

the habit of training their children in the knowledge and admiration of the literature of their own land. The Arabs, the most civilized nation of the ancient world, taught their young folks to repeat the undying thoughts of their poets, under the beautiful name of "unstrung pearls."

Plato pictures the boys on long benches in the schools of Greece, receiving moral instruction through learning, and reciting the poetry of her classic authors.

For the greater part, the selections for the younger children should consist of entire pieces, and of such as are calculated to develop their emotional natures—the imagination, love of home and parents, kindness to dumb animals, etc.,—and to give them correct rules of action. Those for the more advanced pupils should consist principally of brief extracts, containing grand and ennobling thoughts calculated to incite them to higher aspirations in life, to lead them into pure fields of English literature, and to teach them to love and reverence our great authors. In the selection of gems, poetry has the preference, for it inculcates a double beauty—beauty of thought and beauty of composition. "The taste for harmony, the poetical ear," says Miss Aiken, "if ever acquired, is acquired almost in infancy. The flow of numbers easily impresses itself on the memory, and is with difficulty erased. By the aid of a verse, a store of beautiful imagery and glowing sentiment may be gathered up as the amusement of childhood, which in riper years may beguile the heavy hours of languor, solitude, and sorrow; may enforce sentiments of piety, humility, and tenderness; may soothe the soul to calmness, rouse it to honorable exertion, or fire it with virtuous indignation."

"They who have known what it is," remarks Willmott, in the "Pleasures of Literature," "when afar from books, in solitude, in travelling, or in intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them, will feel the inestimable value of committing to memory, in the prime of its power, what it will receive and indelibly retain. He who has drunk from the pure springs of intellect in his youth will continue to draw from them in the heat, the burden, and the decline of the day. The corrupted streams of popular entertainment flow by him unregarded."

The great Coleridge says, "Poetry has been to me 'an exceeding great reward.' It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

Important as declamation is, it is secondary to the great object I desire to accomplish, viz., storing the mind of our youth with ennobling thoughts, clothed in beautiful language; thoughts that will incite them to noble aspirations; thoughts that inculcate virtue, patriotism, love of God, of father, of mother, kindness to dumb animals, and that give correct rules of action.

NATURAL HISTORY.

While the drums were being beaten on Dominion day, I was watching a performance in connection with natural history of far more interest to myself than would be Mr. Barnum's show, or anything else so mutilated by *enterprise*; while sitting on a sand-bank, I observed a fly, which, including his feelers, was about an inch long, with a spider in tow, of four or five times his weight, I should say. The fly was black and his back was adorned with transverse bars of spots in pairs, which met in the centre; he tugged his prey along, moving backwards the while; so strong was he, that he lifted the spider into the air, but speedily dropped

him in a tuft of grass, after airing himself a little while, he returned, and took possession of his booty once again; he dragged him over my limbs, and after he had conveyed him a distance of several yards, left him once more, and made as many as four attempts at finding a suitable place of sepulture for him; in the intervals of his labor, he returned to view the body, and being apparently satisfied that the subject had got beyond a state of trance, resumed his occupation of grave-digging; as all this took place between St. James' Cemetery, and the Necropolis, it is manifest that he was unwilling to avail himself of the advantages of either of those institutions; the rapidity with which he dug the grave with his fore-feet reminded me of the flight of the bee; when at length he had decided on a suitable spot, the cave was excavated to a depth of about two inches, and great pains were taken to secure a gradual incline towards it; I saw the departed spider dragged into it, and ere long, the head of the fly appeared at the entrance of the cave, and he rested on his fore legs while he kicked up the sand over the spider with his hind legs; as the cave became filled I could see that the sand was pressed with the lower extremity of the fly's body; he then proceeded to burrow the sand within a circle, and fill in the incline he had made to the cave; one of the holes he excavated in this depressed circle is so deep that I presume it is designed as a receptacle for another spider, but although a second fly (half the size of the former) arrived before I had concluded writing this narrative, and operated on the sand in the neighbourhood in a similar fashion, I did not wait for the return of the former operator; I marked the spot however, and purpose re-visiting it.

D. E.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

In recognition of the courtesy involved by the receipt of two unbought copies of THE CRITIC, the Rev. S. A. Dyke has found congenial occupation in calling on the advertisers in that journal, and representing that they will receive three times the value of their money by advertising in the sectarian journal for which he canvasses. As the rev. gentleman is a born financier, we would suggest that he devote his talents to the (possibly) more lucrative employment of calling on the customers of all the banks except the Bank of Commerce, and advocating the pre-eminent claims of that bank and "six feet of hypocrisy." A transfer from the managership of the book depot to that of the bank would be the probable result.

When a deputation of total abstainers waited on Bishop Strachan, in order, if possible, to induce his Lordship to exert his influence with one of his clergy to abandon intoxicants, the deputation remarked that it did not look well to see a clergyman bringing his whiskey home in a bottle. "*Bottle*," exclaimed the Bishop, "I'll write to him that he'd better buy it by the barrel, as I do."

The above-named prelate, on being consulted as to the desirability of using the Collect appointed as a prayer for rain, replied "Na use, mon, praying for rain while the wind's nor'-east."

[The above paragraphs became severed through inadvertence, while "making up" the matter of the last number for the press; the latter paragraph is therefore reprinted, and will indicate the relation of the one to the other.]

"Blind unbelief is sure to err," and so is blind belief; as witness the implicit faith in conflicting creeds, religious and medical.