

Mr. Arnold Haultain, in Canadian Magazine for October, severely criticizes the new Ontario Public-school Readers. In point of selection, arrangement and illustration, he finds fault with them, concluding thus:

"But, after all, is it absolutely necessary that a set of Public-school Readers should be wholly and purely 'literary'? Are the claims of literature so paramount, and the claims of agriculture so subsidiary, that the rural youth of this Province shall, in its authorized textbooks, have its attention turned solely to the former? The sons and daughters of the farmers of Ontario are forsaking the farm; the farms of Ontario are clamoring for help; acres upon acres of the farm land of Ontario lie untilled, or but partly tilled, for want of willing hands and interested brains. And yet one would imagine, from a perusal of these Readers, that Ontario was a sort of Academe, where no plow, nor harrow nor binder were known. True, there is in the First Book a selection called 'How the Pony was Shod'; in the Second, selections called 'How I Turned the Grindstone,' and 'The Man Who Did Not Like Work'; in the Third, selections called 'An Apple Orchard in the Spring,' 'Corn-fields,' 'Work or Play'; and in the Fourth, selections called 'Work and Wages,' 'The First Plowing,' 'Country Life in Canada in the Thirties,' and 'Honorable Toil'—all combined, surely, a very meagre tribute to the claims of rural labor. However, this is a broad subject, and an intricate. All we ask is that the youth of Ontario should not, by means of its authorized Readers, be led to think that literature is a higher thing than labor, whether rural or urban. It is not. And, for ourselves, we can, in imagination, picture to ourselves a set of Readers which could insensibly inculcate that indubitable fact."

The Windrow.

Statistics issued from London show that one person in every thirty-seven in England and Wales is a pauper.

A movement is afoot in Canada and the United States to celebrate in some way during 1912-15 the century of peace which has followed the war of 1812-13-14.

"The Grange," the beautiful residence of Dr. Goldwin Smith, in Toronto, is to be given over to the city, on the venerable Professor's death, as the site for a Provincial Art Gallery. It is intended by the trustees that the house itself will be preserved, in honor of the donor, and as an example of fine colonial architecture, and that the Gallery be erected elsewhere in the grounds.

The monoplane with which M. Santos-Dumont has been achieving such remarkable success weighs only 260 pounds with the pilot, and has only 9 square yards of supporting surface, as compared with the 22 yards in the Curtiss, 26 in the Bleriot, and 53 in the Wright aeroplanes. The Santos-Dumont is, therefore, the smallest aeroplane in existence. It is driven by a two-cylinder motor of 30 horsepower, and makes over 50 miles an hour. He declares that he has no desire to make money out of his invention, but will place his patents and designs at the disposal of all who wish to use them. M. Santos-Dumont is a Brazilian, but has carried on his experiments chiefly in France.

When former Governor McBride, of Oregon, went as United States Minister to the Court of King Kamehameha, at Honolulu, he found no outward insignia designating the American consulate. He therefore had a national coat-of-arms cut from wood, gilded, and placed conspicuously over the door. An English man-of-war came into the harbor one day. Among a party of midshipmen who

came ashore for a lark were Lord Gordon and the present Admiral Lord Beresford. They saw the gilded eagle, and decided to add it to their collection of bric-a-brac. The story of what followed is told in an article in the New York Evening Post. We read:

They selected a time when the minister was away and the office closed, presumably at night, and took down the coat-of-arms, hired a native vehicle to carry it down to the dock, and actually succeeded in getting it aboard without any of the ranking officers knowing anything about it.

The next morning when the minister came down to the office, his assistant said:

"Mr. Minister, your bird's taken flight."

"What do you mean?" asked his excellency.

"Your coat-of-arms is gone," replied the aide.

"Gone where? Flown off?"

"Not exactly," said the other. "It's just disappeared."

The minister walked out into the street and looked up. The coat-of-arms, which was five or six feet across, was "noticeable by its absence"; it had taken wings and flown away. Exactly what the minister said has not been chronicled.

It so happened that Beresford had given the carriage-driver an extra fare for his trouble. Someone quickly reported to the minister, who at once made a demand upon the captain of the frigate for its return. The captain, who was innocent, denied that the thing was aboardship. The minister sent his evidence to the captain, reiterating his demand, and demanding an apology for the insult.

The captain now began an investigation, and the culprits owned up and took the coat-of-arms on deck, when it was promptly sent ashore and returned to the office of the minister. McBride, who was there, refused to receive it.

"Tell the captain of your frigate that I desire that the men who took it down bring it back, place it where they found it, and apologize."

Back to the ship went the men with the coat-of-arms and reported. The captain ordered the young men to go ashore, take the coat-of-arms to the consulate, replace it as they found it, and apologize to the minister.

It was doubtless a bitter pill, and the young midshipmen had to stand the badinage of their comrades. The two went ashore, ready to comply, and took the coat-of-arms to the consulate. The American minister had not put himself out to keep the matter quiet, and, as a fact, the public was well posted, and the consulate was surrounded by a crowd of Americans, natives and others, all laughing at the predicament of the young midshipmen.

The minister had a strong sense of humor, and determined to get all there was in it. He preserved his dignity as best he could as he received the young men and listened to their apologies. The midshipmen then took the coat-of-arms from the back, and, amid the cheers of the crowd, climbed to the front of the building and placed it in position; then hurried down, followed by laughter and cheers.

Links with the Past.

III.

It is amongst the early notes of his "Recollections" that Mr. Russell introduces to his readers, in fuller detail than our limited space permits us to offer in the pages of our Home Magazine, some three or four of the remarkable people with whom, he says, "I had more than a cursory acquaintance, and who allowed me for many years the privilege of drawing without restriction on the rich stores of their political and social recollections. First among these, in point of date, if of nothing else, I must place John, Earl Russell, the only person I have ever known who knew Napoleon the Great. A quarter of a century ago it was a curious and interesting privilege for a young man

to sit in the trellised dining-room of Pembroke Lodge (the beautiful residence in Richmond Park offered by Queen Victoria to her Prime Minister, Lord John Russell), or to pace its terrace-walk looking down upon the Thames, in intimate converse with a statesman who had enjoyed the genial society of Charles Fox, and had been the travelling companion of Lord Holland; had corresponded with Tom Moore, debated with Francis Jeffrey, and dined with Dr. Parr; had visited Melrose Abbey in the company of Sir Walter Scott, and criticised the acting of Mrs. Siddons; conversed with Napoleon in his seclusion at Elba, and ridden with the Duke of Wellington along the lines of Torres Vedras." In alluding to the well-known pictures by John Leech, in the "Punch" of his day, which emphasized the exceptionally small stature, surmounted by the massive head and broad shoulders, of England's really great Prime Minister, we are told that, "Never was so robust a spirit enshrined in so fragile a form." It had been thought impossible for him to live through his first session of Parliament, and when he was fighting the Reform Bill through the House of Commons, his digestion being a very weak point, a sympathetic old lady saw to it that a constant supply of arrowroot was on hand to nourish him. Sydney Smith declared that when Lord John first contested Devonshire, the burly electors were sorely disappointed in the outward aspect of their candidate, but were satisfied when it was explained to them "that he had once been much larger, but was worn away by the anxieties and struggles of the Reform Bill of 1832." Very few understood that the frugidity of his manner was due to an innate and incurable shyness, and made him very deficient in the small social arts which as a rule are part of the stock-in-trade of political leaders the whole world over. Thus he constantly lost opportunities for the harmless little compliments that a less artless politician might have used without scruple.

"Once, at a concert at Buckingham Palace, he was seen to get up suddenly, turn his back upon the Duchess of Sutherland, by whom he had been sitting, walk to the remotest part of the room, and sit down by the Duchess of Inverness. When questioned afterwards as to the cause of his unceremonious move, he said: 'I could not have sat any longer by that great fire; I should have fainted.' 'Oh, that was a very good reason for moving, but I hope you told the Duchess of Sutherland why you left her.' 'Well—no. I don't think I did that. But I told the Duchess of Inverness why I came and sat by her!' In spite of the aloofness and shyness of which Lord John Russell was accused, he was a splendid host, and his interesting copiousness of anecdote was inexhaustible. The following favorite story of his would be brought out whenever he heard that any public reform was regarded with misgiving by sensible men: Luttrell and Samuel Rogers were passing in a wherry under old London Bridge when its destruction was contemplated. Rogers said: 'Some very sensible men think that if these works are carried into effect, the tide will flow so rapidly under the bridge that dangerous consequences will follow.' 'My dear Rogers,' answered Luttrell, 'if some very sensible men had been attended to, we might still be eating acorns.'

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

"I must always," says our author, "regard the privilege of the friendship of this truly great man as among the highest honors of my life. Anthony Ashley, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, born in 1801, might be said to have led from boyhood to old age a life consecrated to the social service of humanity. From his father he had inherited his keenness of intellect, his habits of laborious industry, and his iron tenacity of purpose; from his mother, a dignity of demeanor which made his presence and address so impressive as to be almost alarming; but as one got

to know him better, one began to realize his intense tenderness towards all weakness and suffering; his overflowing affection for those who stood nearest to him; his almost morbid sensitiveness, and his passionate indignation against cruelty and oppression. In his conversation were only very occasional gleams of humor. He had seen too much of human misery for it to be otherwise." Lord Shaftesbury's early years had been years of stern repression, his parents being disciplinarians of the antique type, therefore it need not surprise us that "the marble of manhood retained the impression stamped upon the wax of childhood." The brightest memory of his early days was that of his old nurse, who comforted him in his childish sorrows and taught him the rudiments of Christian faith. In all the struggles and distresses of his boyhood and manhood he used the words of prayer which he had learned from this good woman before he was seven years old; and of a keepsake which she left him, the gold watch which he wore to the last day of his life, he used to say, "that was given me by the best friend I ever had in the world." It was, however, as a schoolboy at Harrow that he consciously and definitely gave his life to the service of his fellow men, the outcome of a fiery indignation at what he witnessed at a pauper's burial. "Good heavens!" he cried, "can this be permitted because the man was poor and friendless?"

Of what this incident was the seed corn, history tells us, bringing about reform in the Lunacy Law, and the amelioration of conditions which had been simply appalling, until Lord Shaftesbury brought his patient investigation and characteristic thoroughness to bear upon them.

Mr. Russell gives instances to prove that, through the deeply religious and emotional side of the character of Lord Shaftesbury there ran a practical vein, which set the seal of completeness to his every effort for the betterment of humanity.

"Poor dear children!" he exclaimed to the superintendent of a Ragged School, after hearing from some of the children their tale of cold and hunger. "What can we do for them?" "My God shall supply all their need," replied the superintendent, with easy faith. "Yes," said Lord Shaftesbury, "but they must have some food directly." He drove home, and instantly sent two churns of soup, enough to feed four hundred. That winter, ten thousand basins of soup, made in Grosvenor Square, were distributed amongst the "dear little hearts" of Whitechapel. We need not be surprised that our author should consider the friendship of a man so good as the Earl of Shaftesbury to be one of the highest honors of his life.

H. A. B.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

"Where is MY Guest-chamber?"

And He sendeth two of His disciples, and saith unto them, Go into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him; and whosoever he shall enter in, say to the goodman of the house, The Master saith, Where is My guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with My disciples? And he will himself show you a large upper room furnished and ready: and there make ready for us.—St. Mark, xiv: 13-15. (R. V.)

Sometimes the revised version makes a familiar story sparkle with new vividness of light and color, by the change of a word or two. If you compare the words of our text with the same passage in their more familiar translation, you will notice that "the guest-chamber" is changed to "My guest-chamber." And the story is made more vivid by the introduction of the word "himself" in verse 15. The goodman of the house accepts the message of the Master; he is not only willing to acknowledge that the best room