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EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

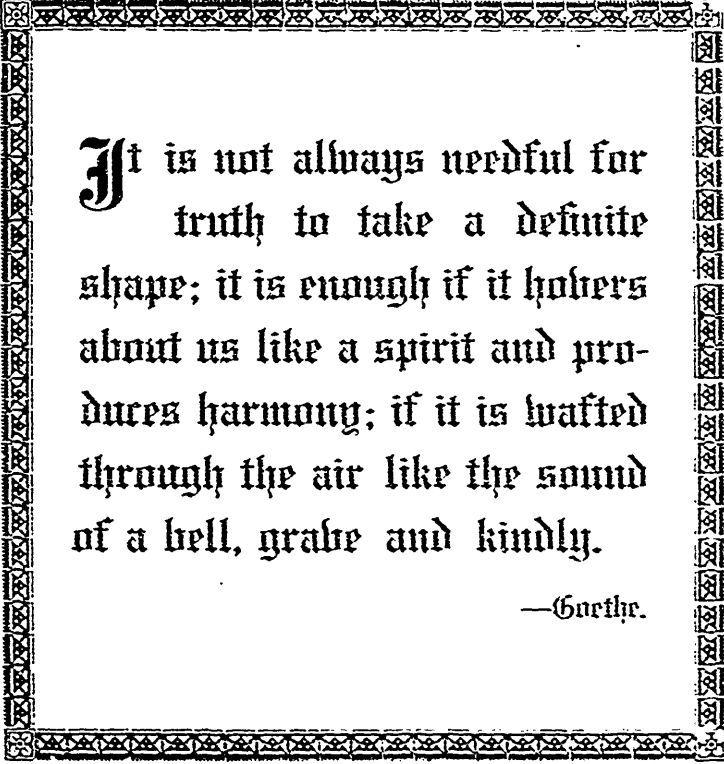
OF WESTERN CANADA.

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—Goethe.

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SOME SCHOOL EXPERIENCES

A.—WHEN HEART MEETS HEART

On looking back over the teachers of my school days I think those who helped me most in my own teaching were those I disliked most at the time. We cannot always define the quality that gives a teacher power over her class, but on looking back we can sometimes find where a teacher failed to gain the good will of his pupils and so determine to avoid the same errors.

I remember one teacher in particular who lost the respect and sympathy of her class from want of understanding the nature of her pupils. I was about thirteen years old when I came under the influence of this teacher and I can remember yet the feeling with which the class entered the new grade. We had left in a sense our school days behind us, or we thought we had. We were now to be treated as students and we threw ourselves into our work with a great deal of zest and enthusiasm. For the first few weeks of the term we had a teacher of wide experience who seemed to understand the nature of the pupils with whom she had to deal. We began to view the old school subjects in a different light. History became a living reality still going on and not a number of dates and names; the countries we studied about in the geography began to have an existence for us outside the map and the reading lessons had a fresh interest in the light thrown on them by judicious questions. The teacher went on the assumption that we knew how to behave ourselves and she was not disappointed in the conduct of her class.

After a few weeks, however, this teacher left and another came to take her place who was a complete contrast. This teacher looked upon us as a class of rather big school children to be governed as children not able to govern themselves. She never seemed to think that we wanted to learn, were in fact eager to do so, but was under the impression that our knowledge would have to be driven into us against our will, and this she proceeded to do with praiseworthy energy. I have still a vivid picture of her stalking up and down the aisles calling for order, a long pointer in her hand with which—crowning indignity of all—she sometimes rapped our knuckles. The result of this treatment was a feeling of antagonism on the part of the pupils and a number of them combined to make that teacher's life as miserable as only a teacher's can be who has the ill-will of her class. We never consulted her in any of our plans, nor confided in her in any way. Instead of becoming our friend, as she might have done, we regarded her as our mortal enemy and the

rest of the term was simply a struggle for supremacy between teacher and pupils. She had the might of authority on her side, but we had numbers and brains remarkably fertile in hatching schemes for her annoyance, so that the struggle was by no means unequal.

Only towards the end of the term did we come in touch at all with her, and then it was almost by an accident. A number of us had been sent to interview the principal for some offence and coming back we surprised our teacher in the hall. There was an expression of pain on her face and something suspiciously like tears in her eyes, a circumstance which in our proud unbending teacher made us stop in surprise. Our astonishment increased when she drew us aside and asked us the reason for our conduct. "If you girls only knew how you might help me," she said, "you surely would behave better. You four or five lead the others and when you show them such an example you make my work so much harder." "And girls," she continued with what even we could see was a visible effort, "I don't think I understood you very well when I took your class and roused your antagonism, but surely we do not need to be at such cross purposes now." Here was a new idea for us, and we were at first too much astonished to reply, but went back to our class room with sober faces. We began to think that our teacher might, after all, have difficulties to contend with that we did not quite understand and that perhaps she did not enjoy waving her pointer and threatening us, quite as much as we imagined. We discovered that our feeling of rebellion at what we were pleased to call tyranny had blinded us to many fine qualities which we might have learned to love and respect.

B.—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

In the country school in which I taught there was a very interesting little fellow about seven or eight years old. He was always a favorite with the teachers, for he was a bright little fellow and little disposed to give trouble. Now and then the mischievous or restless part of his nature would assert itself, when he became the happy owner of a knife and applied it to some desk. Oftener he would be found teasing some of the smaller girls. For this he had an especial delight, but he never carried his fun too far.

It was not in these things alone, however, that "Jimmie" as we called him, showed his peculiarities. It was his power of observation. There was scarcely a plant in the neighborhood that he had not a name for, and if he did not happen to know what a flower was called he had a name of his own that was always well applied. He had a wonderful amount of information regarding his home surroundings, the origin of the mountains, the marks of the old lake beach, and he could account for the many large stones scattered around the neighborhood. Most of this knowledge was gained by observing and asking questions, never by being told directly, for nature study was not carried on very extensively. Everything in nature had an interest for this boy and he liked to ask questions, often, such as could not be readily answered. A talk about birds or animals was perhaps most interesting of all to him. There were few birds in the place that Jimmie had not noticed, and the same might be said of animals.

I could not say that it was exactly a love for the birds and animals that led this boy to study them so closely; for he took a great delight in killing them, but he never was known to torture anything.

Last fall, I remember, we were troubled with mice in the school room, and Jimmie, by his own consent, set to work to destroy these. Early in the morning he would go to school and after climbing through the window he would find his enemy in the desk. When I would get to school everything would be quiet, but he would tell me he had caught a mouse. It was not long till these ceased to trouble us, and after this Jimmie's attention was directed to the field mice. He found out that these were carrying grain from the stubble to the shed and this he informed me was a sure sign of a cold winter.

Later in the fall, when the mornings began to get colder, Jimmie still kept up his observations. He always came early, and morning after morning I found him alone in the school house, always ready to tell what he had seen. I saw him one morning carry something in his hand, but I could not know what it was. Afterwards I heard the other children say that Jimmie had caught a partridge, and he had it hanging in the cellar. I asked him where he found it and he said it was sitting along the road and he just hit it.

Trapping gophers was a source of great amusement for this boy. In the evenings he would stay near the school till long after four with a piece of string, waiting for the gophers to come up out of their holes. He was never cruel in torturing any animals, but he always killed them, so that it was hardly love that prompted him to take such interest in things around him. He was always on the alert for new objects and at the same time he was constantly reading much from the common things around him. I often wondered what Jimmie's information would do for him and what he would become, if he pursued his old ways, for he was very clever.

C.—A LITTLE IMITATOR.

One stormy day my pupils, some six or seven in number, decided to stay indoors and play "school." One of the girls, a child of twelve, was teacher. The lesson she taught was a reading lesson, which I had taken up before recess. All through the lesson I noticed that the little teacher did almost exactly as I had done. Her method of teaching, her actions, and the very tone of her voice were almost exact imitations of what mine had been.

I was very much impressed by the little incident, as it showed so plainly how, by my actions and words, I might influence my pupils either for good or for evil.

D.—GIVE GENIUS AN OPPORTUNITY.

At my school, last fall, we had a big pile of wood which was not in the woodshed. The boys thought the wood should be put into the shed, but they were small boys and not very fond of work, so we agreed to ask the trustees to have the work done. One day, not long afterwards, when I came back to school at noon I found the boys all busy in the woodshed. Two of the long benches from the school-room were placed side by side with one end of each resting on the door step and the other on the floor of the shed. This made an inclined plane down which the boys were sending the sticks of wood at a great rate. But when the wood was in the shed it had to be piled up and the boys were all too small to lift the sticks very high. To overcome this difficulty the boys had arranged a sort of pulley. This was made by a ring tied to one of the rafters and having a long rope passing through it. When I came upon the scene the pile of wood was about four feet high. One boy stood on top of the pile, so that when the other boys had fastened the end of the

rope around a stick he would pull the rope, raise the stick, swing it into place and then untie the rope.

Of course I had the benches put back in the school-room again, but the boys were so much interested in the using of their pulley that they spent all their play time working, until the whole pile of wood was in the shed. Indeed they were so anxious to work that they often came an hour before school time and they piled the wood right up to the rafters, which are nine or ten feet from the floor of the shed.

TWENTY-FIVE TWENTIETH CENTURY PROVERBS.

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA.

1. You must walk a long time behind a gander before you find a peacock feather.
2. Fools would flatter a Klondike burro if he carried gold enough.
3. Throw a lucky man overboard in the Fraser, and he'll come up with a salmon in his mouth.
4. It's a wise golfer that knows his own caddie.
5. Always look a gift wheel in the tire.
6. The prudent man pedalleth in peace, but ruin lies in the path of the scorcher.
7. When it rains cats and dogs, then the sausage-man makes hay.
8. It's an ill wind that escapes from the tire.
9. It's a long worm that has no turning.
10. When Reynard turns preacher, the wise hen climbs to the top perch.
11. He that would have an oyster from the soup must have a long spoon, a stout heart, and the eye of faith.
12. When wise men play the fool, they are star actors.
13. When your true naturalist finds a virtuous man he snap-shots him.
14. An automobile in hand is worth two on the rush.
15. Let a coyote get away with a lamb and he'll come back for the dam.
16. A monkey with a dress-coat on is but a monkey accentuated.
17. Don't build a church and present God with the mortgage.
18. A strike in time saves the nine.
19. It's a wise yachtsman that understands the handicap.
20. It is the paid palmist who scores off every hand.
21. It is fake butter that has no churning.
22. Those who live in glass houses should buy Venetian blinds.
23. As the twig is bent the boy is inclined—to run out of the door.
24. The captured Stone gathers no ransom.
25. Whom the gods hate is hissed off the stage.

I like The Journal very much. It serves as an inspiration to do better work. I find it very helpful.—

—Agnes Munro.

THE SCHOOL-GROUNDS.

By ALEX. MCINTYRE, B.A., VICE-PRINCIPAL MANITOBA NORMAL SCHOOL.

The first requisite in connection with the decoration of rural school grounds is a school-fence. Without a suitable fence to guard the plantation against the inroads of sundry stray cattle, the work of planting trees, shrubs and flowers will be a fruitless task. If the fence is not present this year's Arbor Day should be devoted to the securing of this essential.

The next step is to arouse a healthy tone in the district—and we will assume that there is one person on the ground who desires to renovate and improve the school premises. If this person is the teacher, so much the better.

Call a meeting of the ratepayers and all interested in the school lawn and its surroundings; lay before them the necessity of placing the school site in such a condition as with best emphasis the work done within doors; point out if need be the value of congenial surroundings. Propose a "bee." If some time were given beforehand to the creation of a good public sentiment—some will agree to plow and harrow the ground—others will remove roots and stones—others will attend to the buildings—and others will secure the necessary trees and shrubs for planting.

Before the planting takes place have your plan of the plantation worked out thoroughly. In making this plan look after the fundamentals,—the big things first. The details will take care of themselves. The school grounds should be set off from the bare fields and should be open enough to provide for adequate playgrounds. In other words, it should be hollow—well planted on the sides and open in the interior. The side next the roadway, in front, should contain little planting. The place should mean something when done. Do not scatter trees over the place. They will only be in the way of the children and will be sure to be broken down. Trees and bushes do not look well when scattered over the whole area.

Let the planting be largely irregular and natural. Granting that the building faces the south, a few trees may be placed along the front. Between these, flower-shrubs (the Lilac preferred) should be planted. Along the west side and the rear plant heavily. First of all cover up the outhouses. Leave openings in your plan wherever there are views to be had of any attractive farm homes, hills, brooks, etc. Place a few shrubs at the corners by the school steps. A few trees should be placed along the eastern side, thinning out as the front is approached. Never plant trees and bushes in holes cut in the sod. Plant the lowest bushes on the inner edge.

We now come to the details—the particular kinds of plants to use. One great principle will simplify the matter considerably—the main planting should be for foliage effects. That is, think first of giving the fence a heavy bordermass. Flowers are mere decorations.

Select those trees and shrubs which are the commonest because they are the cheapest, hardiest and most likely to grow. Spruce for the outer trees, as they make an excellent wind-break for the rest. Maples, Basswood, Elm, Oak, Cottonwood, Hawthorn, Poplar, these are all excellent. Select trees for the greater part from two to four years' growth: These seem to thrive the best.

For shrubs use dogwood, *pabulatta gruticosa*, *spirea*, *campana*, rose, etc. Add to these what can be obtained from the farm.

Vines may be used to excellent purpose on the outbuildings or on the school house itself—such vines as the Virginia Creeper, Ivy, Hop, and Cucumber. Against these heavy borders and in the angles about the building many kinds of flowering plants may be grown, for flowers are much more easily cared for in such positions in consequence of the protection and moisture afforded by the plantation. Such flowers also have an ideal setting in front of the heavy green masses. Only those flowers should be used which are very easy to grow and which have the habit of taking care of themselves. They should also be such as bloom in spring or fall—when the school is in session. If nothing else offers use the wild flowers—Asters, Golden Rods, etc. They will grow almost anywhere and they improve when grown in rich ground where they have plenty of room.

All this is offered simply by way of suggestion. Each district has a problem of its own which the plan outlined, with slight modifications, will fit.

Arbor Day Exercises.

The ninth day of May has been proclaimed as Arbor Day. Teachers should willingly second the efforts of the Department of Education to make this day more than a name. Something of value can be done in every school. In the first place a sentiment in favor of tree-planting and flower-culture may be aroused in the school and in the district, and in the second place, the grounds around the school and around the homes may be beautified. In some districts the out-door exercises will be impossible because there is no fence around the school. Even in such cases much may be done. An entertainment by the school-children, perhaps followed by lunch, will attract the parents of the district. Advantage may be taken to arouse an interest in tree-planting, and if the teacher and pupils are really in earnest, a school fence may result from such a gathering. To make the gathering a success, the teacher must prepare the way by carefully canvassing the district. He can do this by personal visitation, and through his pupils. If experiments in seed-planting and flower-culture are systematically carried on in school, and children are encouraged to report progress at their homes, there will insensibly grow up in the district a feeling of sympathy with the movement.

In districts where a fence has been provided, trees and flowers should be planted. This means that parents and trustees must be attracted to the school. Nothing is more potent as an attraction than an entertainment by the pupils. Every pupil should if possible take some part. Teachers should exhaust every device to make the exercises a success. For example, it might be announced that trees would be planted by the oldest resident in the district, by the youngest pupil in school, by the chairman of the school board, and by other suitable persons.

No excuse is made for giving so much space this month to Arbor Day exercises. From Winnipeg to the Rockies much requires to be done. We shall be glad to hear of exercises in 1,000 schools. Let every teacher leave behind him a monument in the shape of a tree. Let each pupil for the summer have some flower-plot in which he may take an interest.

PROGRAMME.

PREPARATORY—

1. The school house should be cleaned for the occasion. On a table in one corner the exhibits prepared by pupils should be arranged (see below). The boards should be decorated with mottoes (see below). Flowers and leaves should be arranged in becoming fashion on the desk and on the windows. Window plants are very desirable. Branches or wreaths of evergreens: twigs of pussy-willows, etc., properly arranged will be helpful. Bouquets of flowers, sprays and sprigs may be worn by teachers and children and presented to visitors.

2. By arrangement with the trustees the grounds should be ready for the planting. The teacher shall arrange with one person to do the plowing, another to bring the trees, another to bring water, etc. The children will bring the necessary spades and shovels, hammers and nails. Everything to the smallest detail must be foreseen and arranged for.

IN THE SCHOOL ROOM—

1. Scripture reading (see below).
2. Choruses—junior and senior (see below).
3. Solos—children and adults.
4. Memory games, singly and in concert (see below).
5. Recitations (see below).
6. Essay (see below).
7. A school exhibition (see below).
8. A voting contest—"My favorite tree."
9. A fancy drill (see below).
10. The building of a canoe—from Hiawatha—by a class of children.

OUTSIDE—

1. Planting trees.
2. Laying out flower-beds and planting flowers.
3. Fixing fences and grounds.
4. May-pole dance.
5. Basket pic-nic.

 FOR BLACKBOARD OR CLASS RECITATION.

1. The groves were God's first temples.
2. Man counts his age by years, the oak by centuries.
3. The courteous tree bows to all who seek its shade.
4. As thou sowest so shalt thou reap.
5. How delightful to linger 'mid the shady bowers.
6. Tiny seeds make plentiful harvests.
7. The tree is a nobler object than a king in his coronation robes.
8. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
9. A father's hand hath reared these venerable columns.
10. Earth with her thousand voices praises God.
11. Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the happy soil.
12. God the first garden made, man the first city.

13. Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are ever a new delight.
14. Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests' leaf and smiles the sun.
15. The stillness and the solemn sounds of the deep woods are uplifting to the soul and healing to the mind.
16. " Now by the brook, the maple leans
With all his glory spread."
17. Summer's surely coming,
Here's a leaf to say
Spite of wind and weather
Summer's on the way.
18. A song for the beautiful trees
A song for the forest ground—
The garden of God's own land,
The pride of His centuries.
19. He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.
20. One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach us more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.
21. Consider the lilies of the field how they grow,
They toil not, neither do they spin:
And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory,
Was not arrayed like one of these.
22. Who plants a seed within the sod,
And waits to see it overturn the clod
He trusts in God.
23. Come to my home in the wildwood
Come where the heart is so free,
Bidding adieu to your sorrow,
Here let your dwelling place be.
24. Mistaken mortals ! did you know
Where joy, hearts'-ease and com-
forts grew,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers.
25. If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, which thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep
Go to the woods and hills ! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.
26. God is waking his tiniest messengers to praise Him, and to carry sweetness
into all the world."
27. " May Nature's kindest powers sustain the Tree,
And Love protect it from all injury."
28. Oh, you pussy-willow, dainty little thing,
Coming with the sunshine in the early spring,
Tell me, pretty Pussy, for I want to know,
Where it is you come from ? how it is you grow ?
29. Children thank God for these great trees
That fan the land with every breeze,
Whose drooping branches form cool bowers,
Where you can spend the summer hours.

30. Give fools their gold and knaves their pow'r.
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall,
 Who sows a field or trains a flower
 Or plants a tree is more than all.
 For he who blesses most is blest,
 And god and man shall have his worth
 Who toils to leave us as a bequest
 An added beauty to the earth.

31. "Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
 Let fortune's bubble rise or fall;
 Who sows a field or trains a flower
 Or plants a tree is more than all."

32. "The brown, brown woods of March
 Are the green, green woods of May.
 And they lift their arms with a freer swing
 And shake out their pennons gay.
 And the brown, dead world of March
 Is the living world of to-day:
 Life throbs and flashes and flashes out
 In the color and fragrance of May."

RECITATIONS.

I.—THE LITTLE TREE'S DREAM.

(By *Cora S. Day.*)

A pretty little maple
 That grew upon a hill,
 Where sun and wind and shower,
 Had played with it at will,
 Fell fast asleep one evening,
 Beneath the moon's pale light,
 And while asleep it had a dream
 That gave it *such* a fright.
 It dreamed it saw an army,
 All armed with shovels there,
 Come marching up the hillside
 And lay its rootlets bare.

And then they raised it softly,
 Out of its earthly bed,
 And down the hill they carried it,
 With light and joyous tread.
 It awakened in the sunlight,
 And found its dream was true
 For there within a school-yard,
 Where storm winds never blew,
 It found itself surrounded
 By the children bright and gay
 Who carefully had planted it
 Upon their Arbor Day.

II.—THE LITTLE PLANTER.

Down by the wall where the lilacs grow,
 Digging away with the garden hoe,
 Toiling as busily as he can,—
 Eager and earnest, dear little man!
 Spoon and shingle are lying by,
 With a bit of evergreen long since dry.

"What are you doing, dear?" I ask
 Ted for an instant stops his task,
 Glances up with a sunny smile
 Dimpling his rosy cheeks the while:
 "Why, it is Arbor Day, you see,
 And I'm planting a next year's Christ-
 mas tree."

"For last year, aunty, Johnny Dunn
 Didn't have even the smallest one;
 And I almost cried, he felt so bad,
 When I told him 'bout the splendid one
 we had;
 And I thought if I planted this one here,
 And watered it every day this year,
 It would grow real fast—I think it
 might;
 (And his blue eyes fill with an eager
 light;)

And I'm sure 'twill be, though very small.
 A great deal better than none at all."

Then somebody suddenly comes between
 My eyes and the bit of withered green,
 As I kiss the face of our Teddy-boy,
 Bright and glowing with giving joy.
 And Johnny Dunn, it is plain to see,
 Will have his next year's Christmas tree.

III.—ARBOR DAY.

I was sitting alone by the maple tree,
 I wasn't asleep—you needn't tell me.
 Two voices I heard right over my head,
 And this is precisely just what they said:

"Oh Robin! Oh Robin! I'm all out of breath
 Oh Robin! Oh Robin! I'm tired to death
 With 'Come look at this tree and now look at that,
 I'll look no more. Oh Robin, that's flat."

"Why Robina, Robina, Robina, dear.
 You must be both tired and nervous I fear."
 And what do you think?—I'm quite sure of this
 I plainly heard Robin then give her a kiss.

'Oh see, love, the fountain there by the path
 What a beautiful place for a nice morning bath,
 And dewy and fresh at the breaking of dawn,
 Fat worms will be plenty right here on the lawn
 With slugs from the garden and all of the best
 Oh Robina, here is the place for our nest."

Then gaily they flew to the top of the tree
 And that's where they'll build as sure as can be.

IV —PLANT A TREE.

(By Lucy Larcom.)

| | |
|---|---|
| <p> He who plants a tree Plants a hope. Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope; Leaves unfold into horizons free. So man's life must climb From the clouds of time Unto heavens sublime. Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree. What the glory of thy boughs shall be? </p> | <p> He who plants a tree Plants a joy: Plants a comfort that will never cloy. Every day a fresh reality. Beautiful and strong, To whose shelter throng Creatures blithe with song. If thou couldst but know thou happy tree. Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee. </p> |
|---|---|



He who plants a tree
 He plants peace.
 Under its green curtains jargons cease,
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
 Shadows soft with sleep
 Down tired eyelids creep.
 Balm of slumber deep.
 Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed
 tree,
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
 He plants youth;
 Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
 Life of time, that hints eternity!

Boughs their strength uprear,
 New shoots every year
 On old growths appear.
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
 He plants love;
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers, he may not live to see
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant,—life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants
 a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.

V.—WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE.

(By *George P. Morris.*)

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot,
 There, woodman, let it stand;
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

The old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,—
 And wouldst thou hack it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here, too, my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive the foolish tear;
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend;
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches, bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

VI.—THE HEART OF THE TREE.

(*The Century.*)

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants a friend of sun and sky;
 He plants the flag of breezes free;
 The shaft of beauty, towering high;
 He plants a home to heaven nigh
 For song and mother-croon of bird
 In hushed and happy twilight heard—
 The treble of heaven's harmony—
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

He plants the forest's heritage;
 The harvest of a coming age;
 The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants cool shade and tender rain,
 And seed and bud of days to be,
 And years that fade and flush again;
 He plants the glory of the plain;

What does he plant who plants a tree?
 He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
 In love of home and loyalty
 And far-east thought of civic good—
 His blessing on the neighborhood
 Who in the hollow of His hand
 Holds all the growth of all our land—
 A nation's growth from sea to sea
 Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

VII.—QUEER FRUIT.

(By Eudora F. Allen.)

Said a jolly, wise farmer,
When scorned because he
Still suffered to live
A barren old tree:

"It doesn't yield any apples
That's plain to be seen,
And even in spring time
It hardly shows green.

"But it's full of deep places
Where woodpeckers thrive,
And it holds lots of robins;
It's fruit's all alive.

"So I yet take great pride
In my old apple tree
For while it bears birds
It's of value to me."

The following recitations may be obtained from reading books: Come to the sunset tree: To the Dandelion: The Ivy Green: Hiawatha's Canoe-building: The May Queen: All Hail to the broad-leaved Maple: Voice of the Grass: Canada, Maple Land: The Forest Calm: The Throstle (Tennyson).

MUSIC.

SPRING SONG.

The heavens are smiling so soft and so blue,
The hills and the meadows all glitter with dew,
The trees wave their blossoms, so fragrant and fair
And sweet warbling songsters are filling the air.

We'll off to the woods, and leave sorrow at home;
We'll climb the green hills, for 'tis pleasure to roam,
Oh! who in the city would stay the year round,
When pleasures like these are so easily found?

MAY TIME.

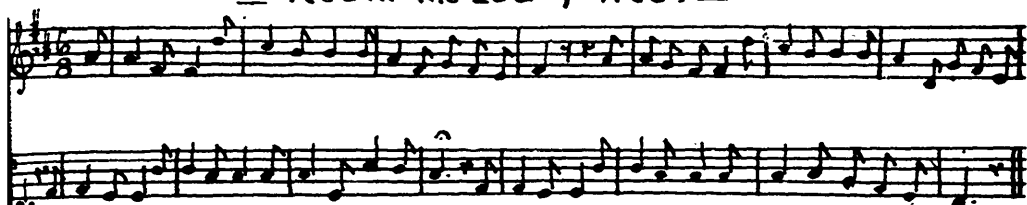
(Humphrey J. Stark.)

It is May, it is May, and all earth is gay,
For at last old winter is quite away.
He linger'd awhile in his cloak of snow
To see the delicate primrose blow,
He saw it and made no longer stay
And now it is May. And now it is May.
And now 'tis May, 'tis May, 'tis May.

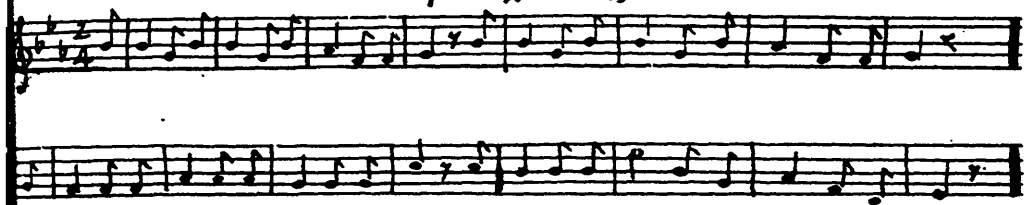
It is May, it is May and we bless the day
When we first delightedly so can say;
April had beams amid her showers,
Yet bare were her gardens, and cold her bowers,
And her frown would blight, and her smile betray,
But now it is May, but now it is May,
But now 'tis May, 'tis May, 'tis May.

It is May, it is May, and the splend'ring spray,
Holds up a few leaves to the rip'ning ray;
And the birds sing fearlessly out on high
For there is not a cloud in the calm blue sky,
And the villagers join in their roundelay.
For oh! it is May, for oh! it is May,
For oh! 'tis May, 'tis May, 'tis May.

— 'Neath the leafy Tree. —



— Spring Song —



— May Time —



NEATH THE LEAFY GREENWOOD TREE.

Here, 'neath the leafy greenwood tree
 I pass the noon-tide hour
 And happier far am I than he
 Who dwells in palace bower,
 For near we grows the wild white rose,
 The bright sky beams above,
 And upward springs the lark that sings
 Her joyous notes of love.'

Here insects sport on golden wing,
 A singing stream runs by.
 And many a bird from earth will spring
 To greet the glorious sky.
 For painted halls and palace walls
 I care not, whilst for me
 Fair nature yields her smiling fields
 And shade of leafy tree.

VOICES OF THE FOREST.

(From the School Singer—Ginn & Co.)

Hark from the woodland, softly and mild
 Murmurs the brooklet, 'mid flowers wild;
 "Sparkling like yon stars at night
 With a heart of pure delight
 Wander I the forest old, giving life to leafy mould.
 How my rainbows gleam, like the sunny beam
 Then in grassy field, I my blessing yield."

Loudly the tempest, hurrying by,
 Swayeth the fir-tree, towering on high;
 "Strong in all my kingly prime,
 Firm as rock resisting time,
 Boldly I the winds defy, ever pointing to the sky,
 Like the breakers roar, on the beaten shore.
 Then in mellow tone, soothed I seek my throne.

Hark ! 'mid the stillness solemn and deep,
 Singeth the lone bird, roused from her sleep,
 "Safe amid the forest shade, God hath here my dwelling made;
 Gladsome messages of love bear I from the home above,"
 Join the choral song, swell the joyful song,
 Brook, tree, bird, declare "God is everywhere."

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

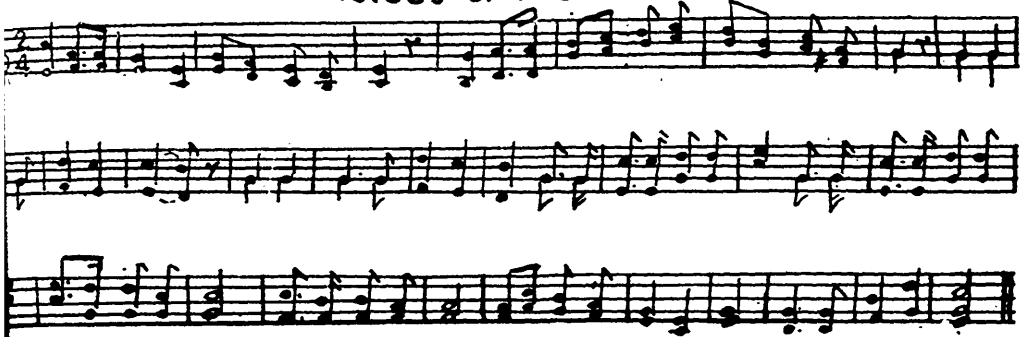
A song for the oak, for the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.
 There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down
 And the fire in the west fades out,
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight
 When storms thro' his branches shout.

In days of old, when the spring with gold,
 Was lightning his branches grey,
 Thro' the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet
 To gather the dew of May;
 And all the day to the rebeck gay
 They carolled with gladsome swains
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid.
 But the tree he still remains.

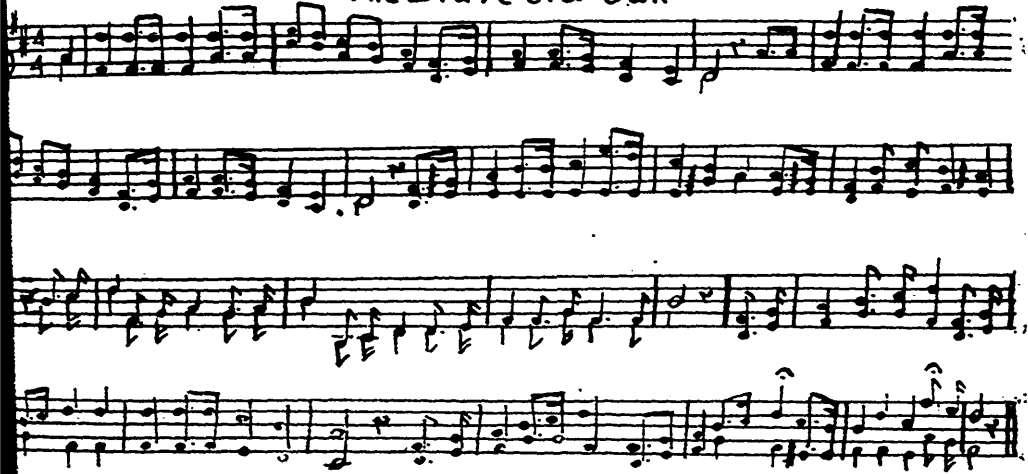
CHORUS:—

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourishes he, a hale green tree;
 When a hundred years are gone.

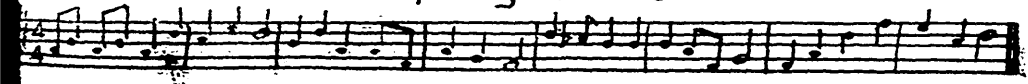
-Voices of the Forest.-



-The Brave old Oak



- Spring Flowers..-



SPRING FLOWERS.

How I love the flowers of spring,
 Snow-drops white and fairy bells;
 Crocus cups of blue and gold,
 Queenly graceful daffodils.

Search the bank beside the stream,
 Many blossoms there you'll find,
 In the wood the lilies dream,
 And the violets scent the wind.

Summers' flowers are rich and gay,
 But their beauty cannot bring
 Half the joy that comes away
 With the blossoms of the spring.

OTHER SONGS.

From the school music readers, and other available sources, teachers might choose from the following: Land of the Maple: Maple Leaf Forever: The Birdie's Ball: Mission of a Rose: The Ivy Green: The Rowan Tree: Here 'Neath the Leafy Greenwood Tree: When the Lilac Buds: Come Gather the Crocus: The Dance of the Leaves: Song of the Grass: Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree.

HOOP DRILL.

For company of 12 little girls. Each to have a hoop or garland of anemones or buttercups or evergreen. Company divides into two sections. Enter from opposite sides of platform. March towards front. Cross. Down sides of platform. Across the back. First two form an archway with hoops. Others pass under and continue the archway. The two girls at back drop hoops to sides and march in double file under archway. Followed by others in succession. Couples separate in front and march in single file to right and left; then to back of stage. Form an archway as before. This time first couple turn to left, second to right, etc. Next time they come to front of platform in fours. Now they spread out for drill. (Music a schottische. Count 1, 2, 3, 4 for each position).

(1) Hoop at sides. (2) Touch forehead hoop horizontal. (3) Bow. (4) Hoop at sides. (5) Above heads (horizontal. (5) Head, shoulder, hip, ground. (6) At sides. (7) Dropping from hand or begging. (8) At sides. (9) Stoop forward holding hoops horizontal. (10) Drop to ground, stand erect. (11) Pick up and hold in front (vertical). (12) Sides. (13) Hide under arm. (14) Sides. (15) Invite. (16) Sides. (17) Forbid. (18) Sides. (19) Consult. (20) Gossip. (21) Strike hoops. (22) Front, at sides. (23) Frame faces in hoops. (24) Salute. (25) Company left turn, march off.

SUGGESTIONS FOR EXHIBITION.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---|---|
| I. FROM LAST YEAR | } | Pressed Leaves. Pressed Flowers. Pressed Ferns. Grasses. Nuts, Acorns, Seeds. |
| II. MADE THIS YEAR | } | Buds. Bark. Wood. Roots. Stems. Drawings of Trees, Flowers, etc. |
| III. PICTURES OF | } | Plants. Flowers. Trees. Bird Life. Landscapes of spring and summer. |

SUGGESTIONS FOR ESSAYS.

A.—The Story of a Pine Tree.

1. The beginning of life.
2. The struggle; of the little plant.
3. What the old tree saw and did.
4. The coming of the woodman.
5. The preparation of the tree for the mill.
6. The manufacture of lumber.
7. The making of a kitchen table.

B.—The Meadow Lark.

1. Description of bird.
2. When it comes and from what country.
3. Where, when and how it nests.
4. The Young ones.
5. The beautiful song.
6. Use of the bird.

C.—Value of trees on the school-ground.

1. For beauty.
2. For shelter.
3. For shade.
4. For bird homes.
5. For insect homes.
6. For study of growth.
7. As a link between ourselves and the great forests.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.

Genesis I. 11, 12, 29; II., 8, 9. Matthew VII., 17-20. Ezekiel XXXI. 3-9.

SUITABLE TREES, SHRUBS AND FLOWERS.

Selected from the reports of the Experimental Farm, for Manitoba.

Trees.—Green Ash, Native Mountain Ash, Cut-leaved Weeping Birch, Low Birch, Asiatic Poplar, Russian Poplar, Siberian Poplar, Native White Elm, Box Elder, Sharp-leaved Willow, Salix Britzensis, White Spruce, English Mountain Maple, Canoe Birch, Cottonwood (in moist flat land).

Oriental Shrubs.—English Artemisia, Saskatoon, Caragana—arborescens, grandiflora, mollis-glabra, pubescens pendula—Dogwood, Common Lilac, White Lilac, Tartarian Honeysuckle, Lonicera gracilis, Japan Rose, Flowering Currant, Cranberry viburnum opulus, Virginia Creeper, Roses, Graceful Honeysuckle, Rough-leaved Lilac.

Perennial Flowers.—Coreopsis lanceolata, Lychnis, Chalcedonica, Delphinium grandiflorum, Delphinium dwarf, Campanula, Papaver orientale and medicale, Phlox perennial, Peony double, Aquilegia, Platycodon grandiflorum, Dielytra spectabilis, Lily tigrinum, Grass Pink's, Tulips (plant in fall), Lychnis Haageana, Hemerocallis flava, Alyssum argenteum, Rudbeckia, Iris Germanica.

Annuals.—Asiers, Antirrhinum, Gaillardia Petunias, Pansies, Phlox Drummondii, Salpigossis Stocks, Verbena, Zinnia, *Calliopsis*, *Mignonette*, *Portulaca*, *Sweet Pea*, *Nasturtium*. (Those in italics may be sown outside in May).

HOW TO PLANT TREES.

By D. D. ENGLAND, SUPERINTENDENT OF PARKS, WINNIPEG.

Suppose I want to get three feet of earth with a tree, the trunk of which is from four to six inches in diameter one foot above the surface of the ground. I would cut a circle three feet six inches from the tree—that means seven feet of roots—then take a spade and start at the outside of the circle, the edge of the spade pointing to the trunk all the time; then dig a trench twenty-one inches wide, without cutting off any roots, except at the outside of the circle. That will leave twenty-one inches from the trunk of the tree, or three feet six inches in diameter. Care must be taken not to cut the roots in digging, but to raise them and cover them with a wet sack so that the sun cannot get at them and dry them out. It is hopeless to get a tree of this size out of the ground with all the earth from which its roots draw support. In preparing the hole in which the tree is to be placed the earth should be taken out six or nine inches larger than the diameter of the roots and twelve inches deeper; the sides of the hole should be straight. If there is at hand any rough material, such as old sods, old lime or bricks, three or four inches of this will be valuable. Then cover with six or nine inches of sandy loam or good soil. Place the tree in the centre of the hole, then commence filling in around it, straightening out the roots in the meantime so that none of them is doubled up; let plenty of water run into the hole while it is being filled, and afterward make the soil firm, and stay the tree so the wind will not shake it. Next cut the tree well back, and I will guarantee that ninety per cent. will grow.

Always see that the tree is planted so that there is no danger of the land being raised around it. The roots at the foot of the trunk should always be a little higher than the surface. In many instances in raising land in the city the trees are allowed to remain and a box is put around the trunk. This is not satisfactory. The roots need air, and many a fine tree has died in the city, without warning, for want of breath. So when a tree is newly planted it should never have sod laid close up to the trunk but be left open till established, then sodded to within fifteen inches of the trunk, and, if possible, the soil round the tree should be cultivated.

Our best wishes go with Misses Murray and Younghusband. We believe they will represent the west as it should be represented.

A teacher in one of the suburbs of Boston read to her pupils Whittier's "Maud Muller," and then she asked the boys and girls to express in writing their opinion of the poem. Here are two of the youthful criticisms exactly as they were written:

"It is silly and unnatural like most poetry. It rhymes all right and makes a fairly good piece to speak in school but it is soft and the judge and the Muller girl would both have wished they hadn't if they had married each other. So this is my opinion of the poem."

"The poem has some good points. It shows that the judge had good manners for he said Thanks when Maud handed him the water and so teaches politeness. The poem goes on and shows that many things might of been that ain't in this world, but it don't prove that folks would of been any better off if things had turned out the other way. All things considered it is a fairly good poem and does credit to Mr. Whittaker.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Primary Department.

EDITED BY ANNIE S. GRAHAM, CARBERRY, MAN.

APRIL—BIRD MONTH

SONG—"Birdie and Baby."

Key E flat. Two beats to a measure.

(5 5 5 3) (6 5 5 4) (2 3 4 2) (3 6 5 —)
 (5 5 5 3) (4 5 6 4) (8 .6 5 3) (4 2 1 —)

What does little birdie say, in her nest at peep of day ?

"Let me fly," says little birdie. "Mother let me fly away."

"Birdie rest a little longer, till thy little wings are stronger."

So she rests a little longer. Then she flies away.

What does little baby say, in her bed at peep of day ?

Baby says, like little birdie, "Let me rise and fly away."

"Baby, sleep a little longer, till thy little limbs are stronger."

If she sleeps a little longer. Baby too shall fly away.

—Selected.

THE ROBIN.

Gentle robin redbreast,
 Singing all the year,
 Fluttering round the homestead
 Whether bright or drear ;
 Talking to the children,
 So the bairnies say,
 Chirping in the beeches,
 Under which they play.

Perching on the window
 When the snow is deep,
 Looking in with sidelong glance,
 Just as beggars peep ;
 Asking for some bread crumbs.
 Se we understand,
 Gentle robin—tame enough
 To eat from out our hand.

Oh, sweet robin redbreast,
 Singing all the year,
 From palace down to cottage
 Thou hast naught to fear :
 Come, robin, to my window
 When for food distrest.
 Everybody loves thee
 In thy crimson vest.

—Selected.

A CAPITAL REPLY.

A young woman was rambling along one of our roads. She was dressed smartly: and, when she met a small bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it, she did not hesitate to stop him.

"You are a wicked boy!" she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she don't care," said the boy, edging away. "She's on your hat!"—
 Selected.

A BIRD TALK.

By T. M. MAGUIRE, I. P. S., PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MAN.

March is here, boys and girls, and that means that winter is over and that spring and the grass and flowers and the birds will soon be here. I know that you will all be glad to have a run on the grass again, to look for the first flowers and to listen for the birds as they come back from their winter homes.

Of course you all know the first flower. The one that springs up almost before the snow is gone. As soon as the earth is bare and the sun begins to warm it, up pops our little friend looking like a bunch of white silky wool, so warmly is it wrapped up in its fur coat, for the flower, like you, children, has some one to see that is warmly clothed. So it comes out joyfully to meet the sun, but does not have its coat at home, because these bright spring mornings so easily turn cold and stormy. You all know the little flower's name, so I must not tell you. Indeed I am not going to say anything more about it because I want to talk to you about another brave, bright sturdy little fellow that comes before the snow goes away, so you may look for him, even before the Easter flower (There! I have told you the flower's name and I didn't mean to) has awakened from its winter sleep. He comes while the nights are still cold and the days may be stormy. This other friend is one of the birds, the first one to get back in the spring. You will meet He must be a courageous little chap and must love his own country very dearly him running along the road, or flying about the fields wherever there is a bare spot. to come back so early from the warm bright lands where he has spent the winter. He does love his country, for though he has to leave it for a while in the winter, he stays as long as he can in the fall and comes back as early as he can in the spring.

You will easily know him, he is the only bird you are likely to see at this time except, perhaps, the snow birds, who are about to bid us good-bye for the summer. Our little friend is about the size of a snow-bird, but is not at all like him. The snow-birds like each other's company so much that you generally see them in large flocks. They are very lively, restless little fellows, like some boys and girls I know. Never long in one place, chattering and flitting about, now in the yard picking up crumbs, now on the trees, now on the road, now high in the air, where you can hear them better than you can see them; now again, "like brown leaves whirling by" they come with a rush and chatter, to pick up some more crumbs. Oh, you cannot mistake, my quiet, matter-of-fact, sensible little friend for those giddy, light-hearted chatterers.

He is a sociable fellow, too, but he does not like large companies just now. You will seldom find him alone, but he has never many companions later in the season, when he and his wife have raised their family, the young birds and the old ones get together and form quite large flocks. They become more sociable, and appear to have a good time. Always on the ground or near it, never on the trees or the houses and seldom on the fences.

I said you would see them *running* on the road, and if you look closely you will see that he *runs*, he does not *hop* like the snow-bird or the sparrow. Though he is a quiet fellow he sings. When he and his wife are busy with the cares of house-keeping he sings most of the time as though he enjoyed the hard work. Just now he is silent, though he chatters away to his companions as though he were glad to get back to his own home. If any of you children have been away from

home for a visit you know how it feels to get back. You have, perhaps, had a long journey and you are tired, but you cannot be still, you must run around and see everything and everybody—the folk who stayed at home—the horses—the cows—the dog—the cat—the trees—you must see them all, it seems so good to be home again. Well, I fancy our little friend feels something the same after his winter away south.

Perhaps I had better tell you how this little fellow is dressed, for though we recognize our friends by their actions rather than by their clothes, still if one's friend nearly always wears the same kind of coat it helps us to recognize him when he is sitting still. In the first place birdie wears a very thick, soft, warm coat, for, like you and me, and the little Easter flower (there I forgot again) he is taken care of and cold nights and stormy days are provided for. As you look at him, his coat strikes you as being a grayish brown. You notice a black streak running from the bill under the eye and down the side of the throat, you can also see a white line over the eye. Standing in front of him you see that his forehead and throat are white, or a little yellowish, and that he has a beautiful black spot on his breast just below the white throat. The crown of his head is black, and there is a little tuft of black feathers sticking up on each side of the crown. When you go a little closer and he turns and flies away you will see that his tail is black with a white feather on each side. As he flies off he will usually utter a sharp whistle, as though to say, "I wish you would leave me alone and let me get my dinner in peace."

Do you think you will know my demure little friend when you meet him? I haven't told you his name, have I? Well, he is called the Prairie Harvest Lark. I wonder if you can find out why he is called that.

As soon as the weather gets a little warmer, he and his mate get to work and build a neat little nest of grass right on the ground. The eggs are laid and the young birds hatched out before some of the other birds have thought of coming back. I think probably they raise more than one family during the summer, but after that work is done they and their children have a very pleasant time until they leave in the fall.

Though the Prairie Harvest Lark is a very humble and retiring sort of fellow himself he has some very aristocratic relations. Little boys and girls in the old country could tell you all about the Sky-lark. The Sky-lark and our little lark are first cousins. The Sky-lark is a beautiful singer. He has a habit of mounting up into the air singing as he goes, until he is out of sight, and you can hear the song but cannot see the singer. The Prairie Lark does the same thing, but of course he is not anything like as good a singer. The Meadow Lark, so common here in the summer, is no relation of the Prairie Lark. Indeed our Meadow Lark is not a lark at all, but a black-bird that is not black.

(Apology is due Mr. Maguire that the above did not appear in *March Journal*, for which it was intended. Although perhaps a little late, there is this advantage that none of us can use it as a "cut and dried" lesson. However, I am sure that we'll all find it suggestive as well as inspiring.—A. S. G.)

"Why do they put the nation's flag on top of the school-house?" asked the teacher who wanted to instill a patriotic lesson. "Please, ma'am," answered the head boy, "it's because the pole is there."

A SKETCH.

By F. M. COWPERTHWAITTE SUPT. OF VANCOUVER SCHOOLS.

John James Audubon was born near New Orleans, May 4th, 1780, coming of good French Protestant stock. When he was but a child his parents left Louisiana and went to St. Domingo, where they had considerable property. Here he had lived but a short time when occurred that memorable rising of the negro population in which so many people perished miserably, his mother among the others. After the massacre, Commodore Audubon returned with his children to France.

From earliest years Audubon had a passion for observing birds. As he frequently forsook his books for the open page of nature, at the age of 15 he was sent to Paris to study. Here he remained two years, but as he showed no inclination either for the army or the navy he was despatched to America to look after his father's property at Mill Grove, Pennsylvania. He speaks of his life at this place as being in every way agreeable. He had ample means for all his wants, and abundant time and opportunity to indulge his love of birds, and of nature.

After his marriage to Miss Bakewell, in 1808, he removed to Louisville. At this place he engaged in trade under favourable conditions, but the study of birds continued to be the ruling passion of his life. His friend and partner in business stuck to the counter—doubtless a good thing for the firm.

At length, in 1824, as a result of innumerable expeditions which occupied much of his time for 15 years, Audubon had ready for publication 200 sheets filled with colored delineations of about 1,000 birds; but by this time he had lost all his money. Knowing that the plates could be better made in England than in America, and being hopeful of securing many subscribers there, in 1826 he sailed for Liverpool. He was advised to publish in large quarto sheets, but having decided that his work should eclipse every other ornithological publication, he made up his mind that the largest *elephant folio* paper should receive the impressions. This meant that the cost of the book would be very great, but after much canvassing in Great Britain and America a sufficient number of subscribers was obtained to warrant the undertaking. The first volume was published in 1830; the fourth and last, in 1830. The whole contains 1,055 figures of birds of life size, and forms the most magnificent work of the kind ever given to the world.

It is not very probable that there are many copies of this splendid work of art in Canada, but there are some. The Legislative Library at Fredericton, N. B. used to possess one; and if it escaped the fire which destroyed the Parliament Buildings there about 20 years ago, it must be worth at least two thousand dollars, possibly much more.

Since the time of the great naturalist many Audubon Societies have been formed in the United States and in Canada. Some years ago it was necessary only to apply to the Audubon Society of New York to have sent, free of charge, as many cards as one might desire. These were in fact membership tickets, and contained a pledge—for girls, that they would not wear birds for personal adornment; for boys, that they would not wantonly destroy any feathered creature.

A teacher who loves birds (and who does not, in greater or less degree?) may do much to interest children in them. A course of lessons on such a topic, if at all properly conducted, could scarcely fail to be interesting and instructive; and should develop in pupils a love for nature in general, as well as for the birds

themselves. Of great assistance in such a series of lessons should be, "Birds and Nature," a magazine published monthly by A. W. Mumford, 203 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

This article does not pretend to tell you, O fellow-teacher, just how to interest your pupils in nature, but you will be amply repaid for any honest attempt made with that end in view by an increased intelligence on the part of your children; by increased power of observation; by an awakened love of the beautiful, which, Hugo says, is as useful as the useful; by an additional interest taken in you and in your school; and, finally, by the consciousness that you have departed, for the time at least, from the grind of books, and in so doing have done well.

A BIRD'S EGG.

I think that, if required, on pain of death, to name instantly the most perfect thing in the universe, I should risk my fate on a bird's egg. There is, first, its exquisite fragility of material, strong only by the mathematical precision of that form so daintily moulded. There is its absolute purity from external stain, since that thin barrier remains impassable until the whole is in ruins—a purity recognized in the household proverb of "An apple, an egg, and a nut." Then its range of tints, so varied, so subdued, and so beautiful—whether of pure white, like the martin's, or pure green, like the robin's, or dotted and mottled into the loveliest of browns, like the red thrush's, or aqua-marine, with stains of moss-agate, like the chipping-sparrows, or blotched with long, weird ink-marks on a pale ground, like the oriole's, as if it bore inscribed some magic clue to the bird's darting flight and pensile nest. Above all, the associations and predictions of this little wonder—that one may bear home between his fingers all that winged splendor, all that celestial melody coiled in mystery within these tiny walls! Even the chrysalis is less amazing, for its form always preserves some trace, however fantastic, of the perfect insect, and it is but moulting a skin; but this egg appears to the eye like a separate unit from some other kingdom of nature, claiming more kindred with the very stones than with feathery existence; and it is as if a pearl opened and an angel sang.—*Selected.*

TWO BIRD STORIES.

The story is told that Lincoln was once seen carrying two little birds which had fallen out of their nest. He was hunting for the nest that he might put them back in it.

Charles V. of Germany was one of the bravest soldiers that ever lived. One day he found a swallow building its nest on his tent. He watched it daily until the dainty, soft lining was finished, the eggs laid, and the young birds hatched. The army had then to break camp, but the Emperor said, "Let my tent stand. I can get another shelter. She trusted me for a home for her brood, and I will not fail her." Surely the bravest are the tenderest!

The Primary Editor has been greatly encouraged by the interest shown this month by the large number of teachers who have sent in material for our department. Had it all been used, we could have filled the whole *Journal*. Never mind: it may all appear *sometime*. In the meantime, many thanks to those who have so kindly helped.—A. S. G.

HOW TO LOOK FOR BIRDS.

1. Go alone and you'll see more, because you won't be talking and you may listen to nothing but birds.
2. Go in the early morning or in the evening; birds rest at noon.
3. Wear old clothes and over-shoes or boots, for then you may go everywhere.
4. Don't forget your field glasses, then the birds will be tamer.
5. Take a note-book and pencil so that you may write down your impressions on the spot. Your memory might fail you.
6. Make a list of all the birds you see and your next tramp will be more exciting.
7. When you see an unknown bird *don't fail to see what shape its bill is*. Bills differ more than noses. Sketch bills; that's the only way to see.
8. To arouse a bird's curiosity, kiss your hand; the dullest bird will crane his neck.
9. Move slowly: quick movements excite things.
10. Keep off of dry twigs—they are noisy.
11. Go *under* low branches instead of brushing past them. A waving branch means wind; a *jarred* one means life—and every bird knows it.
12. If the mosquitoes will permit it, sit down somewhere and keep "perfectly" still for half an hour (to begin with); then you *may see* a bird before he sees you.
13. Think about what you see.
14. Don't feel discouraged after your walk if you don't see much. The walk was good for you.
15. Don't wear a white waist. The snow is all gone. Now things are green, brown or gray.—*Robert J. Sim.*

The city of London is paying dearly for the cut in the pay of teachers under the municipal school board. The reduction of the minimum salary from \$425 to \$400 a year may not appear considerable, but it was the last straw on the burden of grievances under which the women teachers have been groaning for some time. Now the school board is in a quandry. Only seventeen applications were received in answer to advertisements for 134 vacancies. The women simply refuse to endorse the London board's act of parsimony. If the teachers of America would follow the example of their English sisters the question of a living wage would soon take care of itself.

Anyone having spare numbers of the Journal for December 1900 will oblige by forwarding to this office.

This month one hundred and twenty-five new subscribers from Manitoba alone. Next month how many? Send a name and get a premium.

Department of Education, MANITOBA,

Professional Course for Teachers.

The following course for First and Second Class Teachers was adopted at the last meeting of the Advisory Board :

SECOND CLASS.

- PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION.—Rosenkranz, p.p. 19-157. (Appleton-Morang.)
 HISTORY OF EDUCATION.—Painter. (Appleton-Morang.)
 PRIMER OF PSYCHOLOGY.—Ladd. (Scribner's.)
 LOGIC.—Lectures based on Creighton. (MacMillan.)
 SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.—Lectures based on Schoolroom Practice; School Law; Regulations of Department of Education and Advisory Board.
 METHODS.—(a.) Lectures.
 (b.) Special study of "Teaching the Language Arts" by Hinsdale. (Appleton-Morang). "Special Method in History and Literature" by McMurry (Pub. School Pub. Co.); and "The Voice and Spiritual Culture" by Corson. (MacMillan).
 MUSIC.—Theoretical and Practical Instruction.
 DRAWING.—Theoretical and Practical Instruction.
 MANUAL TRAINING.—Practical Instruction.
 DRILL.—Practical Instruction.

FIRST CLASS.

PART I.

- PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION.—
 (a) Philosophy of Education, Rosenkranz. (Appleton-Morang).
 (b) Methods in Education, Rosmini. (Heath & Co.)
 (c) Outlines of Pedagogics, Rein. Kellogg.
 PSYCHOLOGY.—
 (a) Handbook of Psychology, Stout. (Hinds & Noble).
 (b) Logic, Creighton. (MacMillan).
 SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.—School Management, Tompkins. (Ginn & Co.)

PART II.

- CHILD-STUDY.—Psychology of Childhood, Tracy. (Heath & Co.)
 EDUCATIONAL CLASSICS.—
 Education, Spencer, (Caldwell & Co.), and any one of the following :
 Emile, Rousseau. (Heath & Co.)
 Leonard and Gertrude, Pestalozzi. (Heath & Co.)
 School and Society, Dewey. (Chicago Univ. Press).
 METHODS.—
 Report of the Committee of Ten. (American Book Co.)
 Art and the Formation of Tastes, Lucy Crane. (Praeger Ed. Co.)
 HISTORY OF EDUCATION.—
 European Schools, Klemm. (Appleton-Morang).
 English Education, Sharpless. (Appleton-Morang).

This examination may be taken in two parts or all at one time.

The Professional Examination for First and Second Class Teachers will be held in Winnipeg, at the close of the Normal Session, May 12th to 16th, 1902.

Book Notes.

From the press of Morang & Co., there has issued recently a book of interest to teachers of history—Britain beyond the Seas. It is really a *Source Book* for colonial history. It is a reprint of famous descriptions and opinions of well-known writers on all matters touching colonial development. It is a very useful compendium.

There is a book all primary teachers will be glad to have—Classic Myths, by Mary Catherine Judd. By reading these stories, children will have renewed interest in beast, bird and tree. The volume is comprehensive. It includes stories from Greek, Roman, Norse, German, Russian and Finnish sources. The stories are told in child-like manner—appropriate for third and fourth grades. It is the most attractive book of the kind we have yet seen. Published by Rand, McNally & Co. For introduction, 35 cents.

The most successful teachers of Nature Study have found that real success can not be arrived at without field lessons. To conduct such lessons satisfactorily is the object of the little book published by Morang & Co., Toronto. "Field Work in Nature Study," by Jackman, is a guide that should be in the hands of every teacher. It is written by one of the foremost educators along the line of Nature work. There is not a poor suggestion in the book, and the subject-matter is in every sense timely. Notice the contents: "Field Work in a River Basin," "On Soils," "On a Swamp," "On a Lake Shore," "On a Cliff," "On Botany," "In Zoology," "The Story of a River Valley," and "The Story of a Cliff." The price of this treasure is fifty cents.

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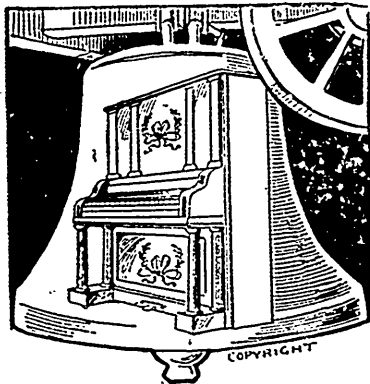
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