brilliant mental work, as indeed it may in some cases be, since physical inability so often cuts its subjects off from the active life, throwing them back upon mental labor as a resource for passing otherwise weary days. Invalidism also often begets a certain strength of character, a sweetness of disposition, which may have had no little to do with the worth of thought recorded by illustrious invalids. Among the latter, it may be interesting to note, have been Aristotle, Alfred the Great, Bunyan, Pope, Schiller, Heine, Pascal, Mrs. Browning, Wilberforce, Voltaire, Kant, Kepler the astronomer, Green and Parkman the historians, Lever, Gray, and R. L. Stevenson, that most glorious invalid, who, at the time of his greatest extremity, could write, "I am too blind to read, hence no reading; I am too weak to walk, hence no walking; I am forbidden to talk, hence no talking; but the great simplification has yet

to be named, for, if this goes on I shall soon have nothing to eat—and hence—oh, hallelujah! hence, no eating."

At the same time, we believe that it is not wise to be an invalid if one can help it; and that, recognizing that his body needs educating as well as his mind, every invalid should strive his utmost to attain a fair degree of health and bodily development. We believe, also, that will-power and perseverance in a sane method of living can do more towards inducing good health than can readily be believed; and we are inclined to think that many ailments, especially among the student classes, have been simply invited by indiscretion of some sort, by overstudy, lack of exercise and fresh air, in some cases by overexertion, and so on through a long list of avoidables.

It is only too easy, perhaps, for the ordinary invalid to grow weary and dependent; to give up the little walks or outings really so necessary to him; to keep thinking about himself and his infirmities; to let all interest in doing things drift. And yet, if he only knew it, the very exercise of his will-power in compelling himself (if necessary, under his physician's direction) to do those things which are absolutely needful for well, not to speak of sick, folk, and to live outside of himself as much as possible, is likely to be the very foundation stone of his improvement.

This last point is very important. The most eminent physicians everywhere now admit the strange influence of the mind over the body. They are indeed convinced that if the mind is morbid, continually bent on the infirmities of the body, the effect is almost as of a poison throughout the system, and they have even succeeded in demonstrating that people who have imagined disease in any part of the body, and have dwelt fretfully and constantly on the apprehension, have brought on the very thing they feared. As a consequence of this understanding, the necessity of "taking up the mind" of the invalid, of getting him out of himself, interested in something that may make him forget his malady, is now universally urged.

We believe, in short, that physical education is a duty which everyone owes to himself and to the world;



An Object Lesson on Good Taste in Lawns.

(From Country Life in America.)

[Note the broad central space, with irregularly-massed borders of trees, shrubs, and plants.]