

Pu-Yi, the infant Emperor of China, has ascended the throne under the name of Hsuan-Tung.

The Cobalt region of Ontario now produces about one-ninth of the world's silver, and has probably had a larger output of silver this year than any other mining district in the world. A similar deposit has been found at Port Arthur; and there are, no doubt, rich mining areas awaiting development farther north, while the Rocky Mountain range may yet prove to be as rich in the precious metals in Canada as it is in Mexico.

The value of the field crops of Canada this year is estimated at \$62.34 per head of the population. The value of the wheat alone is put at something over ninety one million dollars; four-fifths of it being raised in the Northwest, and one-fifth in the rest of the Dominion.

The Dalai Lama has returned to Lhasa, the capital of Thibet, which he left four years ago, when he felt that its sacred precincts had been desecrated by the entrance of the British forces. He was received in Peking not as a powerful vassal, but as a distinguished ecclesiastic whose political standing is nothing more than that of a subject of the Chinese government; and he goes back with new Chinese titles and honours, but with no temporal power. Thibet is, more than ever, a province of the Chinese Empire.

### The Value of Discipline.

"A Prairie Parson," writing from Minnedosa, Manitoba, to the Orillia, Ont., *Packet*, recalls the following incident in support of the value of military discipline to boys, with its lessons of obedience to authority. A poor fellow, whose wife had died six months before, leaving to him the care of several small children, had attempted suicide, from constant brooding over his troubles:

It was proposed to commit him to the asylum for the insane. On being sent for, I found the poor chap sitting on a bench, closely guarded by a constable. His eyes were red and wild, and there was a look of awful tension on his face. I sat down beside him and began to talk quietly, little by little drawing from him his history. He had been born in England, learned the trade of a butcher, enlisted for India, and served twelve years there in the artillery, fighting through the Burmese war under Sir George White. Gradually, as he talked of those stirring days, speaking with singular devotion of his old general, the strained look left his face and a saner light came into his eye. All the time I was watching for some opening, striving to think of something to say to help him, for his was no ordinary case of trouble such as I was frequently brought into contact with. An expression of sympathy would be worse than useless; he required vigorous measures, something to shake him out of himself. And at length inspiration came. "I suppose Sir George White made heavy calls upon you sometimes," I said. "O yes,

sir," he replied. "You have probably been ordered to do some bitterly hard things of which you didn't understand the reason," I went on. "Yes, sir," he replied, looking rather puzzled. "At such times did you ever think of deserting?" I asked. The eye flashed at the insult, the back stiffened and every line of face and figure expressed indignation. "Then I am very sorry to see that you are not so good a man as you were," I said. He stared at me, too astonished to speak. "Your Commander-in-chief Himself has ordered you, personally, to a certain duty. He believes you are capable of performing it, or He would not have asked it of you. But just because it is bitterly hard, and you can't understand the reason of it, you have been trying to desert. And you have landed yourself in the guard-house. Did you ever question Sir George White's orders?" "No, sir," he said brokenly. "Then why can't you trust your Commander-in-chief?" And the tears ran down his cheeks as he whispered, "I will, I will." At his request I accompanied him to the asylum, where he made but a very short stay, as the superintendent said he was never really insane. Again, at his request, he was sent to me on a sort of ticket-of-leave, and I found him work on a friend's farm. He stayed out the year, and then went west to build up a new home for himself and his boys, and when last I heard of him he was doing well. He never showed the slightest sign of a relapse, and I believe he will do his duty to the end, like a soldier and a man. I am confident that, under God's grace, that appeal to discipline saved his reason and his life.

### Manual Training Department.

F. PEACOCK.

#### The Trend of Our Teaching.

It should be the aim of any public school course of instruction to be of the greatest service to the largest possible number. In a democracy, such as ours, every child, no matter what his religion, his station or his talents, has equal rights with his fellows. Under present social conditions it obtains that not more than forty per cent of the young people ever get beyond, and a large percentage never reach the eighth grade in our common school work. This means that at the age of twelve or thirteen a very large proportion of our pupils leave school, and their education, so far as any public system of instruction is concerned, is at an end.

Necessity may, to some extent, account for this discrepancy; but I think if the school supplied what the common people demand—tangible training in the ways and means of gaining a livelihood—matters would be greatly changed in respect to attendance.