

# NOTES ON EDUCATION.

project somewhat similar to the Imperial Federation League, which was started some years ago in England and Canada, is now inaugurated in Germany under the name of the All-Deutsche Verband.

It aims to stimulate the patriotism of all German-speaking peoples, and to prepare the way for their political union. It thinks the unification of Germany is still only half accomplished.

A recent manifesto makes it a grievance against Yankeeism and Anglo-Saxondom, says the London correspondent of the New York "Sun," that they have enriched themselves for the contest against the Fatherland. The struggle between the great opposing races will be, it thinks, an economic one. The Americans are seeking by ever higher duties to exclude Germany from their market. England, under the pretext of closer union with her colonies, is seeking a monopoly of their markets. In short, a huge "weltboycott" awaits Germany. But a counterstroke can be prepared—the union of Germany, Austria and Holland into a Zollverein from which a great political organization will spring.

Within recent years it has been customary for the heads of banking institutions to read carefully prepared papers on matters coming within the immediate scope of trade and finance, but at the recent annual meeting of the Bankers' Association the question of education was taken up and discussed by many of the representatives pres-

ent. The President in the course of his address said:

Boys and girls are being trained by ten of thousands to occupy positions in life that will never come within their grasp, and by their very attainments are being forced to leave the country and seek their fortunes elsewhere. Canada is essentially an agricultural country, and would look at least for an elementary course in agriculture in our Public Schools, giving the youth of the country an inclination toward the development of the countless riches of the soil. Instead of such a policy we find day and month wasted in the indiscriminate study of algebra and mathematics and the dead languages. We are turning out schoolmasters and doctors for the Western United States and are robbing our own country of its bone and sinew."

The representative of a Toronto bank gave it as his opinion that "the trouble originated not so much in the lack of desire for study on the part of juniors, but in the High School System which turned them out so poorly equipped for business. Too much attention he said, was being paid to the study of algebra and Euclid and the dead languages, and boys were turned out with a High School education, yet unable to spell. The Canadian youths were likely, capable and intelligent fellows and he had always preferred them to Scotch and English youths. But they are frequently sadly deficient in their knowledge of spelling and could not, therefore, expect to be successful professional men."

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Mr. Flanagan, of the Central Model Schools, Marlborough street, is at present conducting a class in the Bevis system of hand and eye training, says the Dublin "Freeman." Mr. Flanagan spent some time in English centres studying this and other systems of elementary technical instruction, and he was so pleased with the Bevis system as adopted in the Birmingham Board Schools that he studied it thoroughly, and having obtained the necessary teacher's certificates is now introducing it into Dublin. We have had the advantage of becoming acquainted with the system in rough outline and of seeing the results produced by children after a course of training, and our judgment is clearly that no better system of technical training for the young could possibly be adopted. It embodies an almost perfect course of training for the hand and eye, and is calculated to send forth children from schools in a state of equipment which must enormously facilitate them in the acquisition of any manual trade.

In the Bea street schools in Birmingham 1,000 children are at present being instructed in the system. The commissioners of National Education highly approve of the system, which has also been noticed with great favor by the Manual Commission. We trust that it may be possible to introduce it widely in the Irish schools, as we can conceive nothing better for children whatever class in life they belong to, or whether they are intended in after life to follow manual occupation or not. Any child will be far better for having gone through a course that will bring about a close correspondence between the eye and the hand and make him or her a correct observer, and impart the ability to reproduce the results of direct observation. These are results which must unquestionably flow from the Bevis system, and entitle it to the best attention and favor of educationalists of all classes.

The system may be briefly described. It consists of four parts, viz—paper-folding, bricklaying, wire-work, and card-board work. The paper-folding is for the younger children. Diagrams of different folds are drawn upon the blackboard, and the children are taught to fold the paper correctly according to the drawings. The next stage is the bricklaying. The children are taught to build with small wooden bricks from plans and elevations drawn by the teachers. The children now themselves begin to draw, and are taught to make plans and elevations from the several combinations of bricks. From the bricklaying they pass to the more advanced stages of wire-work and card-board work. The wire-work consists in constructing geometrical figures, flowers, curves, and other articles from sketches drawn on the board, and in this part of the system the use of the rule and scale is introduced. Next comes the card-board work. The object to be made is drawn upon the board to scale, and the pupils have to reproduce the drawing, and afterwards cut out the pattern without using a ruler. The work is then put together with clinchpins, which are a neat mode of fastening which obviate the uncleanness associated with the use of paste and at the same time enable the teachers to judge of the neatness of the cutting.

Prof. Austin O'Malley, M.D., LL.D., contributes a highly interesting article to the current number of the "Catholic World Magazine," entitled "College Work for Catholic Girls," from which we take the following extract:

"But are not our convents and our schools as they exist at present sufficient for our needs? Up to the grade they reach they are excellent, they are one of the greatest blessings granted the church in America. There are occasional flaws in their methods of teaching, they are obliged at times through poverty to put certain teachers in the class-room who have not had sufficient training; but there is one glory of the convent school, something that the vulgarian, the 'practical man,' does not recognize, and that is the atmosphere of refining spirituality which exists in it. There is in that holy place the general restraint that makes ladies, the sacredness of purity, the charm of peaceful corridors that lead to the small lamp burning at the feet of the Madonna, the still chapel in which the Presence whispers a consolation not known in the unquiet haunts of the world; and no perfection of secular learning can supply all this. In the formation of a girl's character, God forbid that we should change any part of that spirit! Keep this spiritual quality and add to it broader secular learning."

## SUNDAY LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES.

During my recent tour through the Eastern States of the Republic I lingered at several stages on the way, so as to get a familiar knowledge of American habits, social customs and general modes of living, to enable me to compare the results with Canadian life and manners. I also took particular notice of the scenery and peculiar stock in the general aspect of the country as it always differed with our own, and always kept a close eye upon Catholic life and bearings in the free land. One day, while much of what I saw, I heard were gratifying and encouraging, some of the things I witnessed were just the reverse. For instance, the scenery on my route through Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine appeared insignificant in its ever-changing forms and variety, and especially at its foot, the rugged and towering attitude and rugged grandeur even that of the Canadian Adirondacks along the route of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway on its way to the far-famed Saguenay. In point of neatness and interest along the course of the Batiscan River exceeds anything in New Hampshire, but in the latter case the huge Mount Washington, Adams and Madison, and the rest of the group stand apart and are some miles distant from the great valley through which the Grand Trunk Railway track is laid, and in their majestic heights towering above another they present a sublime spectacle to the keen observer of nature. But in regard to the lake and river scenery, that region does not pretend to compare with the Lake St. John district.

As a comparison of the industrial life and progress of the two countries, a Canadian tourist is at once struck with the general tone of activity prevailing in the small cities and towns of the Republic. I saw a vivid example of this in one of the young and stirring

of the young and stirring... (text continues with a description of industrial life and progress in the Republic, mentioning the tone of activity in small cities and towns, and the example of a young and stirring...)

Another ugly feature was made plain by familiar conversation with the American people, namely, the vile custom of profane swearing. This bad habit is, no doubt, a blot upon the character of all nations, but I don't recall any community in any other land where I heard regular systematic cursing so freely indulged as I did in some of the towns and cities I visited across the border. In itself, the pernicious habit is odious and cowardly, for an honest man who felt conscious of the truth of his assertions would not need to emphasize them by the use of outrageous expletives. In the mouths of Americans profane swearing sounds unseemly, for they enjoy a well-earned reputation for frank truthfulness and candor.

In the various towns where I halted to take notes, I found invariably a Catholic church, a devoted priest and congregation. In Island Pond the Rev. Father Trotter, P.P., has ministered to his faithful flock for 15 years, and has made of them a model and virtuous congregation. He is a French-Canadian and received his orders and sacerdotal training in the Seminaries and Universities of Quebec, I think. In Gorham, where there is a very neat church and compact congregation of Irish and Canadians, French and English speaking—Rev. Father Emerson is the worthy pastor. In his spiritual labors of the "forty hours" devotion he was assisted by the Rev. Father Reilly, P.P., of Whitfield, N.H., a robust son of the Emerald Isle. It was told me, I think, that the Rev. pastor of Gorham is a convert to the Catholic faith. In the town, or city, as it is termed now, of Berlin, N.H., the French-Canadian residents have a splendid church, attended by a cure and Rev. assistant of their own race and nationality, and the Irish residents have a church which is a model of neatness, order and style, and in the Rev. Father Mackey, they have a pastor who attends scrupulously to their every spiritual want. In the various towns between Berlin and Portland each one has its Catholic church and ever watchful and faithful parish priest.

In Portland City the Catholic population, according to Mr. Andrew A. Melvin, publisher of the Columbian (Catholic paper) numbers 6,000 souls, the Cathedral congregation having 2,000, St. Dominic's, 1,500, and the balance divided between other parishes. Many splendid religious and charitable institutions are there, Sisters of Mercy, Orphanage of St. Joseph, St. Joseph's Academy and boarding school, St. Elizabeth's with like purpose, Girls High School, Parochial School, a magnificent Catholic edifice founded and endowed by Miss Kavanagh, and bearing her name inscribed in stone, St. Dominic's School, Sacred Heart School, and other beneficent Catholic institutions which honor the Catholic citizens of this thriving city on the shore of the Atlantic. Upon calling at the Episcopal House I found that Mr. Henly was out on his round of pastoral visitations, accompanied by his Vicar General. I had a short talk, however, with the Rev. Father Collins, a cleric of very youthful, distinctively boyish, appearance, and yet when he ascends the pulpit he utters his discourse with the eloquence, vigor and confidence of the maturest priest in the vicinity. In the Bishop's house the hours of business are precisely marked and callers are expected to observe them strictly. The Cathedral is a beautiful structure of chaste style and proportions.

WM. ELLISON.

As the children in the schools of Greece were trained in the knowledge of learning and liberal arts, the children of the Persians attended their schools for the sake of learning justice. In order to accomplish this object the more quickly it was thought insufficient to accustom only their ears to instruction in justice, but they were taught to give just opinions on all matters which came up among them, and to fix upon the proper punishment for every error. Thus the teachers, as public instructors in justice, devoted a large part of the day to hearing, and correcting these opinions of the children.—Xenophon.

The aim and purpose of Christianity are to develop children of God into men and women of God. It is to raise up a peculiar people of such integrity and stability of character that on this rock Christ can build His church.

Little woman! sweeping, scrubbing, brushing, dusting, waxing, rubbing, broom and bucket bravely wielding, spot and stain before her yielding. Of a useful child is Nelly, though not strong nor very clever; Ten years can't do much you know; Yet is Nelly willing ever. Cheerful smile and blithesome song, Mother cannot do without her! When the baby frets and cries, Little Nelly soothes to slumber; Freddy's often tearful eyes, She has wiped times without number.

When her pa was weak and ill, Nelly e'er sat at his side, While he slept sat hushed and still, When he woke his wants supplied. Little woman! sister, brother, All at home know how to use her; Darling Nell, we often say, Could we ever bear to lose her?

I was greatly interested the other day while passing near the Bonsecours market, in watching the conduct of two farmers' horses. A good many of these patient animals, attached to the wagons, were standing in a row, waiting for their owners' loads of produce to be disposed of. Most of them had been provided by their masters with a box, or a comfortable nose-bag, filled with something nice for breakfast; but one poor beast, who seemed by his shaggy and uncared for appearance to suggest that his owner was less thoughtful for his comfort than he ought to be, was left without any kind of provision, though he was evidently quite as hungry as any of his neighbors. He had taken a step or two forward in order to get nearer to the well-filled box of one of his more fortunate companions, and with a most curiously wistful expression to share in his beautiful repast, while his ears were moved about in every direction, as if listening in fear for his master who, some little distance away, was deeply interested in a game of checkers. The neighboring horse was by no means unwilling to share his breakfast, appearing by kindly looks to give a hearty invitation to the other one; and presently the two heads were to be seen close together, as the poor beast quietly fed from the same box. I could not help remarking the unselfishness of these two animals, especially as they reminded me of a little incident that happened some time ago in which a dog of mine figured as the good Samaritan.

It was a large Irish setter named Carlo, with long, red, silky hair, and ears that could lap underneath his neck. He possessed wonderful sagacity and I had him trained to perform almost anything that it is possible for a dumb animal to do. He would sit up on his hind feet and give me his paw, hold a pipe in his mouth, bring my shoes to me, carry newspapers, and at night he was a good watch-dog. Well, one day when Carlo was out, he found a poor little kitten. I don't know where, perhaps in some lane or yard. I heard him scratching at the door and opened it. There he was with his poor little kitten in his mouth. It seemed half-dead and was wet and dirty; but he walked with it and went directly to his dog-house in the yard, near which, his food and water were standing ready for him. Carlo made Kitty eat and drink, and while she was doing so he seemed so pleased. Then he picked her up in his mouth again, and carried her to his box, put her down on the soft bed of straw, and stood looking at her. Perhaps he was wondering what he should do next. He then saw that Kitty wanted washing, so he set to work and licked her all over—head, legs and body. He licked and licked until he had got all the dirt and mud off and made her quite clean. When he was finished this operation and had his supper, he lay down and coiled himself up comfortably, folded his great paws round Kitty, and made her lie still and go to sleep. For four months afterwards he would take care of her night and day, and always gave her part of his food.

Boys and girls, can we not learn a lesson from the conduct of these animals? I think we can. If any of you keep birds, rabbits, dogs, cats or other pets, be very careful to feed them properly. They are not able to ask for what they want, and it is cruel to neglect them. When I was a boy, a few of my class mates often took great pleasure, especially during religious instruction, of persecuting flies. They would stealthily catch a fly and after depriving it of its wings, by the aid of a pin and some paper shaped into a miniature cart, they would compel the poor insect to draw this contrivance along the desk, to the intense amusement of those pupils who were in a position to see the performance. I hope this cruel practice is abolished in the class-room to-day; but then it was quite a frequent occurrence. Boys and girls should never ill-treat the smallest insect because they must remember they are all God's creatures. A boy that would do such a thing, reveals a vicious nature, and should always be discouraged from committing such acts of cruelty no matter how trifling. When I see on some of these clear and crisp autumn mornings, the many young folk that crowd our street cars on their way to school or work, I cannot help remarking the energy of the rising generation with regard to the healthful exercise of walking. What do the children of other days think about it, who, before the advent either of horse-cars or electricity, were compelled to trudge their way—no matter

It is quite a frequent occurrence in the streets of our city to see boys tormenting persons under the influence of liquor. This is very rude, for we should never make sport of one of those miserable creatures—a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks; but God alone knows the stress of the storms, which drove them upon the breakers. We should pity them not laugh. Again, never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit, unfortunate or evil it may be. Remember that God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head. They were once bright-faced children like yourselves; but perhaps many of them had not the advantages of a good home, a kind mother or a sound education like you possess. They are somebody's parents, and how would you like your dear father and mother to be made little of.

Poverty, infirmity and old age always appeal to the heart of the boy or the girl that is well-mannered. When you are blessed with plenty think of those who have little or none, and ever be willing to share your abundance with them. Have you ever noticed how such nice an apple or oranges tastes when you share it with someone else? Then never refuse the poor, the aged nor the infirm, an alms or a helping hand for all should know that whatever is given to them, is given to God. Try to spare a cent now and then for the poor cripples that stand on our streets, soliciting charity from the passers-by; always run to help a blind man across a busy street corner; and in a crowded street-car, be the first to resign your seat to a lady or an aged gentleman. By the way, also remember that those who wear fine and stylish clothes are not the only ladies and gentlemen. Poverty, although derided by the world, is no disgrace; and many a threadbare garment covers a noble heart. The practice of kindness is not only its own reward by the development of a beautiful trait in the character, but frequently it brings bad payments in the shape of love and gifts from even the most unexpected quarters, as the following story so happily illustrates:

"O Madge! wait a moment. Where are you going? Come with me as far as Chadsey's, won't you?" Madge shook her head. "I haven't time, Vera, I'm late now." "To Mother Graves's?" "To Mother Graves's?" "Pshaw! you go there all the time. The girls are all talking about it. I don't see how you can do it. It gives me the shivers just to think of it. The ugly old hag!" A look of disgust came over Vera's pretty face as she uttered the exclamation. "Don't Vera," said Madge, quickly; "you wouldn't talk that way if you would only go to see her." Vera shrugged her shoulders. "I have been to see her, and she frightened me nearly to death. Her horrible eyes went through and through me and you don't believe how I felt. I wouldn't go there again for anything." "Well, I must go. Good-bye." "Good-bye. Stop in at the house afterwards. I shall be back soon." "Well, if it isn't too late, I will." So the girls parted and went in opposite directions.

Mrs. Graves—the subject of the above conversation—or rather Mother Graves as everybody called her, not from a feeling of affection, but rather because she came to the village, lived alone in a two-room cottage next door to where Vera lived. Some said that the occupant was a witch others that she was crazy; but they could only guess and came to no definite decision, and she lived there unmolested for three years or more. Her rooms—bedroom and kitchen—were as neat and home-like as one could wish. She was knitting when Madge went to see her that afternoon. She was sitting by the window. She was a singular looking woman, with a sallow, haggard face, filled with innumerable wrinkles; eyes undimmed by age, as piercing as an eagle's; lips pressed tightly together, and a general wild look about her. Madge softly opened the door. Mother Graves looked up from her knitting. "Ah, child, is it you?" Her mouth relaxed a very little, and her eyes softened as she greeted her guest. "You are welcome, child. Sit right down. It does my heart good to see your sweet young face." "How are you, mother?" she inquired.

"I become weaker every day. I shall not last long, God be praised!" A smile transfigured the face of Mrs. Graves, and made it look almost beautiful, as she seemed to look out. "Where is your little friend with the pretty face and the yellow hair? Vera, I think you call her. Won't she come to see an old woman like me?" Madge stammered and stammered, not knowing what to reply. "Ah well, I frighten them all away—except you, Madge Ferris; you are a good child. Come read to me. My head is so turned."

Madge took from the table a worn copy of the "Imitation of Christ," the leaf of which bore the legend in these words, written in a delicate feminine hand: "Presented to Amy Graves by Helen," and a date thirty years back. Madge had studied this description more than once, wishing she knew

see old Mother Graves, and addressing her in a low voice, she said: "You are quite a interesting angel, Madge." "Mother Graves would like so much to see you, Vera," she always asks about you." "O dear," answered Vera; I wish she would let me alone. I can't see why I should go up to see her. I do dislike old, ugly people so."

"You are entirely too fastidious," said her mother; "Mother Graves seems to delight in the company of girls, doesn't she, Madge?" "Vera tossed her head and the subject was dropped. Several weeks after this, Mother Graves died. Many curious people went to view her home. All her personal belongings—little enough—were examined. In a stand-drawer was found a piece of paper on which was written, "Will of A. Graves." It read thus: "I, Amy Graves, give and bequeath to my friend Madge Ferris, the sum of five hundred dollars, which will be found in the mattress of my bed, also my book she was so fond of, namely, 'The Imitation of Christ.'" It was signed and sealed. The witnesses were Dr. Long and Miss Knowles, who attended her during the last days of her life. Five hundred dollars seemed quite a fortune to Madge. When Vera heard the news she became angry and said: "O, if I had only known it, I might have had the money or shared it with Madge. If I had only known it!" "It is a little word with a great big meaning attached to it sometimes," said her mother. "I fear you are selfish, Vera." Madge treasured with sacred veneration the worn-out book, which held a story of a life-time she could never forget.—T. W.

## A SUPPLICATION.

While here below where all is care and sorrow, We seek thine aid and ask thy loving care, And beg of thee to be to us a mother— Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer!

The shadow of the Cross lies heavy on us, Our fainting souls full often would despair.— Oh Mary, look upon us in thy pity— Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer!

And from the early morn till evening hour's We Ave's twine—a garland bright and fair, To wreath thy brow, Christ's pure and gentle Mother.— Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer!

And thus through darkness on Life's day we wander, Oh! guide our pilgrim feet through deserts bare, To reach our goal, the far Eternal City.— Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer!

And while we ever at thy shrines are pleading, We go in joy or sorrow to thee there.— X Oh! well we know a Mother's ear is leading— Great Queen of Heaven, listen to our prayer!

J. A. S.  
Montreal, July 11th, 1898.

## Figures Don't Lie.

It doesn't take much knowledge of mathematics to figure out the facts about that dread disease—consumption. Statisticians long ago demonstrated that one-seventh of all the deaths in Christendom each year may be safely attributed to consumption and allied diseases. There is an almost certain cure and a positive preventive for this fatal disease if taken in time. The story of what it will do is told in the following letter:

"About two and a half years ago, when I was at Flat Rock, Ky.," writes J. W. Jordan, Esq., of Corbin, Whitley Co., Ky. "I was taken with severe pains in the chest, after which I began to spit up blood and was also troubled with night-sweats. I was so short winded that I could hardly walk half a mile at once, and if I got the least bit wearied, I would have an attack of phthisis (asthma) and almost die for about two or three days. I concluded to try Dr. R. V. Pierce and related my case to him. He wrote me that I should take his Golden Medical Discovery. I began using it and used about six bottles. I began to see that it was helping me, so concluded to continue its use. I did so and have improved both in strength and in weight. I have not had the phthisis, nor spit up any blood since last spring."

"This great remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—cures 95 per cent. of all laryngeal, bronchial, throat and kindred affections which, if neglected lead up to consumption. It strengthens the stomach and makes the appetite keen and hearty. It invigorates the liver and aids the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It makes the assimilation of the food perfect. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. Honest dealers will not urge you to take a substitute said to be 'just as good.' Send for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Price, Enclose 1 cent stamp to cover customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy. Cloth binding 50 cents. It is a thousand page book with over seven hundred illustrations; formerly sold for \$1.50. For limited time can be had for cost of customs and mailing."

## AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN TOURS.

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