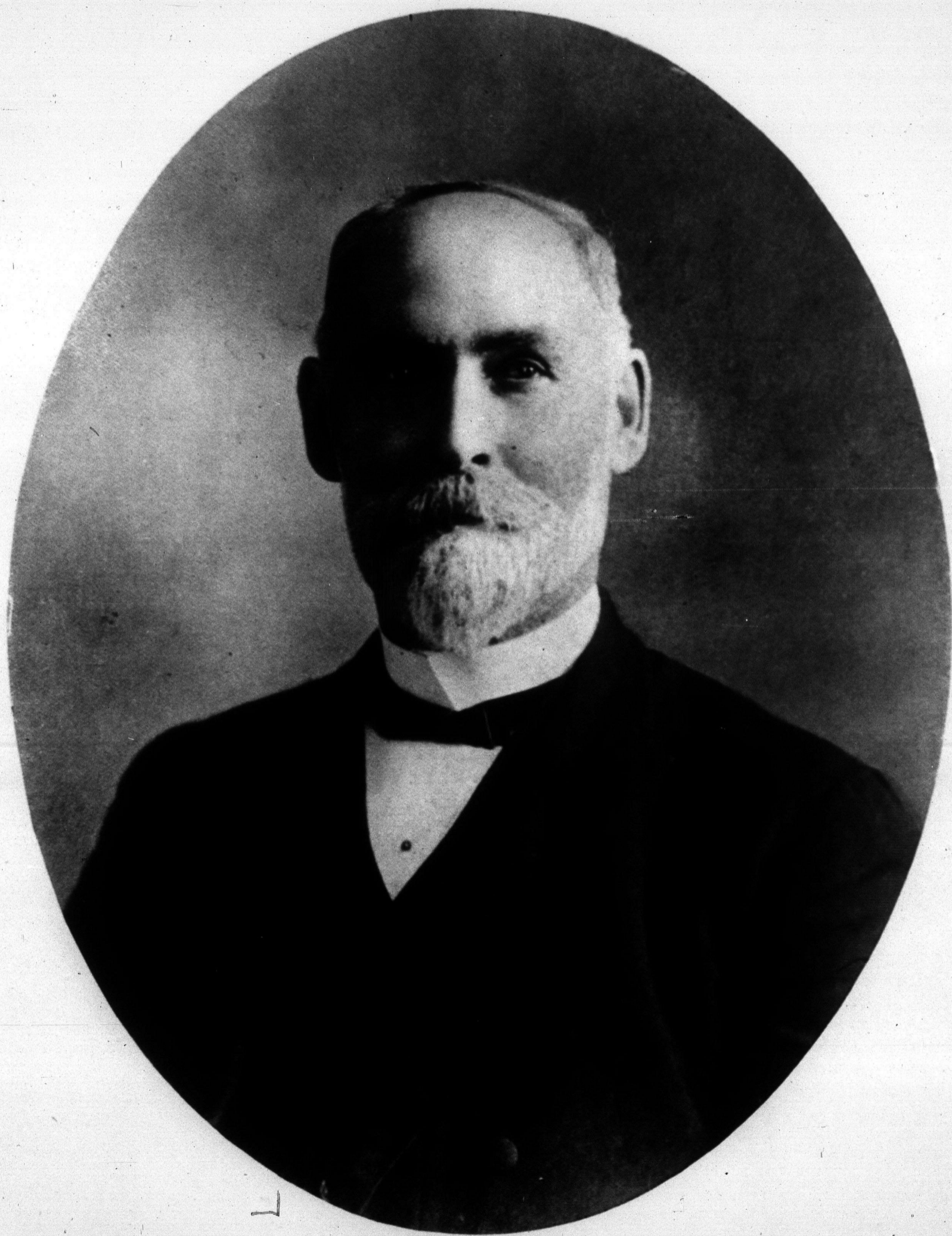


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Educational Review Supplement, January, 1909.



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**ALEXANDER MCKAY,**  
SUPERVISOR OF SCHOOLS, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

# The Educational Review.

Devoted to Advanced Methods of Education and General Culture.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY, 1909.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

O. U. HAY,  
Editor for New Brunswick.

A. McKAY,  
Editor for Nova Scotia.

## THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

Office, 31 Leinster Street, St. John, N. B.

PRINTED BY BARNES & Co., St. John, N. B.

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THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW is published on the first of each month, except July. Subscription price, one dollar a year; single numbers, ten cents.

When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address should be given.

If a subscriber wishes the paper to be discontinued at the expiration of the subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired. It is important that subscribers attend to this in order that loss and misunderstanding may be avoided.

The number accompanying each address tells to what date the subscription is paid. Thus "250" shows that the subscription is paid to March 31, 1908.

Address all correspondence to

THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW,  
St. John, N. B.

A file of this paper can be seen at the office of E. & J. Hardy & Co., 30, 31 and 32 Fleet Street, London, England, free of charge; and that firm will be glad to receive news, subscriptions and advertisements on our behalf.

There is a pretty constant agitation of the questions, What can be done to make our course of instruction meet the requirements of those pupils who expect to gain their livelihood outside of the so-called professions? and What can be done to remedy the defective education of those who have been compelled to leave school early? In answer to the first question, it may be said that the schools are gradually being made more "practical," even if the changes are not radical. To meet the second case, evening and vacation schools should be established. There is no need that a schoolhouse should be closed for four-fifths of every week, or

for nearly three whole months during the year. Why not make the schoolroom the centre of education for the whole community, with library, courses of instruction and means of improvement for old and young? Why not?

Through the kindness of Dr. G. R. Parkin, of London, the REVIEW has received a statement of the Rhodes scholarships for the academic year of 1907-08. During that period there were in residence at Oxford under the Rhodes bequest sixty-six scholars from the Empire, eleven from Germany, and seventy-nine from the United States. In addition to these, there were eleven men whose scholarships had expired, but who continued to reside in the university. With the completion of their course during the past summer and the entry of seventy-eight new scholars in October, the total number now in attendance is one hundred and eighty-nine, the highest yet attained. Among the scholars gaining distinction or receiving appointments during the term 1907-08 were Chester B. Martin, New Brunswick; L. Brehaut and W. E. Cameron, P. E. Island; R. E. Bates and A. Moxon, Nova Scotia.

THE REVIEW during the past month has received many letters—like the following—from its subscribers, expressive of good wishes and appreciation of the help this journal has afforded them during the year. For the kindly spirit that prompts such good words we are very grateful:

"I find the pages of the REVIEW very instructive and interesting, and am desirous of continuing my subscription. As a reader of the REVIEW, and sharing its good works, I greatly appreciate its kind Christmas and New Year's greetings to its subscribers, and in turn I extend my heartfelt wishes to its workers that they may continue through the New Year with even greater success than in the past."

F. A. HOURIHAN.

Carleton Co., N. B.

### The Review Prize Competition.

The prizes offered by the REVIEW for the two best stories on the picture in the December number have been won by Anna Creighton, Middle Musquodoboit, Halifax County (first), and Isabel Proudfoot, Hopewell, Pictou County (second). The most finished composition was sent in by Margaret R. MacPhee, of the Marble Mountain, C. B., school, but it is not a story. Over seventy boys and girls throughout the Maritime Provinces competed, and many of the stories are of a high order of merit, especially those of the Bridgewater, N. S., schools, two from which were close competitors for the second prize; the Covered Bridge, York County, N. B., school; St. Ann's school, Glace Bay, C. B.; the Church Street, King's County, N. S., school; the Florenceville, Carleton County, N. B., school; the Bedford, Halifax County, N. S., school. The prize stories will be published in the February REVIEW.

### School Closings.

The many reports in the local press throughout the Maritime Provinces of school closing entertainments at the Christmas season make us wish that we could transfer these records to the REVIEW. To do so would need many more pages than this number is made up of. But it is a great satisfaction to note the good spirit that prevailed in these closing exercises of the year, the happy results of bringing parents, teachers and pupils together in such pleasant reunions, and the many tokens of good-will and esteem by which pupils remembered their teachers. It is worth all the trouble involved in the getting up of these entertainments to have them mark such a happy close of the year's work, and it encourages teachers to triumph over the many petty obstacles of the work of the coming year.

### The Health of School Children.

In a recent examination of the children of New York schools, nearly seventy per cent, it is said, were found more or less physically defective. Among the many hindrances to the progress of pupils were various adenoid growths, defective sight and hearing, and bad teeth. On remedying these defects the progress made by the pupils in their studies, and their increased vigour and hap-

piness, were proofs of the wisdom of such a step. In every school of the Maritime Provinces there are no doubt children whose health, comfort and progress would be largely improved by medical care and inspection. The city of Halifax is far ahead of any city east of Montreal in the attention it pays to the health of the children in the public schools. Should not our school authorities in other cities and communities wake up to the importance of medical inspection? Many a child blamed for stupidity or vicious tendencies has been found to be suffering from a disease which medical care has been able to remove, thus increasing the happiness and well-being of the individual and the state.

Evidence of educational growth and expansion in the Province of Alberta for the year 1907 is contained in the second annual report of the Department of Education. One hundred and fifty-six new school districts were organized during the year, an average of two for every week-day. In addition to this, the number of graded schools increased by 183, making a total increase of 339 new schools during the year. A fine normal school building at Calgary was completed and opened, thus giving a much-needed opportunity for the province to train its own teachers, half of whom have hitherto been supplied from outside, chiefly from Eastern Canada and Britain.

REV. A. WYLIE MAHON, of St. Andrews, N. B., has published a neat brochure on Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers, in which he sketches with evident taste and appreciation the contributions that Canada has made to this literature. Though five out of the eight hymn writers selected, and whose photographs are reproduced, were born in the British Isles, Canada, which gave them their experience and inspiration, is entitled to claim them in its roll of honour. The three of Canadian birth are Rev. Dr. Robert Murray, editor of the *Presbyterian Witness*; the late Dr. Silas Tertius Rand, the famous Micmac missionary; and the Rev. Frederick George Scott, of Quebec. Mr. Mahon's taste and discernment are apparent on every page of this beautiful souvenir booklet. It should be read by every one interested in this subject, which appeals to so many people. The beautiful pamphlet was printed at the Globe office, and is for sale by E. G. Nelson & Co., St. John.

### The Windsor Educational Institutions.

Windsor, N. S., beautifully situated on the banks of the Avon river, is the home of two well known institutions of learning—King's College, with its collegiate school; and Edgehill, the Church School for Girls. King's College, the oldest university in Canada, was founded as an academy in 1788. Many eminent men have been educated within its walls, the most famous of whom was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, that genial author and profound thinker. On the roll of her celebrated graduates are found such names as Sir John Inglis of Lucknow fame, Chief Justice Cochran, of Gibraltar, Bishop John Inglis, Judge R. J. Uniacke, Sir Edward Cunard, and many others who have passed to their rest, but have left names which adorn the history of England's Colonial Empire.

These were in the palmy days of King's College. Let us hope there is to be a return of the prosperity of early years. There are signs of renaissance. Its students are as loyal as in the days gone by, and in the last few years there has been a notable increase in their numbers; the prestige of its earlier years; the treasures of its museum and its fine library, containing rare books and manuscripts; the influence of the few scholarly men who have stood by it in hours of adversity; the infusion of new blood in several departments,—all point to an awakening that will abide.

There has been a lamentable lack of interest in its affairs on the part of the Church of England in recent years. Its dilapidated rooms and buildings, amid stately trees and historic scenes, are a blot on its past. The business methods employed for its maintenance are not those that commend them to capable business men. But the financial straits of the college, it is hoped by its friends, have seen the lowest ebb, and a revival in interest and influence is beginning. The presidency of Dr. C. J. Boulden has been marked with much vigour and executive ability, and though he is at present suffering from ill-health, his complete restoration is looked for. The faculty and students are greatly attached to him, and he has the confidence of the governing body.

The Edgehill building commands a fine view of the town of Windsor and the surrounding country, and is admirably situated for comfort and outlook. The extensive grounds give ample opportunity for exercise and sports. The lady principal, Miss

Gena Smith, and staff, composed of teachers from England, are of superior qualifications. The school has a deservedly high reputation, both for the quality of the instruction given and for the advantages resulting from the personal attention of an accomplished staff of teachers, comfortable and airy rooms, and due regard for the physical well-being of pupils.

### Supervisor McKay.

It is a familiar face that is presented in the REVIEW Supplement for this month—the portrait of Alexander McKay, the well-known Supervisor of the Halifax schools. For fifty years Mr. McKay has been connected with educational work in Nova Scotia, a part of which he spent as a teacher in the public schools. For twenty-five years he has been supervisor of schools in Halifax, a post which he has filled with distinguished ability and to the satisfaction of all classes of citizens. His activities have not been confined to the schools whose interests have been his greatest care, and whose advancement and improvement he has laboured for continually with a zeal and ambition worthy of the highest praise. His busy life has been a round of duties, in which not only educational but every kind of philanthropic work has found in him a helper and an advocate, ready at all times to give any worthy movement his active support, and to help it forward with unstinted and unselfish effort.

It would be difficult to mention any important institution which has not felt his stimulating influence. He has always taken a warm interest in Dalhousie College, where for many years he delivered lectures on education. He was one of the founders and the principal promoter of the Victoria Academy of Art and Design, which has been a great stimulus to art education in Halifax. He is one of the board of governors of the Halifax Ladies' College; and as secretary of the Provincial Educational Association of Nova Scotia for more than thirty years, his influence in that body has been effective and far-reaching.

A little more than a year ago the scholars, teachers, citizens and board of school commissioners of Halifax presented to Supervisor McKay a series of addresses and many valuable testimonials on the completion of fifty years of educational work in Nova Scotia, and in consideration of his eminent

services as the Supervisor of Schools for that city. All classes vied with each other in expressions of affectionate esteem for the man who has devoted himself so unselfishly to duty. May his influence continue to be exerted for years to come is the wish of those who know the worth of the man and the enduring character of his work.

Supervisor McKay's addresses and writings on education impress one with the solidity of his views and his firm grasp of the subject. In the literature of educational reform he is an acknowledged authority.

### The Future of Latin.

In a recent number of the *University Magazine*, Professor R. E. Macnaghten claims that parents should understand what education is best fitted for their children, although he thinks the average parent is inclined to belittle what does not lead to obvious and immediate results. He thinks that the question which the average parent is asking with increasing insistence, "Will a knowledge of Latin be in any way useful to my children in their adult life?" is a fair and reasonable one and entitled to a reasonable answer. The article is written from the standpoint of one who believes in the practical utility of Latin as a means of general instruction, without any bearing on its development of the "ripe scholar." It will repay careful reading, and we regret that we can only give space to touch upon a few of the many interesting points put forward.

While Greek is essentially the scholar's language, Professor Macnaghten claims that Latin "stands on a different basis. In the first place, it offers a striking contrast to Greek, in the fact that even the slightest and briefest study of the language is of real practical value. To have stumbled wearily through a few pages of Xenophon or Herodotus is nearly a sheer waste of time. To have given, however grudgingly, the same number of hours to Cæsar is to have laid, even though unconsciously, the foundation for a better and more accurate knowledge of the English language."

It may be open to question how much benefit the average student would derive from giving his hours "grudgingly" to any subject that does not arouse his interest. This lack of interest in Latin among beginners is largely due to the waste of time, in too many schools, of studying dry grammatical rules, with results, Professor Macnaghten thinks,

"wholly inadequate to the time expended." He would revert to the method of double-translation, with little grammar, as laid down by Roger Ascham in his celebrated "Schole-master," and which gave Queen Elizabeth and others of his pupils "a perfitte understanding in both the tonges."

Professor Macnaghten thinks that it is the aid that Latin gives to the study of English that constitutes its paramount claim. Its value as a mental discipline is great; and if freed from the danger of pedantry in its teaching, he predicts with confidence "a future of increasing usefulness to Latin as a factor in all but the most elementary education."

### Culture the Product Only of Efficient Teaching.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW:

Dear Sir,—I notice in the December REVIEW that Mr. Shaw has very little to say about his new definition of culture, but brings forward a long array of quotations, mainly directed against the teaching of classics. He begins with President Eliot. Two years ago President Eliot said: "I am in favour of requiring *every* high school pupil to study Latin for two years at least." (The italics are President Eliot's, not mine).

I do not intend, however, just now to reply to all those interesting little pieces from Mr. Shaw's scrap-book. So far as the present argument is concerned, they do nothing more than exhibit his prejudice against certain ideals in education with which he is apparently not in sympathy. Neither do I intend to reply to his personal remarks touching the deficiencies in my education. That point is not under discussion either. My purpose in writing was to enter a protest against a strange definition of culture which he put forward in the October REVIEW. The definition was as follows: "Culture is a product *only* of efficient teaching, *whatever the subject matter may be.*" (The italics are mine this time). The meaning of the word "efficient" is important, and I do not propose to abandon the meaning of the word given in the standard dictionaries in order to accommodate its meaning to Mr. Shaw's "point of view." You can teach what does not conduce to culture at all just as *efficiently* as you can teach what does conduce to culture. In some countries the Koran is efficiently taught. In

other countries the New Testament is efficiently taught. Will the subject matter not make any difference in the result?

It was amusing to read that I am charged with "confusing expertness with education." That is exactly the sort of confusion which Mr. Shaw is trying to create; but there does not seem to be any fear of his succeeding in the attempt to any alarming extent.

A FARMER'S SON.

#### Lessons in English Literature.—IV.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote  
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age  
Made beautiful with song.

—Longfellow

For nearly five hundred years after King Alfred's time, that is to say from the 9th century to the 14th, there is no really great work in English literature. There was a good deal of religious poetry written, and also a number of stories told in verse, but none that would interest you. The stories are rather dull, and the English in which they are written is hard to read. Nearly all the prose of this time was in Latin, and with that we have nothing to do.

But the fourteenth century brought us Chaucer, the first great English poet. He is the father of English poetry. Tennyson calls him "the morning star of song," and "the first warbler." And we have never had a poet who was a better teller of stories. As he is so great and so famous you ought to know something about his life, as well as his writings.

His life was an eventful one, and must have been very interesting. He had a great deal to do with some of the greatest people in England, and because his life is connected with theirs and because he was employed for years in the service of the court, we know more about the events of his life than if he had been only a private gentleman.

Chaucer was born in London, about the year 1340, in the reign of Edward III. His father, John Chaucer, had been in attendance on that king before Geoffrey was born, and when the boy was sixteen or seventeen he began to serve as a page in the household of the wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the king's third son. This was a very

common way for boys of good birth and good education to be trained. They were received into some noble family, where they learned all the accomplishments of both outdoor and indoor life. They were taught to ride, to use arms, to make themselves useful and entertaining by waiting on their superiors, reading aloud or singing, and to show courtesy to everybody.

In 1359 Chaucer became a soldier, and went with the army of Edward III, when the king invaded France. Chaucer was taken prisoner, and was kept in France for nearly a year. Then the king paid £16 to ransom him, and he came back to England. Sixteen pounds does not seem a very large sum to pay for a man's ransom, but you must remember that it was worth then about seven or eight times what it would be now, that is, roughly speaking, between five and six hundred dollars.

After this Chaucer married a lady named Philippa, who, as many people believe, was maid of honour to Queen Philippa, who gave her a pension after she was married. And Chaucer himself received a pension from the king. In 1368, Prince Lionel died, and Chaucer then entered the service of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; the king's fourth son, who was always his kind and faithful friend. It is thought that the poet wrote one of his early poems to celebrate the wedding festivities, when this great prince married a lady named Blanche. And it is certain that when this lady died, in the time of the great pestilence of 1369, Chaucer lamented her death and praised her beauty and goodness in a beautiful poem called "The Death of Blanche the Duchess."

Chaucer must have been a man of great sense and wisdom, and very trustworthy, for the king sent him abroad several times on important business to foreign courts. The first of these missions was in 1372, when he was sent to Italy. He visited Genoa, Pisa and Florence, and was gone for nearly a year. The great Italian poet, Petrarch, was living then, and some think that he and the English poet must have met, but no one really knows that they did. But Italy was a land of literature and art, and Chaucer's poetry written after this time shows that he learned a great deal from his visit there. The greatest Italian of all, the poet Dante, had died before Chaucer was born; but besides Petrarch, there was still living Boccaccio, who wrote stories in beautiful prose,

which Chaucer studied carefully. Indeed, he borrowed some of them for his "Canterbury Tales."

King Edward was certainly satisfied with the way Chaucer did his commissions, for very soon after the latter returned to England, we find that the king's butler was ordered to send him a pitcher of wine daily. A few months after, he was given a very important post, comptroller of the customs of the Port of London. After this, the king and John of Gaunt continued to hold him in high favour. He held other important offices that brought him a good deal of money, and he was again and again sent abroad on the king's errands. He made two other journeys to Italy, one to France and one to Flanders.

In 1377 King Edward III died. His oldest son, the Black Prince, had died before him, and so he was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II, who was only eleven years old. The king's uncles governed for him, and as John of Gaunt was the most powerful of them, Chaucer's good fortune was unchanged, or changed only for the better. In 1386 he was elected to go to the parliament at Westminster as knight of the shire for Kent.

So far all had gone well with him. But now he was to know misfortunes and sorrow. John of Gaunt went to Spain, and while he was gone, his brother, Thomas of Gloucester, put himself at the head of the government, and took away all power from the king. Chaucer was dismissed from his offices and from being a rich man he became very poor. In the next year his wife died.

But in two years' time, King Richard took the power into his own hands. John of Gaunt came back from Spain, and immediately Chaucer was remembered, and was appointed clerk of the king's works at Westminster with a good salary. He deserved this, for he had been faithful and honourable, and had stood up bravely for his friend John of Gaunt when the latter's enemies were too strong for him. But he seems never to have been as prosperous as before, for when Henry IV came to the throne, Chaucer sent him a poem called "A Complaint to his Purse," telling of his poverty. Henry IV was the son of John of Gaunt, who was now dead, and he must have remembered his father's love for Chaucer, for in only four days he ordered that the poet's pension should be doubled, so we hope that Chaucer did not suffer from want of money in his last years.

He died in his house at Westminster, on October 25th, 1400. He was only sixty, but in those times, that was considered very old. We know hardly anything about his family; only that he had a "little son Lewis" for whom he wrote a lesson book, and who probably died young.

We have said little about Chaucer's poetry, but through all these years of busy life, he had been writing. His greatest work is "The Canterbury Tales," and most of these were written at the time when he was in poverty and disgrace. It is pleasant to see that his misfortunes did not make him lose heart and interest in his work. The "Tales" will be the subject of our next lesson, and in the meantime, you will do well to learn by heart Longfellow's Sonnet on Chaucer, from which the lines at the head of this paper have been taken.

### The Ideal Teacher.

I have said that the ideal teacher is a lady born and bred; that she is a cultivated lady, and besides, her culture has cost a deal of time and money. But she is much else. She has great skill in the management of children. This means that she loves children and loves them down deep in her heart. She wins them from the first. She understands them, and they look to her for guidance and sympathy, even as they look to their own mothers.

Parents seldom come to the ideal teacher to make complaints or offer suggestions. If they do come, it is because of some misunderstanding. The ideal teacher, who is always a lady, disarms opposition at once, explains what before was misunderstood, and sends her visitor home with a cordial invitation to come again and to come often. It is needless to say that the ideal teacher has common sense in abundance. It is the soil out of which all her other good qualities grow. It governs all her actions, it tempers all her words, and it gives us what we all want.—*Robert C. Metcalf.*

A million twinkling sky-lamps look down through the  
frosty night:  
A million fairy diamonds flash up from the snow so  
white,  
A sharp g'aint of the frosted steel sounds 'neath the foot  
below;  
And bare brown branches trail their snake-like shadows  
on the snow.

—*Elizabeth Walling.*



### Where Birds Spend the Winter.

A correspondent asks the REVIEW where our song birds spend the winter. She is not satisfied with the answer, "In the South." She wants more particular information. The manuals tell us the winter range of the birds that come to us for the summer season; and the book reviewed in our December number, "The Birds of Maine," by Ora Willis Knight, is very precise in its information regarding the geographical areas visited.

It is an interesting question, where our birds spend the winter. The vast hosts that make up the autumnal exodus, leaving our groves almost silent for the winter, fly to the Southern States, Mexico and Central America, and even to Northern South America. Birds dislike crossing the sea, and always prefer an overland journey, although it may be much longer. Thus the birds that summer in Great Britain cross the English Channel and the Mediterranean Sea at the narrowest points, then fly eastward through Northern Africa to their destination in Egypt and Arabia. One probable reason is the opportunity that the land route gives for frequent rest and food.

Then when the first breath of spring comes from the northern latitudes, they feel their way back by easy stages and zig-zag courses to their summer homes. And this they have done from times immemorial, followed the "fly lines" of their ancestors with unerring certainty.

The following idyl from the Norwegian writer, Alexander Kjelldand, has truth as well as fancy. Who will write for us a similar picture of our bird migration to the North?

"The banks of the Nile were packed with birds, broiling in the glowing sun. They picked at their feathers and smoothed them, and then flapped their wings to try them, and lazily snatched one of the worms or lizards swarming in the swamps. Food was indeed too plentiful, it was too hot, too quiet; they longed for cold rain, cloudy weather and a spanking breeze. Innumerable flocks of wild geese swam about in the pools between the rushes and out to the far-reaching swamps. Here and there, rising above the others, the storks and the herons stood on one leg, crouching and hanging their heads; they felt bored, frightfully bored. All kinds of snipes and water-fowls, lapwings, ruffs, brent-geese, water-hens, quails, swallows—yes, even the common starling,—all bored!

"The ibis felt scandalized by the presence of that foreign, shabbily-dressed trash, and went even so far as to lower itself by complaining to the ridiculous flamingoes which otherwise it so utterly despised. The crocodiles blinked their slimy pale-green eyes, now and then snatching a fat

goose, that raised a cry and a clatter which were answered up and down the river, at last dying away in the distance—far away. And again the stillness of the desert reigned throughout the glowing landscape and among that host of drowsy birds, sitting and waiting for—they didn't quite know what they were waiting for. Then a little gray bird flew straight up in the air, hung quiet there for one moment and, flapping its wings with great rapidity, poured forth a tiny bit of a twitter; then it descended and hid itself in the grass.

"All the birds had raised their heads and listened. And at once there was a jabbering and a gabbling and a great bustle in every nook. Young foppy snipes flew up making cartwheels in the air, to show what expert flyers they were. But the cranes were more sensible; they held a general meeting to consider the lark's proposal to break up. All of them had recognized the lark by its notes, although it had but two or three, the full power of song not being in its throat yet. But while the cranes held council a terrible splash was heard and the sky darkened. The wild geese were breaking up. Divided in huge flocks they began circling in the air; then, forming a line, they started northward, and soon their cries were lost in the distance. In black throngs the starlings rose, the lapwings followed, in couples the storks screwed themselves up in the air, high up, and, becoming almost invisible, they winged their way toward the North. The great noise and uproar, of course, upset the crane's meeting; all the world was bent on getting away, there was no time left for considering. Every moment new flocks of birds passed over North Africa, and, looking down, each with its beak greeted the merry, blue Mediterranean. The nightingales tarried the longest; but when the Danish birds started they, too, for old friendship's sake, went away. The travelling fever had spread to such an extent that even the swallow and the cuckoos went along; at all events they would cross the Mediterranean, and in the meantime they could make up their minds what to do next. The ibis had regained its composure, and, like an archbishop, strutted with gravity along the beach, the rosy flamingoes making way for His Grace, while with a solemn air they dropped their foolish heads with the broken bill.

"It grew quieter and hotter along the Nile, and the crocodiles had now to be content with nigger-beef, and, on rare occasions, with that of a tough English tourist.

"But day and night the birds of passage were on their way to the North. And as a flock reached well-known places and recognized their homes, they descended, crying "goodbye" to those who were bound for a longer journey. And so they spread life and merriment throughout old frozen Europe—in woods, on fields, around the houses of the people, far out among the rushes and on the big quiet lakes. In Italy they shimmered with clusters of tiny rose-buds, up toward Southern France. The apple-trees were snowed over with pinky blossoms, and on the Parisian boulevards the leaves of the chestnut-tree were about to burst their glossy, tenacious covers. The good people of Dresden stood on the "Brühlsche" Terrace, basking in the sun and watching blocks of ice drifting down the river and piling up before the massive pillars of the bridge.

But farther north it was cold, with patches of snow here and there, and a cutting wind from the North Sea. On their way the larks had decreased in number, many of them having their homes on the fields near Leipzig, others on the heath of Lüneburg. When the remainder reached Slesvig, the Danish larks asked the Norwegians whether it would not be advisable for them to wait there a while and see how the weather turned out. In Jutland the snow still lay in the ditches and on the fences, and the northwest wind shook the beeches of Old Denmark, their rolled-up leaves snugly wrapped in their brown covers. Behind rocks and under the heather birds crouched, a few of them venturing near the farm-houses, where the sparrows kicked up as if they were masters there.

"All agreed that they had started too early, and if they had caught the scapegrace who had lured them away from the flesh-pots of Egypt, they would have plucked his feathers. At last a southerly wind sprang up, the Norwegian birds bade "goodbye" and across the sea they flew. When they reached home, Norway looked dreary enough. On the mountain slopes there still was snow, and in the dense forests it lay a yard high. But with the south wind came rain, and soon everything was changed—not gradually and peaceably, but in a trice,—with snow-slides crashing, and torrents roaring, so that the land looked like a giant washing himself, the ice-cold water streaming down his sinewy limbs. Delicate green veils hung over the birches on the mountain slopes, along the bays, the fjords, over the western plains facing the sea, the cloudberry-bogs, along the ridges, clefts and crevices, and the narrow valleys among the mountains. But the mountain peaks remained snow-covered, as if the old rocks did not think it worth while to raise their caps to such a flighty madcap of a summer. The sun shone with warmth and cheerfulness, and the wind coming from the south was fraught with more warmth, and at last the cuckoo arrived, as grand master of ceremonies, to see that everything was in order; hither and thither he flew, then seated himself in a snug nook in the innermost depths of the thicket and crowed, Spring has come!—at last old Norway was complete. And there she lay—radiant and beautiful in the blue sea,—so lean and poor, so fresh and sound, smiling like a clean-washed child.

"In the havens along the coast were life and bustle, and the white sails glided out from among the rocks and made their way across the sea. The snow-shoes were stuck up under the rafters in the ceiling, the fur-coats well powdered with camphor and hung away; and, just like the bear when he comes out of his lair and shakes his shaggy coat, so the people shook their heavy limbs, spat in their hands and started their spring work. Down the river went the rafts, paddled through the cold snow-water, and in the broad, fertile parts of the country the ploughs were cutting long, black furrows; up north the people were busy with the salted cod, spread out upon the bare mountains; on the western plains near the sea came wagon-loads of seaweed to be strewn on the fields, while on a hill stood a little blear-eyed man looking after a fallow horse."

### Nature Study for Winter.

The following suggestive questions on ice, from the *Philadelphia Teacher*, are suitable for fourth or fifth grade work. Others suitable to the locality of the school may be framed by teachers:

1. When winter comes, what happens to small lakes and streams?
2. Where have you noticed ice forming near your home.
3. How cold must it be for ice to form? Where do you read this number? Show it to me.
4. How do the sun's rays strike our part of the earth at this time of year? What season will it be when the sun shines nearly vertically upon our zone?
5. At this season, what do boys and girls do on the ice?
6. You travel on ice on skates. Is there any other way of traveling from place to place on ice?
7. Tell all you know about ice boats.
8. Of what use is ice during hot weather?
9. Where do we get this ice? If there is not enough natural ice, what do men do to get enough to last?
10. Tell where ice is stored so that it will keep for summer?

The following, with other verses in this number of the *REVIEW*, may be used for a memory gem:

The ice is strong upon the creek;  
The wind has roses for the cheek;  
The snow is knee-deep all around;  
The earth with clear blue sky is crowned.

—F. D. Sherman.

Questions on the weather for use in third or fourth grade classes:

1. Give the name of to-day. What number is it of the month? Write the full date on the board.
2. What is to-day's temperature? Read that number from the thermometer.
3. Was there frost this morning? Snow? Rain? Did you see it? Can you see it now when you look out of the window?
4. Were there any clouds to be seen this morning when you came to school?
5. Tell all you saw in the sky.
6. Was it windy when you were walking?
7. From what direction did the wind blow?
8. How could you tell the direction of the wind?
9. What time could we first see the sun (in Sydney, Halifax, St. John) to-day? Then, at what time did "the sun rise" to-day?
10. In what part of the sky was it? In what direction from us does the sun always rise? Etc., etc.

For memory work:

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me on the street.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The following for second grade may make up a lesson for a windy day:

1. What time did you start for school this morning?
2. Was it earlier or later than you started yesterday?
3. How many of you children came to school very quickly to-day? Why?
4. How many of you found it hard to walk to school this morning? Why? What did you do to overcome the wind?
5. Where did those people feel the wind if it helped you?
6. Where did it strike you when it kept you back.
7. What must we do when we go out on a windy day?
8. What other things does the wind help besides boys and girls?

Use the following as a memory exercise:

I saw you toss the kites on high,  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
O Wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O Wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself, you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—  
O Wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O Wind, that sings so loud a song!

First grade work for winter:

1. What is the name of this month?
2. What do we call the first day of this month?
3. What is the name of this "New Year?"
4. Write that number on the board.
5. Name the winter months of every year.
6. Tell some things winter brings us.
7. Tell me some reasons that make you like winter.
8. Do you like the ice and snow?
9. Tell some bad things ice and snow may do to us, so we must be careful.
10. Tell some very good things the ice and snow do for us.

Use this with other suitable verses in this number for memory gems:

January, bleak and drear,  
First arrival of the year,  
Named for Janus—Janus who,  
Fable says, has faces two.

The Summer School of Science meets this year at Charlottetown, and a large attendance is looked for in that favoured spot.

### Scientific Temperance Instruction.

Extracts from a paper by Mrs. Ada L. Powers,  
Lunenburg, N. S.

Every public school teacher is legally obliged to teach physiology and hygiene with special reference to the effects of alcohol and other narcotics, but no law can make the subject effective, unless the teacher puts into it the force of his own interested personality.

To do this, he must be kept supplied with up-to-date material, showing what to teach and the best methods of presenting the subject. Teachers and pupils weary of using the same text-books, excellent as they may be, year after year, and pupils are apt to conclude, after a while, that there is nothing more to be learned on the subject than what is contained within the covers of the Health Reader.

For the last fifteen or twenty years professors and medical men in Germany, England, United States and elsewhere have been carrying on exact methods of experimental research and observation, and as a result have discovered and taught that alcohol is not a food, not a stimulant that adds to strength, but a narcotic poison to human health, life and efficiency. By the same methods, Professor Pasteur, of France, discovered that alcohol, instead of being, as was supposed, a good creature of God, self-generated in fruit juices and grain solutions, is the product of man's manipulation of the laws of decay, whereby he changes a food to a poison.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Bureau of Scientific Temperance Investigation furnishes the material from which all indorsed text-books in temperance physiology have drawn to a greater or less degree, and authors and publishers have always been accorded every assistance in determining just what enjoys the position of demonstrated truth. Take, for example, the following statements: "Alcohol is a constituent of all fermented and distilled beverages; alcohol is a poison; alcohol does not nourish the body, it is not a food; alcohol is injurious in small as well as in large quantities; the most moderate beverage use of alcohol is unsafe, because it has the power even in small quantities to create an uncontrollable and destructive appetite for more; alcohol decreases muscular efficiency; alcohol disturbs the functions of the nerves; all tobacco contains nicotine; nicotine is a poison."

How many of these statements may an author make with full assurance that his position is un-

assailable? The Bureau of Scientific Temperance Investigation is able to put into his hand within one week every published statement on any of the above topics by any man of standing among scientists.

How are these truths placed within reach of the teacher? Through the publication of the *School Physiology Journal* and the other leaflets that present the latest facts in a popular form.

\* \* \* \* \*

The law requires that oral lessons be given in the primary grades, and yet there is not a book prescribed that the teacher can use in preparing these lessons. It is like asking them to make bricks without straw. One honest teacher said: "How can I spend so much time in teaching the effects of stimulants and narcotics, when I can tell all I know about them in two or three sentences?" The "Oral Lesson Book on Hygiene" for primary teachers contains outlines of oral lessons for three years, and is admirably adapted for the purpose. We would like to urge its adoption by our Council of Public Instruction.

The importance of teaching this subject faithfully in the first school years cannot be overestimated when we consider how many pupils leave school at the end of that time. I have not the figures for Nova Scotia, but in the United States the percentage of pupils in the schools drops from 32 in the first year to 8 in the fifth, and from that down to 6 in the third year of high school.

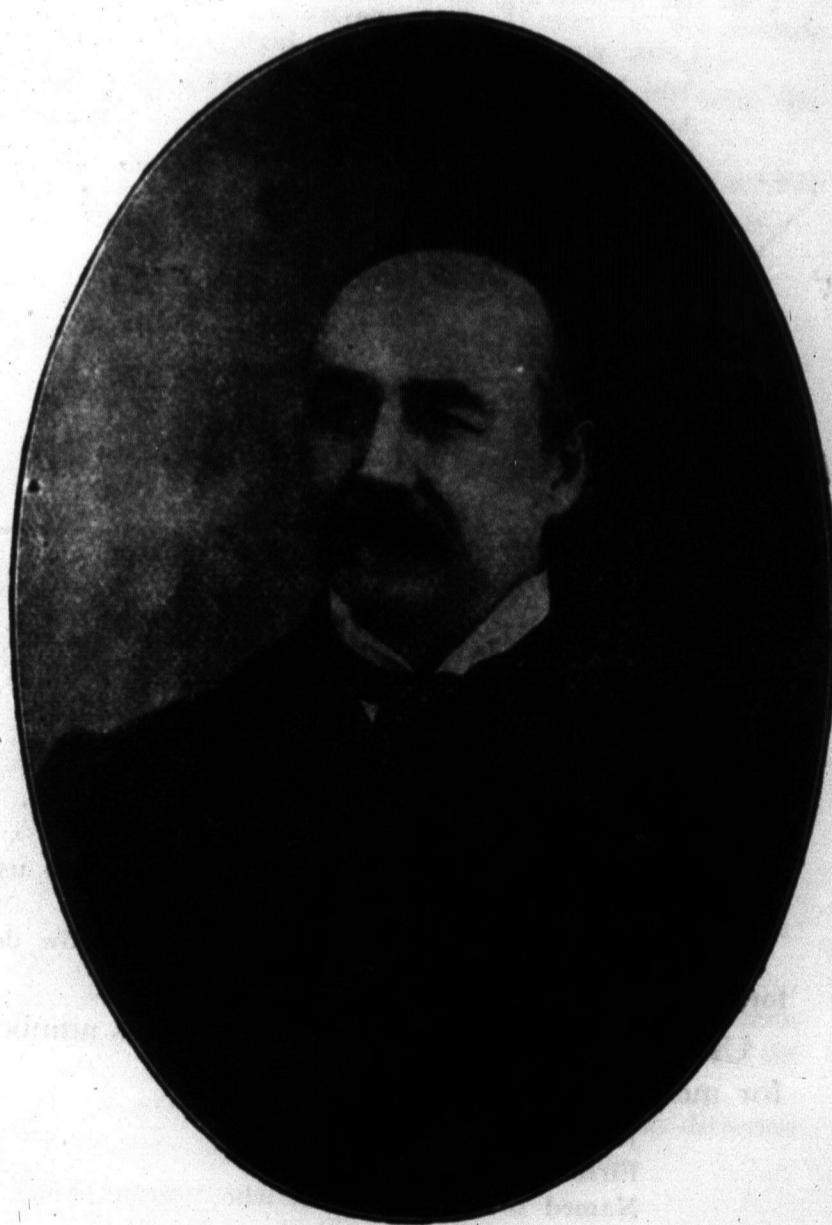
In Bellevue Hospital, where they have a very large number of alcoholic cases for treatment, Dr. Alex. Lambert says that in a special inquiry made by one of his colleagues, out of 259 cases about 7 per cent. began the use of alcoholic drinks before they were twelve years of age; 23 per cent. before they were sixteen; and 68 per cent. before they were twenty-one. He says that this record showed that the habit began much earlier than he had supposed.

Certainly it is evident that we cannot begin too soon the formal temperance instruction which will impress upon the mind of the child the necessity for total abstinence. Neglect of scientific temperance education in the first five school years means further saloon majorities. But when all the children are thoroughly taught the physiological reasons for not using alcohol and other narcotics, then total abstinence will become a decided principle of their lives, and when they come to the ballot-box they will vote out the saloons.

Why is it that we find much more advanced

temperance sentiment in the Maritime Provinces than in other provinces of the Dominion? One reason, among others, is, that for about twenty years these provinces have had compulsory scientific temperance instruction. But let us not rest satisfied with what we have done or are doing, for we can do much more effective work if we use the *School Physiology Journal*, the "Oral Lesson Book," and the latest literature on the subjects.

"We glory in the teaching of this country—conscientious, overworked, underpaid. They are friends, first, last and always,—the friends of the child, and the allies of every advance movement in the field of reform, as well as in their own special realm, and, on the whole, the schoolroom is anti-tobacco, down on swearing, and alcohol prohibitory."



THE LATE DR. JAMES FLETCHER,  
Entomologist and Botanist of the Central  
Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

**Mother Autumn Calling in the Flowers.**

[First and Second Prize Stories.—See December REVIEW, 1908.]

**Sorry,— Too Late.**

(Muriel M. Mundle, age 12 years, Rexton, N. B.)

The brown leaves came whirling down, for it was now October.

Mother Autumn drew her brown shawl around her and stepped forth to call her children to bed. The wind carried her message from flower to flower, and every one knew that autumn had come at last. All enjoyed the thought, and were ready to follow Mother Autumn, all, except one little daisy, who thought his green coat and white frill could stand the cold a while longer.

He stood by the side of the road, not heeding the calls of "dear old Mother Autumn," who had seen many little flowers disobey and die.

"Come, little daisy," said Mr. Golden-rod, as he stalked stiffly down the road. "Come, didn't you get a message from Mother Autumn bidding you come to bed for the winter?" But the daisy answered never a word, but swayed to and fro in the wind and watched Mr. Golden-rod walk on to join the rest. Presently Mr. Buttercup came along and said, "Friend Daisy, are you going to stay here all winter? You will freeze to death; come on with me. I suppose you think your dandy frill will protect you, but Mother Autumn knows best." And away went Buttercup to join the others in dream-land. But the daisy heeded not the cry of Mother Autumn, "Come, children, come."

When the last sound of her voice died away, Daisy began to wish he had obeyed the call; but now it was too late.

He no longer had faith in his beautiful white frill and green coat, for the frost was browning all his beautiful petals, and his stalk was now withering. Oh, how cold he was as the wind swept over him, and how he did wish he had obeyed Mother Autumn; but now it was too late.

Night is coming on, and, as Mother Autumn said, Jack Frost is coming, too; and I will be frozen.

He felt the cold frost on his withered petals. "poor disobedient little daisy," and as he grew colder and colder, he thought of his little brothers and friends safe in their beds.

When morning came, out in the road where the children play they found the little daisy withered and frozen and all covered with frost.

**Putting the Flowers to Sleep.**

(Anna Creighton, age 10 years, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S.)

Good Mother Autumn was helping her children to undress and get on their winter gowns. The leaves were making a great rustling and bustling. Come, hurry my children, said the mother, winter will soon be here. I am quite worn out, said lady's slipper, I have been up and dancing ever since June. I am quite willing to go, said jack-in-the-pulpit, I have talked and talked till I am quite hoarse. I would like to go to sleep, too, Mr. Jack, said the dande-

lion, I am quite tired out, and I am old and grey and my husband is quite bald; some of my babies are tucked up tight. The virgin's bower was getting rather lazy, too. The little linnæa shook her head and shut one eye and winked the other, but said nothing, because she was almost asleep already; she was just thinking of her sweet friend the pyrola and the lovely scent of flowers. A little pyrola and her cousin the moneses were just pouring out their last sweet odors before closing their eyes. Wake-robin was by this time ready to go to sleep with the others; she began to fold her leaves around her pretty white head and close her purple eye and was soon off to sleep. The iris waved her blue flag as she sank to rest after bidding her friends good night. The star-flower has long been napping and is waiting to be tucked up tight. Leave me, said the sulky touch-me-not, I am too sleepy to talk. I should like to stay a while longer, said the ladies' tresses. Please let me stay a little while longer said the golden-rod as she waved her magic wand, I am having such a nice time talking to the stately aster. And then as the mother raised her voice and spoke sterner a snow-flake fell, and so she quickly wrapped them all in warm blankets and snugly tucked them in their winter bed.

[The two writers have sent pretty little notes of acknowledgment for the books sent, saying how much they have enjoyed reading them.—EDITOR.]

The *Delineator* has recently published a series of articles dealing with defects in our public schools. Of these, one stands out glaringly, and that is the low salaries paid to teachers. The *Delineator*, in its January issue, says:

We pay our unskilled street labourers something like a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day. We are paying our school-teachers some less and some a little more. It is the wages that a dull brain and a primitive mind are worth. In return for such wages we are requiring a service that should be entrusted only to a mind and heart enriched with all that literature and art and science can contribute to a perfect culture. It should be only such a personality into whose training we give the future citizens of the nation. Can we get personalities like that to serve us in our public schools? Not any longer than they can help it. Just so soon as their force of character and intelligence and initiative enable them to reach a better-paying position, one that will allow them to buy books and hear music and have the other good things of life that their larger natures crave, they go after it.

The REVIEW is indebted to Principal Ruggles, of the Bear River school, N. S., for a copy of a pretty little book containing historic glimpses of picturesque Bear River, compiled by Miss Lennie D. Wade. It is illustrated by numerous photographs, and is pleasant reading. Miss Wade's clever attempt at recording scenes and events of the past might well be imitated by other local historians.

### Tuberculosis Among Teachers.

The proceedings of the International Congress on School Hygiene, held last fall in London, England, have just been published. One of the papers of special interest to teachers was read by Professor William Oldright, professor of hygiene in the University of Toronto. Its title was, "The School-room as a Factor in Tuberculosis." Analyzing the figures he received from the United States Census Bureau, he finds that teachers are subject to pulmonary tuberculosis to a much greater degree than is usually supposed. The ratio of deaths from consumption in every 1,000 deaths he finds to be as follows:

Of all males engaged in all occupations..	154
Of all male teachers..	184
Of all females engaged in all occupations	215
Of all female teachers ..	256

The causes are to be found in foul air and possibly chalk dust. The remedy is obvious. It means that teachers must practise what they teach in their lessons in hygiene. It means stricter attention to ventilation and a greater supply of fresh air in the schoolrooms and corridors. It also means that teachers must consider it a duty they owe to themselves to go out into the open air at recess and at noon-time. No artificial system of ventilation has as yet been discovered that will give us air as fresh as outdoors. Are we ready to heed the warning?—*The Teacher.*

### Proper Ventilation.

However regular the ventilation of the classrooms may be, it does not obviate the necessity of their thorough airing when the pupils have been dismissed. The ventilation which is effected during the presence of the pupils amounts, in fact, only to a constant dilution of the vitiated air, while airing by the opening of the windows on the two opposite sides of the room completely changes the air of the room.

In default of ventilation, the least that can be done to lessen to some slight extent the evils of the present situation would be to adopt the rule laid down for the schools of Dresden, Germany. At the end of each hour of occupation the classrooms are emptied for some minutes (five to ten) and during this time the windows are thrown wide open. Class is then resumed with a completely renewed atmosphere. The teachers in the Dresden schools bear testimony to the good results of this practice. The pupils do more work and at the close of the day display much less lassitude than formerly.—*Quebec Board of Health.*

To think truthfully, to choose in righteousness and wisdom, to appreciate beauty, to feel nobly, to increase the number and the worth of one's relationships, and to aid in adjusting oneself to these relationships, to give self-knowledge, self-control, self-development and self-enrichment, to foster social efficiency, to promote reverence for all goodness and for God, to give graciousness without weakness, and strength without severity, to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, to make the thinker, the scholar, the gentleman, the great liver, the great doer, and the great man. These are some of the elements of the good of a college education.—*Pres. Charles F. Thwing.*

In my language classes I find it hard to secure suitable text-books for lower grades. I am teaching first and second grades this year, and have prepared my language myself. I put a short story in sentence form on the blackboard. Pupils copy and learn to read. At class they talk about the story and tell anything they can relating to it. Any new or hard words are put on the blackboard for a spelling lesson. Then the children return to their seats, draw the object or scene in the story, and commit spelling words to memory. After the Christmas and patriotic seasons are over, I write "Robinson Crusoe" for them. It takes a long time to complete the story, but they are interested until the last.

The primary teacher placed on the board a drawing intended to represent a worm, and wrote beneath for a reading lesson: "This is a worm; do not step on it."

"Now," she said, "who will read the story for us?" A dozen pairs of eyes looked intently at the words, some little brows wrinkled momentarily in the struggle, and tiny Mabel's face cleared with a smile as her hand went up; and then she read: "Thith ith a warm doughnut; thtep on it."

A good exercise in composition is to select a simple subject, and have one pupil write the subject on the blackboard, and then write down one thought on the subject as an opening sentence for the composition. Then let another pupil go to the board and write another sentence. Have one pupil follow another in this way until the entire composition is written.—*Selected.*

### The Health of School Children.

It is a difficult task for a teacher to take a poorly fed, poorly nourished child through any grade of school in the same time that a strong, well-nourished child goes through, the standing of each being equal at the beginning, and yet that is just what is expected of teachers by many unenlightened parents.

If parents expect teachers to crowd their children on through the grades when their physical and mental capacity is lessened by their own careless habits regarding the laws of hygiene, they should be informed that it will be at their own expense, or rather at the expense of their child's health.

The latest methods of teaching make heavy drafts upon the child's powers of observation. The spirit of competition also enters largely into every child, whether fostered by the teacher or by others. This also makes drafts upon his strength, especially if he is an ambitious, nervous child. It is of the highest importance, therefore, that the child shall enter school in a normal state of health and that this condition shall be maintained by carefully observing all the laws of health in the schoolroom and at home. This can be accomplished only by co-operation of parents and teachers.—*Life and Health.*

The following are busy work plans that have been used successfully:

Write the names of five objects that are round, five that are square, five that are triangular, etc.

Use *hear* and *here* correctly in sentences. Practise on these until pupils use them without difficulty.

Write ten sentences in which at least one of the following words is used: *to*, *too*, *two*, and practise or writing these words until pupils use them correctly.

Make new words by prefixing syllables to words selected by the teacher, for example, *re* to such words as *call*, *gain*, *pay*, etc.—*Selected.*

As to ciphering, most educational experts have become convinced that the amount of arithmetic which an educated person, who is not some sort of computer, needs to make use of is but small, and that real education should not be delayed or impaired for the sake of acquiring skill in ciphering which will be of little use either to the child or to the adult.—*President Eliot.*

### For Friday Afternoons.

An interesting puzzle does not come amiss to end the Friday afternoon exercises. The answers to the following, which will be given in the February REVIEW, are made up of names of parts of the human body.

A most eccentric yet interesting man was Bishop Brooks, of Brookville; although not a large or strong man, wherever he went, night or day, he was always either accompanied by or carrying—

1. Two playful animals
2. A number of small animals of a less tame breed.
3. A member of the deer family.
4. A number of whips without handles.
5. Some weapons of warfare.
6. The steps of a hotel.
7. The house of representatives when a vote is taken.
8. Some Spanish grandees to wait upon him.
9. Two places of worship.
10. Two scholars.
11. What Napoleon wished to leave his son.
12. Two coverings of kettles.
13. Two musical instruments.
14. Two established measures.
15. Two coverings for the head.
16. Several articles that a carpenter cannot do without.
17. A couple of fish.
18. A number of shell-fish.
19. Two lofty trees.
20. Two kinds of flowers.

### A New Year's Game.

Line up, every boy and girl of you, on one side of the room, and each take the name of a month in order, from January to December. If there are not twelve of you, then take the months' names as far as they will go; and when your leader stands up in front of you and points her finger at a child and says, "Happy New Year, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10!" The boy or girl must answer. "March, March, March!" (if that is her name) before the "ten" is said; only you must not laugh. That is where the fun comes in, because you know you will laugh when you try hard not to.

Try it, and see, and remember if you smile, or forget to say the name of your month three times, you must face the line and point your finger at some other month and make her laugh.—*The January Delineator.*

**The Snow Fall.**

The snow has begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Has been heaping field and highway  
With silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,  
Where a little headstone stood,  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told her of the good All Father,  
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky,  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud-like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of that deep stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the Merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

(Sent by G. F. Crawford, Riley Brook, N. B.)

**A Suggestion for A Happy New Year.**

Suppose we think little about number one;  
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;  
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;  
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;  
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,  
And never hurt anyone "just for a joke;"  
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—  
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year!

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

**Nothing and Something.**

It is nothing to me, the beauty said,  
With a careless toss of her pretty head;  
The man is weak, who can't refrain  
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years,  
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,  
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,  
And startled to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said,  
I have no fear that my boy will tread  
The downward path of sin and shame,  
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when that only son  
From the path of right was early won,  
And madly cast in the flowing bowl  
A ruined body and a sin-wrecked soul.

It is nothing to me, the merchant said,  
As over his ledger he bent his head;  
I'm busy to-day with tare and tret,  
And have no time to fume and fret.

It was something to him when over the wire  
A message came from a funeral pyre—  
A drunken conductor had wrecked the train,  
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried,  
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—  
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,  
I can rule myself, I know, full well.

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,  
The victim of drink, life ebbing away;  
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,  
And the mournful wreck of wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said,  
The party's loss is my greatest dread—  
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,  
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life,  
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,  
And her hungry children cried for bread,  
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

It is nothing to us to idly sleep  
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,  
To gather the young and the thoughtless in,  
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, all for us to stand,  
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—  
To learn to labour, live and fight,  
On the side of God and changeless right.

—Selected.

(Sent by G. F. Crawford, Riley Brook, N. B.)



**The Country Boy in Winter.**

The wind may blow the snow about,  
 For all I care, says Jack;  
 And I don't mind how cold it grows,  
 For then the ice won't crack.  
 Old folks may shiver all day long,  
 But I shall never freeze;  
 What cares a jolly boy like me  
 For winter days like these?

Far down the long snow-covered hills  
 It is such fun to coast;  
 So clear the road! the fastest sled  
 There is in school I boast.  
 The paint is pretty well worn off,  
 But then I take the lead;  
 A dandy sled's a loiterer,  
 And I go in for speed.

When I go home at supper-time,  
 Kil but my cheeks are red!  
 They burn and sting like anything:  
 I'm cross till I'm fed.  
 You ought to see the biscuit go,  
 I'm so hungry then;  
 And old Aunt Polly says that boys  
 Eat twice as much as men.

There's always something I can do  
 To pass the time away;  
 The dark comes quick in winter-time—  
 A short and stormy day.  
 And when I give my mind to it,  
 It's just as father says,  
 I almost do a man's work now,  
 And help him in many ways.

I shall be glad when I grow up,  
 And get all through with school,  
 I'll show them by-and-by that I  
 Was not meant to be a fool.  
 I'll take the crops off this old farm,  
 I'll do the best I can;  
 A jolly boy like me won't be  
 A dolt when he's a man.

I like to hear the old horse neigh,  
 Just as I come in sight;  
 The oxen poke me with their horns,  
 To get their hay at night.  
 Somehow the creatures seem like friends,  
 And like to see me come;  
 Some fellows talk about New York,  
 But I shall stay at home.

—Sarah O. Jewett.

(Sent by G. F. Crawford, Riley Brook, N. B.)

He lost the game; no matter for that.  
 He kept his temper, nad swung his hat  
 To cheer the winners. A better way  
 Than to lose his temper and win the day.

—Youth's Companion.

**A Funny Story. 1**

There lived a sage in days of yore,  
 And he a handsome pigtail wore,  
 But wondered much and sorrowed more  
 Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon his curious case,  
 And said he'd change the pigtail's place,  
 And have it hanging at his face,  
 Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,"  
 Says he, "The mystery I've found."  
 "I'll turn me round!" He turned him round,  
 But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round and out and in,  
 All day the puzzled sage did spin,  
 In vain—it mattered not a pin,—  
 The pigtail hung behind him."

—New Educational Music Course (Ginn & Co.)

**Rules for Letter Writing.**

Have you unkind thoughts?  
 Do not write them down.  
 Write no words that giveth pain;  
 Written words may long remain.

Have you heard some idle tale?  
 Do not write it down.  
 Gossips may repeat it o'er,  
 Adding to its bitter store.

Have you any careless sorrow?  
 Bury it, let it rest;  
 It may wound some loving breast.  
 Words of love and tenderness,  
 Words of truth and kindness,  
 Words of comfort for the sad,  
 Words of counsel for the bad  
 Wisely write them down.

Words, though small, are mighty things,  
 Pause before you write them;  
 Little words may grow and bloom  
 With bitter breath or sweet perfume,  
 Pray before you write them. —Pansy.

All over the country on New Year's day  
 Good resolutions are given away.  
 There are more than enough for every one.  
 You can have a good measure, a peck or a ton.  
 Take a dozen, my laddie and lass,  
 But handle them gently, they're brittle as glass.  
 If you care for them daily it will not be long  
 Before they'll be growing quite hardy and strong;  
 And when they are older they'll take care of you,  
 For then they'll be habits, and good habits, too.  
 —Anna M. Pratt.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

An earthquake and tidal wave visited southern Italy, December 28th, attended with appalling loss of life and suffering, and the destruction of an enormous amount of property. Over 100,000 people are reported dead, and great numbers are wounded and missing. Three provinces of the department of Calabria, which forms the "toe of the boot" in south-western Italy, were devastated; the important city of Messina, in north-eastern Sicily, and the village of Reggio, on the opposite side of the straits of Messina, are destroyed, and the port of Catania, in Eastern Sicily, inundated by a tidal wave.

A compass for use in airships is needed, the ordinary mariner's compass being rendered useless by the motor.

German warships are to be equipped with acetylene shells to take the place of search lights. On being fired, the shell goes under water, and the action of the water produces the acetylene light. This plan has the great advantage of lighting up a given space where the light is needed, while the ship that fires the shell is left in darkness.

The three-hundredth anniversary of Milton, and the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Wesley, author of well known hymns, were celebrated last month; and this month brings the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allen Poe.

The new parliament of the Turkish Empire is in session. It was opened by the Sultan in person; and three hundred and fifty members of the British parliament sent a congratulatory address, expressing their confidence that the establishment of the Turkish legislative body will lead to the welfare and contentment of all races in the Ottoman dominions. The first Turkish parliament assembled over thirty years ago, but was dissolved before any definite results were effected.

An international conference on the opium traffic is to be held next month, at Shanghai, China. Mr. W. L. MacKenzie King, M. P., will represent Canada. He has expressed the opinion that the only way to check the traffic is to prohibit the raising of poppies to so great an extent as at present.

The agitation against the government in India is so serious that the King made reference to it in his speech at the close of parliament; adding, however, an expression of his hope that the measures proposed to give the Indians a greater share in the central government would satisfy all reasonable demands. Several prominent natives have been arrested on the charge of sedition.

In Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, the people have risen against President Castro, who is now in Europe; and the vice-president has formed a new government. It is expected that this new government will settle

the existing disputes between Venezuela and foreign powers, including Holland. The deposed president had ruled the country since 1899, when he came into power at the head of a successful revolution.

Continued peace in the Balkans is by no means assured. Servia and Montenegro are preparing for war with Austria, and expect help from the dissatisfied inhabitants of the annexed provinces. The conference of the powers which it was thought might bring about a peaceful settlement, has not yet assembled.

A conference of the powers called by Great Britain to frame a code of laws for naval warfare is opened in London. The United States, France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Spain, Holland and Japan are represented.

The convention for the purpose of considering the closer union of the South African colonies has recommended that the present intercolonial boundaries be abolished, and the country now comprising Cape Colony, Natal, Transvaal and Orange River Colony be divided into six equal parts, each with a local legislature of its own, and all represented in a central parliament. It seems probable that this scheme will be carried out.

The Russian government is making surveys for the proposed canal to connect the Baltic with the Black Sea. One end of this canal will be on the navigable waters of the Riga, the other on the Dnieper.

The government's experiment in introducing American cotton into India has met with success. The product brings a higher price than the Indian cotton.

Father Joseph Murgas, the inventor of the underground wireless telegraph, is shortly to bring his system into actual use. He claims that he will be able to send an underground message from New York to San Francisco with only three stations. The message is sent from tubes, thirty feet deep. One tube is of aluminum coated with silver, and this is enclosed in another tube containing oil. The signals are given by musical tones, through finely adjusted sending and receiving instruments.

Aluminum is now rolled thinner than tinfoil, and is likely to replace tinfoil for many uses. It is proposed in France that copper coins shall be replaced by coins made of aluminum.

The great oil well in Mexico, which was burning for two months before the fire could be extinguished, is now said to be throwing out noxious gases, from the effects of which men and animals are dying. The fumes are said to have blackened metals and killed birds in a town sixty-five miles from the well.

Nord Alexis, President of Hayti, has been deposed and has fled from the country. This, however, has not ended the civil war. There are several rival claimants with some following, and the struggle between them may be prolonged, if the United States government does not interfere to restore order.

Pu-Yi, the infant Emperor of China, has ascended the throne under the name of Hsuan-Tung.

The Cobalt region of Ontario now produces about one-ninth of the world's silver, and has probably had a larger output of silver this year than any other mining district in the world. A similar deposit has been found at Port Arthur; and there are, no doubt, rich mining areas awaiting development farther north, while the Rocky Mountain range may yet prove to be as rich in the precious metals in Canada as it is in Mexico.

The value of the field crops of Canada this year is estimated at \$62.34 per head of the population. The value of the wheat alone is put at something over ninety one million dollars; four-fifths of it being raised in the Northwest, and one-fifth in the rest of the Dominion.

The Dalai Lama has returned to Lhasa, the capital of Thibet, which he left four years ago, when he felt that its sacred precincts had been desecrated by the entrance of the British forces. He was received in Peking not as a powerful vassal, but as a distinguished ecclesiastic whose political standing is nothing more than that of a subject of the Chinese government; and he goes back with new Chinese titles and honours, but with no temporal power. Thibet is, more than ever, a province of the Chinese Empire.

### The Value of Discipline.

"A Prairie Parson," writing from Minnedosa, Manitoba, to the Orillia, Ont., *Packet*, recalls the following incident in support of the value of military discipline to boys, with its lessons of obedience to authority. A poor fellow, whose wife had died six months before, leaving to him the care of several small children, had attempted suicide, from constant brooding over his troubles:

It was proposed to commit him to the asylum for the insane. On being sent for, I found the poor chap sitting on a bench, closely guarded by a constable. His eyes were red and wild, and there was a look of awful tension on his face. I sat down beside him and began to talk quietly, little by little drawing from him his history. He had been born in England, learned the trade of a butcher, enlisted for India, and served twelve years there in the artillery, fighting through the Burmese war under Sir George White. Gradually, as he talked of those stirring days, speaking with singular devotion of his old general, the strained look left his face and a saner light came into his eye. All the time I was watching for some opening, striving to think of something to say to help him, for his was no ordinary case of trouble such as I was frequently brought into contact with. An expression of sympathy would be worse than useless; he required vigorous measures, something to shake him out of himself. And at length inspiration came. "I suppose Sir George White made heavy calls upon you sometimes," I said. "O yes,

sir," he replied. "You have probably been ordered to do some bitterly hard things of which you didn't understand the reason," I went on. "Yes, sir," he replied, looking rather puzzled. "At such times did you ever think of deserting?" I asked. The eye flashed at the insult, the back stiffened and every line of face and figure expressed indignation. "Then I am very sorry to see that you are not so good a man as you were," I said. He stared at me, too astonished to speak. "Your Commander-in-chief Himself has ordered you, personally, to a certain duty. He believes you are capable of performing it, or He would not have asked it of you. But just because it is bitterly hard, and you can't understand the reason of it, you have been trying to desert. And you have landed yourself in the guard-house. Did you ever question Sir George White's orders?" "No, sir," he said brokenly. "Then why can't you trust your Commander-in-chief?" And the tears ran down his cheeks as he whispered, "I will, I will." At his request I accompanied him to the asylum, where he made but a very short stay, as the superintendent said he was never really insane. Again, at his request, he was sent to me on a sort of ticket-of-leave, and I found him work on a friend's farm. He stayed out the year, and then went west to build up a new home for himself and his boys, and when last I heard of him he was doing well. He never showed the slightest sign of a relapse, and I believe he will do his duty to the end, like a soldier and a man. I am confident that, under God's grace, that appeal to discipline saved his reason and his life.

### Manual Training Department.

F. PEACOCK.

#### The Trend of Our Teaching.

It should be the aim of any public school course of instruction to be of the greatest service to the largest possible number. In a democracy, such as ours, every child, no matter what his religion, his station or his talents, has equal rights with his fellows. Under present social conditions it obtains that not more than forty per cent of the young people ever get beyond, and a large percentage never reach the eighth grade in our common school work. This means that at the age of twelve or thirteen a very large proportion of our pupils leave school, and their education, so far as any public system of instruction is concerned, is at an end.

Necessity may, to some extent, account for this discrepancy; but I think if the school supplied what the common people demand—tangible training in the ways and means of gaining a livelihood—matters would be greatly changed in respect to attendance.

Our narrow and arbitrary course of instruction, in conjunction with the faulty and limited facilities for teaching, seem to be the primal causes for the failure of our educational system to reach the common people. Our system is like a majestic creation, perfect in itself, but existing just beyond the scope of the great proportion of the people, and seemingly unmindful of the aspirations and interests of the latter. For what is there in the artificial and abstract teaching, that necessarily obtains in our common schools, to appeal to the ordinary boy? True, there is a great deal that would be of the greatest use to him could he assimilate it, but the result in many cases is to inculcate in the boy an actual distaste for learning and things appertaining to school. Hence he discontinues his studies entirely at his earliest opportunity. Just here is where manual training and allied subjects can be made to do noble service. Again, in the case of those boys who, from force of circumstance or from choice, continue their high school work as it is outlined at present, the tendency is decidedly towards the so-called higher professions, to the utter neglect of the trades and the industries.

If a teacher can prepare pupils to successfully pass examinations, his reputation is established. In country districts, when a student passes an examination, normal school entrance, or matriculation, he steps into a new world, with new pursuits and new surroundings. He turns his back on the country, with all its wholesome influences, the farm with all its latent possibilities, and manual labour with all its dignity and power. His less fortunate(?) fellows, whom he leaves behind to look after these fundamental matters, must be guided largely by instinct and tradition, for there are no facilities for training them in the work that falls to their lot.

I do not wish to depreciate this tendency toward higher education; but I do contend that it should not be the only influence borne in upon students' minds; and that those students whose talents lie in other directions should be given equal advantages with their more bookish companions. The ability to convert raw material into a marketable product, and to make the soil add yearly to the nation's wealth, has surely as good a right to recognition as the ability to solve mathematical problems and memorize poetry. It is of primal importance that our schools provide the nation with strong minds and keen intellects, to grapple with her problems and uphold her dignity; but it is also imperative

that they supply her with trained eyes, cunning hands and tireless muscles to manufacture her necessities and develop her resources.

Extracts from papers read at the International Art Congress which met in London last summer:

If the community would improve the dwellings and the environment of the dwellings of the people, would give good physical and manual training to all children, I am convinced that it would raise the level of life to a height that hardly anyone at present believes to be attainable.

Education (half a century ago) was given a wrong trend. . . . degrading the craftsman, who could only better himself by raising out of his craft instead of in it.

School teaching, which supplements factory or workshop training, promises, in some ways, better results than training in a technical or craft school. It occupies, for one thing, a larger field, and does not exclude the amateur, who, after all, is not a negligible quantity. It is of no use training workers to do good work if we do not train purchasers to appreciate it when done.

Wherever and whenever man has existed, there we find traces of his work, of his creative and productive spirit. This instinct to use the hand to make marks, to use any plastic material to express some idea or to produce objects of use or ornament, is one of those we select for survival. . . . To be men with brains to think and energy to work, the little creatures *must be children*, and *live fully* through the play stage, the practising and experimental stage of the marvelous organism.

The ideal plan would be to make it compulsory for school boards to have a special art master, guiding the teaching throughout a number of schools, unifying the work, and fixing some definite aim.

Construction has a peculiar fascination for most children. Its crudest matters of fact appeal directly to their imagination.

#### Carleton and Victoria N. B. Teachers' Institute.

The combined institutes of Carleton and Victoria counties met in Woodstock on Thursday and Friday, December 17th and 18th. The attendance was very large, numbering 126 altogether, with eighteen from Victoria county. The attendance from Carleton county alone was the largest in its history. Not only in respect to numbers, but as well in the standard of papers read and the interest and enthusiasm manifested in the discussions, was it one of the best ever held. The first session was held in one of the rooms in the armoury, but on account of the large number present the remaining sessions were held in the Hayden-Gibson Theatre.

The president, Mr. F. C. Squires, B. A., read his introductory address on Discipline. This question was treated most thoroughly and practically, and given in language at once forcible and eloquent.

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He emphasized particularly the need of firm convictions on the part of the teacher, of having definite and high moral ideals in view, and of working towards the accomplishment of those ideals with a singleness of purpose and a settled determination. At the same time he pointed out the need of variety in method, due to the characteristic differences in different pupils. The individualism of the pupil should be preserved.

At the close of President Squires' address, brief addresses were made by Inspector F. B. Meagher, Geo. E. Balmain, Esq., Mayor of the town, W. B. Belyea, Esq., Chairman of the Board of School Trustees, and Principal C. D. Richards, of the grammar school. The Mayor, in the course of his remarks, extended a welcome to the visiting teachers on behalf of the citizens of the town.

In the afternoon Miss Hazel B. McCain, of the Woodstock staff of teachers, gave a thoughtful and practical paper on Geography. The discussion on this paper was opened by Mr. L. H. Baldwin, principal of the Centreville school, and was continued by H. H. Hagerman, M. A., of the normal school, and Rev. Dr. W. C. Kierstead, of the university.

This paper was followed by an address by Mr. C. L. S. Raymond on A Few Thoughts on the Results of Education. The keynote of his address was "Education towards a keener appreciation of the duties of citizenship, the cultivation of high ideals in social, moral and religious life. Incidentally, he referred to the newly-organized Canadian Club of Carleton county, of which organization he is president. Discussion on Mr. Raymond's address was participated in by Mr. R. E. Estabrooks, Mr. C. D. Richards, the President and others.

On Thursday evening in the Hayden-Gibson Theatre a public meeting was held. The president, Mr. Squires, was in the chair, and the speakers included Hon. J. K. Fleming, Provincial Secretary, Rev. Dr. Kierstead, of the University of New Brunswick, Chairman W. B. Belyea, of the Local School Board, and H. H. Hagerman, M. A., of the Normal School. The Provincial Secretary, among other things, referred to the support which education receives from the province, to his recent visit to Macdonald College at St. Anne de Bellevue, and to prospects for the establishment of an Agricultural College in this province. Rev. Dr. Kierstead discussed education in its general sense, referring

more particularly to the two classes of people, the workers and the thinkers, the business man and the student, to the two frequently separated and conflicting conditions, crass commercialism and unpractical idealism. The problem to-day is to harmonize these two conditions, or at least to maintain the proper balance between them.

On Friday morning Mr. H. H. Hagerman gave a very valuable address upon Drawing, illustrating his remarks by demonstrations upon the blackboard, and also by examples of work done in the Model school at Fredericton. An interesting and profitable discussion followed, in which many of the teachers took part.

Mr. M. R. Tuttle, principal of the grammar school at Andover, then read a carefully prepared and interesting paper upon The Cultivation of the Imagination. He emphasized the need of the development of this faculty, and showed how various subjects contribute towards this purpose.

At the Friday afternoon session, Mr. W. J. Osborne, Principal of the Fredericton Business College, gave a most interesting and instructive address on Writing. He also made use of the blackboard for purposes of illustration. Messrs. Tuttle, Estabrooks, Richards and President Squires followed in an appreciative and enthusiastic discussion.

The Institute was fortunate in having the presence and assistance of those persons, outside of its membership, to whom reference has already been made, and to whom its success was in a great measure due. The Institute greatly regretted that through the illness of his mother, Inspector Meagher was not able to be present at all of its sessions.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Isaac Draper; vice-president, Miss Leora Harmon; secretary, Mr. R. E. Estabrooks; additional members of executive, Miss Jennie L. Dorkis and Miss Hazel B. McCain.  
C. D. R.

Before the last good-night is said,  
And ere he tumbles into bed,  
A little child should have a care  
And not forget to say a prayer  
To God, the Father, who, with love,  
Looks down on children from above,  
To guard them always, night and day,  
And guide their feet upon the way.

—St. Nicholas.