

and the idea of warming it ere its introduction into the room has existed since 1713.

Extraction of air by a fan is used in collieries to maintain a practically sufficient ventilation. A fan worked by steam will extract no less than 45,000 cubic feet of air per minute, and so cause an equal quantity of fresh air to rush in to take its place; so that no less than 225 men could be supplied with fresh air at the rate of 2000 cubic feet per hour, by one of these fans. This extraction of air is used for buildings in other countries, and is said to be more efficient and less costly than the plan of propulsion. Whenever hot pipes are used to warm rooms it must not be forgotten that there is no longer the air current established and maintained by an open flame; and special means must be taken to maintain the ventilation. The tendency to exclude fresh air from rooms is only too deeprooted, and the more effectually most of the chinks in the room are closed the more active will be the draught from the unclosed chinks. If all the chinks are closed the atmosphere of the room will become very vitiated; and all the consequences of bad ventilation will be artificially secured.—From "*Maintenance of Health*," by Dr. F. Miller Fothergill, in *New Dominion Monthly*

On some of the Graver Pleasures of a Country Dominic.

In a manual much thought of amongst teachers some twenty years since, it was laid down that "above all things a teacher should not be of a bilious temperament or troubled with a liver." The author, if he ever had to select a youth as a pupil teacher, would doubtless have searched for one who possessed the "mens san a in corpore sano." It would be well in these days of haste and high-pressure work if more attention were devoted to this question of health. How many a teacher has become a miserable man and a terror to his youthful charges because he was dyspeptic and had a liver! and how many strong and healthy men have succumbed to the bad ventilation of their schools (especially of the class-rooms) and the harassing nature of the work because they neglected their health. Every teacher ought, therefore, to be thoroughly sound in constitution to begin with, and should take reasonable care to remain so under God's blessing. He should do this, not merely for his own sake, but also for the sake of those committed to his charge. It would be a very black list, we fear, if all the punishments were enrolled that were caused or aggravated by a bad liver, or a fractious temper engendered by a bad atmosphere and the want of outdoor exercise.

Every one engaged in a sedentary occupation like that of teaching ought to provide for a daily stipulated amount of time to be spent in the open air. The freshness and renewed vigour with which one goes back to duty after such relaxation are most decided, and will invariably show themselves in a more cheerful and even temper, and in a more kindly appreciation of that child-life with which a teacher has to deal. We well remember, and with gratitude, the sound advice given by one of Her Majesty's Inspectors to the writer in the first year of his school work. It was this—"Work hard in school, and after school hours get as far away from it as possible." We understood it to have two meanings: first, to go for a long walk, and second, to take up some study, as every teacher ought, as far removed from school work as possible. We have followed the advice and can commend it. Of course cric-

ket, gardening, football, &c., will do instead of the walk. But to those whose years, and perhaps weight, render such exercises unsuitable, the walk by "hedgerow green," "o'er the breezy down," and "through the pathless wood," can always be enjoyed. And to give a zest to the country ramble one of the most amusing is the collection of quaint "uncouth rhymes." This have been one of our graver pleasures; a livelier one is a good working committee or an enthusiastic conference. A good strong pair of boots, with a stout useful stick, and a few shillings in pocket, are all that are required. England and portions of Scotland have furnished the writer with sufficient variety of incident and scenery, and to him it is a source of gratification that, come fair, come foul, no one can rob him of the pleasurable recollection of scenery enjoyed, and of the remembrance of "ivy-mantled towers" and old baronial castles which he has seen. How pleasant when on such a journey in search of the picturesque and of health, how charming it is to turn aside from the beaten path and ramble amongst the mansions of the dead in God's acre, to scan each stone, and to examine the fane whose spire, in each assemblage of men intent on the pursuit of wealth, ever enters its silent protest against man's grovelling pursuits, and solemnly points his eyes and thoughts aloft. In this "land of old and settled renown" there are not many villages but can boast of a temple remarkable in some way. In this the architecture calls for study and notice, in that the last resting-place of some of one memorable, possibly in national, or at least in local interest, arrests attention; there is one—which for ages has been a guide for the tempest-tossed sailor, whilst here perhaps is another famous for nothing but its exceeding plainness.

However, it is not with the buildings; but with the graves and "the doors of the dead," as we once heard the poet Longfellow describe the grave-stones, that we propose to deal in this short article. And as none but good people are ever buried, we are bound to limit our remarks to those inscriptions and epitaphs which are noteworthy for their quaintness, wit, rusticity, or uncouthness. We cannot pretend to burden our readers with the ordinary praises of affectionate husbands and fathers, of beautiful and loving wives and mothers, or of obedient and all-that-was-to-be-desired sons and daughters. They for an army whom no man can number. To our task then. The first we remember culling is to be seen in St. Clement's churchyard, in that ancient and once important borough of Sandwich. It is in memory of "an old salt," one Captain John Morgan, and is dated 1777. It runs thus with happy feet!—

'Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro,
In spite of them, by God's decree,
I harbour nere below.
Where we at anchor ride
With many of the fleet;
Yet once again we must set sail
Our Admiral Christ to meet.

Who but can admire the simple faith and trust of this brave old seaman? The next one, also from the Garden of England, shows what ludicrous nonsense some village poet has perpetrated for the sake of the rhyme. It is in the churchyard of a village in the Weald, and states that—

Here lie two children dear,
The one buried at Cheriton and the other here.

A cynic might say that the distich *did* the lying. Of a kin to this one, and as another specimen of how truth