

**PAGES**

**MISSING**



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

*From a Painting by F. Hiddemann*

**TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.**

# The Educational Review.

Devoted to Advanced Methods of Education and General Culture.

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## THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

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#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS—

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

THANKSGIVING DAY will be on Monday this year, instead of Thursday as heretofore.

THE St. John Exhibition, the advertisement of which appears on another page, should be a very attractive place for school children. Nothing is more stimulating than that of following closely what other boys and girls are doing in their school work, and the Exhibition furnishes this opportunity for the examination and comparison of the work of different schools.

The N. S. Provincial Educational Association will meet at Truro, on the 2nd of September. By referring to the advertisement on another page it will be seen that no regular programme is provided beyond the informal discussion of topics, an arrangement that suggests a lively interest in the proceedings.

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY and the Maritime provinces can ill afford to lose such a man as Professor Walter C. Murray, who, since 1892, has filled acceptably the chair of philosophy at Dalhousie, and has identified himself closely with its progress and with the progress of education in these provinces. Professor Murray has been asked to assume the presidency of the new university of Saskatchewan, and it is reported that he has accepted. If so, the West is to be congratulated on obtaining for its head a man of his scholarly and executive abilities.

THE Yarmouth, N. S., *Herald* has been published continuously for seventy-five years, under the management of father and son—the late A. Lawson, its founder, and the present editor, J. M. Lawson, who has been its sole director since the death of his father in 1895. In celebrating its Diamond Jubilee in the issue of August 4th, a complete history of the *Herald's* progress is given, with many letters of esteem and congratulation from friends of the paper who are legion. The history of a paper that has completed seventy-five years of existence under practically one management is unique in the history of newspapers on this continent. No paper that reaches this office is read with more interest than the *Herald*. In contents, tone and vigour, it is an ideal newspaper, and the REVIEW, which is now entering upon its twenty-second year, heartily congratulates the *Herald* on its long and successful existence, and hopes that it may live to celebrate at least its centenary under its present energetic manager.

### Our Picture.

This week the REVIEW presents to its readers the picture of Little Red Riding Hood. The familiar story, so well known to children, is found in the Nova Scotian Readers, Book III, page 35, and is too long to reproduce here. But every one is acquainted with the story of Little Red Riding Hood, and recalls the breathless interest with which in childhood it was listened to, and when the big eyes were made to stand out on the face of the story-teller, or the nose and ears were pulled at to make them twice their size, or the mouth opened big and wide to the ecstatic delight of the childish listener.

"Why, grandmother, what big eyes you have got!"

"The better to see with, my child."

"And, oh grandmother, what a long nose you have got!"

"The better to smell with, my child."

"But, grandmother, what great ears you have got!"

"The better to hear with, my child."

"Oh, grandmother, what great—big—teeth—you've got!"

"The better to eat you up!"

And forthwith—as the writer remembers it—the greedy wolf "eats up" poor Little Red Riding Hood, and the ready tears of childhood flow freely over her sad fate. But modern versions of the story make the real grandmother and servants come in the nick of time to save Red Riding Hood and kill the wolf. Which ending do the children like best?

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### Must Play the Game.

There is another point about which I would like to say a word. I notice that your young people take great interest in athletics. I am a firm believer in their value, if carried out in a true spirit and in moderation. But I hope that young Canadians will always remember that in athletics, as in all the relations of life, they must "play the game," in the true sense of that term. They must play for the sake of the game, preferring to lose it fairly rather than to win it unfairly. They must be ready not to grudge their opponents every fair advantage, and they must be prepared to lose with good temper and to win without boasting.

The above is an extract from a speech of Lord Roberts during his recent visit to Canada. Of the many notable people at the Quebec Tercentenary, there was no one on whom the gaze of the people rested with more love and admiration than this hero, and the reason is that he stands for what is best in English life—the kindly and courteous English gentleman and the warrior of the brave heart and unconquerable spirit.

Words from a man whose character speaks must

bear weight, and they are commended to the earnest attention of our teachers. The desire, especially among young people, to "win the game," is so strong that, in their eagerness to win, the spirit of fair play and a generous respect for opponents are lost sight of. This desire should be corrected by precept and example.

The English nation is famous for its love of fair play. Sometimes there are exhibitions of brutality among the lower classes, but that is far better than the treachery and fraud that mark the lower classes of many other nations. The English gentleman is the simplest of men in his tastes and pleasures, and the fairest of sportsmen. As such he is a model.

The Olympic games in London a few weeks ago brought athletes from all nations to strive together in feats of strength and endurance. How Canadians conducted themselves is thus referred to by the *Times*:

The bearers of the red maple leaf have shown throughout these games a dogged pluck and a cheerfulness in the face of disappointment which the representatives of none of the other nations have surpassed.

This is certainly gratifying to Canadians, and it is a good opinion that we should strive in every possible way to uphold. What signifies it if a game is lost or a prize foregone, provided one holds his reputation for clean sport and honest dealing? A victory over one's self is of far greater importance than a victory over a competitor; and teachers should never weary of cultivating a spirit of generous fair play that shall be sufficient to enable boys and girls "to lose with good temper and to win without boasting." Such a spirit is a part of the nature of most young people. It is corrupted by low ideals and low companions.

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### Hedges—Ornamental and Useful.

A trim, neat, well-kept hedge is an ornament as well as a protection to school grounds and country places. One wonders why hedges are not more common along roadsides and railroads instead of the ubiquitous zig-zag rail fence or that "invention of the devil," the barbed wire fence. In the end the hedge would prove less expensive and more useful, and it would give a charm to landscapes which are now robbed of much of their beauty by hideous unkempt rail fences. Why not consider the planting

of these living, growing fences, which would add so much to the beauty of our country and at the same time afford shelter and protection?

To many people the only idea of a hedge is one made of cedar or spruce, which is so commonly seen enclosing well-kept lawns or gardens in towns or villages or some old country place. But there is scarcely any native bush or shrub that will not make an attractive hedge, or scarcely any spot in the country that would not be enlivened and protected by a hedge-row or border of our native plants. At the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, may be seen a variety of well trimmed flourishing hedges made of different native trees and shrubs. The fact that these are in contiguous rows and growing in the same soil and under the same conditions shows what is possible to be done, not only by those who ornament private grounds, but by farmers of small areas.

Our native cornel or dogwood, viburnum, holly, wild rose, hawthorn, kalmia, hazel, willow, would make attractive hedges of not too large a size. These are all deciduous shrubs. It is a mistake to suppose that trees or shrubs that shed their leaves do not make ornamental hedges. Most of the English hedges are of trees and shrubs which shed their leaves in autumn—hawthorn, privet, hazel, ash, oak, beech, etc. Nothing can be more beautiful than these hedges in summer, ornamented with streams of clematis, wild rose, honeysuckle creeping over them, the ground beneath bordered with masses of wild flowers and ferns. It is just as possible to make a beautiful hedge-row in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick as in England, if care be used in setting out and pruning, and a judicious selection of plants be made.

One of the best materials for a hedge in a dry or sandy soil is the American white or gray birch (not the canoe birch). The soil is very dry and poor indeed where it will not flourish, and its triangular, shining leaves, dancing in the sunlight, are very beautiful.

It would be, very likely, labour lost to plant a hedge without a careful study of conditions as to moisture and exposure. Nature is a good teacher. Take frequent walks where trees and shrubs abound and notice the conditions under which each flourishes. Good taste, judgment and plenty of hard work are as essential in the planting of a hedge-row as they are in many other useful and beautiful things in life.

### Noteworthy Opinions.

(Extracts from recent letters).

\* \* \* \* "Your REVIEW brings me immediately in touch with my old friends and my old life in our Maritime Provinces. It is a part of my career that I always look back upon with the greatest pleasure. I do not think I was ever happier or more full of sincere enthusiasm for teaching, as well as other things, than when I had my first country schools in Buctouche and Campobello, or later when I first knew you in Bathurst and in Fredericton. Those early days and their influences have given me the most profound belief in the atmosphere of our provinces as a healthy place for a young fellow to grow up in and develop his ideas. The influences all round seem to me good and inspiring. Of course it is necessary to resist the tendency towards a provincial, or even parochial, habit of thinking; but, on the other hand, in all those places I found people to associate with who were thinking on broad lines. I wish very much that we could get those Maritime Provinces, and especially their vacant places, filled up with a stock as good as that which first settled there. If I were in public life in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, I think I would try to devise some plan by which the better classes of England and Scotland could be drawn into the country. When I say better classes, I mean the sturdy country type in both countries, or people of education with small means, but earnest purpose and refinement, who find it such a struggle to keep their heads above water in this country (England). I picture Canada to people who ask me about it as a hard and relentless place, but good for those who accept its discipline; and when I do this I always have our own provinces and my own experience in mind. If I had plenty of means and could spare the time, I would like to come out and spend a year once more visiting all my old haunts, and then write a book particularly about the Maritime Provinces. The opportunities they offer are not half understood in this country, and a book about them might help to remedy this. But I fear all this is Utopian, for I have much else to do."

—Geo. R. Parkin.

"The whole celebration (Champlain Tercentenary at Quebec) was, without question, the finest historical celebration ever seen on this continent, putting in the shade, in its unique appropriateness, the bulky expositions of the United States. A com-

petent critic has assured me that the pageants were superior to those of Oxford a year ago.

"I have always been proud of being a Canadian, and of the splendid British traditions and achievements of which we are the inheritors, but at Quebec I had it brought home to me, as never before, that Canada has behind her French traditions and achievements as well as British, and of these also we have the right to be proud."

—H. C. Henderson.

"I am quite in sympathy with your article in last REVIEW on "Utility." The coming farmer must be a well-developed, broad-minded, intellectual person, capable of keen enjoyment in mental exercise. But it seems to me that a close and sympathetic relation to country environment must be spread through the training of his youth. I think no one more cordially than myself believes in the disciplinary power of the higher learning, no one would diffuse it and its influence more widely; but in so doing I would deprecate any tendency to swing the masses of our people out of touch with country life. The doctrine that country life has nothing but drudgery, labour and poverty of enjoyment is pernicious. There might have been a good deal of truth in such statements, say, fifty years ago, but in these days of scientific knowledge, of cheap machinery of all kinds, it certainly need not all be true.

"Culture for the many would be my motto, culture and contentment in work and place where the bulk of the people on whom rests the nation's stability must ever be found."

—R. P. Steeves.

It has finally been decided to make Dalgety the capital of the Australian Commonwealth. The time of the parliament at its recent lengthy session (not quite so long, however, as the late session at Ottawa) was largely devoted to the settlement of this vexed question. The forces of New South Wales were arrayed against Dalgety, and Caberra was proposed as a substitute, but without success. Dalgety is at present only a village with a few score of houses, some stores, a church, a school and post office. It is finely situated near a grassy undulating plain in the region of the clear perennial water of Snowy River, and bids fair to become, like Ottawa, an industrial and commercial, as well as a political centre.

### Summer School at Truro.

The Nova Scotia Summer School of Science at Truro this year, under the auspices of the Agricultural College and the Normal School, closed on the 13th of August with an examination on the work of the session.

Probably no other summer school ever took its work more seriously. The printed time-table announced lectures, field work and laboratory work from 8.30 a. m. to 12, 1.30 p. m. to 5.30, and 7.30 to 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday afternoons, and it was carried out to the letter from the day after the opening until the close of the session. The students, without exception, declared that they had thoroughly enjoyed the work, even if it was rather strenuous, and that they believed it would enable them to teach more efficiently. One object kept in view in almost every lecture was to show how the truths developed or investigated might be used educatively in the public school. To make children investigators of their environment, instead of stuffing their memories with facts about it, was illustrated and emphasized constantly.

The school opened on the 14th of July in the biological room of the Agricultural College. Principal Cumming welcomed the students, outlined the purposes of the school, and introduced the instructors, each of whom made his bow and briefly touched on the work he proposed to take up. Dr. Soloan, in a stimulating address, congratulated the students on their prospective opportunities, and emphasized the value of the course in physical drill to be conducted by officers of the militia department. Principal Cumming was assisted in the organization of the school by Mr. J. Dearness, M. A., who has had a good deal of experience in summer school work. The former gave the lectures and demonstrations in farm and animal husbandry, and the latter those on the principles of nature study, general biology and botany. During the absence of Principal Cumming, whose duties as secretary of agriculture took him to Halifax part of the time, Mr. Dearness acted as vice-principal. Mr. L. C. Harlow, B. Sc., B. S. A., had chemistry, geology, birds and insects; Mr. P. J. Shaw, B. A., school gardening and horticulture; Mr. J. A. Benoit, B. A., physics; Mr. F. G. Matthews the correlated wood-work, drawing and colour-work; Sergeant Armitage, physical drill. Besides these regular lectures there were evening lectures on technical and popular subjects.

Among the visitors were Inspector Campbell,

Supervisor McKay, of Halifax; Editor Woodworth, of Berwick; Superintendent MacKay and Prof. Walter Murray, of Dalhousie. Superintendent MacKay spent a whole day at the school, and, in the course of an address, expressed himself as much pleased with the work that he saw.

Field excursions by the whole school were made on two afternoons in each week. One excursion to Black Rock, a distance of twelve miles, occupied a whole day.

This summer school offers the way to Nova Scotia teachers who may wish to proceed to the rural science diploma. The tests required for the latter are regular attendance at one or more sessions, a satisfactory report on the individual work of the subjects by the instructors and the passing of an examination. A course of study between terms is recommended, so that a teacher, according to his proficiency, can reach the diploma in one, two or three sessions.

School boards having teachers self-sacrificing enough to give up their summer holidays to the work of advancing professional efficiency should show, tangibly and otherwise, their appreciation of such efforts. At the Truro school the main object was not to increase scientific knowledge, but to re-organize what knowledge the students already have with a view to training.

#### Real and Fake Teaching.

Teaching school is hard work; keeping school an easy job; training children to think requires energy, purpose and culture; stuffing children with text-book facts does not require either energy, purpose or culture. Almost any one can tell pupils "how to work the sums" in a common school arithmetic, ask the questions found in a catechism geography, listen to pupils recite the text of a history and watch pupils imprison sentences in diagrams. No one who is content to remain in a state of rest can stimulate mental activity in others. The living dead cannot lead others to think or to do. Children cannot be properly trained, morally or intellectually, by a passive believer in traditional theories and inherited practices. Only he who dares to think for himself can lead others to think for themselves. Leadership requires conviction, courage, and a magnetic personality.—*J. N. Patrick.*

#### LESSONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE—I.

By ELEANOR ROBINSON.

##### The Story of Beowulf.

[This series of lessons is planned to accompany and illustrate the English history lessons of children from ten to fourteen. The lessons begin with Anglo-Saxon times, and will be continued in chronological order. As the introduction indicates, they are intended to show how the making of books went on side by side with the other work of the nation, and also how these books reflect the national life. It is suggested that the lessons should be read, or, as is much better, told to the children, who should be called upon to tell them again in their own words.]

##### INTRODUCTION.

The story of Beowulf is told in the first great poem that belongs to the English people. I do not say the first great *English* poem, because then you might think that you could read it for yourselves, as you can "The Lady of the Lake," or "Evangeline." But the language of the poem is so different from the English of our time that it has to be studied almost like a foreign tongue. There is no mention of England or of the English people in the story, and we are not even sure that it was first told in England. No one knows certainly by whom it was first told, or where, or when.

You learn in history about the tribes of Jutes, Angles and Saxons, who came over from the continent and conquered Britain in the fifth century, and who afterwards came to be called English, and gave the name of England to part of the island. It was a custom among these tribes for minstrels to sing or recite at banquets the stories of the great deeds of their ancestors, and of other heroes, and it is thought that the story of Beowulf was one of these minstrel songs, and that it had been sung and told among them for a great many years, perhaps before they ever came to England. Sometime in the eighth century, however, it was written down; but it was never printed in a book until less than a hundred years ago.

"Beowulf" is what is called an epic poem. An epic poem is one that tells a story of great and heroic deeds done by great men, and tells it in grand and noble words. An epic poem, too, always shows us something greater than man and his deeds, and this little life of ours; it tells of the unseen world, and of the great and eternal powers that govern all life.

The story of Beowulf shows, by the way in which it speaks of the heathen gods, and of the unseen world, that it was first told by heathen people; but

you remember that before the poem came to be written down, in the eighth century, the English people had become Christians, and so we find the writer speaking about one true God, and calling Him the Creator and Ruler of the world, as a Christian would do.

But this change in their religion is by no means the only thing that the poem tells us about our English forefathers. It gives us a very clear picture of their life; it tells about their houses, their dress and jewels, their armour, weapons and ways of fighting; their ships; their use of pictures and of music; their customs at feasts and at funerals; the relations between a king or a leader and his followers, and between men and women. It shows us their ways of speaking and of thinking, what they loved and hated, admired and despised. There is a great deal of fighting and adventure in it, a great deal about ships and sailing, and the dangers and mysteries of the sea. It makes clear that the virtues which were held in the highest honour were courage and loyalty.

After all, you see it is quite true to call it an English poem. It began among the forefathers of our English race; it was written down in a language out of which, though it looks foreign to us, grew our English tongue; and it tells of ways of living and thinking that have always been dear to our people, for Englishmen have always been sailors and fighters and adventurers, and we like to think that, as a nation, they have been loyal and brave. The story of Beowulf is the first of those records of "high deeds and honourable thoughts" that are not yet ended, and that make the glory of English literature.

#### THE STORY.

And now for the story itself: Hrothgar, the king of the Danes, had built close to the sea a banquet-hall, the grandest and most beautiful that had ever been seen, and adorned it richly with gold. This hall was called Heorot, and here the king and his earls feasted, and, when night came, lay down on the benches to sleep. In the marsh-lands near by lived a horrible monster called Grendel, half man and half fiend. Grendel hated the sounds of singing and rejoicing that came from Heorot; so one night, while the Danes were sleeping, he entered the hall and carried off thirty of Hrothgar's men and devoured them. The next night he came again and carried away another thirty, and thus he went on, until no man dared to sleep in Heorot. For twelve years Hrothgar and his people bore the shame and misery of being in the power of this

terrible monster. At last, news of their troubles came to Gotland, in Sweden. The king of this country was Hygelac, and he had a very brave thane named Beowulf, who was marvellously strong and a famous swimmer. Beowulf got leave from the king to go to the help of the Danes, and he and fourteen brave companions sailed over the cold and stormy seas until they reached Denmark. They anchored their ship, which had a gilded figurehead of a boar, and climbed up the cliff, and, as soon as they reached a level place, they gave thanks to God who had brought them safe over the waves. A Danish sentinel challenged them, wondering at their boldness in landing, all armed, in a strange country, and at the grand and noble looks of their leader. When they told him their errand, he led them to within sight of the king's palace, and then rode back to guard the sea-coast. They went on through the stone-paved streets to the palace wall, where they piled up their spears, which were made of steel with ash handles. Then they rested, for they were weary with travelling. A herald went and told the king who they were and why they had come. Hrothgar and his earls welcomed them gladly; but one man was envious and scoffed at Beowulf, calling him a vain boaster. That night there was a great feast in Heorot; place was made for the Gotland men to sit together; they drank ale out of beautiful flagons; the minstrels sang, and everyone rejoiced. Then the queen came in, carrying a cup of mead, which she offered first to the king, and then to the rest of the company in turn. After the feast, Beowulf and his men lay down to sleep on the benches. Then, when all was quiet, Grendel came stealing up from the misty marshes, and seizing upon one of the heroes, tore him limb from limb and devoured him. Next, he seized upon Beowulf himself. Then there was a mighty struggle, so that the great hall rocked; but at last Beowulf tore out one of Grendel's arms, and the fiend fled away to his lair.

There was great triumph and rejoicing, and Hrothgar gave rich gifts to the hero and his friends.

Grendel was dying, but the danger was not over yet. The monster had a mother, yet more terrible than himself, who lived in a cave at the bottom of the sea. The next night she came to Heorot, and carried away Beowulf's favorite companion. To avenge his death, Beowulf pursued the sea-wolf, as she was called, and dived into the sea in all his armour, and carrying a famous sword called Hrunting. The monster grappled with him and carried



him down to her cave. He wrestled bravely with her, but she would have killed him if his armour had not turned aside her dagger. Hrunting had failed him, but on the floor of the cave lay a mighty sword, too great for any man to lift. God gave Beowulf strength beyond that of mortal man, so that he seized this weapon, and with it cut off the horrible creature's head. Remembering how much the Danes had suffered from these monsters, Beowulf sought through the cave, sword in hand, to make sure that no more of the fiendish brood were left alive. He found Grendel lying on his deathbed, slew him also, and returned to his friends, who had given him up for lost. Hrothgar, now delivered from his deadly foes, loaded the hero and his men with treasures, and, before they separated for home, gave them some good advice, telling them not to fall into the sins of greed or avarice, but to be just and generous to their people.

Beowulf now went back to Gotland and told all his adventures to Hygelac and his queen. Some time after this, Hygelac was killed in a great battle, from which Beowulf escaped with his life, only by his great skill in swimming. The heir to the throne was only a baby, and the queen, his mother, wanted Beowulf to be king in his place. Beowulf was too loyal to take the throne, but he acted as guardian, and protected the little king till he was old enough to rule for himself. But the young king also was killed in battle, and then Beowulf reigned in great prosperity for fifty years. At the end of this time came his last great adventure. There was a great hoard of treasure buried in Gotland, no man knew where, and a fierce fire-dragon guarded it. A runaway slave happened to find the hiding place, and stole some of the treasure. The Dragon was furious, and in his rage he went about the country night after night burning and destroying. When the old hero-king heard of this, he came to the rescue of his people. He put on his armour, and with twelve companions went out to his last fight, for he knew that he should never come back. He said farewell to his people, and told them to stand by and watch the struggle. Then he went to the mouth of the Dragon's cave and shouted his war-cry. The Dragon rushed out, and though the king fought bravely, he could not stand against the monster's fiery breath. His comrades were terrified and hid in a wood to save their own lives. One man, Wiglaf, alone was faithful; he rushed to his king and helped him to kill the dragon, but could not save his life. Beowulf had time to thank God

that he had delivered his people from the Dragon and got the treasure for them, and then he died. The followers crept up, ashamed, and found Wiglaf sitting by the dead king; and Wiglaf spoke stern and bitter words to them of their cowardice. "Death is better for any man," he said, "than shameful life." As was the custom, they burned the king's body on a great pile built on a high headland, and over his ashes they raised a mound of earth which took ten days to build. In this mound they buried all the treasures of the Dragon's hoard, and there they remain, the poet says, unto this day. Last of all, twelve princes rode round, singing the praises of their dead king.

Meet is it that a man should tell the tale  
Of noble acts; meet that his heart should burn  
With love towards his liege lord, when at last  
The spirit must go forth upon its way,  
And the loved leader come again no more.  
Thus Beowulf's comrades mourned him when he fell,  
And thus they sang his praise: "Kindest wert thou  
Of all kings of the earth, gentle and strong,  
To all men gracious, and in clash of war  
Most eager thou for glory!" \*

\* From the translation in "The Oxford Treasury of English Literature."

#### Ten Good Books For Teachers.

These books are especially adapted to teachers between the ages of twenty and seventy.

1. "Theory and Practice." Page. The Homer of practical pedagogics in whose flame we moderns have lighted our little tapers.
2. "Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster." Thompson. For those who have become fossilized and grown hard-hearted.
3. Thring's "Theory and Practice." A fine tonic, No alcohol.
4. "Jean Mitchell's School." Should not be read too often.
5. "Emmy Lou." For those with undeveloped sense of humour.
6. "Little Citizens." Myra Kelly. For nature-study cranks.
7. Laurie's "Institutes." For those who never get anything clear.
8. "Evolution of Dodd." Better than James's "Psychology."
9. Halleck's "Education of the Central Nervous System." To be read once each year.
10. "Notes to Students on the Art of Study." John Cramer. The most suggestive book in its line ever written.—*Extract.*

**NATURE STUDY—CLASS VII.**

BY WM. H. MOORE.

**Our Squirrels.**

For this month I will deal with some of our common wild neighbours. First, let us observe the common red squirrel. I can touch upon just a few of his peculiarities at this time, so do not be surprised if many of you know interesting facts about him in addition to what may be told here.

About this time of the year the red squirrels are beginning to lay up their supply of food for the winter. The first supplies consist of the seeds of the spruces, and to obtain these the squirrels work about on the limbs of the spruces, clipping with their sharp incisor teeth the stems of the cones, allowing the latter to fall to the ground, to be gathered into piles when a goodly supply has been dropped. Sometimes they are gathered into holes in the ground, into hollow logs or stumps, and are often just piled upon the ground and covered with leaves. Which end of the cone does the squirrel begin to eat from?

After the cones are stored up the nut season comes on. The hazel nuts are not laid away for winter use by the red squirrel, but beech nuts are gathered into small piles in the same manner as are the cones. The hazel nuts are eaten from the bushes, and it is a peculiar fact that only the nuts containing good meat are taken. Squirrels and jays are either possessed of an X-ray vision or have an acute sense for determining the sound nuts from the unsound. Have you ever thought what a knowledge some of the so-called lower animals have of the things about them? How they learn to distinguish between edible and poisonous mushrooms, and many other little "wrinkles" that we are apt to overlook? The squirrels, although rodents, are omnivorous, and are thus capable of getting their living in almost any bit of woods. Berries of many kinds, varieties of fungi growing either upon decayed trees or upon the ground, insects, eggs and young birds are all eaten in their season.

What seemed to the writer to be a most repulsive kind of food was plant lice, especially for such a clean dapper little fellow as the squirrel, but they were seen to be greedily devoured, as well as the gnarled, contorted leaves upon which they were feeding. Your rustic friend was so mystified with such a depraved appetite on the part of the squirrel that he decided to make a closer observation, and,

climbing to the limb where the little rodent had been feeding, he found that his guesses were only too true. Yet the mystery was unsolved, except by the squirrel. Years afterwards a lecture upon honey-secreting insects was heard, and the speaker mentioned plant lice as capable at times of putting forth a liquid known as honey dew. This honey dew was what the squirrel was obtaining, and to make sure that he got everything in sight he was eating leaves, insects and all. But these are not the only "sweets" the red squirrel longs for. He will bite through the bark of limbs of the maples and suck the sweet sap in the spring of the year.\*

The nests of the red squirrel are often bulky affairs, being fully a foot in diameter. They are composed of leaves, grasses and shreds of bark, and are placed either in cavities of trees or upon the limbs of conifers. The bark of the cedar is a favorite material used in making their nests. Possibly the odour of the bark helps to keep away insect pests. We know that cedar twigs rolled up with our fur goods will protect, to a certain extent, against moths. Yet it is probably not his fur that the squirrel wishes to protect, but what is within the fur.

The young are from four to six in a litter, and are born throughout the warmer months.

Squirrels have so many enemies to contend with that they are ever on the lookout for danger. Not only are they preyed upon during the day, but at night owls will tear open the nests and get at the occupants.

Squirrels are very determined in some of their actions, and have been known to start boldly out to swim across bodies of water a mile in extent. They have been seen to clamber up the side of a canoe that was being paddled along, cross it, plunge into the water on the other side and continue their journey.

The red squirrel may be looked upon as one of our hardy mammals, but the striped squirrel or chipmunk must fall short and be listed among our half hardy animals. (This idea of hardy and half hardy mammals is original. Does the term not apply?) Ground squirrel is another name applied to our striped species, for the reason that it burrows in the ground and there stores up food, consisting of nuts, grains, cherry stones, apple seeds, etc. In its cozy retreat it spends the entire winter

\* A correspondent in Westmorland County and another in Charlotte County speak of this habit of the squirrel.—  
EDITOR.

and rears its young. That they are possessed of much intelligence is proved by examining the burrows. In digging, the earth is removed through one tunnel and another to be stored for later use, and it is dug from within so that no fresh earth is to be noticed at the entrance to the burrow. Fully a half bushel of food for winter use has been taken from a single burrow. Their summer hours are evidently not spent in idleness.

The tail of the striped squirrel is much less bushy than that of the red squirrel. Have any of you ever thought why? As the striped squirrel does very little climbing and jumping in trees, it does not need a broad flat tail to steady it in its leaps, as is necessary with the red and flying squirrels. The striped squirrel is provided with capacious cheek pouches, in which it carries food and nesting material, so that when the pouches are filled it makes the squirrel's head look much too big for the body. The fore paws are used to assist in filling the pouches. Have you noticed if the tail is carried at the same angle when the little rodent is travelling with a well-filled mouth as when it is empty? There are many curious things to notice about even our common wild neighbours!

When our curiosity is aroused, and we begin to pay attention to tell-tale writings on the snow, we find that flying squirrels are tolerably common in our woods. Being nocturnal in habit, they are seldom observed by us, unless we chance to disturb them in their nests. When unceremoniously roused by some intruder, they are quite stupid until their eyes become accustomed to the sunlight, and may be caught in the hands. Although called the flying squirrel, this species does not fly, but its structure assists it greatly in making long leaps from one tree to another, or to the earth. They often take advantage of the deserted nests of woodpeckers and use them for homes. A goodly supply of grasses, leaves and shreds of bark are used in building the nest. The young are produced in early summer, and when able to run about are certainly cute little fellows. The mother lives with the young throughout the summer and part of the following winter, and then seeks another home.

The flying squirrel is even more carnivorous than its red relative, and may often be secured in traps baited with meat.

There are a few records of the occurrence of the grey squirrel in these provinces. They are evidently migrants from Maine, as all have been noticed near our western boundary, but one was secured as

far east as Springhill, near Fredericton. The grey squirrel is much larger than any of our native species, being fully twenty inches in length, while our red squirrel seldom exceeds a length of twelve inches, and the flying and striped squirrels are still shorter.

There is still some work to be done in determining the different kinds of squirrels for the varieties with us differ somewhat from those of the same species in southern and western localities.

#### Quotations for Labor Day.

Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Worry is rust upon the blade.—*Beecher.*

Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.—*Bovee.*

The gods give nothing really good and beautiful without labour and diligence.—*Xenophon.*

"Labour is worship!" the robin is singing;

"Labour is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.

—*Mrs. Francis S. Osgood.*

Rest is not quitting the busy career;

Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

—*John Dwight.*

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it.—*Carlyle.*

If it were not for labour, men neither could eat so much, nor relish so pleasantly, nor sleep so soundly, nor be so healthful, nor so useful, so strong nor so patient, so noble nor so untempted.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Life is accustomed to give nothing to man without a world of toil.—*Horace.*

When the ancients said that a work begun was half done, they meant that we ought to take the utmost pains in every undertaking to make a good beginning.—*Polybius.*

Work is no disgrace, but idleness is a disgrace.—*Hipparchus.*

He who would eat the kernel must crack the shell.—

—*Plautus.*

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,  
May hope to achieve it before life is done;  
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,  
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,  
A harvest of barren regrets. —*Owen Meredith.*

A sacred burden is the life ye bear,  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

## CANADIAN LITERATURE—VII.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON

Louis Honore Fréchette.

By the death of Dr. Louis Fréchette, on the first day of June, Canada lost the greatest of her French poets, a writer famous not only in Canada, but known wherever the French language is spoken.

Born at Levis, on the 16th of November, 1839, Louis Fréchette was educated at the Quebec Seminary and at Nicolet. He studied law, and was called to the Quebec bar when twenty-five years old. Before this, however, he had begun work as a newspaper writer, and editing, first *Le journal de Québec*, and then *Le Journal de Levis*. In 1865 he went to Chicago, where he continued his work in journalism, editing from 1868 to 1870 a paper called *L'Amérique*. Returning to Quebec in 1871, he practised law for a time, and in 1874 was returned as M. P. for Levis during the Mackenzie-Dorion administration; but in 1878, and again in 1882, he was defeated at the polls. After this he began to give his whole time to writing. In 1884 and 1885 he edited *La Patrie*, of Montreal, and later on he became well known as a contributor to *L'Opinion Publique*, *The Forum*, *Harper's Monthly* and *The Arena*.

While thus becoming a practised prose writer, Fréchette was not losing sight of the ambition, conceived while he was a mere child, to be a great poet. In 1863 there appeared his first volume of poems, *Mes Loisirs*, written for the most part, he tells us, while he was at college; and following this collection came *La Voix d'un Exilé* and *Pêle-Mêle*. In 1880 he received recognition from the great authority on French literature, when the French Academy crowned his two volumes, *Les Fleurs Boréales*, and *Les Oiseaux des Neiges*, awarded him the Moutyou prize, and conferred upon him the title of Poet Laureate of Canada, an honour never before won by a Canadian writer.

Among his other works are *Les Oubliés*, *Feuilles Volantes*, *Vioix d'Outre-Mer*, the dramas *Papineau* and *Veronica*, the latter written for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; *La Légende d'un Peuple*, celebrating the great historical events concerning the French in America, and articles and short stories, in English as well as in French, on the subject of French Canadian Folklore, in which he was well versed. His little book called *Christmas in French Canada* is well known. Sir John Bourinot pronounced *La Découverte du Mississippi* to be his best sustained long poem, and a writer in the *Spectator* (Lon-

don), thinks that in *Niagara* he has produced by far the best of French Canadian sonnets.

France was not the only country to confer honours on the poet. In 1881 he received the degree of LL. D. from both McGill and Queen's universities; in 1882 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada; in 1888 Laval made him D. ès L., and at the time of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria he was made C. M. G.

In 1863, when *Mes Loisirs* appeared, the Poet Longfellow hailed its author as "the pathfinder of a new land of song." It is characteristic of the generous spirit of Fréchette that in a graceful and sympathetic introduction to Drummond's *The Habitant* he passes on this title to the younger writer, now, alas! also lost to us. But an article in the *Spectator* says that this phrase of Longfellow's sums up Fréchette's poetical career. It points out that he created, out of the dull monotonous level of French Canadian speech, "a vehicle for poetic expression," and that this is his greatest distinction. It goes on to say:

It must be remembered that he did much to rebuke "the thanklessness of history," which had caused such makers of the "New France" that is now the oldest France of all, as Daulac, Cadieux and others to be forgotten. His historical poems form a pageant, moving against a background of murmuring, heavenward pointing pines. Generations of children will learn their history from his poems. Nor must we forget that, if he was not a great poet, yet he lived the poet's life greatly—welcoming criticism, forgiving the critic, helping young authors, always asserting the dignity of his vocation in a country where the futility of dollar-hunting for the dollar's sake is not yet universally recognized. But it is as a pathfinder that posterity will revere him. He blazed the trail for those who shall come.

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**God of the Open Air.**

Thou who hast made Thy dwelling fair  
 With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,  
 And set Thine altars everywhere  
 On mountain heights,  
 In woodlands dim with many a dream,  
 In valleys bright with springs,  
 And on the curving capes of every stream,  
 Thou who hast taken to Thyself the wings  
 Of morning to abide  
 Upon the secret places of the sea,  
 And on fair islands where the tide  
 Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,  
 Waiting for worshippers to come to Thee  
 In Thy great out-of-doors.  
 To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my prayer,  
 God of the open air.

—Henry Van Dyke.

## STORIES FROM NATURAL HISTORY.

## A Yellow Spider.

In a wood lived a beautiful yellow spider, flat in the body, with long legs in front and short ones behind, who could walk quite as easily sideways as straight on or backwards, in all of which she much resembled a crab.

Hunger awoke this poor spider very early one morning, for she had tasted no food for a fortnight, and her heart was set upon catching a fly. The question was, how was this to be done? Unlike her cousins and nieces, she was not clever at spinning a web, nor had she sufficient spinning glands, so she went a-hunting instead.

She trotted away till she came to a little sunny clearing in the wood, where she looked about her, like a true sportsman, for a suitable spot in which to lie hidden. There were many red, blue, and white flowers about, but these would not serve her purpose, for, had she seated herself on one of these, her golden body would have stood out from them, and the first swallow flying by, or the finch on the nearest tree, would have spied her at once, and would have caught and eaten her. So she looked about for a yellow flower, and saw, in the middle of the meadow, a fine head of rag-wort, its many blossoms shining as golden as her own body, and clustering together in a lovely bunch smelling of sweetness and honey. To this the spider came, and climbed up the stalk from leaf to leaf till she reached the flowers, where she lay down, flattening herself on the top of them and stretching out her legs in front, ready for a catch. The eight eyes on her head were busy peering about for the approach of flies, and with her ears she listened for their buzzing, whilst her body lay immovable. Up came a beautiful golden green fly looking for honey to sip and pollen to eat, when he caught sight of the yellow rag-wort. As it smelt so sweet he made sure that its honey would taste delicious, and so, thinking himself very clever to have found what he wanted, he flew straight to it and settled in the middle of the blossom. He dived down into the heart of the flower and drank of the sweet honey.

But the spider had her eye upon the fly, and step by step she crept near and ever nearer, till, with one bound, she fell upon him and killed him. When she had finished feasting she built a little chamber with her threads among the stalks of the cluster of flowers. In it she laid her eggs, securely sheltered in a little sack which she spun, till the young spiders crept merrily out of it.

So the rag-wort was a great boon to the yellow spider, but a death-trap to the fly. It does not do to think about the honey in the flower only; one must look out for possible dangers lurking near.

## About a Shell and the Sea-Eagle.

On a ledge of rock by the sea-coast lived a large shell-fish, whose shells were as broad and deep as a wash-hand basin, and so heavy that a man could hardly have lifted them. This was a giant clam-shell. Although it was such a monster, there could hardly be in all the world a more peaceable and harmless creature, living quietly on its rocks, opening and shutting its two halves, and absorbing nourishment from the little, almost invisible creatures swimming in the water.

But twice daily, at low tide, the sea drew back from it, and then the shell stood high and dry, shut itself up, and waited patiently till after six hours the water returned to it.

But on that sea-coast there lived also a sea-eagle, who had built his eyrie on a rock. He would sit for hours motionless, waiting for a fish or some other sea beast to show itself, when he would pounce upon it, seize it with his strong claws, tear it to pieces with his beak, and eat it. He was a fierce, greedy bird.

And so it happened that the sea-eagle sat one day opposite the rock where the giant shell-fish had opened itself out, like an industrious scholar opens his book. The tide was going out, and the upper edges of its shells were already above water, when just as it was thinking it was time to close as you close your book at the end of your lesson, the hungry bird caught sight of the shell-fish. He darted down upon it and drove his long talons into the gaping shells, to tear out the poor peaceful creature inside. But this time the robber missed his mark, for directly the shell-fish felt the touch of its uncivil guest, it shut both heavy shells together with a bang, jamming the bird's claws between the edges, and holding him in a vice. The shell was far too heavy for the eagle to carry away to his eyrie, and was so strong that he could not draw his foot out of its hold. Screeching and struggling were in vain, the shell kept tight hold of the thief, till after six hours the water began to rise again and the bird was drowned. But not till he lay lifeless did the shells let go their hold, when he drifted away on the sea as a warning to others who would reach too far and do harm to other peaceful creatures.—*Richard Wagner.*

## VERSES FOR THE CHILDREN.

## Don't Be Afraid, Little Boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,  
 From your stolen day in the wood,  
 Tangled and tousled and ready to cry,  
 Don't be afraid, little truant, I  
 Would run away, too, if I could;—  
 Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,  
 But tell me how far you fared,  
 Where lilies sway by the singing brook,  
 Don't gaze at me with that frightened look,  
 I would run away if I dared;—  
 Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,  
 Were the trilliums tall and white?  
 And the salmon berries a paly gold,  
 And the frisky squirrels pert and bold?  
 I would run away if I might—  
 Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy—  
 For truants at heart are we  
 In the school of life, but we'll do our best  
 To stick to the task, and leave the rest  
 To the Master's Charity.  
 Don't be afraid, little boy.

—Carrie Shaw Rice.

## Children of Every Land.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
 Little frosty Eskimo,  
 Little Turk or Japanee,  
 O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees  
 And the lions over seas;  
 You have eaten ostrich eggs,  
 And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,  
 But it's not so nice as mine;  
 You must often, as you trod,  
 Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,  
 I am fed on proper meat;  
 You must dwell beyond the foam,  
 But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
 Little frosty Eskimo,  
 Little Turk or Japanee,  
 O! don't you wish that you were me?

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## The Moon.

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall,  
 She shines on thieves on the garden wall,  
 On streets and fields and harbour quays,  
 And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees!

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,  
 The howling dog by the door of the house,  
 The bat that lies in bed at noon,  
 All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day  
 Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;  
 And flowers and children close their eyes  
 Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

—Stevenson.

## With Trumpet and Drum.

(This may be used as an opening exercise, one pupil to read, or all to sing it if possible while filing into the room and taking places).

With big tin trumpet and little red drum  
 Marching like soldiers the children come.  
 It's this way and that way they circle and file—  
 My, but that music of theirs is fine.  
 This way and that way, and after awhile  
 They march straight into this heart of mine.  
 A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb  
 To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum.

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall,  
 This heart it hath welcome and room for you all.  
 It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,  
 As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine.  
 It will rock you away to the dreamland above.  
 Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of mine,  
 And jollier still is it bound to become  
 When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red  
 drum.

—Eugene Field.

## Japanese Lullaby.

Sleep, little pidgeon, and fold your wings—  
 Little blue pidgeon with velvet eyes:  
 Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—  
 Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—  
 Silvery star with a tinkling song:  
 To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—  
 Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—  
 Little gold moonbeam with misty wings:  
 All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—  
 Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob  
 Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore  
 As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning,  
 Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

—Eugene Field.



The above picture shows a portion of the interior of the principal room of the Apple River, N. S., School, with blackboard decorations for Empire Day. It will be seen that the REVIEW's pictures form a prominent part in the work, which was done in colours.

### A Little Human Clock.

The following ingenious device, by Annie G. Engell and Lillie Lamborn, adapted from the *Philadelphia Teacher*, may be made an interesting exercise to very young children, teaching them direction and to memorize verses. Five sections of the clock face in quarter circles, from IX to XII, XI to I, XII to III, V to VII and VIII to XII, should be made on stiff card paper, or on the blackboard, if convenient enough to suit the varying heights of the children. The time mentioned in the stanzas to be heavily lined or placed in coloured chalk. The exercise may also form a recitation for five little girls or boys:

It's very hard indeed to learn the hours the clock hands say,

But I have learned to count a few in such a pleasant way.  
When our old clock holds out his right, and points his left up straight,

I know it's then just school time, and so I'm never late.  
(Child facing school, right hand horizontal, pointing to IX, left hand straight up pointing to XII).

But when I see his hands reach up, till both look just like one,

I'm sure the closing bell will ring, for dinner and for fun.  
(Hands folded over one another above head and pointing to twelve).

And when the left hand reaches out, the right hand pointing high,  
The big girls all come home from school, and then the time will fly.

(Right hand pointing above head to XII, left hand horizontal pointing to III, or IV, if it is the regular time of school closing).

When both the hands are pointing down, I know it's time for tea,

I know, too, by the hungry place away inside of me!

(Child in more elevated position, with both palms pressed together pointing downward to VI, the quarter circle agreeing with clock face).

But it isn't very long before the hands are pointing so,

(Right hand pointing downward, a little below the horizontal, to VIII, left hand pointing overhead to twelve).  
Then that's the end of all the day, and I to bed must go.  
Of course it's much more clever to tell all times of day,  
But I am such a little child I tell my hours this way.

Who's seen my day?

'Tis gone away,

Nor left a trace

In any place.

If I could only find

Its footfall in some mind—

Some spirit-waters stirred

By wand of deed or word—

I should not stand at shadowy eve,

And for my day so grieve and grieve.

### Collecting Seeds.

Did your children ever gather a collection of seeds? Mine did last Autumn and it awakened so much interest among the little ones that I am going to tell you about it.

A long strip of dark green denim was prepared, about eighteen inches in width and the length of two slates of blackboard. John and James helped their teacher tack it up.

"What's it for?" said John.

"It's to pin things on," said James.

But what was to be pinned on was still unsolved. Many eyes watched her that night after school as she drew a long oak branch on the board at the top of the strip and the little squirrel she seated in the middle of the branch seemed to them capable of really eating the acorns drawn about him among the leaves.

"I've got two acorns home on one stem," said John. "I'll bring 'em to pin on the cloth," seeming to think that acorns were to be required for it.

So, in the morning, John had the satisfaction of seeing the acorns pinned on the cloth. It was a satisfaction to the teacher, too, to get what she wanted without asking for it. In the short interval between the bells, the children told the teacher that the acorn was the seed of the oak. Oh, yes, they knew other things that had seeds; sunflowers, milkweed, and asters. Every child was going to find something that bore a seed, by the afternoon session. They came laden with pods and stems and branches, anxious to demonstrate each particular seed with a specimen. They rummaged the woods and fields in the days that followed for "things that had seeds." Such funny seeds the boys brought; burdocks, cockles, etc.

One day, Susan brought a long clematis vine, covered with its fuzzy seeds, and long enough to reach across the top of the cloth. It was a crowning beauty.

"So many things never went to seed before," said Susan, as she looked at the vine she had brought.

The name of each seed was pinned on the strip with the stem. It was necessary to put some seeds in small bottles. Some, such as the apple, pear, pine, and tomato, were glued to thin papers. Before the first month of school was over, the strip was covered with pods and stems. The flax-seed was scattered in an old sponge, and, with daily moisture, soon sprang up—a ball of glorious green.

The ways that seeds are scattered were developed. The three common ways were easily drawn from the children.

- 1 Perhaps a *man* dropped it there.
- 2 Perhaps the *water* washed it there.
- 3 Perhaps a *bird* carried it there in its bill.
- 4 Perhaps the *wind* carried it there.

Likewise the different ways that seeds are protected were shown.

"What protected the bean and the pea?"

"The pods."

"What surrounded the apple and pear seeds?"

"The flesh of the fruit itself."

"We did not have to pin on the burdock James brought. Why?"

"Because it had pins of its own," said one.

Perhaps the children will have to be told that the burdock's pins are called hooks. Develop the "sails" of the milkweed and the "wings" of the maple.

The seed collection added much beauty to the room, besides being a source of great interest to the children. They were taught incidentally much that was valuable and no time was taken from the regular study periods.—Adapted.—*Nellie I Bartlett, in Primary Education.*

### A Riddle.

I have a head, a little head  
That you could scarcely see;  
But I have a mouth much bigger  
Than my head could ever be.

That seems impossible, you say;  
You think 't would be a bother?  
Why, no! My head is at one end,  
My mouth's way at the other.

I have no feet, yet I can run,  
And pretty fast, 'tis said;  
The funny thing about me is,  
I run when in my bed.

I've not a cent in all the world,  
I seek not Fortune's ranks;  
And yet it's true that, though so poor,  
I own two splendid banks.

I've lots of "sand," yet run away;  
I'm weak, yet "furnish power";  
No hands or arms, yet my embrace  
Would kill in half an hour.

You think I am some fearful thing,  
Ah, you begin to shiver!  
Pray, don't; for, after all, you know,  
I'm only just a river.

—St. Nicholas.



**A Song of Sixpence.**

(Book I, page 94, Nova Scotian Readers).

Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocketful of rye;  
Four and twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing;  
Was not that a dainty dish  
To set before a king?

The king was in his counting house,  
Counting out his money;  
The queen was in the parlour,  
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out the clothes;  
When down came a blackbird  
And nipped off her nose.

—*Mother Goose.*

Everyone, of course, is well acquainted with this old nursery rhyme; but those who are also familiar with its allegorical significance are perhaps not so numerous.

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, and the top crust is the sky. The opening of the pie is the dawn of day, when the birds begin to sing. The King is the sun, and the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts are the golden sunbeams. The Queen sitting in the parlour is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight. The maid at work in the garden, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The bird that brings a tragic end to the song by "nipping off her nose," is the sunset.—*Selected and adapted.*

Undoubtedly love of approbation is the strongest incentive to right action in the child, and teachers should make use of this dominant motive power in governing and in securing good work. But the praise should not be given to the individual nor to the result accomplished, but to the effort put forth. The child who is called the brightest in the class becomes proud and the others jealous. It often happens in the early days of school life that the child who tries hardest is far from having the best work, because this same child may have more difficulties, both mental and physical, to overcome than the other children. If praise is always given to the effort the one who tries will be encouraged and eventually will get on.—*Selected.*

**An Oral Test.**

How many of the following questions can you answer correctly:

What is Telepheme?

Is Hongkong a city?

What was the Geneva Bible?

What is a Swiss Canton?

What are Consols?

How is Chauffeur pronounced?

What is a Treaty of Reciprocity?

What is a Skew?

What is Salvage?

What is a Statute of Limitations?

You may not be sure of all your answers and wish to know if you are right. Consult Webster's International Dictionary, the one great standard that answers with final authority all kinds of questions in Language, The Trades, Arts and Sciences, Geography, Biography, Fiction, Etc.

This reference work is a necessity in every well equipped school, cultured home, and modern office. The publishers, G. & C. Merriam Co., of Springfield, Mass., will send you specimen pages upon application. If you mention this journal in your request, they will inclose a useful set of coloured maps, pocket size.

**The Autumn Drawing Lessons.**

Ask children to buy a five-cent box of colored chalk, and to bring to school an oak leaf or maple leaf pressed. Let the children lay the leaf on drawing paper and mark around it. Then, placing the leaf beside the drawing, colour with chalks to imitate the real leaf, rubbing the colours into the paper and blending one colour into another with a tiny piece of blotting paper, or better still an artist's paper stub or blender, which costs one cent each. Draw the veins over the coloured leaf with a darker shade, then cut the leaf out carefully and mount upon black cards; or groups of them may be mounted upon black cambric and stretched across one side of the room, a beautiful decoration. Every leaf, of course, will be different and the children will learn to enjoy the beautiful tints of the autumn foliage.

Another day, the little acorns may be added to a stem of more than one leaf. One day have maple leaves; another, clover, etc.; to which the beautiful red buds may be added, if desired. This is work that all pupils in any grade can do, and is a lesson in real art, even though so simple.—*Selected and adapted.*

**Tree on the Hill,**

(Concert recitation.)

On yonder hill there stands a tree;  
Tree on the hill, and the hill stood still.

And on the tree there was a branch;  
Branch on the tree, tree on the hill, and the hill stood still.

And on the branch there was a nest;  
Nest on the branch, branch on the tree, tree on the hill,  
and the hill stood still.

And in the nest there was an egg;  
Egg in the nest, nest on the branch, branch on the tree,  
tree on the hill, and the hill stood still.

And in the egg there was a bird;  
Bird in the egg, egg in the nest, nest in the branch, branch  
on the tree, tree on the hill, and the hill stood still.

And on the bird there was a feather;  
Feather on the bird, bird in the egg, egg in the nest, nest  
on the branch, branch on the tree, tree on the hill,  
and the hill stood still. —Selected.

**About Spiders.**

Rightly considered, a spider's web is a most curious, as well as a most beautiful thing. The majority of children suppose that the spider's web is pulled out of his mouth, and that the little insect has a large reel of the stuff in his stomach, and that he could almost instantly add feet, yards, or rods, to the roll. The facts are that the spiders have a regular spinning machine, a set of tiny tubes, at the far end of the body, and that the threads are nothing more nor less than a white, sticky fluid, which hardens as soon as it comes in contact with the air.—*The Herald and Presbyter.*

One day I was left at home alone; and, after I was tired of reading "Robinson Crusoe," I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with.

Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running around to find the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run around the stick and try the other side, and then run back to the top again.

Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Robinson Crusoe, and he sat down to think over it.

As in a moment he acted as if he was going to shout for a boat and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put treacle on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass; and suddenly a thought appears to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top, and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned around two or three times.

He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this: that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it were strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in the woodshed again. —*Hearth.*

The month when sweet apples begin to turn red,  
And ripen and mellow on boughs overhead,  
Morning glories have climbed to the top window ledge,  
And goldenrod waves by the roadside and hedge.

The days become shorter and breezes are cool,  
And little folks have gone back to school,  
For vacation is over, the summer has gone,  
And autumn and winter are now coming on. —Selected.

Where did yesterday's sunset go  
When it faded down the hills so slow—  
And the gold grew dim and the purple light  
Like an army with banners passed from sight?

Will its flush go into the goldenrod,  
Its thrill to the purple aster's nod,  
Its crimson flesh the maple bough,  
And the autumn-glory begin from now?

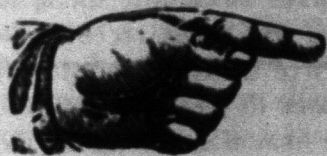
—*W. C. Gannett.*

Like most minister's families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father explained to her of the baby sister who had come in the night.

"Well," she said, after due thought, "I 'spose it's all right, papa, but there's many a thing we needed worse."—*The August Delineator.*

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Little Edwin, aged four, playing with some older boys, heard a new byword for the first time. Running to his father, he asked him if "my golly" was a bad word. His father said, "It is a rough word and I would not use it." Looking very thoughtful for a moment Edwin said, "I wish it wasn't a rough word, for I would just love to say it!"—*The August Delineator*.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

Now that Paul Mauser has invented a twenty-five cartridge magazine for his rifle, the rifles of all the armies of the world will have to be made over.

The Congo State has at length been formally taken over by the Belgian government, and is no longer nominally a free state under the King of the Belgians.

It is stated that the African elephant can be tamed and made to perform the same service as the elephants of Asia, the Congo government having been completely successful in the training of elephants from Central Africa.

The importation of rabbits, foxes, hares and monkeys into the territory of Papua (formerly known as British New Guinea), is strictly prohibited. This new territory is making rapid progress since it has come under the government of Australia.

While the Lapland reindeer that were brought to Newfoundland last year came through the winter very well, a number of them have perished during the hot weather of this summer. The native caribou, the same animal in its wild state, escapes the summer heat by retiring to the mountains, where it keeps in the shade of the forest during the day time, feeding in the open after sunset.

The *Courrier de l'Ouest*, a French paper published at Edmonton, says: "The time has come when every French-Canadian should speak English, and when every one of our English compatriots should learn French. The whole world has its eyes on Canada at present, and a union of both races is necessary for our development as a nation."

Wheat has been successfully raised at Fort Simpson, five hundred miles north of Edmonton, Alberta.

It has been said that the use of the naphtha engine, which we have regarded as a modern invention, and which has but recently given place to the gasoline engine as safer and better, was known to the Greeks and Egyptians; and now we learn that a new hydraulic apparatus, the principle of which was known two thousand years ago, is to give us immense power, without fuel and without engines, wherever water with a fall of four feet can be supplied.

They are talking of spelling reform in France, where they have, perhaps, quite as much need of it as we have. But there the proposed new forms will not be adopted by a little group of men who expect others to follow them. They have a central authority. To the decisions of the Academy all will bow, no matter how unwillingly. The present proposal is to make plurals more regular, to sub-

stitute *f, t* and *r* for *ph, th* and *rh*, in words of Greek origin, and to do away with the use of double consonants where only one is pronounced. There would still remain a great number of silent letters; but the use of silent letters in French words is more or less uniform, so that even a foreigner is not seriously misled by them in the matter of pronunciation. Once before, in 1742, the French Academy made a sweeping reform in spelling, establishing a new standard orthography for about five thousand words.

Testing animal origins or kinships by blood analysis is a new line of investigation which is giving some remarkable results. It shows that the hippopotamus is related to the pig, and the walrus to the horse; and confirms the long recognized relationship between birds and reptiles. But it does not connect man with the monkeys, and shows only slight traces of kinship with the anthropoids.

It is officially estimated that the damage done by rats, mice and rabbits aggregates one hundred and sixty million dollars a year in the United States.

Magnalium, a new alloy of aluminum containing a small percentage of magnesium and other metals, has all the good qualities of pure aluminum, including its strength, hardness and resistance to oxidation, and it can be more easily worked.

Sun-proof clothing, made of a special cloth, white on the outside and red on the reverse, has been adopted for the use of British officers in tropical climates. The red is said to prevent sunstroke and other ill effects of intense summer heat.

The Germans have a new folding boat especially adapted to the needs of mounted soldiers. It is of water-tight cloth, the cavalry lances serving as a framework, and can be put together in a few minutes when needed for crossing a stream. One boat carries sixteen men, with their arms and saddles, the horses swimming alongside. They have also a new explosive, which has recently been tested with sensational results, three shells exploded by electricity tearing Krupp armour plates to pieces.

A costly plant for the manufacture of ozone for the purpose of purifying water is on trial at Pittsburg, Pa. It is believed that the ozone will destroy all organic matter in the water and kill all kinds of bacteria.

The eland, or South African elk, now probably disappearing, is to be domesticated, and will probably be made to perform an important part of the farm work in Cape Colony, experiments having shown that it will thrive under the new conditions, and prove docile and tractable.

In Australia there is a subterranean river flowing through the centre of the country which is the largest river in the world. At least, this is what is claimed by an Australian scientist who has estimated its volume. His name is Mudd.

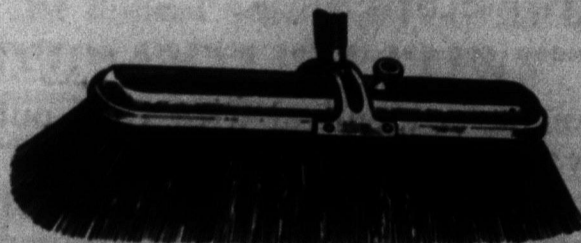
The Cunard liner "Lusitania" has made a record trip across the ocean at an average speed of a little over twenty-five knots an hour; but her speed was exceeded by the battleship "Indomitable," in which H. R. H. the Prince of Wales came to Quebec, that made the return trip from land to land at an average speed of 25.13 knots. When volunteers were wanted to feed the furnaces, the Prince himself was among them. Of the seven hundred and eighty men on board, not one escaped, or wished to

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escape, his share of the hot and dirty work. And her record run was of more consequence to the navies of the world than many a battle; for it showed that a new type of battleship had been evolved, so swift and strong that a whole squadron of the best ships afloat would be at a disadvantage against her, and that new ships of war must be built according to this new standard.

The results of the naval manœuvres in the North Sea, in which over three hundred vessels of the British navy were engaged, have not been given to the public; but it is said that the submarines engaged covered a distance of five hundred miles in one continuous run.

Several notable trials of airships have been made within the last month, in this country and elsewhere, the most remarkable of which was that by Count Zeppelin, in Germany. With his great dirigible balloon, four hundred feet long, he made a successful flight from Lake Constance to Basle, and thence northward towards Frankfort, intending to return by way of Metz and Stuttgart; but at Echterdingen, where he had stopped for repairs, his airship broke loose from its fastenings in a sudden storm, took fire, and was burned. A large amount of money was immediately raised by subscription to enable him to proceed with his work; and he will build two new ships, with such changes in plan as he thinks desirable. Secret experiments with military balloons are being made in Germany also, as well as in France and England. The Germans are said to favour a rigid structure, like that of Count Zeppelin, the French a collapsible balloon, and the British an aeroplane.

Forest fires have made terrible devastation in some parts of the province of British Columbia, both on the mainland and on Vancouver Island. One which destroyed the town of Fernie is thought to have been set by anarchists for the purpose of liberating five of their number who were in jail at that place.

Nova Scotia celebrated, on the 19th of August, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of legislative government in the province.

Our government has agreed to the proposal of the United States government for the reservation of a strip of land sixty feet wide on each side of the Canada-Alaska boundary line; and would favourably consider the making of a similar reservation along the whole of the international boundary where it is not a water boundary.

The United States battleship squadron has met with cordial reception both in New Zealand and in Australia, and great preparations are being made by the Japanese for its reception when it reaches their waters.

Three great warships now under construction in England for Brazil are openly said to be needed in preparation for a war with the Argentine Republic which cannot be long delayed.

Morocco is still disturbed by the war between its rival sultans, first one and then the other of whom is reported to have won a victory over his opponent.

The recent assassination of the King of Portugal is now attributed to a society called the Black Cross, having its headquarters in New York.

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President Castro, of Venezuela, has broken off friendly relations with the Netherlands. As he was already in difficulties with France, the United States and the neighbouring republic of Colombia, Holland is the fourth power with which he seems to be seeking a quarrel.

The Sultan of Turkey has not only granted constitutional government, but has offered to build the new parliament houses at his own expense if the country cannot afford the cost.

An official statement has been issued to the effect that our national flag is the Union Jack, and that all British subjects are entitled to display it freely. The statement is intended to set at rest the doubts and queries which have arisen from time to time as to what the national flag really is, the red ensign and other forms of the flag having been suggested as proper for general use by citizens of the empire. All such suggestions are henceforth null and void.

### SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

On the afternoon of Friday, August 21st, a very enjoyable school picnic was held upon the adjoining grounds of Messrs. S. R. Jones and Wardie Brewer, on the hill overlooking the C. P. R. and the Keswick River. Besides the school children of Zealand Station, York County, there was a large gathering of parents and friends. Four swings were well patronized, racing and various other amusements were engaged in, and prizes were competed for. An excel-

lent and abundant supper was served under the shade of the trees; and ample justice was done to the many varieties of dainties provided. The day being very favourable, all appeared to enjoy themselves till the retiring sun suggested that it was time to withdraw to their respective homes.

The results of the examination for matriculation and leaving of students of high and superior schools in New Brunswick were announced early in August. Of the 145 candidates who entered, very few failed, and the examiners announce that the results were the best ever attained. The following are the names of those students who gained a place in the first division: J. Thaddy Hebert, Dorchester High School; Katherine A. Mackinnon, Moncton Grammar School; Dora L. Jones, St. John Grammar School; Helen G. Kirk, Sussex Grammar School; Earle R. MacNutt, Fredericton Grammar School; William H. Teed, Rothesay College; Hazel Holder, St. John Grammar School; Hazel S. Doak, Fredericton Grammar School; Jessie W. Currie, Campbellton Grammar School; Hazel P. Polly, St. Stephen High School; S. Grace Machum, Fredericton Grammar School; Warren Loggie, Chatham Grammar School; Ralph A. Tapley, Fredericton Grammar School; H. Reeves Munroe, Fredericton Grammar School; Vincent E. Kelley, Fredericton Grammar School; Greta M. Robinson, St. John Grammar School.

Arthur Moxon, Rhodes scholar for Nova Scotia in 1906, a graduate of Dalhousie, has taken his degree at Oxford University with first-class honours in jurisprudence.

Guy J. McAdam, M. A., the principal of the grammar

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school at Andover, N. B., has resigned to pursue a course of study at Harvard. M. R. Tuttle, B. A., has been appointed to the vacant position.

Professor Wilbur A. Coit, of the University of Vermont, has been appointed professor of mathematics at Acadia University, succeeding Professor Archibald. He is a graduate of Boston University and an M. A. of Harvard.

Roy D. Crawford, B. A., has been appointed principal of the school at Springhill, N. S.

Miss Katheryn C. McLeod, principal of the Kawaihs Seminary, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, has returned to her home in Nova Scotia after an absence of seven years.

Mr. Clarence D. Howe, a distinguished graduate in civil engineering of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, has been appointed to the civil engineering department of Dalhousie University.

Of 719 candidates for admission this year to the New Brunswick Normal School, 549 passed the entrance examination, with 66 in first class, led by Arthur H. Mitchell, of Campobello, the second being Arthur J. Kelly, Oak Point, K. C.; 301 in second class, led by Vega A. Wilson, of Hopewell Cape, Albert County, and 182 in third class.

Abram M. Cronkhite, B. A., of Woodstock, formerly principal of the Bristol school, Carleton County, N. B.,

has secured a situation in one of the public schools of Manitoba.

Dr. Henry Youle Hind, C. E., president of the Edge Hill school, Windsor, N. S., died at his home near Windsor in August at an advanced age, and after a useful and active career spent in the performance of distinguished public services.

"Herman C. Henderson, an instructor in the State Normal School of Milwaukee, has been honoured by being selected as one of the twelve educators who will represent the United States in the exchange of teachers between this country and Prussia, which will go into operation in September. The exchange is being managed by the Prussian minister of public instruction and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. A large number of applications was received by the Carnegie Foundation, and the selection of Prof. Henderson is looked upon as a high compliment."—*Milwaukee (Wis.) paper.*

Mr. Henderson has been spending his summer vacation at his home and among friends in New Brunswick. He expects to sail for Europe early in September.

The new Sussex, N. B., grammar school will be opened with appropriate ceremonies on Monday, September 7th (Labor Day).

# EXCURSIONS TO ST. JOHN

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### RECENT BOOKS.

It is to be regretted that the interest taken in Bands of Mercy, so keen in our schools some years ago, seems to be flagging. A stimulus will be found in a little book called "Outline Lessons for Bands of Mercy," written by C. E. Symonds, and published by Skeffington & Son, London. The scope and interest of the book are wider and deeper than might be guessed from the title, and all who have the care of children will find the lessons valuable. The author says in the introduction: "It should be distinctly understood that we desire to teach a great deal more than mere kindness to animals. We wish to insist upon justice to them, not as a thing by itself, but as an essential part of a religious and moral life. We desire that man should feel the full extent of his responsibility as God's 'viceroy in the world.' Nothing tests a man's worth so surely as to be placed in a position of authority—and since men exercise an almost unlimited authority over the animal world, we maintain that no system of education is complete which does not bring home to them the greatness of their responsibility. Religion, unselfishness, self-control and moderation must always be made the basis of our work." Accordingly, the book opens with a lesson on power and its right use; then follow extremely practical talks about horses, dogs, sheep, and the care of pets, interesting and pointed, and free from exaggeration and sentimentality. The lessons on the laws relating to animals and the growth of kindness would make valuable supplementary history lessons. There are also more definite religious teachings, intended primarily for people of the English church. The REVIEW takes great pleasure in cordially commending this little book to the notice of parents and teachers, as well as to officers and promoters of the S. P. C. A.

The REVIEW has noticed heretofore one of the volumes of *English History, Illustrated from Original Sources*. The fourth volume of the series, dealing with events and people of the period from 1485 to 1603, is now at hand. It is even more interesting than the preceding volumes. The chapters on the destructure of the Armada and on English domestic life, the former from Hakluyt's *Voyages* and the latter from Holinshed's chronicle are, with other extracts, especially valuable to the student of contemporary history. The excellence of the illustrations and text are noteworthy features. (Cloth, pages 154, price 2s. 6d. Adam and Charles Black, Soho Square, London, W.)

### RECENT MAGAZINES.

Alfred Austin, the English Poet Laureate, writes so little now, either in prose or verse, that his essay on Dante's Poetic Conception of Women, which *The Living Age* for August 15th re-prints from *The Fortnightly*, will be read with special interest. That trenchant and singularly well-informed writer who hides his identity under the pen-name France and Russia in an article which *The Living Age* for August 22nd re-prints from *The Fortnightly*.

Nearly all the *Chautauquan* for August is taken up with A Reading Journey through Switzerland. If one cannot visit a country for one's self, the next best thing is to read a graphic account of the land and its people, its scenery, history, illustrated with a fine series of photographs. This is well done by the writer in the *Chautauquan*. To make the article more valuable from an educational point of view, review questions, a list of proper names correctly pronounced, suggestive programmes for clubs are inserted.