

the procession of stars that "it is the most astonishing spectacle offered to men. It is hung out for us every night and we hardly give it a glance. And yet it is well worth glancing at. It is the best corrective for this agitated little mad-house in which we dwell and quarrel and fight and die. Even the war seems only a local affair of some ill-governed asylum in the presence of this ordered march of illimitable worlds."

It is not easy to study the sky from the city with its tall buildings and its glare of lights, but in the country the conditions are ideal. The difficult thing is to make a beginning, but with a good star book ("The Beginner's Star Book," or "The Friendly Stars") it is possible to learn one constellation at a time. Next to a phonograph and a lantern in a country section I should wish to have a good telescope at the community centre.

Nature, books, music, pictures, the stars,—these are general interests in which all teachers should be able to find pleasure. But there are a thousand and one special interests, any one of which may become the rural teacher's particular "hobby." Teachers as a

class are often accused of "getting into a rut," or of "going to sleep," and perhaps the charge is true. The rural teacher, of all people, must not be satisfied with the progress she has already made and must labour to "keep alive" her interest in new things and her delight in the beauty of the old.

"If power were mine to wield control

Of Time within my heart and soul,
Saving from ruin and decay

What I hold dearest, I should pray
That I may never cease to be

Wooded daily by expectancy;
That evening shadows in mine eyes
Dim not the light of new surprise;

That I may feel, till life be spent,
Each day the sweet bewilderment
Of fresh delight in simple things—

In snowy winters, golden springs,
And quicker heart-beats at the thought
Of all the good that man hath
wrought.

And may I never face a dawn

With all the awe and wonder gone;
Or in late twilight fail to see

Charm in the stars' old sorcery."

"But most I love," says David Grayson, "that which lies beyond the hill."



"I believe that the dignity of labour depends not on what you do, but on how you do it,..... that my success depends not upon my location but upon myself; not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck."

—Edwin Osgood Grover.