

\$100.00 as a grant for meeting the expenses of the work, and for the school farm or garden an additional \$25.00. Regulations require that instruction in the class room be given for two hours each week, and that the practical work carried on at home by the pupil be supervised by the teacher.

The Intermediate Certificate in Agriculture in Ontario is gained by work at two summer sessions at the Agricultural College at Guelph. Science specialists may take the last two years of their University course in Science at the Agricultural College, graduating with the degree of B. Sc. (Agr.); this preparatory to teaching Agriculture in the High Schools.

It is with pleasure that the REVIEW records the appointment of Mr. L. A. DeWolfe, M. Sc., of the Normal College, Truro, to be the Director of Rural Science Schools for Nova Scotia. For a month in the autumn and three months in the spring the director will visit schools taught by Rural Science teachers, and during the summer term he will teach in the Rural Science Training School at Truro. For the rest of the year he will teach in the Normal College, of whose faculty he continues to be a member, and keep in touch by correspondence with the Rural Science Schools.

It is a matter for congratulation that we should have in our own provinces men who have been for years in the closest connection with the schools, and who are eminently capable of directing this new and important educational work. Full of enthusiasm for their subject; well known and popular among the teachers, thoroughly familiar with the country and its conditions, and of proved efficiency in their former posts, both Director DeWolfe and Director Steeves are plainly the right men for their positions.

Director Steeves recommends the following books to teachers of agriculture:—

Beginnings in Agriculture, A. R. Mann, 75c.;
One Hundred Lessons in Agriculture, A. W. Nolan,
65c.; First Book in Rural Science, J. J. Green, 40c.

These can be had of J & A. McMillan, St. John.

What's the way to school, you say?
A boy's way, do you mean?
It's out of the yard and far away
Where the grass is fresh and green.
It's up a tree and out on a limb,
And down with a leap and cry,
And that's the way to school for him,
When I see him passing by.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE FOREST.

A Christmas Play for Children.

JEAN T. LEAVITT.

CHARACTERS.

HANS, A Woodcutter.	SUNBEAMS.
BABY FIR.	FIR TREES.
CHRISTMAS FAIRY.	BIRCH TREES.
THE WIND.	

SCENE I.

[Trees standing about, the wind quickly and lightly passing back and forth. They wave and swirl their branches (arms) as he passes.]

Baby Fir, (sorrowfully).—All I can do is to grow, grow, grow.

Wind, (moving faster).—All I can do is to blow, blow, blow.

Baby Fir.—But, Wind, you can travel wherever you like, While I have to stay here all day and all night.

Wind.—I shouldn't like that, I can never be still, But I do as I'm told, and not my own will.

(*Wind runs out and trees are still.*)

Birch Trees.—O little Fir tree, do not be so sad. The sweet air blows on you, and the sun shines on you, and some day you will be a big tree.

Other Trees.—We do not complain.

Sunbeams, (dancing in).—Enjoy what you have, O Fir!
For it may not last, O Fir,
You have youth, health and beauty,
So now do your duty.
Be a good, sweet, contented little Fir.

(*Sunbeams circle round and dance in and out among the trees.*)

SCENE II.

(*Trees standing as before. Christmas Fairy comes in softly and hears the Baby Fir lamenting.*)

Baby Fir.—My brothers are so tall and strong, the woodcutter will see
That any one of them will make a splendid Christmas Tree.
They'll be so proud and happy when he carries them away
To make the children joyful on Merry Christmas Day.
But I'm so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow,
Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas Tree.

Fairy (laughing softly).

I'll search and find St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas Saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearse the fir-tree's plaint.
(*She hurries out.*)