

**How Glooscap Found the Summer.**

The following pretty legend is one of those told around the campfires of the Passamaquoddy Indians; and listened to again and again with unabated interest, as we would listen to our favorite songs. Neither the writer nor the friend to whom he is indebted for the story (Mrs. W. W. Brown, of Calais), understands the meaning of the expression, "When people lived always in the early red morning before sunrise"; nor could the Indian who recited it in broken English give any explanation of it, although he insisted that it was part of the legend.—J. VROOM, St. Stephen.

In the long ago,  
When people lived always in the early red morning  
Before the rising of the sun,  
Before the land of the Wabanaki\* was peopled as to-day,  
Glooscap went very far north, where all was ice.

He came to a wigwam,  
Therein he found a giant,  
A mighty giant, whose name was Winter.  
Glooscap entered. He sat down.  
Winter gave him a pipe. He smoked,  
And the giant told tales of the olden time.

The charm was upon him;  
The giant talked on, and Glooscap fell asleep.  
He slept for six months, like the toad;  
Then the charm fled, and he awoke.

He went his way home.  
He went toward the south; and at every step it grew warmer:  
And the flowers began to come up and talk to him.  
He came to where many little ones† were dancing in the forest.

Their queen was Summer.  
I am singing the truth; it was Summer,  
The most beautiful one ever born.

The fairies surrounded their queen;  
But the Master deceived them by a crafty trick;  
He cut a moose hide into a narrow strip and bade them  
them hold one end;  
Then, running away with Summer, he let the end trail behind.  
The fairies of light pulled at the cord;  
Glooscap ran on; the cord ran out;  
And, though they pulled, he left them far away.

So he returned to the lodge of Winter;  
But now he had Summer in his bosom.  
And Winter welcomed him again,  
For he hoped to freeze him again to sleep.  
I am singing the song of Summer.

But this time the Master did the talking;  
This time his magic was the stronger;  
And the sweat soon ran down Winter's face.  
And he and his wigwam melted more and more,  
Until they had melted quite away.

Then everything awoke:  
The grass grew; the fairies came out;  
The melted snow ran down the rivers, carrying off the  
dead leaves,  
And Glooscap left Summer with them and went home.

\* The tribes of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Northern Maine.

† The flower spirits.

**PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.****For the Little Ones.**

What words were left out in these lines:—

There were — squirrels up in a tree,  
One came down and then there were three.

Nine little chickens belong to one hen,  
Hen and chickens all told make —.

Six little girls in a class at school.  
— little boys came in one day.

Then there were — little boys and girls  
When they all went out to play.

Seven fat hens and a rooster straight  
Walked into the house, and that made —.

The hen lays eggs, one, two, three, four,  
Fred wants five, so she lays — more.

In the fields the lambs are bleating;  
What do you think the sheep are —?

— "*The Riverside Primer and Reader*," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In the October REVIEW some hints were given about school-room decorations for that month and October. Some few additions may be made for the Thanksgiving season. It will be easy to add blackboard drawings of fruits and vegetables, and bright-colored pictures of these from seed catalogues may easily be obtained, and placed in rustic frames, bordered with spruce or pine cones. Ears of corn, vegetables, fruits, may be brought into the room and tastefully arranged. These will serve to close up the year's lessons on plant life and give reasons why this season should be set apart for special thanksgiving. Bunches of wheat, oats, and other cereals, with loops, made by stringing kernels of different colored corn on twine, will give a chance for appropriate and artistic decorations. A small hemlock, fir, or spruce tree, about a foot or two in height, placed in a large flower-pot or small wooden tub, makes an effective ornament. Make a special effort to have your school-room bright for Thanksgiving, and the same decorations, with a sprinkling of evergreens and mottoes, will do for Christmas.

Miss Alice Longfellow, in the *Youth's Companion*, thus writes of her father: "He never endured any sarcastic word to a child, especially from a teacher, and considered it most dangerous and blighting to any originality or imagination. Sympathy first, and then criticism, when needed, but a criticism that cleared away difficulties and showed the right path, never a criticism that left merely discouragement and bewilderment behind."