

the science required in our high school grades, knows that more than a mere knowledge of the text-book is needed; that one is continually prone to fall into errors which a fuller information about the subject would have made impossible. I think it is generally conceded that the broader and more exact one's knowledge of a subject, the better one is able to teach the elements of that subject. If that were not so, why do the principals of our best schools insist on having high grade teachers even in the lower grades? Is it not in order that the pupils may come at last to the principal's room properly prepared for the work he gives them?

I have spoken of the great usefulness of the Summer School of Science. There are many things which make it also thoroughly enjoyable: The interesting nature of the class work; the kindness of all the instructors about explaining difficulties; the excursions for field work which break up the monotony of the daily routine; the pleasant social evenings which pupils and instructors spend together occasionally; and last, but not least, the especially fine lectures which we hear from noted educators and others who have something worth while to say to us—all these things help to make the time pleasant for the teachers who attend.

For myself, I can say that I have derived untold pleasure and profit from the three sessions of the Summer School which I have attended; and that I have never yet belonged to a class which I did not think well repaid me for the time spent in it.

One thing which I believe we sometimes do not think of in reference to the Summer School, is the great benefit which comes from meeting in a new place each time. The teacher who habitually attends the sessions of the Summer School, soon knows a good part of our three Maritime Provinces. Not only that, but a great educational opportunity is afforded to the inhabitants of the place where it meets and the surrounding country, and one which past years have shown they are not slow to avail themselves of.

If there be sufficient funds next year, I should think it might be well to have additional classes in such subjects as French, German, child study, elocution; but I know that this is impossible at present, while the instructors which we have now receive only a very small portion of what their value is to us. The teachers who attend the school are willing, I am sure, to do what we can by paying a larger registration fee, but even that

will not be nearly sufficient, I know. I should also like to see, next year, the library of the building which we use for our classes open for a certain time each day, and a librarian in charge. We cannot easily bring with us all the reference books which we need, and we would be most glad to have the use of a library once in a while.

In closing, I would say: "Long live the Summer School of Science," and may it be more and more a tower of strength to the teachers of our provinces, and a noble aid in the work which is a teacher's first duty to his scholar—that of training—himself.

S. E. PRIMROSE ELLIOTT.

A Motto Poem for a Primary Room.

Suppose, my little lady,

Your doll should break her head,

Could you make it whole by crying,

Till your eyes and nose are red?

And wouldn't it be pleasanter

To treat it as a joke;

And say you're glad "Twas Dolly's

And not my head that broke."

Suppose you're dressed for walking,

And the rain comes pouring down,

Will it clear off any sooner

Because you scold and frown?

And wouldn't it be nicer

For you to smile than pout,

And so make sunshine in the house

When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,

Is very hard to get,

Will it make it any easier

For you to sit and fret?

And wouldn't it be nicer,

Than waiting like a dunce,

To go to work in earnest

And learn the thing at once.—Phoebe Cary.

The following story might follow the REVIEW Supplement picture for September: Two little girls were hurrying to school in Parsons, Kan., fearful lest they would not arrive there until after the last bell had rung for the morning session. One said:

Let's kneel right down and pray that we won't be tardy."

"Oh, no," said the other. "Let's hike on to school and pray while we're hiking."

Three little bald heads in a green house,

House and heads together smaller than a mouse;

Cook opens the door and out they all run.

Bless us, they say, now isn't this fun?

—Peas in the Pod.