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TORONTO, JULY 15, 1895.

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No. 7.

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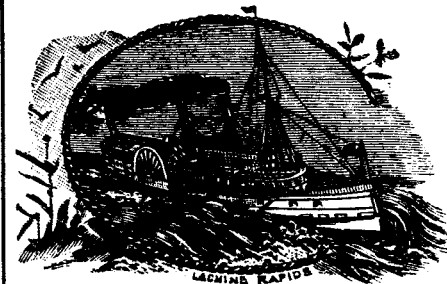
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Editorial Notes.

By way of variety, and with a view to give something of vacation flavor to this number of THE JOURNAL, the last before our August vacation, we have departed freely from our usual make-up. We have, in fact, preserved none of our special departments, except that of Science, which is, in itself, a recreation as well as a study, and have combined essay, story, and other selections of a shorter kind, with a view to making the number amusing as well as instructive. We shall hope to have so far succeeded as to have made the paper interesting enough to be read even during the moments sacred to rest and recreation.

THE committee appointed to read the manuscripts in the competition for the new school history of Canada are to meet in Quebec on the 25th inst. to make the award. It is said that a number of those who had announced themselves competitors have withdrawn, so that it is probable that the number of MSS. to be read will not be large. The result of the competition will be awaited with some interest.

"THOSE of us who were at the Toronto meeting four years ago," says the *Journal of Pedagogy*, "will recall the fact that the speakers from the United States, with two

or three exceptions, compared unfavorably with those from the Canadian side." This it very naturally, and, we daresay, correctly, attributes to the Canadians having put forth only their best men, "while those who represented the United States were, in nearly every case, educators who were in no sense looked upon as leaders of educational thought." A better programme was, it believes, that provided for the meeting of the National Educational Association, which was held last week at Denver, Colorado. Dr. Butler, the president of the association, had, it says, departed somewhat from the policy of former administrations, and had induced many representative college men to accept places on the programme—men and women who possess the power that comes from profound scholarship and broad culture. This was well, provided these men and women proved themselves possessed of scholarship so profound, and culture so broad, that they could come down to the level of the mass of their hearers, and deal with those elementary principles which are fundamental and of universal interest, rather than with those which are special or speculative.

IT was not to be supposed that, in this age of the bicycle, teachers would be among the last in adopting the new and fascinating mode of locomotion. The cost of the wheel is at present, no doubt, a serious obstacle to its use by many, but it is to be hoped that that obstacle will be gradually overcome, by reduction in the price of wheels, on the one hand, and by increase of salaries, on the other. Already many city teachers, of both sexes, are gliding over the pavements on the backs of these swift and noiseless steeds, and, no doubt, the same is true in the country. Considerable excitement is just now being created in school board circles in Toronto by the intrepidity of one lady teacher who has adopted the bloomer costume. Some members of the Board are up in arms against the innovation, and ready to discipline the offender against their tastes or prejudices. Others, more

sensibly, deny the right of the Board to interfere with the style of a lady teacher's dress on the street, so long as she performs her duties satisfactorily in the schoolroom, and commits no real offence against modesty. These realize that the use of a style which has the sanction of many ladies of undoubted good taste and high social and moral standing cannot be adjudged an offence against modesty warranting disciplinary measures at the hands of shocked trustees. The newspapers are mostly on the side of the lady, some even going so far as to maintain that the argument from modesty and good taste is wholly on the side of the wearer of the new costume.

WE commend the following, which we clip from *The Educational Review*, as one of the thought-compelling questions of which the wise teacher likes to have a select stock on hand for use on a Friday afternoon, or on any other occasion on which he can get away for a few moments from the rigid restraints of the code, and indulge in one of those free talks with the children which, if skilfully conducted, are among the best and most stimulating of educational exercises. Be sure to get the children to think out and explain, if possible, why the scheme would not work, if it could be tried. The merchant's suggestion is by no means new. Probably most of us have dreamed over the same project in our earlier days of geographical study:

A writer in the *Pall Mall Budget* says: I hear that a respectable north-country merchant has invented a means for getting to Australia in twelve hours—a means so simple that I fancy it must have occurred to a good many people already. Everyone knows that the world spins round on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Whence it is clear that, if you hang yourself up somewhere and wait, in twelve hours Australia will be under your feet, and you will only have to step down in order to be comfortably there. The good merchant proposes to send passengers up in a well-appointed balloon, where they will wait until Australia comes round. It is an admirable scheme. Can your pupils explain why this scheme would not work?

English.

All articles and communications intended for this department should be addressed to the ENGLISH EDITOR, EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, Room 5, 11½ Richmond Street West, Toronto.

CORRESPONDENCE.

L.A.F.—The so-called perfect potentials of burst, drink, hang, are: I might have burst (drunk, hung), Thou might'st He might . . . etc.

W.T.—In the sentence, "He ate his father out of house and home," the structure becomes clear if we compare a sentence like "He drove his father out of the country" with "He exiled his father." In the latter sentences, the notion of "drive" is modified by the adverbial phrase "out of the country," while the whole notion (in a sense) is expressed by the one word, "exiled." This close relation of the adverbial modifier is even closer in the phrase, "to-eat-out-of-house-and-home." Grammatically, "father" is the direct object of "eat," but eat is modified by "out of house and home," the verb and the phrase uniting in sense into one verbal notion.

G.E.E.—The "Bell," at Edmonton, is the name of an inn. In "The Waterfowl," the "rosy depths" are the western heavens made rosy by the setting sun. In "Pictures of Memory" I believe the incident is fictitious. "Memory" is treated as a person possessing a hall, on the walls of which pictures hang. The word is marked with a capital letter to distinguish this personification from the ordinary sense of the word.

M.C.—In the "Elegy"—"save where some beetle," etc., and "save that from," in sections 2 and 3, parse "save" as a preposition governing in the first case an adverbial sentence, having the force of a noun in adverbial relation to "all the air a solemn stillness holds." In the second case, "save," still a preposition, is followed by a noun clause. In the latter case, "save that" has virtually become a subordinate conjunctive phrase.

R.A.H.—In "The Bugle Song," by the "horns of Elfland" is meant that the echoes of the bugle among the hills grow fainter and fainter till they resemble only tiny horns blown by fairies (elves).

"There daily I wander as moon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye."
The second line is an absolute construction: Having "my flocks . . . in my eye" (sight), or My flocks being "in my eye." The phrase "in my eye" is, therefore, an adverbial modifier of "having" or "being" understood.

SUBSCRIBER.—Caldon Lowe is a lofty hill near the village of Caldun, or Caudon, in Staffordshire, Eng. Very fine quarries are now worked there, which will do much to disturb the fairies of the poem.

SIT AND SET.

"A man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the old hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow. A man cannot set on the wash-bench, but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on the dog's tail, if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his feet there, the grammarians, as well as the dog, would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog nor the grammarians."—*Christian World*.

Socrates said, "As health is the greatest good, and sickness the greatest evil of body, so justice is the greatest good, and injustice the greatest evil of mind. No measure of luxury, wealth, or power could render life tolerable, if we lost our bodily health. No amount of prosperity could make life tolerable without mental health or justice. As bodily health is good *per se*, and sickness evil *per se*, even apart from its consequences, so justice also is good in itself, and injustice evil in itself, apart from its consequences."

Special Papers.

THE TEACHER IN THE SCHOOL.*

J. A. GRAHAM, EDGE HILL.

This subject is, so far as the teacher is concerned, very comprehensive, as well as important.

In this essay, little or no claim to originality is made, but a strong conviction urges the saying of these things, with the earnest hope that some benefit may be derived therefrom.

Any suggestion that is made for the purpose of smoothing the teacher's often rugged way cannot, surely, be in vain. It is a sacred duty one teacher owes to another to assist in every possible honorable way to make the profession more permanent, and to make the time spent in teaching pleasant, as well as profitable, for both teacher and pupil.

So many mental and moral qualities in the teacher and taught, so many circumstances within and without the schoolroom, are necessary to forward the attainment of this most desirable object that at this time we can consider but a few out of the many.

Among the first essential moral qualities of the teacher in his school is

PATIENCE.

So many causes for anxiety and worry occur in the daily labor of every teacher, and so many discouragements in one form or another fall to his lot, that, without abounding patience, he must of all men be the most miserable. The teacher who is of a hasty or violent temper is never out of trouble. If he does not curb it at every indication of it, the time will eventually come when such a temper will actually run away with him. It will become his own worst enemy, for no other can follow so persistently, nor persecute so relentlessly. Happy the one who naturally possesses that inexhaustible good nature, one of the best gifts of heaven, which spreads itself like oil on the troubled sea of thought, and keeps the mind equable and smooth during the roughest weather, or in the most trying difficulties which so often cross the path of every common school teacher here to-day. By all means, then, let us learn patience. If we naturally possess it, happy are we; but if we do not, let us acquire it by daily and hourly practice.

Next to patience comes

HOPEFULNESS.

Let no teacher, who earnestly strives to do his duty, be discouraged that he accomplishes no more than he does. All true progress is, by the law of nature, necessarily slow. An acorn does not in a few summers grow into an unbending oak, but requires hundreds of years to come to maturity. That growth is almost imperceptible, but none the less certain. So with our pupils. We may not at all times perceive such evidences of progress as we expected, but let us not give up to that despair which deadens the energies, but do our very best, faithfully, honestly, and hopefully, and leave the results in higher hands than ours. Let us, then, "weary not in well-doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

Again, the teacher must be

CHEERFUL

in school. Cheerfulness in the face of a teacher is sunshine to the child. A cheerful teacher can do more and better work than a sad, gloomy one. The dark cloud that comes over a school from the lowering of a gloomy brow strikes a chill, not only into the heart, but into the very power of action of the child. It is the teacher's duty to be cheerful in order to diffuse among the pupils that gladness, that happiness, our benevolent Father intended should be theirs during their earlier years. Times there are, and circumstances occur in the school, that make it hard for the teacher to assume that cheerfulness he does not always feel, but, for the sake of those under his care, it is his duty to endeavor to do as much as in him lies.

Well has the poet said:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows on like a song;
But the one worth while is the one who can smile
When things seem to go dead wrong;

* Essay read before South Grey Teachers' Institute, at their meeting in Flesherston, June 7th, 1895.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
But the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the one that shines through tears."

We want more cheerful teachers for the innocent young of our schools. Whoever has a morose, sullen, or cranky temper, should seek other employment, where such, perhaps, would be more in place. The one whose sour looks would turn sweet milk to sour as does a thunderstorm may be a wonderfully good man in his own way, but his place clearly enough is not among young children. Don't rob them of one item of happiness now, for coming years will bestow upon them plenty of the reverse.

Again, the teacher should have

SYMPATHY WITH AND AFFECTION FOR CHILDREN.

How can any teacher who does not love children take pleasure in his work? How can he expect to win their confidence and affection if he does not entertain the same feelings towards them? And the teacher who has not the entire respect and confidence of his pupils is teacher only in name, but not in reality. What an irksome, wearisome occupation must teaching be to such a one! How different his situation who has such an interest in children as will enable him to bear with their faults, to encourage their good efforts, to feel for their griefs, to make plain their childish difficulties, to lift up the heart of the timid, to quietly repress the forward, and overcome obstinacy by gentleness!

One who is vexed by the noise of children, impatient at their slowness and dullness, offended by their sportiveness and mirth, should never enter a schoolyard during school hours, for his presence there would carry a blight with it. The teacher who is indifferent to children, or feels little interest in them, may persuade himself to be faithful in his duty as a teacher, but he will do as a task what certainly should be a pleasure, while the lover of children cannot but take delight in the employment.

Again, the teacher who wishes his pupils to be generous, unsuspecting, open, and frank with him in school must himself

BE GENEROUS, UNSUSPICIOUS, OPEN, AND FRANK.

These beautiful and excellent qualities should be cultivated in children, and only by the sympathy of the teacher's example can they be taught. Openness begets openness, and a suspicious teacher generally makes an artful child. But show a child you believe every word he says to you, until you find that trust betrayed, and rarely will you find it betrayed. There is an innate nobleness in the heart of every boy and girl, if we can but reach it. It is always safe to treat them as our younger brothers and sisters, as little ladies and gentlemen, and few, indeed, will be the cases in which honest efforts are not made by them to gain and sustain the standard you place before them. In all our intercourse with them, let us ever be reasonable. It is an old saying, "Like priest, like parish," but equally true is "Like teacher, like school."

Again, it is unnecessary for me to say that the teacher should

BE KIND AND BENEVOLENT IN SCHOOL.

Who can estimate the power of kindness, and how few there are who use it as successfully as it might be used! Kindness is the best instrument any teacher can use to add to the happiness of his pupils, as well as to easily control them. By kindness, a teacher can exert more good, wholesome influence in one day than during a month in which the fragrant birch, hard-hearted hickory, or the legal rubber strap hold sway. Kindness inspires kindness, and wins much more than punishment drives. The one appeals to the better nature, the other to the low and grovelling. One tends to ennoble the heart and feelings, while corporal punishment tends to the hardening of them.

As day after day and year after year are spent by us in school, we should endeavor to be more and more given to the saying of kindly things and the doing of kindly deeds. When school is out at four o'clock, how many of us sit down and coolly consider the value of that day's work for all time and eternity? What guide do we use to teach us in our daily reckoning? Here is one in poetical form that answers the purpose admirably well:

"If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
Once glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the living day,
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay ;
If, through it all,
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face ;
No act most small,
That helped one soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost."

Another feature that should characterize the teacher in his school is

LOVE OF ORDER.

System is essential in a school. Order and discipline is as necessary in the school as in the army. It renders government easy, preserves quiet and good feeling, saves time, and prevents impatience and injustice.

Order once firmly established preserves itself, and every teacher the first day in his school should see order so established there. One ounce of prevention at the first is worth more than a pound of cure some time afterward.

Let the teacher be neat and orderly in his work and habits, and the pupils, almost unconsciously, take their pattern from him. Can the teacher whose books are carelessly tossed here and there by himself properly reprove the pupil who does the same with his own? Can the teacher whose desk is littered with bits of paper, pencil clippings, and crayon refuse, find fault with the pupil whose desk is in a similar state of chaos? If dust and ink blots adorn the teacher's table, can he be severe upon that pupil whose desk presents the same unsightly appearance? Let us, then, follow the motto, "A place for everything and everything in its place," and soon will its influence be seen in the habits of our pupils. Let us surround them with whatsoever will result in habits of order and the cultivation of a refined taste and an admiration for the beautiful in art and in nature. In this connection it is unnecessary to mention the desirability of having our schoolrooms properly decorated in such manner as may be practicable and pleasing to teacher and pupils who occupy them. The teacher who does not beautify his room with pictures, mottoes, and flowers loses a pleasure in his daily life that he can but ill afford to lose. What an injustice we inflict upon our boys and girls if blank walls, not of the whitest, are all they can find in our schoolrooms to relieve and rest their often tired sense of vision! If a few ancient maps and a chart of the Ten Commandments, old enough looking to make one suppose it had survived since the time of Moses—if these be the stock-in-trade of the decorations found in any of our schools, then it is time we had become more modern in our ideas, and surrounded our impressionable boys and girls with such evidences of taste and refinement as shall leave a happy impression upon all their after life. Let our schools be no more eyesores within and without, and each strive to make his or her school the neatest, tidiest school in the inspectorate; then will it, indeed, be a pleasure for ourselves and pupils to come every morning to a school of such pleasant surroundings that evening will find us not even loth to leave.

In conclusion, with regard to the teacher in his school, let us say that whatever qualities or attainments we wish to see in our pupils, the same must be found within ourselves. Their pattern we are, within and without the walls of our schools, and the impression of our character for good or for evil is indelibly stamped upon every boy and girl who comes under our tuition—an impression that survives not time alone, but whose influence extends throughout all eternity. Well does it become us, then, to be guarded, thoughtful, and careful in our every act before our pupils, and in every saying that passes our lips in their hearing. May we never do or say that which in them we should reprove! How can we teach temperance if they know we ever taste those things we condemn? How can we reprove the boys who use the filthy tobacco if they know we use pipe or cigar even in private? How can we reprove foul speech if we ourselves are known to use ungentlemanly words?

Let us, as teachers, endeavor to sustain a character beyond reproach. Let us be plain, honest, earnest men and women, who feel the dignity of the worthy profession to which we have the honor to belong, and may we, at all times and in all places, remember the awful responsibility resting upon the proper discharge of its sacred duties.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

BY THE HON. WILLIAM T. HARRIS, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

At the Saratoga meeting in 1892, the National Educational Association appointed a committee of ten persons to consider and report upon the subjects of study and the methods of instruction in secondary schools, including public high schools, private academies, and schools preparing students for college. President Eliot, of Harvard, was appointed chairman, with nine associates, four of whom were presidents of colleges, one a professor in a college, two principals of public high schools, and one headmaster of a preparatory school. This "Committee of Ten," as it is generally called, had authority to select the members of special conferences and to arrange meetings for the discussion of the principal subjects taught in schools preparatory to college. Accordingly, nine such conferences were appointed, each consisting of ten members, representing, as fairly as possible, the colleges on the one hand, and the secondary schools on the other. The subjects represented were Latin, Greek, English, other modern languages, mathematics, natural philosophy (including physics, astronomy, and chemistry), natural history and biology, (including botany, zoology, and physiology), history (including, also, civil government and political economy), geography (including physical geography, geology, and meteorology). The National Educational Association appropriated the sum of \$2,500 towards defraying the expenses of the conferences.

The report was completed and published in the spring of 1894. Thirty thousand copies were distributed by the National Bureau of Education, and since then edition after edition has been printed and sold by the National Educational Association through an agent.

No educational document before published in this country has been more widely read or has excited more helpful discussion. The secondary instruction of the country has been considered to be the weakest part of the entire system, although it is conceded on all hands that the teachers in secondary schools are, on the average, much superior in professional and general culture to the teachers in elementary schools, if not to those in colleges. The reason for this defect in secondary schools has been found in the course of study. A majority of the public high schools and a larger majority of the private academies dilute their secondary course of study by continuing elementary studies beyond their proper limit. Arithmetic, descriptive geography, grammar, history of one's native country, literature written in the colloquial vocabulary, are each and all very nourishing to the mind when first begun, but their educative value is soon exhausted. The mind needs for its continuous development more advanced branches, such as algebra and geometry, physical geography, a foreign language, general history. But for these the secondary school often substitutes other branches that involve no new methods, nor more complex ideas, and the pupil stops in the elementary stage of growth.

The influence of the report of the Committee of Ten has been to impel secondary schools towards the choice of well-balanced courses of study containing subjects which belong essentially to secondary education, like algebra, Latin, or physics; and, at the same time, either to discontinue elementary branches, or to apply to the study of these a superior method, by which their principles are traced into higher branches and explained.

The success of the report of the Committee of Ten has been such as to arouse eager interest in a similar inquiry into the work of the elementary schools. Already, in February, 1893, a committee had been appointed by the Department of Superintendence in the National Educational Association. It was made to consist of fifteen members instead of ten, and has been known as the Committee of Fifteen.*

* This committee, with Mr. W. H. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools, Brooklyn, N. Y., as chairman, was organized by him into three sub-committees. (1) On the training of teachers: H. S.

The report of this "Committee of Fifteen" was submitted to the Department of Superintendents at its recent meeting (February, 1895) in Cleveland, and is now before the public.†

It is the object of this paper to indicate briefly the points that give it importance.

If one were to summarize concisely the history of educational progress in the United States for the present century as regards the elementary schools, he would say that there has been a change from the ungraded school in the sparsely settled district to the graded school of the city and large village. The ungraded school held a short session of three or four months, was taught by a makeshift teacher, had mostly individual instruction, with thirty or forty recitations to be heard, and five minutes, or less, of the teacher's time per day for each.

The graded school has classified its pupils according to degree of advancement, and assigns two classes to a teacher. Instead of five minutes for a recitation, there are twenty or thirty minutes, and the teacher has an opportunity to go behind the words of the book, and, by discussion and questioning, probe the lesson, find what the pupil really understands and can explain in his own words. Each member of the class learns more from the answers of his fellow pupils and from the cross-questioning of the teacher than he could learn from a lesson of equal length with a tutor entirely devoted to himself.

The graded school continues for ten months instead of three, and employs, or may employ, a professionally-educated teacher. This is the most important item of progress to be mentioned in the history of our education. Normal schools, two hundred in number, have been created in the various states, and it is estimated that the cities, large and small, have an average of fifty per cent. of professionally-trained teachers, while the ungraded schools in the rural districts are taught by persons who leave their regular vocations and resort to teaching for a small portion of the year.

The urban and suburban population, counting in the large villages, is at present about fifty per cent. of the population of the whole country.

One improvement leads to another, and, where the graded school has been established with its professionally-trained teachers, it has been followed by the appointment of experts as superintendents, until over 800 cities and towns in the nation have such supervision. The fifty states have each a state superintendent, who, in most cases, controls the licensing of teachers in rural districts.

With the advent of the professional teacher and the expert supervisor, there has arrived an era of experiment and agitation for reforms.

The general trend of school reforms may be characterized as in the direction of securing the interest of the pupil. All the new devices have in view the awakening of the pupil's inner spring of action. He is to be interested and made to act along lines of rational culture through his own impulse. The older methods looked less to interesting the pupil than to disciplining the will in rational forms. "Make the pupil familiar with self-sacrifice, make it a second nature to follow the behests of duty and heroically stifle selfish desires"—this was their motto, expressed or implied. It was an education addressed primarily to the will. The new education is addressed to the feelings and desires. Its motto is: "Develop the pupil through his desires and interests." Goethe preached this doctrine in his *Wilhelm Meister*. Froebel founded the kindergarten system on it. Colonel Parker's Quincy school experiment was, and his Cook County Normal School is, a centre for the promulgation of this idea. Those who advocate an extension of the system of elective studies in the colleges and its introduction even into secondary and elementary schools justify it by the principle of interest.

† See the *Educational Review* for March.

Tarbell, Edward Brooks, F. M. Balliet, N. C. Dougherty, and O. H. Cooper, respectively the superintendents of public schools in the cities of Providence, R. I., Philadelphia, Pa., Springfield, Mass., Peoria, Ill., and Galveston, Texas.

(2) On the correlation of studies in elementary education: W. T. Harris, J. M. Greenwood, C. B. Gilbert, L. H. Jones, W. H. Maxwell—Messrs. Greenwood, Gilbert and Jones being respectively city superintendents in Kansas City, St. Paul, and Cleveland.

(3) On the organization of city school systems: A. S. Draper, E. P. Seaver, A. G. Lane, A. B. Poland, and W. B. Powell; Mr. Draper being president of the University of Illinois, and the other members respectively the city superintendents of Boston, Chicago, the state superintendent of New Jersey, the city superintendent of Washington, D. C.

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Editorials.

BE EQUABLE.

THE subject of school government is one of perennial interest to the Public School teacher. Our exchanges teem with articles and paragraphs upon the best modes of maintaining discipline, most of which contain some useful suggestions. Perhaps the one thing at the same time most essential and most difficult is to carry an even hand. The same law should be in force to-day as yesterday, and should be administered with the same degree of rigidity. It is a well-worn but ever true maxim, that the deterrent effect of a punishment depends more upon its certainty than upon its severity. But our experience has taught us that nothing is more difficult than to maintain a fair degree of evenness in school government. To keep the course of discipline smoothly flowing,

"Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
Which humor interposed too often makes,"

is indeed a difficult achievement. And yet much, almost everything, depends upon it. Teachers, like other mortals, and perhaps, from the peculiarly trying effect of their profession upon the nerves, more than other mortals, are subject to moods. The offence that seemed trifling yesterday appears flagrant to-day, when

the head is aching and the nerves unstrung. Yet to conquer every tendency to rule according to temper and caprice is the condition and price of success. The teacher whose variableness enables "boding tremblers" to learn to trace "the day's disasters in the morning face" has lost, if he ever discovered, the secret of power. Both he and his pupils are to be pitied.

EDUCATION FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

THERE is altogether too much tendency in these mercenary times to value education merely as a means to an end, rather than as an end, and one of the highest attainable ends, in itself. If one could take the census of the High Schools and colleges, he would probably find that the number of those who are pursuing their studies in those institutions for the sake of the education itself is very small in comparison with that of those whose prime object is to fit themselves for entrance upon some business or profession supposed to be lucrative. This tendency is probably increased by the excessive facilities for specialization which are now offered by these institutions. Few seem to have grasped the idea that the highest value of education consists in the education itself. In an address before the University of Chicago, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew spoke some wise words upon this point. His observations are all the more valuable because they are those of one of the most capable and successful business men of the day, as well as a man of high culture and literary ability. He said:

"It has been my lot in the peculiar position which I have occupied for over a quarter of a century of counsel and advisor for a great corporation and its creditors, and of the many successful men in business who have surrounded them, to know how men who have been denied in their youth the opportunities for education feel when they are possessed of fortunes and the world seems at their feet. Then they painfully recognize their limitations; then they know their weakness; then they understand that there are things which money cannot buy, and that there are gratifications and triumphs which no fortune can secure. The one lament of all those men has been, 'Oh, if I had been educated! I would sacrifice all that I have to attain the opportunities of the college; to be able to sustain not only conversation and discussion with the educated men with whom I come in contact, but competent also to enjoy what I see is a delight to them beyond anything which I know.'"

READING AND EDUCATION.

THE *Journal of Pedagogy* for June has an article under the above heading, in which the opinions expressed are so closely in line with those which have often been expressed in these columns that we reproduce them for the benefit of our readers. We are glad to believe that in many of our Public as well as High Schools the importance of the true culture, which is the product of thoughtful study of the best literary productions of the present and former ages, is becoming better appreciated, and that practical attention is being given to the subject, so far as the crowded and inflexible programmes permit. But there is yet room for much more of this most genuine and essential educational work to be done, to the great advantage of all concerned, by the elimination of less valuable subjects, and the substitution of true educational processes of the kind indicated. We commend the opinion of prominent educators, quoted in brief by the *Journal of Pedagogy*, to the serious consideration of all concerned:

"Notwithstanding the efforts that are made in many of the best schools to cultivate the reading habit among the young, it sometimes occurs to us that teachers lose sight of the importance of an intimate acquaintance with books as a prime element of culture. Culture of the finest type is that which comes from knowing and loving the best literature of the world, both ancient and modern. We are glad to note, in a recent issue of *The Dial*, an editorial strongly urging the claims of a well-filled set of bookshelves as a means of education. Reading is a very serious affair, says the writer of the editorial in *The Dial*, yet how few realize, both in thought and act, its educational possibilities! There is no greater educational problem than that of persuading men and women everywhere to surround themselves with books of the right sort, and to make the right use of them. Every teacher, every librarian, every popular lecturer, every writer for magazines or newspaper, can do something, *The Dial* declares, for the common cause, by way of influence; and yet, because of the lack of literary culture which so many teachers exhibit in their daily association with their pupils in the classroom, young people are often graduated from our schools whose acquaintance with 'the best which has been thought and said in the world' is exceedingly limited. Indeed, one is often tempted to say, after contemplating such things, that many of our schools might well be termed institutions for the suppression of literary culture. We do not undervalue the drill which forms so large a part of our High School work, though we do think it little less than criminal that there is in so many schools scarcely any opportunity for the pupils to come under the liberalizing, humanizing influence of the best books. 'Reading,'

says Professor Hart, of Cornell University, 'should be an essential feature in High School training. The High School course is complained of as being too arid. It is all hard brain-work, gerund-grinding, and mathematical formulæ. There is no culture in it, no quickening of the soul.' The remedy, he asserts, lies in the careful, appreciative study of good prose and poetry as an embodiment of the culture of our English-speaking race. Teachers will say, in reply to this, that the purpose of the school is intellectual discipline, that there is no time for systematic work in reading. 'If it be assumed,' says Professor Corson, one of the greatest English scholars we have in this country, 'that the leading purpose of the schools and universities is to train the intellect, I reply to such assumption that the intellect cannot attain to its greatest vigor, flexibility, and sagacity, except in connection with a quickened spiritual nature. The latter is both sail and rudder to the former.' Professor Corson, in these words, gives expression to a vital truth, the recognition of which would soon transform many of our schools into institutions of life-giving power."

LEARNING A LANGUAGE.

THE following suggestions, from *Chambers' Journal*, are well worth the attention of students as well as teachers of languages:

A good dictionary, and a book of simple tales in the language chosen, are all that is necessary in the first instance. With these in hand, the motto of the beginner should then be to read, read, read. The printed page, at first new and unfamiliar, will gradually unfold itself as word after word is learned, and when a sentence has been translated the reader will go on with a strange feeling of delight to master more of the contents. There is no better method of retaining a word in the memory than in having to go to the trouble of looking it up in the dictionary. The word will be certain to stick, more especially if it is found recurring once or twice in the same page. As much reading should be done as time will allow. A page of the dictionary may also be frequently gone over. It soon acquires a wonderful interest. In this way the study is made from the first attractive and agreeable. If the book read be by one of the best writers, its inherent qualities will interest, while the increasing power to interpret correctly the writer's meaning will act as a constant stimulus to go on acquiring more words and phrases, and their correct use. The help of a friend imbued with similar desires and aims will be useful. At the very outset, attempts should be made to carry on conversation together in the language. The power to do this, at first halting and awkward, will gradually expand. The name of every object which is round about us in our daily life should be learned and referred to in conversation. The phrases employed to denote particular actions and feelings should

be looked up as they recur to the mind. Now and again the conversation that may be heard at the table, in the train, anywhere, may be translated mentally. There are many times when one is alone and there is nothing in particular to occupy the thoughts; such a moment should be seized to recall words we have come across in our reading, and thus make them the more firmly our own. A book of poems will be of much assistance. It is easier to learn a poem by heart than a bit of prose, and, if the meaning of each passage has been thoroughly mastered, it will be a simple operation to recall each word by its context. In this way it is wonderful how rapidly the vocabulary increases.

The writer had in mind, probably, only modern languages, in writing the above suggestions, but our experience has convinced us that the same methods, within certain limits, may be used with great advantage even in the study of the ancient classics. We well remember the help we once gained in our student days from a single hint given us, we think, by a professor, when we were puzzling over a somewhat complicated passage in Latin. We were going back and forward over the sentence after the fashion which is, we fear, still too common, trying, with very indifferent success, to pick out the subject here, and the predicate there, and to assign to each its proper modifiers, making the whole process very much like putting together the pieces of a dissected picture, when our helper reminded us that those who spoke and wrote the language we were studying did not think in that disjointed, hop-skip-and-jump manner, but in consecutive order, as the words now appeared. He, therefore, advised us to try the plan of translating in the order of the text, and trying if we could not thus think the writer's thought after him. The idea that Virgil or Cicero actually thought right along in the perplexing order in which the words appeared to our English ideas was new to us, but we acted on the hint, with results that made it seem almost like a revelation. By writing out as accurately as we could the exact meaning of each word, and then trying to think the thought conveyed in those words as they stood in that order, instead of striving by a series of efforts, which were half-guesses, to get them arranged in an intelligible English order, we soon found that we had in our hands the key to many an otherwise bewildering labyrinth of words. Some effort was, of course, necessary for a time to enable us to realize that it was possible to think in any other order of ideas than that to which we had always been accustomed, but it was soon found not only possible,

but comparatively easy to do so. The result was not only a great saving of time in working out the translation, but a great help in appreciating the genius and beauty of the language, and of the special bit of literature under review on the occasion. In some respects the method is more easily applicable to the ancient than to modern languages, as the word-inflections enable the reader to know at a glance the relations of the inflected words to others in the sentence.

THE month of August being, according to custom, holiday time in THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL office, no issue of the paper will be made during that month. The next number will be dated September 1st, and we shall try to have it appear promptly on that date. Subscribers will kindly make a note of this fact. It sometimes happens that many fail to do so, and consequently besiege the office with inquiries for the missing numbers which they suppose to have gone astray.

"Nothing arouses a child from stupor so readily and effectually as laughter," said an old teacher. "When my pupils grow stupid from study I relate a brief anecdote, give them a chance to laugh, then all go to work again."—*Exchange*.

That old teacher was a philosopher. His prescription is excellent. Have you ever tried it? If not, the next afternoon when the spirit of dullness or perversity seems to have entered into the school, and everything is going wrong, just try the effect of a little break, such as the reading or telling of some harmless and really amusing incident or joke, whose point may be readily seen by the pupils. Let them have their hearty, but not boisterous, laugh. Then to work again. The effect will be magical.

"THE fact is, nobody in the new school seemed to want to lick me, and there was no use in being bad." Such was the explanation of a refractory pupil, who, after having acquired notoriety as an incorrigible, and even as a teacher-fighter, and having been expelled from several schools, had suddenly veered around to good conduct, and brought home an excellent report from a new school to which he had been sent. There is a wealth of philosophy in this. The worst punishment, as well as the most powerful corrective, that could be administered to many an "incorrigible" would be to make him feel that "no one wanted to lick him," but that every one wished to do him kindness. Such boys are often on the alert for evidence of ill-will. To give them no provocation, no word of distrust or dislike, nothing to resent, is to disarm them.

(Continued from page 101.)

It is noteworthy that this word "interest" is the watchword of the disciples of the Herbartian system of pedagogy. Herbart, in his psychology, substituted desire for will. He recognizes intellect and feeling and desire (*Begierde*). Desire is, of course, a species of feeling—for feeling includes sensations and desires, the former allied to the intellect and the latter to the will. But sensation is not yet intellect, nor is desire will; both are only feeling.

I have described and illustrated this general trend of school reform in order to show its strength and its weakness, and to indicate the province marked out for a report that should treat of the branches of study and the methods of instruction in the elementary school, and suggest improvement.

While the old education in its exclusive devotion to will training has slighted the intellect and the heart (or feelings), the new education moves likewise towards an extreme as bad, or worse. It slightes direct will-culture and tends to exaggerate impulse and inclination or interest. An educational psychology that degrades will to desire must perforce construct an elaborate system for the purpose of developing moral interests and desires. This, however, does not quite succeed until the old doctrine of self-sacrifice for the sake of the good is reached.

"Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

The philosophy of the *Bhagavad Gita* holds that the goal of culture is to annihilate all interest and attain absolute indifference—this is adopted by Buddhism in the doctrine of Nirvana. Indian renunciation reaches the denial of selfhood, while the Christian doctrine of renunciation reaches only to the denial of selfishness and the adoption of altruistic interests.

However this may be, the pedagogic impulse to create devices for awakening the interest of the pupil becomes sometimes a craze for novelty. Change at any price, and change of any kind, is clamored for. It is a trite saying that change is not progress. It is more apt to be movement in a circle, or even retrogression. An amusing example was lately furnished in educational circles. A superintendent of rural schools defended their want of classification as an advantage. It was "individual instruction," and, as such, an improvement over that of the graded school of the cities. His reactionary movement received the support of some of the advocates of educational reform on the ground that it was a new departure. This happened at a time when one-half of the school children in the United States are still taught, or, rather, allowed to memorize their text-books, by this method!

The sub-committees on training of teachers and on the organization of city school systems have brought forward, in their respective reports, the latest devised measures for the perfection of Normal Schools and the procurement of expert supervisors for city school systems. The importance of the recommendations regarding schools for the training of teachers is seen when one recalls to mind the fact that the entire upward movement of the elementary schools has been initiated and sustained by the employment of professionally-trained teachers, and that the increase of urban population has made it possible. In the Normal School, the candidate is taught the history of education, the approved methods of instruction, and the grounds of each branch of study as they are to be found in the sciences that it presupposes.

The method of eliminating politics from the control of a city school system is discussed in Judge Draper's frank and persuasive style, and a plan in essential particulars similar to that adopted in the city of Cleveland is recommended for trial in all large cities. A small school board of five or ten members is appointed by the mayor, which in turn elects a school director (but this officer may also be appointed by the mayor), who takes charge of the business side of the management of schools. For the professional side of the work a superintendent is appointed by the school director, with the approval of two-thirds or three-fourths of the school board. The terms of office suggested are, respectively, for the members of the school board appointed by the mayor, five years; for the school director, five years; for the superintendent, five to ten years. The superintendent appoints all teachers from an eligible list of candidates whose qualifications are defined by the school board.

This plan of government is based on the idea of the importance of personal responsibility at all points in the administration. Only an actual trial can determine its strength or weakness. All plans, as Judge Draper well says, presuppose a public spirit and a moral sense on the part of the people; they presuppose a sincere desire for good schools and a fair knowledge of what good schools are, and of the best means of creating them. Where the whole people possesses political power, the intelligent and virtuous citizens must exert a continual influence, or else the demagogues will come into office. For the natural representative of the weakling classes is the demagogue. Whether the citizen is weak in intellect, or thrift, or morals, it is all the same; he will vote for the demagogue as ruler.

The report on the correlation of studies is an attempt to reconcile the old and the new in education by discovering what in the course of study is or should be permanent, and what in the nature of things is transient. It admits the claims of the new education, as to making the appeal to the child's interest paramount, so far as this relates to the methods of instruction, but it finds a limit to this in the matters to be taught. It discusses the educational value of the five principal factors of the course of study in order to determine clearly where the proposed new branches of study belong, and what they add to the old curriculum. These five components of a course of study are: (1) Grammar, as a study of the structure of language; (2) Literature, as a study of the art form of language—literature as furnishing a revelation of human nature in all its types; (3) Mathematics, as furnishing the laws of matter in movement and rest—the laws grounded in the nature of space and time; (4) Geography, as a compend of natural and social science—unfolding later, in secondary and higher education, into geology, botany, zoology, meteorology, on the one hand, and into anthropology and sociology, economics and politics, on the other; (5) History, as showing the origin and growth of institutions, especially of the State. It appears that these five branches cover the two worlds of man and nature, and that all theoretical studies fall within these lines. This is the correlation of study. Each essential branch has some educational value that another does not possess. Each branch also serves the function of correlating the child to his environment, namely, to the two worlds of nature and human society.

Hitherto, we are told in this report, the course of study has been justified on psychological grounds—"literature cultivates the memory and the imagination"; "arithmetic the reason," etc. But each branch has in some measure a claim on all the faculties. Arithmetic cultivates the memory of quantity, the imagination of successions, and the reason in a peculiar figure of the syllogism different from the three figures used in qualitative reasoning.

The report, however, makes frequent appeals to experimental psychology in dealing with the question of the time devoted to the several branches. For example, it often discusses the danger of too much thoroughness of drill in teaching, and the use of processes that become mechanical after some time. The rapid addition of numbers, the study of the geometrical solids, the identification of the colors of the spectrum, the reading of insipid pieces written in the colloquial vocabulary, the memorizing of localities and dates—all these things may be continued so long under the plea of "thoroughness" as to paralyze the mind, or fix it in some stage of arrested growth.

The committee have been at much pains to point out the importance of leaving a branch of study when it has been studied long enough to exhaust its educational value. It is shown in the case of arithmetic that it ought to be replaced by algebra two years earlier than is the custom in the Public Schools at present. The arithmetical method should not be used to solve the class of problems that are more easily solved by algebra. So, too, it is contended that English grammar should be discontinued at the close of the seventh year, and French, German, or Latin—preferably the latter—substituted for it. The educative value of a study on its psychological side is greatest at the beginning. The first six months in the study of algebra or Latin—it is claimed that even the first four weeks—are more valuable than the same length of time later on. For the first lessons make one acquainted with a new method of viewing things.

In recommending the introduction of Latin and algebra into the seventh and eighth years of the elementary school course, the committee are in accord with the Committee of Ten, who urged the earlier commencement of the secondary course of study.

The committee urge strongly the subordination of elocution and grammar in the reading exercises to the study of the contents of the literary work of art, holding that the best lesson learned at school is the mastery of a poetic gem or a selection from a great prose writer. It is contended that the selections found in the school readers often possess more literary unity than the whole works from which they were taken, as in the case of Byron's "Battle of Waterloo" from "Childe Harold." The importance of studying the unity of a work of art is dwelt upon in different parts of the report, and the old method of parsing works of art censured.

An example of the Herbartian correlation is found in the method recommended for teaching geography, namely, that the industrial and commercial idea should be the centre from which the pupil moves out in two directions—from the supply of his needs for food, clothing, shelter, and culture, he moves out on the side of nature to the "elements of difference," that is to say, to the differences of climate, soil, productions, and races of men, explaining finally by geology, astronomy, and meteorology how these differences arose. On the other hand, he moves towards the study of man, in his sociology, history, and economics, discovering what means the race has invented to overcome those "elements of difference" and supply the manifold wants of man, wherever he lives, by making him participant in the productions of all climes through the world commerce.

Likewise in the study of general history the committee suggest that the old method of beginning with the earliest ages be discontinued, and that a regressive method be adopted, proceeding from United States history back to English history, and thence to Rome, Greece, and Judea, and the other sources of our civilization.

In contrast to this genuine correlation, the report describes an example of what it calls "artificial correlation"—where Robinson Crusoe or some literary work of art is made the centre of study for a considerable period of time, and geography, arithmetic, and other branches taught incidentally in connection with it.

Perhaps the most important portion of this report is its attempt to draw a line between secondary and elementary studies. The recommendation to shorten the time devoted to the strictly elementary work, and to take up the two chief secondary studies in the seventh and eighth years, will, when generally adopted, largely increase the number of pupils who continue their school life into secondary and higher education. This, with the subordination of grammar to literary art and the shortening of the course in arithmetic, leaving what General Walker calls the "conundrums" for algebraic treatment, makes a series of radical departures which ought to please the warm advocates of progressive measures, notwithstanding the fact that a strongly conservative position is taken regarding the educational value of the staple branches hitherto taught.—*The North American Review*.

A NEW ARITHMETIC.

The lady who came into the bookstore was one of the very primmest and most particular.

"Have you any arithmetics?" she inquired stiffly.

"Yes, madam," replied the polite clerk.

"What kind?"

"Any kind you wish, madam. We keep a complete stock."

"Well, I want an expurgated edition."

"I beg your pardon!" gasped the clerk.

"I want an expurgated edition. I desire it for my daughter, who is just beginning that branch of study."

"I don't think I quite understand you, madam," stammered the poor clerk.

The lady showed some slight traces of annoyance. "Don't you know what an expurgated edition of a book is?" she asked.

"Certainly, madam; but not of an arithmetic."

"You must be very stupid," she said, starting to go out, "if you don't know that it means one from which the vulgar fractions have been eliminated."

The clerk let her go at that.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Science.

Edited by W. H. Jenkins, B.A., Principal Owen Sound Collegiate Institute.

A CANADIAN LAKE LABORATORY.

The success attending the summer courses at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass., has awakened a good deal of interest among Canadian students in biology. The number of those interested—not only in the general subject, but also in the special peculiarities of Canadian fauna—is yearly increasing. Almost every High School and Collegiate Institute in the Province has at least one member of its staff who is either a specialist in science or one who is required to teach the elements of botany and zoology. The science classes in our universities are yearly becoming larger. Many teachers and students desiring to still further increase their biological knowledge could unite recreation with profit by pursuing a summer course in investigating the structural peculiarities of our inland lake inhabitants. Ontario is not behind our sister republic in the possession of men to direct the work of investigation or render assistance to the beginner. The field is, as yet, almost unexplored.

Our fisheries are of great importance to Canadians, yet how little real information is possessed concerning the habits, *habitats*, and general life histories of our fresh-water fish! A series of investigations carried out on this class alone would furnish, undoubtedly, information which would ten times pay the cost of obtaining it, in the increased protection which would result to our inland fish. Here is a chance for our Dominion Government to do a little real protecting. The establishment at several points of experimental stations, open to students who wish to further increase their knowledge, would cost but a trifle yearly to maintain. The Dominion Government has already a superintendent of fisheries, but not very much can be accomplished by a single observer. He requires the assistance of many trained observers; and his duties would be lightened and more satisfactorily performed if he had not to perform the patient, careful investigation necessary for the formation of accurate conclusions.

BIRD DAY.

BY SUPERINTENDENT C. A. BABCOCK, OIL CITY, PA.

"Hast thou named all the birds, without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!"
—Emerson.

From almost all sections of the country comes the plaint that the song birds are fast disappearing. Less and less numerous are the yearly visitations of the thrushes, warblers, sparrows, orioles, and the rest, whose manners have been so delightful, and whose music has been so cheering to their open-eyed and open-hearted friends. Many who, when listening to the hymn-like cadences of the wood thrush, have felt that the place was holy ground are now keenly regretting that this vesper song is so rare. The honest sweetness of the song sparrow mingles with the coarser sounds less often in the accustomed places. Not many now find "the meadows spattered all over with music" by the bobolink, as Thoreau did.

There seems to be no doubt that the birds are becoming scarce. Some kinds are fast approaching extinction. No doubt the clearing away of the forests and the settling up of the country are responsible for this condition in part, but only in part. If they were let alone, many of the most interesting and useful birds would build in the vicinity even of our city homes, and our gardens and fields would become populous with them.

The wearing of feathers and the skins of birds for ornament has, without doubt, been the chief reason of the final flight of many of our songsters. It is stated that while this cruel fashion was at its height a London dealer received at one time more than thirty thousand dead humming birds; and not only the brightly colored, but any small bird, by means of dyes, may come at last to such base uses. All these carcasses, which are used to make "beauty much more beautiful seem," are steeped in arsenical solution to prevent their becoming as offensive to the nostrils of their wearers as they are to the eyes of bird-lovers.

Then, too, the sportsmen's guns and the small boys' slings and shooters of various sorts we have had constantly with us; and have they not been used with a cruelty as unthinking as that of the "infernal cats" mentioned by Dr. Abbott?

The preservation of the birds is not merely a matter of sentiment, or of education in that high and fine feeling, kindness to all living things. It has a utilitarian side of vast extent, as broad as our boundless fields and our orchards' sweep. The birds are necessary to us. Only by their means can the insects which injure and, if not checked, destroy vegetation be kept within bounds. They are nature's guaranty that the reign of the crawlers and spinners shall not become universal—that the march of bugs shall be stayed. Insect life has an amazing power to multiply, which would be sad arithmetic for us if our feathered minstrels did not cross zones to come to our relief. The "plague of locusts" shall be upon those who sin against the birds.

Laws for bird-protection have been passed in many of our states; but these have been found effective only where they were not needed. They are, however, right, and will help in the development of correct sentiment. What is most needed is knowledge of the birds themselves, their modes of life, their curious ways, and their relations to the scheme of things. To know a bird is to love it. Birds are beautiful and interesting objects of study, and make appeals to children that are responded to with delight.

The general observance of a "bird day" in our schools would probably do more to open thousands of young minds to the reception of bird lore than anything else that can be devised. The scattered interests of the children would thus be brought together, and fused into a large and compact enthusiasm, which would become the common property of all. Zeal in a genuine cause is more contagious than a bad habit. The first bird day in the schools was celebrated upon the first Friday in May of last year. This is, perhaps, as good a date as any for the sections not in the extreme north or south. It had best come a little after the birds begin to arrive. The afternoon session will be found sufficient to devote to the special exercises. The date should be announced some time beforehand, so that the children may prepare for it. They will not only prepare themselves, but will have the whole community aroused by the sharp points of their inquisitorial weapons. Exercises should be held in all grades, from the primary to the High School.

LOCALITY OF BIRDS.

In the lowlands:	
Meadowlark.	Blackbird.
Marsh wren.	Bittern.
Bobolink.	Ducks.
In the uplands:	
Robin.	Cowbird.
Song sparrow.	
In the trees and shrubs:	
Woodpecker.	Thrush.
Oriole.	Catbird.
Flycatcher.	Warbler.
In the orchards:	
Oriole.	Black-billed cuckoo.
Indigo bird.	Summer redbird.
Towhee.	Redstart.
Goldfinch.	Wren.
Throaters.	

BIRD FACTS.

Our robin is not the robin redbreast of English fame.

It is not thought that any bird actually spends the year in one locality, but that all birds migrate, if only within a limited range.

The bluebird and robin vie with each other for the title—harbinger of spring.

There is no migration in June, July, and August. Bluebirds are the first to mate, about the fifth of April.

"Birds flock together in hard times."—Torrey.

A loon has been caught, by a set line for fishing, sixty-five feet below the surface of a lake in New York, having dived to that depth for a fish.

Partridge make fine March game.

The March robins are the delight of the home. The first ones come singly, after that in detachments.

The migrating ducks, geese, and wild pigeons are interesting, and are always noticed by farmers and villagers.

In nest building the female always takes the lead.—*Journal of Education.*

BOOKS ON NATURE STUDY.

The "nature-study" teacher is an enthusiast. The monotony of school life has been dispelled. Pupils and teacher are wide awake—no more listlessness, no more perfunctory attention to routine work. These are some of the expressions used by teachers to describe the effects produced by the introduction of nature work into the schools. Begun in the town schools, it has spread to the rural sections, until the American teacher, who has made no provision on his time-table for this work, soon finds himself out-distanced by his more progressive fellow-teachers. What has been done in Ontario? Here and there a few wide-awake teachers have done something and propose doing more. Other teachers would like to make a start, but they scarcely know how. The American teacher has an arbor day, a flower day, a bird day. We will catch up by-and-by. An article in the present number of THE JOURNAL by Supt. Babcock, on "Bird Day," will give a few hints. The live teacher, who wants his pupils to do a little independent thinking, will find the following books suggestive:

"Guides for Science Teaching," D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, Nos. I., II., IV., XIV., XVI.

"The Birds of Ontario," McIlwraith, W. Briggs, Toronto.

"Bird Ways," Olive Thorne Miller.

"The Birds About Us," Chas. C. Abbott.

"Newell's First Lessons in Botany."

"Woodhull's Home-made Apparatus," E. L. Kellogg & Co.

These will be found useful to supply teachers with the small amount of information necessary for a start. After that a keen pair of eyes and skilful fingers are all that is required by way of special apparatus.

A Vacation Story.

AN ALLY OF MR. CROSS.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKETT.

"I can't give you any other answer now, Bob. Put it down to anything, for I don't know myself why it is that I cannot in conviction say what you want me to. I like you ever so much, and I don't know but that I love you. But it is because I don't know that you must give me time. There is nothing like a little absence for getting a clearer view of a thing like this. I'm sorry, Bob. It's a little hard on me, too. Now that you have spoken, I don't suppose things can be quite the same until the issue is squarely faced. The fear of some misinterpretation of my words, or, at least, of my actions, would act as a restraint on me, and we couldn't enjoy the old-time freedom, the good-comradeship. I liked that immensely, and if you hadn't said—well, you know," and the girl laughed a short and not unmirthful laugh, "we could have gone on just as we were."

"I hope you do not blame me for being in love with you, Annette," the young man remarked with an aggrieved air.

"Oh, no!" the girl flung out, impatiently. "I don't blame you, and I don't blame myself. But I am sorry for you, and a little vexed with myself that I should have to make such a ridiculous answer. It doesn't sound flattering to you, perhaps, that I am in any doubt on the point. But I am, and you have forced me to confess it. I don't say that I won't marry you, but I want time to think it over. And this trip abroad with Louise will give me just the opportunity to do that. Don't feel vexed, or disgusted, and—don't write to me while I am away. You see," and again the girl's frank, good-natured smile came to her lips, "I want to find out how I shall feel about you when you are away. There is nothing else I can say, Bob, unless you insist on my making a final decision now."

She looked at him with the trace of a smile still on her lips, but with such a straightforward, honest feeling in her large hazel eyes. Robert Cross, set back though he was by her attitude over his

declaration of love, had yet to admit that she was doing the best, apparently, that she could under the circumstances. He regarded her in a thoughtful way for a moment. Then he said, slowly:

"Will you give me an answer as soon as you come back from Europe, Annette?"

"Yes, I promise to do that," the girl replied, with decision. "You see, I shall think of you now in a different light, and that must help me to know my own mind. I've never been in love. I don't suppose a girl could be in love without knowing it, could she? That would be awkward. So, let us say no more on the subject now. Two months, or two months and a half, isn't a long time to wait, yet it allows a chance for reflection. Don't come down to the steamer, Bob. I will write you when we are to come back, and you can see me as soon as you want to then. Good-by, dear old friend."

She extended her hand, and Cross took it, still with a shade of depression on him.

"Good-by, Annette," he said; "and don't forget that I shall not be having a very nice time during this term of waiting. Then if you should come to a conclusion before you get back, it would be rather a kind thing to write me to that effect."

"Well, if I do, I will," said Miss Frere, and she smiled good-humoredly again. Bob was quite within his right on this last point, she thought. And so they parted.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction that she crossed the gangway of the *Paris* the next Saturday with her sister, Mrs. Raymond Dupont, and felt that she was leaving New York behind for several weeks. It was a brilliant morning in mid-May. There was a goodly passenger-list, and it was hard to get about on the deck or in the saloon.

The two women got their belongings stowed away in their stateroom, and then came upon deck. Annette stood near the rail and scanned the pier to see if the strong, plain face of Robert Cross was anywhere in view. It was not; the separation had begun. Several acquaintances came up to talk with her and make their adieus with the easy levity with which the transatlantic traveller of today is sped upon his course. Miss Frere bade them good-by with gay indifference. "Happily, I know I am not in love with any of them," she thought to herself.

As the boat swung out into the stream and pointed her nose down the river, Miss Frere gave a parting glance at the commercial front which New York City presented to her gaze, and with smiling lips formed the words: "Good-by, Bob." It was with some amusement that she reflected that she was now fairly embarked on the process of solving the momentous question of whether she was in love with Robert Cross or not. It did not prevent her going to dinner five hours later with a fine, healthy appetite and high spirits.

The next day, Sunday, was a rough one, and passengers with good sea-legs had to put them in use. The long, graceful vessel plunged through big mounds of leaden green water, which dashed rudely against her staunch sides. When Miss Frere went into the saloon to attend the service, she had some difficulty in making her way to a seat, and barely escaped taking one on a young man's lap, in attempting to sit on a vacant chair next his. She opened her prayer-book and joined in the responses. The captain, seated at a table in the middle of the saloon, read the prayers and versicles with a rich, rolling intonation that would have done credit to a Dean of Westminster.

The young man who had so narrowly escaped being sat upon by Miss Frere showed a respectably respectful interest in what was going on. His eye occasionally turned to the page of the girl's Book of Common Prayer. Noticing this, she was moved to hold the book so that he could follow the text. He in turn made himself useful by finding the hymns and holding the hymn-book for her. She joined in the singing with a light soprano voice. By the time the service was over their several offices of charity in each other's behalf made it natural enough that they should exchange words. The young man walked with her to the stairs, which led down to Miss Frere's stateroom, and assisted her in safely descending them.

"Is it too blowy to come out on deck?" he hazarded.

"No; I don't think so. I am a good sailor," replied Miss Frere.

"Then, if you will allow me, I will wait here until you get your wrap and help you to a good place to sit."

It was very blowy, and there was some difficulty in getting to a chair on deck, and in settling Miss Frere into it with her travelling rug tucked securely in about her feet. The young fellow admired the girl's ease and jollity under the whistling wind and heavily rolling sea. But when a huge wave struck the side and poured in a perfect shower from the awning in front of them, with a merry laugh she declared that they would have to get to some better protected place. They shifted their quarters to a spot where conversation was not so difficult an undertaking, and where the ocean did not encroach.

The man's voice was rather hard and unsympathetic, and Miss Frere found herself comparing it in her thoughts with Bob Cross', which was cheerful and of agreeable *timbre*. There was a sense of flippancy in the new acquaintance, too; not so much in his manner as in his way of looking at things. And again Miss Frere found herself reverting to the very opposite quality in the young man who had asked her to marry him. Robert Cross was almost too serious, if anything. He seemed to take life as if there were only one way of dealing with it, and that the one to which he so consistently held. And yet she felt that it would be wide of the mark to call this narrowness.

The young man who was her fellow-passenger on the *Paris* was pleasantly attentive. He was well-bred and full of small talk. But he did not show very strong interest in anything. In the course of conversation, one day when the weather was delightful, Miss Frere chanced to remark that she hoped to meet a woman in London who was quite successful in organizing and conducting kindergartens.

"I am interested in them because I have done something in that way myself," said she.

"Do you go in for doing good?" he asked, with very much the air with which he might have inquired whether she liked painting or china.

"Well, I am not averse to being a little helpful to my kind if I have an opportunity," she returned with some causticity.

"I never could see much use in that sort of thing," he remarked, with a laugh. "It is a lot of bother, and you never get appreciated. I suppose kindergartens are an improvement on slumming. You don't get the bad smells and dirt and coarseness. It doesn't seem to me that it makes much difference anyway. But there is no accounting for tastes. What is one man's food is another man's poison."

"You seem to think that people engage in charitable works for their amusement," Miss Frere retorted, looking at him with curiosity.

"Oh, they do it because they want an outlet, I suppose," he said, lightly. "Then I dare say it flatters a woman's desire to dictate, to be independent, when she can arrange matters for other people. It gives them an aim, you know." He laughed again, as if the whole thing didn't matter, anyhow.

"You don't feel the need of an aim," said Miss Frere, suavely.

"Oh, I get bored often enough. But I shouldn't find any satisfaction in penetrating into tenement-house regions, or helping young ones to learn their a-b-c's. There are plenty of things I like, and by changing from one to another a fellow can get along well enough. I am not tired of life yet."

"But how much use is your life to anybody but yourself?" inquired the young woman, bluntly.

"Not a bit, so far as I know," replied the other, with shameless honesty. "But why should it be? You don't live for other people, do you? I don't lie, or steal, or injure people, and I don't howl or complain when I'm hurt or bored. Don't press me hard, for I am too lazy not to be truthful, and I am afraid our views don't agree. I don't object, of course, to anyone, man or woman, going in entirely, if he likes, for philanthropy. Only I don't feel any inclination to bother myself about other people. They've never done anything for me."

"You haven't the most exalted ideal of life and duty, have you?" murmured the girl.

"To tell the truth, I haven't any ideal," the young man replied. "I find myself in a certain position, with money enough to do what I like, and there are things enough to do that a man can kill time with. I hate to bother about things. If anything is going to be a lot of trouble, I let it go, as a rule, and try something else. What is the use of having money if you can't do what you want to? There! Do you see those flying-fish? Did you ever see any before?"

Miss Frere felt that he was not doing this to divert the conversation. It was simply because he thought she might like to see the flying-fish. Which, indeed, she was very glad to do.

It was because he was always cheerful and good-natured and took an interest in small things that Miss Frere found this Mr. Welby interesting, though through all he was so negative. He fell short all around. He was good-natured without being genial; attentive without suggesting any personal interest; amused by common things, without any apparent sense that they were very pretty indeed.

Certainly he was a marked contrast to Robert Cross. If Bob was anything, he was devoted to his aims. As she reflected and analyzed her feelings toward him, she found that the lack of a lighter side to him was perhaps one of the things which had made her doubtful whether he would suit her as a partner for life. Yet, somehow, the want of seriousness in this man on the *Paris* was making her feel more kindly toward the earnest fellow in America, though it was some time before she caught herself at this trick of hanging one beside the other. When she did detect it, she only felt that Mr. Welby was doing a good service quite unconsciously; and the thought of his doing good to his fellow-man was amusing enough, when he himself had so frankly disclaimed all desire for such benevolence.

She came to the conclusion, after a few days, that Mr. Welby used to talk with her, or walk the deck in her company, not so much through a desire to enjoy her society for itself as to vary the diversions of the day. If he had got enough of poker in the smoke-room, or was weary of reading his novel by Paul Bourget, or, in fact, wanted a change from things which had ceased to be enjoyable, simply because he had had them a certain time, why—he liked to come and see her. This was not flattering to Miss Frere, but she was not given to the blinding of self-conceit. When she compared this way of doing things with Bob Cross', she was almost surprised to see how thoughtful in anticipating her needs he had been, and how little it had seemed to him to let some plan or desire of his own go when she suggested a different one.

"But then Bob is in love with me, and this man is only the most casual of chance acquaintances," she said to herself.

When they got to London Mr. Welby, after seeing that the porter got their things all right, asked if he might call during their stay in town. And Miss Frere said that they would be pleased to see him.

"The Métropole? or the Savoy?" he asked, with a smile.

"Neither," Miss Frere replied, with some energy. "Thomas's, Berkeley Square." She resented slightly the assumption made by this self-satisfied young man who had chambers in Bond street that it must be one or the other of these hotels.

He called after three or four days. It came out in his conversation that he had just made another call at the Earl of Something or other on the opposite side of the square. "Come, because he happened to be in the neighborhood," Miss Frere commented inwardly; "and he is proud to let us know that he is on visiting terms with a countess."

"Of course, you know London thoroughly, so you don't want to go to the Tower or Madame Tussaud's. How would you like to see Irving, Friday night, in 'Louis XI.'? I have never seen him in that, and they say it is one of his best rôles."

"How he always lets it crop out that he has his own enjoyment in view," the young woman again commented to herself. "Bob would have asked where we would like to go, and not have shown that he wanted to go somewhere and was willing to take us along." Mr. Cross' stock was rising.

Aloud, she said, with a little maliciousness: "I am not sure that I wouldn't prefer going to Madame Tussaud's. I have seen Irving's 'Louis XI.' and there is nothing but Irving in the play, and he is wallowing in superstitious fear nearly all the time. But you are very kind."

Mr. Welby smiled good-naturedly. "I'm not an Englishman, you know, and can see that you are chaffing. Of course, it's a bore to see the same thing twice, especially when you don't like it. But I shall be charmed to get tickets anywhere else."

Mrs. Dupont, however, thought she should like to see Irving, and so it was decided.

"What a nice fellow he is," said Mrs. Dupont, after he had left them.

"Oh, very nice," replied Miss Frere, indifferently. "To himself!" she added, mentally. "I'm almost sorry I didn't make him take me to Madame Tussaud's."

"And he seems to have plenty of money," said the elder woman, casually; "travelling about, with nothing to do but to amuse himself, and all that."

"Well, he is industrious enough in looking out for his amusement," her sister retorted. She reflected that Robert Cross hadn't very much money and worked pretty hard at his profession. Even in these days, when shopkeepers go to Europe for a vacation, poor Bob had never been able to go.

"Why, Annette! Why shouldn't he amuse himself?" cried her sister. "That is what we are trying to do, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it's different with women," replied Miss Frere. "But I confess I like to see a man want to do something, and not go through life with no more ambition than a bricklayer."

"This strikes me as a new symptom, my dear," said Mrs. Dupont, with a glance at her sister. "You must get Mr. Welby interested in kindergartens."

"Don't be sarcastic, Louise. I shall never undertake such an impossible task. Though, I am sure, if the man could take an interest even in children's improvement, it would enlarge his own horizon."

There was a bitterness to her in the thought of this well-bestowed young man getting so many things which Cross would enjoy, and which he seemed to care so little for. Robert Cross was not above betraying a feeling of pleasure in things. Miss Frere felt almost tempted to write to him.

He was in that hot New York working, and she was idling here, giving her society (which Bob would have prized) to a stereotyped man of the world, who was simply filling up his time with her.

Mrs. Dupont and she were going to the Isle of Wight for awhile, and then to Brussels. Mr. Welby said he was off for Boulogne-sur-mer. It was gay, and he liked a crowd of pleasure-seekers. "I enjoy watching them. There is fun in simply looking at the people you see in such a place."

"And you don't have to do a thing for them, either," was Annette Frere's unuttered footnote.

It was the last stage of their trip for the two women when they arrived at the Grand Hotel in Brussels, some weeks later. Mrs. Dupont found her companion more cheerful than at any period of their travels. They were to leave here to take a French steamer from Havre back to New York.

They had been at the hotel four days, when, as they were seating themselves in the dining-room for the *table d'hôte*, Mrs. Dupont caught sight of Welby. She nodded pleasantly. Miss Frere also greeted him with much good nature. So when he left the place at which he had seated himself and came up, they requested him to sit with them during dinner. He really seemed glad to see them, too. Miss Frere, who was nothing if not just, put this down to his account.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," he said, as he drew up his chair and unfolded his napkin. "I hoped I might. I only got here half an hour ago. I was afraid you might have altered your plans. I am always doing that."

"We start out with a plan and adhere to it religiously," said Miss Frere. "If you had got here a little later, we should not have seen you, as tomorrow is our last day. We sail on *La Bretagne* the day after to-morrow."

"Must you go then?" said Welby, with regret in his voice. "I am going on the next steamer. Have you completely exhausted Brussels? Have you seen the Rubens in the Musée des Beaux Arts?"

"I regret to say that we have," said Miss Frere. "I hate Paul Peter Rubens, with his great, bulky, naked creatures. Gross things. Don't tell me that he can paint flesh! I don't deny it. But he paints too much of it for one canvas to stagger under. I much preferred the old Flemish examples. There is a certain naiveté about them which I liked."

"I don't care a button for any of it," said Mr. Welby, with delightful frankness. "I'm afraid the best thing I ever got out of these big Continental galleries was exercise. But I supposed it was the proper thing to admire Rubens. Still, there must be other things you haven't seen. Do change the date of your sailing. I will be the most devoted

cicerone to you, if you will only wait over for the next steamer."

"He has just come, and thinks it would be nice to have somebody he knows to go about with," thought Miss Frere. "As unselfish as usual." Then she said aloud: "We have seen everything except General Boulanger's grave. If you would like to engage in such a pilgrimage we should be pleased to have you come. We will start at half-past ten."

"Thanks, I shall be charmed. Boulanger was a two-penny little hero. I don't think even the French had much of an opinion of him. They needed some figure-head, and he was the best they could get. He was always before the footlights, playing to the gallery. The best thing about him was his regard for Madame Bonnemain, and he has given a cheap flavor to that."

"Why, how?" exclaimed Miss Frere. She was quite amazed by Welby's suddenly developing views.

"Wait until you see his grave and what is written on his tombstone," he replied, laughingly.

The next day was a brilliantly fair one, and Brussels showed its affinity with Paris by beaming gayly in the strong sun. They drove through the Bois de la Cambre, and from there to Ixelles.

"You see," said Welby, "Boulanger felt as if the game were about up, and he may have felt that he had handled the situation rather tamely for a Frenchman. Then living here was to have Paris constantly recalled. I was in the Café Métropole last night. It is a big place near the old post-office, and the garçon told me that Boulanger used to come in there of an evening and drink a glass of wine. He used to ride his black horse here in this Bois. But there was not enough popular adoration for him, and when Madame Bonnemain went he probably felt the loss most keenly. She undoubtedly burned incense before the little man. So in a fit of disgust he tried the remedy of a bullet, and doubtless thought he might bequeath a new edition of Abelard and Heloise to the French people by being buried at her side. It was a foot-light fit."

"Well, the poor man is dead, and we mustn't say unkind things about him," said Miss Frere. "Besides, you will make us feel so silly, going out to see the grave of a man who was only a peevish suicide instead of a heart-broken lover, which he may have been, even if he were no hero."

They arrived at the cemetery and found their way to the grave of Boulanger, which lies off at one side. Welby watched Miss Frere as she read the inscription. It was brief enough. After the name, time of death, and age of the deceased, followed this quotation of the dead man's words: "*À je pu vivre deux mois et demi sans toi?*"

"The exact arithmetic of that kills the sentiment," said Welby. "Doesn't it? It wasn't so flattering to the lady that he should have had to take just two months and a half to find out how much he loved her."

He was surprised to see a faint color steal into Miss Frere's face. It had suddenly occurred to her that she had been two months and a half away from Robert Cross, trying to discover whether she loved him enough to marry him.

"You are a little severe in our interpretation," she said, hastily. "I think it is rather mournful in him to have struggled through those weary months trying, perhaps, to reconcile himself with life, and then, when he found that the absence of the woman he loved made the world too lonely for endurance, to have come here and died at the grave of his lost love. Poor man, he must have loved her!"

"Well, I still think that the General uttered that as a sort of apology to her *à bientôt*," said Welby. "But I suppose a woman always finds out the condition of her heart, when love is concerned, more quickly than a man, and loves more strongly."

"Really!" said Miss Frere, with a touch of irony in her tone. "I had no idea you were such a psychological expert, Mr. Welby. Do you speak from experience?"

"Well, now, don't you think so?" inquired the young man, in answer to her opposition, and not to her question. "Women surely are quicker than men to feel things."

"You seem to mean that as a compliment, so I shall say nothing to disturb your view in the matter," the girl replied. "Come! Let us go. These dreadful beadwork wreaths are enough to keep one from lingering on the spot. We are all one on that point, I fancy."

She was rather silent on the way home, though Welby seemed to be laying himself out to be agreeable. His manner since they had met again in Brussels had been much nicer than before, and had furnished less occasion for Miss Frere to pass in her thoughts from him to a more worthy fellow who was awaiting in America for her return and—

When Miss Frere went to dinner that evening, a few minutes after Mrs. Dupont had preceded her there, she found Mr. Welby seated by her sister's side. Mrs. Dupont at once said, with a cheerful manner, "Annette, Mr. Welby is going over in *La Bretagne*. He heard of somebody giving up a stateroom and he wired at once and got it."

"How jolly!" said Miss Frere. It was a conventional rather than a hearty, approbation of Mr. Welby's sudden move. If Mr. Welby felt this, he did not show any disappointment. He was more chirpy than usual during the dinner, while Miss Frere, on the contrary, appeared a little absent-minded. Perhaps she was thinking of Mr. Welby's comments on the inscription they had read on Boulanger's tomb.

On the return voyage both she and the young man felt that there was a difference. Welby was with her a great deal more than he had been on the way over. Miss Frere asked him on one occasion if there was no poker in the smoke-room, and he replied that there was, but that he didn't care to play. On another occasion she said pleasantly: "Have you finished Bourget?" He hadn't, but didn't feel like reading. Miss Frere should have felt flattered by the fact that on this return trip she seemed to have won the young man from cards and a French novel; but the conquest did not seem to afford her much pleasure. She had made a point-blank request of Mrs. Dupont, after they had been a day or two out, that she would not leave her alone with Welby, if it could be helped. "I don't want the burden of entertaining him thrown entirely on me, Louise. You have rather encouraged him, it seems to me, and so you ought to help entertain the man."

To which Mrs. Dupont had said, "Certainly, my dear, if you wish it," and had looked at her younger sister with an inquiring glance. "He seems to be more agreeable than on the trip over, and then you didn't find my assistance so necessary."

"It is because he is more agreeable that I find him less so," Miss Frere replied, with great coolness, vouchsafing no explanation of this paradox.

Annette Frere had at first merely felt that Welby was trying to get up a rather vigorous flirtation with her. And, again, she let her mind glance restfully to the fact that Robert Cross was too serious by far, too sincere, ever to flirt. "I hate a man that flirts," she said to herself. She was pretty well convinced that Mr. Welby's value as an ally of Robert Cross was over. Her mind was at rest and her heart, too. The trip had been a great success. She was in the best of health, the highest spirits, and was beginning to revel in the sweet consciousness of being in love.

Was it, perhaps, her strong dislike for flirting which made her somewhat reserved with Welby. Yet he was too considerately attentive and well-bred to be treated snubfully. He persevered in his devotion, which seemed to increase as the voyage drew to its end.

And now, on a lovely day of midsummer, the boat was making its way up New York Bay. As they drew near the pier, Mrs. Dupont and her sister stood at the rail watching the grimy river-front of the city. Mr. Welby joined them. Miss Frere was in excellent humor. Since the beginning of this last day she had shaken off all her coolness, and was as gay and friendly as possible. The fact that the opportunity for conversation and sitting side by side on deck was now over may have led to this relaxation. But Mr. Welby only took the change without fancying such a cause for it. He showed his appreciation by his own greater gaiety.

As the boat was making fast her hawsers, the young lady scanned the faces crowded together on the pier for the one she hoped to see. After a few moments a hand waving a hat attracted her attention, and there he was, his face bright with welcome.

"There is Robert," she cried, joyously, waving her handkerchief frantically in return. Welby quickly looked in the direction of her glance, but could not, in the crowd, distinguish the happy object of Miss Frere's interest.

"I suppose it is her brother," he thought. "It's rather pleasant to have some one here to meet you on getting back to old New York, isn't it?" he remarked, aloud.

"Yes, indeed," cried Miss Frere, "if it's the right person."

It was time to get off. Mr. Welby, when he said "Good-by," added, as he still held Miss Frere's hand: "You will let me call, I hope, and continue this very charming acquaintance."

"Oh, we shall be charmed to see you!" replied Miss Frere, quite heartily. "We go to Bar Harbor within a week or ten days, but you will find us at home almost any afternoon after five."

The greeting with Robert Cross was too hearty and unconstrained not to put that impatient waiter's hopes at the highest point. They had enough to do after the first few words of greeting in getting the Customs officer to look after their luggage, which function was expedited by the thoughtful and occult transfer of a bill from Mr. Cross to that bluff, honest person. Just as their boxes had been closed and they were ready to get into the carriage, Mr. Welby came up.

"Good-by again," he said, cheerfully. "I haven't had quite such good luck in getting through as you. One of my trunks was mislaid, or some such bothersome thing. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again. *A bientot.*"

"Adieu, Mr. Welby," said Miss Frere, her face and voice very joyous and full of girlish vivacity. "And oh, you were so good to me on the voyage that you must let me introduce you to my fiancé, Mr. Cross. Bob, Mr. Welby."

It was a double shot, and the young woman watched it score with a gay and slightly malicious interest. Cross grasped Welby's hand with great warmth, while a smile of the intensest good nature lit up his face. Welby bowed rather stiffly, made some conventional remark, and then said, with a vigorous attempt at nonchalance, "Well, I must not detain you. Good-morning." He quickly slipped away down the pier, carrying himself very straight.

Bob turned his radiant face toward the girl, who with roguish mirth in her eyes and a smile on her lips met his impassioned gaze with a saucy boldness.

"Annette! Hurry up and get into the carriage, or I shall kiss you right here before all these people," he cried. "But who is Welby?"

"Welby is a nice, agreeable, selfish, dawdling, well-contented-with-himself young man, who reminded me of you so often while we were away, and whom I have been so grateful to in consequence that I have prevented him from making a proposal to me on the way back."

With a laugh in her voice and eyes the girl stepped lightly into the carriage, and Robert Cross followed with precipitate eagerness, banging the door to impetuously.

Mr. Welby never made his promised call; and for weeks after his return, while anathematizing himself as an ass, would add, as balm to his wounded vanity: "I'm deuced glad I didn't propose to her." And he never will know that Miss Frere saved him from this as a grateful return for his having been such an ally of Mr. Cross.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.—A story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

"To was or not to am."

"To were or is to not."

"To should or not to will."—*Harper's Round Table.*

A LITTLE LEARNING.—A teacher in one of the Hartford city schools requires her pupils to write sentences containing the words in the lesson. These sentences are sometimes very funny. Here are two: One of the words in the lesson was "urchin." A little fellow who would evidently rather stay at home and play than go to school wrote: "The father is urchin his boy to go to school." The following is more subtle: The word was "pacify," and the sentence written was: "The author pacifies the poem." "Why, what do you think 'pacify' means?" asked the teacher. "The dictionary says it means 'compose.'"—*Hartford*

Primary Department.

NATURE STUDIES.

WHO KNOWS?

- How many seed cells an apple has?
Which way the seeds point? How many in a cell?
The color of green seeds? Of ripe ones?
The color of sweet apple blossoms? Of the blossom of sour apples?
How many petals the blossom has?
How many parts to the calyx?
What the "sepals" are?

COMPOSITION PEGS.

What can you do with these?
A nail? Broom? Newspaper? Apple? Button? Penny? Needle? Slate? Minute? Chair?

What have you seen done with—
Molasses? Snow? Gold? Trees? Boys? Fishes? Milk? Cars? Fruit? Books?

What would you like to with—
A dollar? Horse? Good dinner? Grammar lessons? Egg omelets? Story books?

What would you advise doing with—
Girls? Flowers? Wagons? Tardy marks? Jails? Lazy—? Money? Poultry? Magazines?

[NOTE.—Use the above merely as suggestions.]

ABBREVIATIONS.

Write in full: Aug., Am., Ala., ans., bro., La., lieut., E. I., K., *et al.*

Abbreviate properly, using capitals where necessary: Washington, general, Episcopal, cents, Daniel, mountain, manuscript, manuscripts, Pennsylvania, north-west.—*The New Education.*

CUT-UP STORIES.

"BOW-WOW AND MEW-MEW."

Extract from Maynard and Merrill's *English Classic Series.*
See p. 55.)

1. Bow-Wow went for a walk round the farm.

2. First, he had a look at the pigs; he did not go into their sty, but he barked at them and said:

3. "I am sad for you, that you can never get out for a walk, but must be ever in that sty. Do you not wish you had been born dogs?"

4. And the pigs, with a grunt, said: "Go away, you little dog; we do not wish to talk to you. Our home is a very nice one; we do not want to make any change."

5. He gave a bark at the chicks, not so much to harm them, as to bid them good-by.

6. He went to the pond to get a drink, and to say as his last words to the ducks:

7. "Why do you not be wise and stay on the land? You can come to no harm here, but I am sure you will take cold by

being so much in the water, and that may be the death of you."

8. But the ducks said: "Quack! Quack! run off, you bad dog. You do not at all know what is good for us."—*The New Education.*

OBSERVATION QUESTIONS.

Why does not the sheep have as long a tail as the horse or cow?

What do we call the covering of a cat? dog? horse? sheep? pig? duck?

Is the covering of a sheep oily? of a pig? What use is made of the sheep after it is killed?

What does a cat do to his enemy? the dog? the horse? the cow? the sheep? Why does the pig have a snout? Which can eat the most kinds of food, the cat, dog, horse, cow, sheep, or pig?

Is a cat's skin of much use after death? a pig's?

Of what use is the skin of a dog, horse, cow, sheep?

Of what use is the fur of a cat? the hair of a dog, horse, or cow? the wool of a sheep? the bristles of a pig?—*Virginia School Journal.*

HOLD TO THE SUBJECT.

It is one of the easiest things in teaching to have plenty of talk during the recitation period, and yet not have a recitation. It is an easy matter for the teacher to fill time and to make a show of animation and work by asking three or four questions where one would not only do, but be better; by the senseless and monotonous repetition by the teacher of whole recitations exactly as made by the pupils; by stories told by the pupils that are faintly suggested by the lesson, or by another pupil's story. All this makes noise, keeps up an appearance of work when the real recitation may be wholly absent. The average teacher should have burned into his being, *hold to your subject.* If the teacher wishes to draw the pupils into conversation (purposeless or otherwise), he should set apart a certain time for doing it. When he has a lesson on interest, the Rocky Mountains, the relative pronoun, or a simple little lesson in reading or numbers, he should teach the child that the particular thing for recitation today should be held to until mastered, or the recitation period is ended. Teach the pupils, big and little, to stick to a thing until it is finished.

The class was reading "The Harvest Mouse" in the Second Reader. During nearly all of the recitation the book was not looked into at all, when a true reading lesson consists in getting the thought the language conveys, and it is necessary to consult the language to determine what this is. The following is a part of the recitation:

Teacher—What do you mean by grain?

Pupil—Wheat, rye, oats, and corn.

Teacher—What color are they when ripe?

Pupil—They are yellow when ripe.

(Hands were raised, and the words "Miss J." distinctly heard from several children.)

Teacher—What is it, Alice?

Pupil—Oh, Miss J., I saw a very large field of wheat, almost as large as this room, and it looked white.

Teacher—I think you are mistaken, for it is always yellow when ripe.

Pupil—Miss J., is the wheat stalk yellow to the bottom?

Teacher—Yes, it is. Now, who can tell how the harvest mouse is different from the common mouse?

Pupil—It isn't as large, and is brown instead of gray.

1st Pupil—Miss J., I am going to the country this summer, and I can see some then.

2nd Pupil—Miss J., I was out to my cousin's in the country last summer, and we found a nest with four little mice.

3rd Pupil—Miss J., we had so many mice, and papa got a mouse trap and we caught three.

4th Pupil—Last summer I was out to grandpa's, and when they hauled the wheat in we found four little mice, and gave them to the kittens.

Teacher—Well, we'll have to leave the lesson now, and talk about the harvest mouse again to-morrow.

Instead of a reading lesson, it was turned into a desultory conversation on color of grains when ripe, and stories the mouse part of the lesson and the harvest suggested to the children. I certainly think talks on grain and harvest and the children's experiences with each are very helpful, but they were foreign to this reading lesson; nothing in the lesson justifies it. This is an illustration of a great deal of the reading work, and, I might say, of the number work as well. Don't forget that one great thing to remember in teaching is to know exactly what *should* be gotten out of each lesson, and then persistently work toward getting it.—*Indiana School Journal*.

REQUIREMENTS FOR 1896.

By request, we publish the following for the convenience of teachers interested.

Selections from Fourth Reader for Entrance Examinations of 1896:

Lesson III. Loss of the Birkenhead; Lesson XI. The Evening Cloud; Lesson XII. The Truant; Lesson XVI. The Humble Bee; Lesson XXIV. The Face against the Pane; Lesson XXVII. The Battle of Bannockburn; Lesson XXXIII. The Skylark; Lesson XXXIV. Death of Little Nell; Lesson XXXIX. A Psalm of Life; Lesson LI. The Heroes of the Long Sault; Lesson LVI. The Honest Man; Lesson LIX. Yarrow Unvisited; Lesson LXIII. The Exile of Erin; Lesson LXIV. Ye Mariners of England; Lesson LXIX. The Changeling; Lesson LXXIX. The Capture of Quebec; Lesson LXXXVII. The Song of the Shirt; Lesson XCV. A Forced Recruit at Solferino.

Those for Public School Leaving we have not yet been able to procure.

Following are the selections from the High School Reader for Forms I. and II. in the High Schools. Primary and Junior Leaving for 1896:

III. The Trial Scene in the "Merchant of Venice"; VII. To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars; XVIII. Rule, Britannia; XXVIII. The Cotter's Saturday Night; XXIX. The Land o' the Leal; XXXV. The Isles of Greece; XXXVI. Go, Where Glory Waits Thee; XXXVII. Dear Harp of My Country; XXXVIII. Come, Ye Disconsolate; XL. The Glove and the Lions; XLVI. The Bridge of Sighs; LI. Horatius; LIV. My Kate; LV. A Dead Rose; LVI. To the Evening Wind; LXII. The Cane-Bottomed Chair; LXVII. The Hanging

of the Crane; LXXIII. Ode to the North-East Wind; LXXVI. Barbara Frietchie; LXXIX. The Lord of Burleigh; LXXX. Break, Break, Break; LXXXI. "The Revenge"; CI. The Forsaken Garden; CV. The Return of the Swallows; CVI. Dawn Angles; CVII. Le Roi est Mort; CVIII. To Winter.

Correspondence

BIBLE TEACHING.

To the Editor of THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL:

SIR,—I have read with interest Rev. P. K. Dayfoot's letter to the *Globe*, giving the results of an examination on references requiring a knowledge of Bible history; also your editorial on the same subject. I am sorry to say that my own experience, both in the Public School and Sunday School, would justify me in saying that the case given by Mr. Dayfoot is not an exceptional or isolated one, but the answers are such as would be given by ninety per cent. of our school boys and girls of today.

It is a fact that hundreds living in the midst of enlightenment and culture grow up in absolute ignorance of the Bible. Few, indeed, are familiar with even the most prominent facts in Bible history, not to say anything of the biography, moral philosophy, theology, etc., which it contains.

I am not disposed to censure any person in particular for this state of affairs. I believe that its importance has, in a great measure, been overlooked; but when I read speeches of gentlemen of the cloth decrying the godlessness of our schools, I must say I feel inclined to ask if they are doing as much as the law gives them power to do. During an experience of eight or nine years, I have had less than half a dozen official calls from ministers. There is a general shirking of responsibility all along the line. The parent, in effect, says the teacher is responsible, the teacher shifts it to the Sunday School teacher or the minister, and the minister censures the Government because, they say, all religious teaching is excluded from our schools.

To whom does this duty properly belong? Certainly not to the parent alone, for reasons quite obvious to any one who gives the matter thought. True, they have to share the responsibility, and it remains with each parent to settle with his or her own conscience how much of that responsibility rests on him. If parents are educated themselves, if their opportunities are great, if they have high ideals of right and noble aspirations, the demands of conscience will be large in proportion, and for their children we need not fear. But, on the other hand, we can conceive of parents in whom all these qualities are lacking, and who are no more capable of giving their children adequate Bible instruction than they would be of teaching them the ordinary school subjects, even provided they had the inclination to do so. Hence, it is useless to look for the parents to do any more, as a class, than they are doing, and absolutely absurd to clasp our hands in holy horror, and exclaim, What goddess homes!

Neither can the Sunday Schools be made responsible for all the teaching, though they might do more effective work than they are doing. It is true, they work at a great disadvantage; their efforts are spread over a wide field; they have to contend against irregularity of attendance, crowded schoolrooms, and inefficient teachers. But, too often, both superintendent and teachers come before their classes without any preparation, and thus utterly waste the hour. Even under the most favorable conditions, it would not be possible to accomplish satisfactory results with only one lesson a week. Where, then, is the work to be done? Clearly in no other place than our Public Schools. I do not agree with those who say, "We have no time for Bible study on our Public School programme." We must find time for that which is most important, even though it has to be done at the sacrifice of other subjects now on the programme.

Here, right at the outset, we meet difficulties. First, we have no common text; second, all the teachers are not qualified for this particular work; and, third, granted the teacher qualified, he might choose to be dogmatic, and his interpretations would be biased to suit his own particular views or

those of his church. From this it is evident that two things must be granted: First, Catholic and Protestant must each be allowed his own particular Bible; and, secondly, the Public School teacher is not the proper person to teach this subject. This must fall to those whose time is wholly devoted to the moral and religious instruction of the community in which they live—the clergy; not because the teacher is overworked, though this may be true; not because the clergy have plenty of time at their disposal, for I believe the majority of them are hard workers; but because this is part and parcel of their work, and they are of all persons the ones whose sympathies and education pre-eminently qualify them for it.

We cannot overlook the fact that this question of Bible instruction is one of growing importance, and must, sooner or later, be dealt with in a more practical way than it has been in the past, not by the Education Department so much as by the churches.

All parliament can do is to make it a subject of regular study by making it a compulsory subject on the programme of studies, while the church must provide the teachers. The last half-hour of each day should be devoted to this subject, the different ministers arranging to take the children of their own denomination on alternate nights; and thus, since the average school contains not more than two denominations, each child would receive, including their Sunday School, at least three lessons a week, as many, if not more, than the pupils of rural schools receive in the ordinary subjects, such as grammar, history, and geography.

Yours truly,

S. G. BROWN.

Watford, July 9th, 1895.

Miscellaneous.

A LESSON IN ANTONYMS.

A pretty *deer* is *dear* to me,
A *hare* with downy *hair*,
I love a *hart* with all my *heart*,
But barely *bare* a *bear*.

'Tis *plain* that no one takes a *plane*
To shave a *pair* of *pears*,
A *rake*, though, often takes a *rake*,
To tear away the *tares*.

All *rays* raise *thyme*, *time* razes all,
And through the *whole* hole wears;
A writer writing "*right*" may *write*
It "*wright*" and still be wrong.
For "*wright*" and "*rite*" are neither *right*,
And don't to *write* belong.

Beer often brings a *bier* to man,
Coughing a *coffin* brings,
And too much *ale* will make us *ail*
As well as other things.

The person *lies* who says he *lies*
When he is but reclining,
And when consumptive folks *decline*,
They all *decline* reclining.

A *quail* don't *quail* before a storm;
A *bough* will *bow* before it;
You cannot *rein* the *rain* at all;
No earthly powers *reign* o'er it.

The *dye* *dyes* awhile, then *dies*;
To *dye* he's always trying,
Until upon his *dying* bed,
He thinks no more of *dyeing*.

A son of *Mars* *mars* many a son;
All *deys* must have their *days*,
And every *knigh*t should pray each *night*
To Him who *weighs* his *ways*.

'Tis *meet* that man should *mete* out *meat*
To feed misfortune's son,
The *fair* should *fare* on love alone,
Else *one* cannot be *won*.

The spring *springs* forth in *spring*, and shoots
Shoot forward, one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it *leaves*
The *leaves* to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
The *tail* end of our *tale*.

—Exchange.

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

In a country school in northern Ohio, during the winter of '92 and '93, there was no end to the disorder and confusion prevailing. Some gave one reason and some another, but, perhaps, the best explanation of the state of affairs could be given in the teacher's own words, written at random by one of the boys, who "took notes" for his own amusement.

The notes were not taken for publication, of course, but they are given here *verbatim*, hoping that they may help some young teacher to steer clear of such shoals.

"We have too much whispering, and it is among the larger scholars; whisper a little more softly."

"Girls, you are too noisy!"

"Stand up in the class, Jenny."

"Turn around that way, Mary."

"Karl, get your slate out."

"Johnny, that is enough of that now."

"Have it quiet at the board."

"Too much loud whispering. *We must have it quiet!*"

"Turn around there and get your lesson."

"Now, *we must have it quiet*; it is useless to have all this noise in the schoolroom."

"*Sit down there, George.*"

"Let's have the attention of the class."

"*See here, boys!* we have enough whispering now."

"Jake and Andy, *let's have it quiet.*"

"Now, *let's have it quiet*, it's getting too noisy."

"Let's *have it quiet, boys.*"

"We have too much noise, let's *have it quiet.*"

"Karl, make those letters."

"James, *let's have it quiet.*"

"We have too much whispering; each one get to your own lessons."

"If you have no respect for me, have a little for yourselves."

All the above corrections took place inside of a few hours, and that was the last term that teacher tried to teach.

We will let the reader draw his own moral.—C. K. Hostetter, in *N. Y. School Journal*.

SPRING CLEANING.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbank from yer heart.
Jes' w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake your foggy notions down,
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust,
An' dress the soul in newer style,
Scrape from yer min' its worn-out crust
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the dates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure,
Aroun' the hearthstone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer moril cubby holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the slum!
'Tis cleanin' time for healthy souls;
Get up and dust! The spring hez come!
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbin' brush and soap,
An' dump ol' fear into the rain,
An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak every cranny, great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul
Hang pootier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the winders of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind,
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul, once froze an' hard,
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.
Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.

—Yankee Blade.

HOPE LONG DEFERRED.

Year by year, and day by day,
She lived in hope of brighter day;
She saw the city prosperous grow,
She saw the schoolhouse overflow
With hosts of children, large and small—
And patiently she taught them all.
And as the seasons swiftly flew,
She sometimes taught their children too!
Through weary months of busy days,
raise!

The schoolma'am hoped

She did all that a woman could;
Her arguments were sound and good.
She drew petitions up so fine
That all the people ran to sign.
The common council all agreed
That she should have it, yes, indeed.
The board of education made
Long, smiling promises of aid,
While out of all the tangled maze
raise!

The schoolma'am hoped

At last, it seemed the way was cleared;
At last, the needed funds appeared,
But still the board could not decide
Just how these funds should be applied.
Raise by experience? Or by grade?
So, still they wavered and delayed.
They weeded out a girl or two
Who didn't have enough to do,
These, surely, were the halcyon days
raise!

The schoolma'am hoped

But weary decades came and went,
Until her faithful life was spent;
And now across her lonely grave
The long green grasses gently wave.
Her tombstone, in its ancient place,
Stands up, yet lies upon its face,
For though it says she has gone higher,
I know her soul must still aspire,
And, lingering, long for Gabriel's days,
raise!

When every schoolma'am

—Florence May Alt.

THRILLING STORY OF HEROISM.

The account of how a German sailor rescued another in peril, and found the man he had saved to be his own brother, whom he had thought drowned years before, comes from Schleswig-Holstein. A cable dispatch to the *New York Sun* tells the story:

One stormy morning during that stormy first week in February, a fishing village was awakened by a gun-shot off the coast. Hastening to the beach, the people saw a ship wrecked on a reef a mile away. The crew were in the rigging. A lifeboat was run out, but Harro, the leader of the crew, was absent.

Eight men, however, rowed out to the wreck. The crew were got into the lifeboat, with the exception of one who was lashed high up on a mast. He was half frozen, and as the storm was increasing, and the lifeboat overloaded, it was decided that he could not be taken off. When the lifeboat returned to the shore Harro had arrived. He asked whether every one had been saved, and was told that one remained.

"I will fetch him," said Harro; "will you go with me?"

The man refused, saying that it was impossible. "Then I will go alone," and sprang into the lifeboat. At this moment his mother came running down and begged him not to venture out, reminding him that both his father and his brother

Uwe had been drowned. Uwe was his youngest brother, and, as he had not been heard from for years, he was supposed to be dead.

"For love of me," Harro's mother begged, "don't go."

"But the man on the mast!" exclaimed Harro. "Are you sure he has no mother to mourn his death?"

Harro's mother said no more, and her son and four other men set out for the wreck, which was now quite under water. The waves were so furious that it was difficult to approach. At last the lifeboat reached it, and Harro climbed the mast and fetched the half-frozen man down. He was laid in the bottom of the lifeboat, and Harro bent over him and remained so until the boat was so near shore that his voice could be heard. Then he waved his cap and shouted:

"Tell my mother we have saved Uwe!"

A BOY'S BELIEF.

It isn't much fun a-living
If grandpa says what's true,
That this is the jolliest time o' life
That I'm a passing through.
I'm afraid he can't remember,
It's been so awful long,
I'm sure if he *could* recollect
He'd *know* that he was wrong.

Did *he* ever have, I wonder,
A sister just like mine,
Who'd take his skates, or break his kite,
Or tangle up his twine?
Did *he* ever chop the kindling,
Or fetch in coal and wood,
Or offer to turn the wringer?
If he did, he was awful good.

In summer, it's "weed the garden";
In winter, it's "shovel the snow,"
For there isn't a single season
But has it's work, you know.
And then, when a fellow's tired,
And hopes he may just sit still,
It's "bring me a pail of water, son,
From the spring at the foot of the hill."

How *can* grandpa remember
A fellow's grief or joy?
'Tween you and me, I don't believe
He ever *was* a boy.
Is this the jolliest time o' life?
Believe it I never can;
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy
As a really grown-up man.

—Harper's Young People.

Parent—Why do you advise against my boy Willie using a slate and pencil in school? Dabster in Science—Because they are covered with deadly microbes that would undoubtedly kill your boy if he lived long enough. Parent (much impressed)—Then I suppose I had better get him a paper pad to do his sums on? Dabster in Science—My dear sir, do you want to commit deliberate murder? There are millions of bacilli in every page of paper made. Parent (anxiously)—Well, how will he do his sums, then—in his mind? Dabster in Science—Worse yet. It has been found that abstract introspective thought over imaginary problems stimulates the growth of lethal bacteria in the brain cells. If you want your Willie to live, you had better keep him in a room sprayed with antiseptic vapor.—*New York Tribune*.

AN OBEDIENT BOY.—"Mamma, may I speak?"

"You know that you must not talk at the table."

"May I not say just one thing?"

"No, my boy; when papa has read his paper you may speak."

Papa reads through his paper and says kindly,

"Now, child, what is it?"

"I only wanted to say that the water-pipe in the bathroom has burst."—*Chicago Paper*.

The school exists for the child, and superintendents and teachers are not employed to use, but to serve the child.—*Dr. J. M. Rice*.

Literary Notes.

The editor of the *Review of Reviews*, in his record of "The Progress of the World" for the July number, comments on many matters of national and international moment—the recent cabinet changes following Secretary Gresham's death, the peculiar prominence of Mr. Carlisle in the leadership of his party, the present status of the silver question in politics, the duty of the United States towards Spain and Cuba, the progress of American universities, Russia's relations with China and Japan, the prospects of Pacific cable construction, the opening of the Kiel Canal, the progress of amateur sports in England and elsewhere, the recent Italian elections, the fall of Count Kalnoky, anti-Semitism in Vienna, British politics, the future of Chitral, the Armenian question, and various other timely topics. This department of the *Review* is illustrated by a score or more of portraits of the men and women of the day, together with maps and views.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. are publishing in the United States the monthly periodical, *Science Progress*, a publication now well known in England, and one that has there taken high rank. *Science Progress* is not a magazine of compiled matter for popular reading, but a serial for scholars who desire to discuss the results of investigation. In one respect, at least, the scheme of *Science Progress* is an original one; the energies of a strong publishing house are devoted to spreading the results of scientific research. Heretofore this important matter has been left mainly to the personal efforts of coteries of scholars working in a given field. The circulation of contributions to the literature of science, therefore, has been limited. It is the design of *Science Progress* to enlarge this field. It provides an epitome of the most recent advances in science drawn from all parts of the world. The editorial staff has been so organized as to make it possible to study the scientific literature of all languages, and to present in a concise form the results of modern investigation. The editorial staff consists of nine associates, representing the various departments of bacteriology, botany, chemistry, geology, physics, and general biology. The contributions are from specialists.

The July *Citizen* contains a notable article by Rev. William Bayard Hale on "Social Ideas and Social Realities." The realities of nation, family, and church are held up as concrete, living beings, in comparison with which mobs, cliques, political parties, sectional and sectarian associations of all kinds are so transitory and unreal that they may be called mere convenient ideas. The following are among the stirring sentences of the paper: "The divided Church in the world today is failing to do its work. It is miserably, pitifully inefficient in the face of poverty and greed and crime and social uneasiness. Pauperized by division, the most absurd of economic errors, instead of being a dispenser, it is a hungry object of charity. To the world, it looks as if its chief concern were the raising of funds for its own support, and that by mountebank methods, sensational shows, indecent, and even illegal, devices. It is necessary to assert that a political party has no real existence. It is a changing, indefinite, nebulous thing, given a name for convenience sake. Pretending to be a reality, it is the greatest humbug we, as a people, have ever embraced. It is the silliest and hugest delusion of our political history. Devotion to political parties is our national

idolatry." . . . *The Citizen* also contains Notes on Education in Europe by one of the most eminent of English educational experts, and an article on Pennsylvania Election Laws, by Dr. Albert a Bird. Published by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Philadelphia.

The third paper, dealing with the "Dancer and Musician," in Herbert Spencer's series on Professional Institutions, appears in *The Popular Science Monthly* for July. This number contains also an occasional article by Mr. Spencer, under the title "Mr. Balfour's Dialectics," in which he discusses the position of Balfour's Foundations of Belief as to things supernatural. Dr. Andrew D. White, in "Beginnings of Scientific Interpretation," tells how the pioneers of scientific investigation of the Hebrew Scriptures were suppressed and how their views began to win acceptance. Under the title "The Bowels of the Earth," the latest views of geologists as to the condition and material of the inmost parts of our globe are given by Alfred C. Lane. Dr. C. F. Taylor writes on "Climate and Health," showing that there are other things besides temperature to be considered in selecting a climate for an invalid. Prof. James Sully, in his *Studies of Childhood*, concludes the subject of "Fear" with a discussion of fear of animals and fear of the dark. Charles H. Coe contributes an account of "The Armadillo and its Oddities," with an illustration. In "A Medical Study of the Jury System," the way in which the unwholesome and confusing conditions of an ordinary jury trial interfere with sound judgment is pointed out by Dr. T. D. Crothers. The question "Why Children Lie" is discussed by Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, who sees a frequent cause in disorders of mind or body. How far degenerate and diseased conditions can be inherited is discussed by M. Charles Féré under the title "Morbid Heredity." John P. Lotsy, Ph.D., writes on "Herbaria in their Relation to Botany," and there is a sketch of William Cranch Bond, the astronomer, with a portrait and a picture of the house that served as the first observatory of Harvard College. In the Editor's Table a scientific view of "Social Evolution" is given. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number; \$5 a year.

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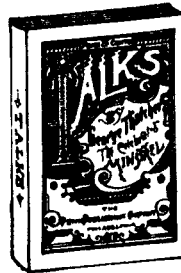
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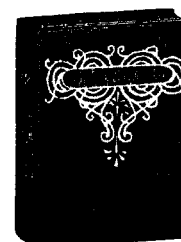
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We have received a copy of the annual announcement of the Veterinary College to be opened October 1st, in Kingston, in connection with Queen's University. The new school is intended to give young men such a knowledge of the diseases of domestic animals as will qualify for the practice of the profession of veterinary surgeons. It is also intended to give to farmers' sons and stock-raisers such a knowledge of veterinary science as will enable them to treat their stock intelligently, breed them scientifically, and, in case of serious sickness, administer temporary relief until the services of a regularly qualified veterinary surgeon can be obtained. Geo. W. Bell, V.S., Kingston, will be glad to furnish any of our readers with further information regarding the College, or the Dairy School, which stands beside it.

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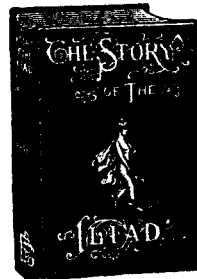
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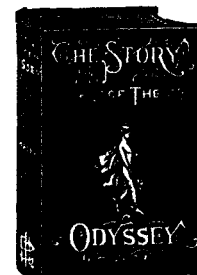
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OFFICIAL CALENDAR

OF THE

Educational Department.

July :

11. The High School Senior Leaving and University Honor Matriculation Examinations begin. (Subject to appointment.)
15. Public School Trustees' Semi-Annual Reports to Inspectors, due. [P. S. Act, sec. 40 (13)] (On or before 15th July.)
20. Reports on the High School Entrance Examinations, to Departments, due. (On or before 20th July.)
- Reports on the Public School Leaving Examinations, to Departments, due. (On or before 30th July.)

August :

1. Notice by Trustees to Municipal Councils respecting indigent children, due. [P. S. Act, sec. 40 (7); S. S. Act, sec. 28 (13).] (On or before 1st August.)
- Estimates from School Boards to Municipal Councils for assessment for School Purposes due. [H. S. Act, sec. 14 (5); P. S. Act, sec. 40 (8); sec. 107 (10); S. S. Act, sec. 28 (14); sec. 32 (5); sec. 55.] (On or before 1st August.)
- High School Trustees to certify to County Treasurer the amount collected from county pupils. [H. S. Act, sec. 14 (10).] (On or before 1st August.)
- High School Trustees to petition Council for Assessment for permanent improvement. [H. S. Act, sec. 33.] (On or before 1st August.)
15. Last day for receiving appeals against High School Entrance and Public School Leaving Examinations. (On or before 15th August.)
19. Rural Public and Separate Schools open. [P. S. Act, sec. 173 (1); S. S. Act, 79 (1).] (3rd Monday in August.)
20. Provincial Normal Schools open (second session). (3rd Tuesday in August.)
24. Application for admission to County Model Schools to Inspectors, due. (Not later than 25th August.)
26. High Schools' First Term, and Public and Separate Schools in cities, towns, and incorporated villages open. [H. S. Act, sec. 42; P. S. Act, sec. 173 (2); S. S. Act, 79 (2).] (Last Monday of August.)

September :

2. Last day for receiving applications for admission to the Provincial School of Pedagogy. (1st September.)
- County Model Schools open. (1st day of September.)
14. Last day for receiving appeals against the High School Primary and Leaving Examinations. (On or before 15th September.)

EXAMINATIONS.

July 4.—High School Primary Examinations begin.

July 11.—High School Senior Leaving and University Honor Matriculations Examinations begin.

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