

This is pushing the question far and fast, and those who advocate such sweeping measures are taking away the breath of some of the old fogies. But that will be the outcome of the business and at no distant day. "It surely cannot be the work of the state to teach boys and girls to use their fingers, to make tailors and seamstresses, cooks and carpenters of them." Why not, as well as to make engineers, and lawyers, and doctors of them; which is what most of our State Colleges are doing? The thing seems strange at first and gives a shock to all our notions of civil government and political economy. But the more it is pondered the more clearly will it appear that there is scarcely a single argument which can be advanced in favour of state-aided public schools and compulsory education, which does not apply with equal or greater force in behalf of state-aided industrial schools, and compulsory technical training.

It is however better to make haste slowly. Meanwhile the most strenuous objector on public grounds will hardly deny that a grand field is here opened up for private philanthropy. One of the most hopeful features of modern philanthropy is the eminently practical character it is developing. Of the many grand practical agencies for preventing pauperism and crime, for ameliorating the condition and elevating the lives of the miserably poor, few, if any, have more of the elements of power and hopefulness than those which aim at gathering up the waifs and teaching them at the same time the elements of some useful handicraft, and habits of neatness, industry and manual dexterity. Nor should it be forgotten that, as is not only in accordance with sound philosophy, but is abundantly proved by the success of the kindergarten and kindred methods, the manual goes hand in hand with mental training, and often proves its most effective auxiliary.

Many of us may not be aware of the rapid strides industrial education is making in various countries. We may take occasion again to refer to the statistics of the work, of which, by the way, the agricultural departments of our Ontario schools should be made a very useful branch. The First Annual Report of the Industrial Education Association of New York, which a friend has kindly sent us, shows a very hopeful record for a first year's work. A list is given of more than 30 schools and institutions for industrial training which have been visited by members of the Association, and in which a wide variety of useful arts and handicraft is taught.

We had intended to make some reference to the excellent paper on the subject of Industrial Education which was read by Inspector Hughes before the last convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association in this city, and also to refer to the very suggestive paper on the "Industrial Training of Destitute Children," by Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*. But we have already exceeded our limits. Mr. Smith's scheme is startlingly comprehensive, being nothing less than "a system of industrial training for the children of our destitute classes, conducted in Night Schools, up to the age of sixteen." The following forcible paragraph with which his article closes will give an idea of its quality:

"There are large classes of our population to whom the prime necessity of life is to learn to work, and so to live. This is expressed in a letter I have from one who thoroughly understands this question:—"At present the unused manipulative power of the poor people is much what the unused brain-power was before the Education Act. Education was once voluntary, now labour is. Brains were once useless, now hands are." What we want is to liberate that hand-power which is going to waste, just as we have set free the brain-power. There is a mine of potential wealth which lies beneath the surface. We must sink a shaft which will reach it; or, to change the metaphor, we must transmute this base metal into pure ore by the alchemy of wise and Christian statesmanship.

### Special Articles,

#### "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."

Teachers will please give the pupils the following account of the way in which Mr. Morris came to write the poem, "Woodman, Spare that Tree." The poem should then be memorized by all the pupils, and recited or sung on "Arbor Day." Mr. Morris, in a letter to a friend, dated New York, February 1st, 1837, gave in substance the following account:—"Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little, romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mothers, sisters—all are gone, nothing but the old tree remains." And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is: I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend." These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, "There it is!" Near the tree stood a man with his coat of, sharpening an axe. "You're not going to cut that tree down, surely?" "Yes, but I am, though," said the woodman. "What for?" inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. "What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you. I want the tree for firewood." "What is the tree worth to you for firewood?" "Why, when down, about ten dollars." "Suppose I should give you that sum," said the old gentleman, "would you let it stand?" "Yes." "You are sure of that?" "Positive!" "Then give me a bond to that effect." We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you.

Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand;  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,—  
And wouldst thou hack it down?