

ordinary importance is about to be submitted to the people at the polls. These are scarcely out of date before the circus man throws the school into a fever of excitement by posting up certain gorgeously colored papers displaying pictures of four footed beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air. Such a curiosity is entirely too much for the equanimity of any school. No teacher is supposed to possess sufficient firmness to control his pupils under such circumstances. A circus company, even twenty miles away, has a peculiar and startling effect on the discipline of a school, but when their notices appear, then farewell to law and order. Especially during recess insubordination is rampant, and chaos reigns supreme. The teacher, if he be nervous, reads the riot act and closes the door. The boys, however, regardless of acts and statutes, struggle, vociferate and scramble to attain nearer inspection of the interesting paper. One little fellow, with no rim to his hat, and only one brace, standing afar off and pointing to a diminutive species of ape on the margin of the colored sheet, with an assurance simply refreshing, boldly declares it to be the "Great African lion." Another boy descending from a lofty perch on a companion's shoulder, in a manner more rapid than pleasing, shouts as he falls that he sees—"thunder."

There is another era of thrilling interest in the school boy's life, and that is when the *genius tramp* on one of his periodical rounds, enters the school room during recess and proceeds to help himself from the contents of the dinner bags. Boys, as a class, dislike tramps, and prepare for their coming; hence on such occasions, the demand for eggs of doubtful quality and questionable odor and dead rats in a high state of decomposition is exceedingly lively.

But of all the stirring scenes of the year, none do the boys hail with such wild, uncontrollable delight as the first snow storm. The dullness that previously reigned now gives way to the most unbounded hilarity. The air is thick with whistling balls, and resounds with the loud peal of merry laughter. Woo to the unhappy cur that attempts to cross the play ground at such a period. His shaggy sides immediately become the target for countless well-aimed missiles, neither does the old school-house itself escape. Its silent walls bear unmistakable evidence of a fierce, though harmless bombardment. The neighboring fields are thickly dotted with crystalline statues of all imaginable forms and dimensions, from the tiny Lilliputian

figure—the conception of some infantile mind—to the grim Colossus that bestrides the pathway leading to the schoolroom door. On an adjacent hillock, may be seen the frowning outlook of a snow fortification, well-manned with resolute young warriors eager for the fray. Farther down will appear the attacking party in earnest consultation. Soon they form themselves into line of battle, and boldly march up the hill determined to carry the fort by storm. Each heart beats high, and even feels himself as much a hero, as if he were treading in the gore of the slain. The moment they come within range of each other's snow artillery, then comes the "tug of war." For some time it would be difficult for a person unacquainted with such a scene to determine precisely the nature of what was taking place. The quantity of snow that appears to become suddenly animated, would be startling to an ordinary beholder. Soon the confused mass of snow, and arms and legs, after having performed the most astonishing feats, begin slowly to resolve themselves into their original elements. The line of battle has ceased, the bloodless conflict is over. Both parties claim the victory; but in such a case it never can be accurately determined who was victorious. The fort, of course, has been demolished and it would take a man possessed of an extraordinary faculty for investigation to discover any trace of it. The boys arrange their shattered forces, bury their dead and thoughtfully return to the school house, expecting to have their bump of knowledge multiplied before the close of day and they are rarely disappointed.

## RESEARCH.

### HISTORY AND SCIENCE IN ST. JOHN.

#### No. 1.

It may be of interest to many readers of the *ATHENÆUM* to learn what is being done in these provinces in the way of original research. It cannot be expected that a country so young, so limited in means, and with institutions so meagrely endowed as our own, should take rank with Germany and England in the advancement of science and philosophy. Even in the latter country, where wealth has its largest domain, and scholarship its ripest development, Prof. Lankester complains that this work is in sad need of endowments of research. If such is the case there, what can we