

her out of the woods of the Satyrs and back to the open plain. Here they met a weary looking pilgrim, who was really Archimago in another disguise and with another false tale. He told them that the Red Cross Knight was dead, slain by a heathen knight, and that if they went on they would find the murderer washing his wounds in a fountain. Satyrane dashed on, and at the fountain found *Sans Loy* and fell upon him furiously. Una, who was almost fainting with grief, came up more slowly, and when she saw them fighting she fled in terror. She had not gone far when she met her own Dwarf, leading St. George's horse with all his armour piled upon its back. Thinking that St. George must indeed be dead, she fell to the ground in despair. But the Dwarf told her all the truth—how her knight had been deceived and that he was now a prisoner in Orgoglio's dungeon. Her heart was nearly broken, but she rose up resolving to go on and find him, living or dead.

And now, at her time of sorest need, Prince Arthur came in sight, followed by his gentle squire, Timias. The Prince was all glorious in shining armour with the dragon crest, and with his diamond shield that blazed like the sun. Armour, shield, and sword had all been made for him by the great enchanter, Merlin. To this brave prince Una told all her sad story, and he cheered her heart by saying that he would not leave her until he had set free her knight. So they rode on to Orgoglio's castle. The gates were shut fast and no one appeared to answer their summons; but Arthur's Squire took from his belt a little gold bugle hung with tassels. This was a magic horn; it could be heard for three miles. Everyone who heard it trembled for fear, and all gates and doors flew open at its blast. So now, when the squire blew, Orgoglio's castle shook, every gate swung open, and the giant himself came rushing out in dread. Behind him came the false Duessa, riding on her many-headed beast. Orgoglio attacked the Prince, and there was a fearful fight. When Duessa saw that the giant was in danger, she rode at Prince Arthur, but the faithful squire threw himself in between to save his master. Duessa sprinkled him with poison from a golden cup, and all his strength left him, so that he fell back. Arthur cut off one of the beast's many heads, and at this the giant came at him again. But the diamond shield was so dazzling that he could not face it, nor fight at all, and Arthur slew him. Then they went into the castle

to find St. George, but at first no living person was to be seen. At length they found the doorkeeper, a feeble, nearly blind old man carrying a bunch of rusty keys; his name was Ignorance, and to every question he answered only, "I can not tell." So they went on searching, and at last, in a little dungeon, they discovered St. George, half dead from his long captivity. The squire had made Duessa a prisoner, and Una said to spare her life, but to strip her of her gorgeous robes. So they did, and when all her rich garments and jewels were taken off she was seen to be a hideous, loathsome old woman. The knights wondered, but Una said, "Such is the face of falsehood." Then they let Duessa go and she fled away to hide herself in some desert place. Una and the knights stayed for some time in the castle to rest and refresh themselves, for St. George had still his great task before him.

Thorough Drill in Essential Subjects.

We recommend the subordination of highly diversified and overburdened courses of study in the grades to a thorough drill in essential subjects; and the sacrifice of quantity to an improvement in the quality of instruction. The complaints of business men that pupils from the schools are inaccurate in results and careless of details is a criticism that should be removed. The principles of sound and accurate training are as fixed as natural laws and should be insistently followed. Ill-considered experiments and indiscriminated methodizing should be abandoned, and attention devoted to the persevering and continuous drill necessary for accurate and efficient training; and we hold that no course of study in any public school should be so advanced or so rigid as to prevent instruction to any student, who may need it, in the essential and practical parts of the common English branches.—*Recommendation of N. E. A., 1908.*

The people who dwell on farms are the ones that rear the children that rule the nations. Anything that makes for the improvement of their education and conditions makes for the improvement of the race. For 30,000 years we have been making efforts to secure a better home for the children, of whom the Master said 'of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'—*Principal J. W. Robertson.*