

angler, in the intensity of his interest and in the belief of the bird's pre-occupation leaned forward. Like a flash the inflated mass of feathers was converted into a compact body with keen head extended and bright eyes riveted on the intruder. The next instant there was a startling "whirrrr!" and the writer was left alone in the woods with the recollection of a rare spectacle—a discovery in natural history.—*The Mail.*

Primary Department.

ALBERT: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH SHARE, PRIN. TRAINING DEPT., STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SPEARFISH, SO. DAKOTA.

You have seen any number of little boys just like him. Pretty? Far from it. Short, *chunky* figure, stolid face, expressionless light blue eyes, great shock of white hair. Clean? I am sorry to say not. His garments are torn and soiled and very carelessly arranged. His hair often looks as if it did not feel a comb for days at a time. Good? Again I must say no. He is often naughty, has sudden moody spells, and is not always truthful. He does not learn very rapidly either. It takes an idea a long time to be assimilated.

"And yet you ask me to love that child?" asks a young teacher. *Yes.* Look with me below the surface and you will say yes also.

He is the child of poor, hard-working Germans. The parents have no beauty in their lives—nothing but an endless grind. How can we expect this child to inherit any beauty of face or form? Into his life probably very little love has come. Lay your hand upon his head and see as I have many a time the slow, dawning smile of surprise upon his face. I know how your heart will be touched to see how he receives so slight a token of affection. Love is a new element in his life. His hard-working mother has no *time* to love him. Besides there has been serious illness in the family all winter. That fact alone ought to make us lenient towards his untidiness. His people probably do not know *how* to be more neat with him, even if they had the will.

If we could trace back the line of his forefathers, doubtless we would find generations of men and women with low ideals in life—no distinction in their minds between right and wrong—with moral sensibilities blunted by hard toil and low companionship. Can we expect Albert to be otherwise? His intellect also is not likely to be any brighter or keener than that of his ancestors. We know what theirs inevitably must have been.

"Yes, all this is true, but he is so 'trying.' Just his tardiness alone is wearing, and besides he spoils my records every month." I know he is trying. But stand with me and watch the little figure as it comes toiling along from the distant hill, outside the village, where his home is. His older brother has run ahead—he will not be tardy. Albert is trying to keep pace with him, but he just cannot. See how he swings his arms in his effort to make his feet go faster over the ground. What is the matter with his feet? Why, don't you see as he draws nearer? He has great *boots* on, very heavy ones, much too large for him. And do you see he wears *overshoes* besides. These are enormous too. Do you wonder the little fellow cannot run? A pathetic little figure you will admit when at last he arrives. He *knows* he is tardy; his blue fists are rubbed into his eyes as he sobbingly tells you that he *tried* to be on time. He *did* try. The blame is not to be placed on *him*. Imagine such a home on a cold winter morning, with a sick child to be cared for, and you wonder with me where the blame *can* be placed.

Yet I repeat I know he *is* trying. I ask you again to think with me. Is it not worth more to *you* to keep your patience with Albert than

it is to smile upon Charley who never does wrong? Are *you* not made better by opening your heart to take in just such a needy one? Are *you* not stronger by a realization that one of a teacher's highest privileges is to reach and hold such little souls in the warmth of a true woman's heart. I say nothing now of what you can do for *him*—you know all that. I ask you to think upon what *he* can do for *you*.

I wonder how many teachers have an Albert in their schools. If he is there, study him. He will help you *grow*.—*Primary School.*

SUMMER'S TREASURES.

RHODA LEE.

Is this a time to be gloomy or sad
When our Mother Nature laughs around
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a twitter of birds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the
flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the
sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
Ay look! And he'll smile thy gloom away."

As this holiday number finds its way to our readers we hope many are enjoying a genuine rest.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

is a favorite saying of some people who thoroughly despise idleness. But for the mentally and physically weary teacher there is no surer way of being fitted for the duties of the coming year than by indulging in a certain amount of that delightful laziness which we can conscientiously enjoy during the warm, sultry days of July and August.

But while school seems to have vanished for the present, we may without seriously affecting the benefit of our holiday give a little time and thought to the work of the new term. Not in our reading. I think it much wiser to turn our attention to literature of another kind just now. The mind as well as the body requires a change. However, in the delightful country walks of lake-shore or sea-side we can find any quantity of material that may be of the greatest value to us in our school work. In some schools I have seen beautiful collections of sea treasures. The teacher had been fortunate enough to spend her vacation at the sea-side and with the aid of a pocket microscope she succeeded in interesting the children wonderfully in the shells, urchins, sea-weeds, etc., she had gathered together. Another collection that added greatly to the attractiveness of the school-room and that was at the same time eminently useful, was composed of grasses, ferns and grains. "Untidy looking things, catching every stray speck of dust," someone says. Such they may be if allowed to remain year after year without care in a dusty school-room, but if they are taken down from the jars and brackets and dusted occasionally and renewed in the autumn the most particular soul need never be vexed. Pressed ferns can be used in a variety of ways. The white everlasting blossoms, wheat, barley, rye, oats and even Indian corn may be gathered and used with advantage. Cat-tails and rushes may also be used for decorative purposes if they are properly dried. You have no idea of the many ways in which you can make use of a collection of this kind until you have once tried it. There is material in abundance that requires nothing but the work of gathering and which, with just a little time and taste will contribute a great deal towards making your school-room look bright, cheery and homelike.

"TO MY BENEFACTOR."

The above valuable inscription on a golden collar is worn by a yellow cat in Paris, the fortunate owner of whom, a painter, met with him one evening a few years back when returning to his garret with poison, intending to end his days, so miserably poor had he become. A note to this effect was just written, to save trouble at the inquest, when providentially there sprang on the table a little yellow kitten. It rubbed caressingly against his face. Evidently a waif it was, thin and famished, its wet fur frayed by the jaws of some dog, "One may be tired of life," said the painter, "but one does not leave a guest hungry."

With bread and milk, all he had, he fed the kitten, then warmed it within the breast of his coat, where it caressed with its tongue the hand that held it; then purred itself to sleep. "Suicide," reflected the painter, "is the refuge of one who has no longer hopes, ties of affection or responsibilities. In receiving this kitten I have assumed a duty. To place this little creature upon my heart for warmth and then turn that heart to ice would be a betrayal. At least I will live until to-morrow." In the morning the little cat appeared so pretty that he painted it and was able to sell its portrait. Another was ordered and another. Thus recovered from the hunger-fevered brain attack, our hero deferred his dream of a classic canvas. His pussies became the fashion and he painted them in all postures and colours, yellow, black, white, grey and tabby. He studied cats: he divined, under their masks of drowsiness and caprice, the subtle charm and wisdom adored in old Egypt.

The yellow kitten who saved his life also made his fortune and now, the patriarch of a tribe, has his cushion and his cup in the atelier of his GRATEFUL MAURICE LENOIR.

Let us thank God, the giver of *all* good gifts, for the beautiful lessons in this story, painted for the wise in the rainbow "Grace of Gratitude" to prove that "*Heart, wisdom and success are one,*" as asserted by the Holy Word of God, our *just* judge.

[The above was sent to us by a lady in England who is an enthusiastic member of the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of animals from vivisection].

WHY TOMMY DID NOT SPEAK HIS PIECE.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"There was such a lot of people there—
And all the gaslights seemed to stare—
And—some one whispered: 'Hold up your
head;'
And—'Don't be scared, dear,' somebody said.
And—all of 'em clapped when I went in—
And somebody said, 'Go on! Begin!'
And—I forgot every word I knew—
And—all of 'em laughed—Boo-oo-oo-oo."

GOLDEN KEYS.

"A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
'Good Morning,' that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.
When evening comes, 'Good Night,' I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, 'If you please,'
I take from off my bunch of keys.
When friends give anything to me,
I'll use the little 'Thank You' key.
'Excuse me,' 'Beg Your Pardon,' too,
When by mistake some harm I do;
Or, if unkindly harm I've given,
With 'Forgive Me,' I shall be forgiven.
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind;
This is its motto, 'Be Ye Kind.'
I'll often use each golden key,
And then a child polite I'll be."

—Selected.