

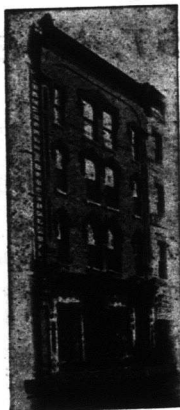
THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXI. No. 11.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1908.

WHOLE NUMBER, 251.

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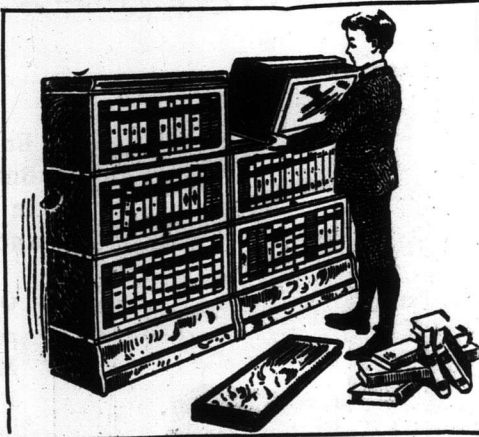


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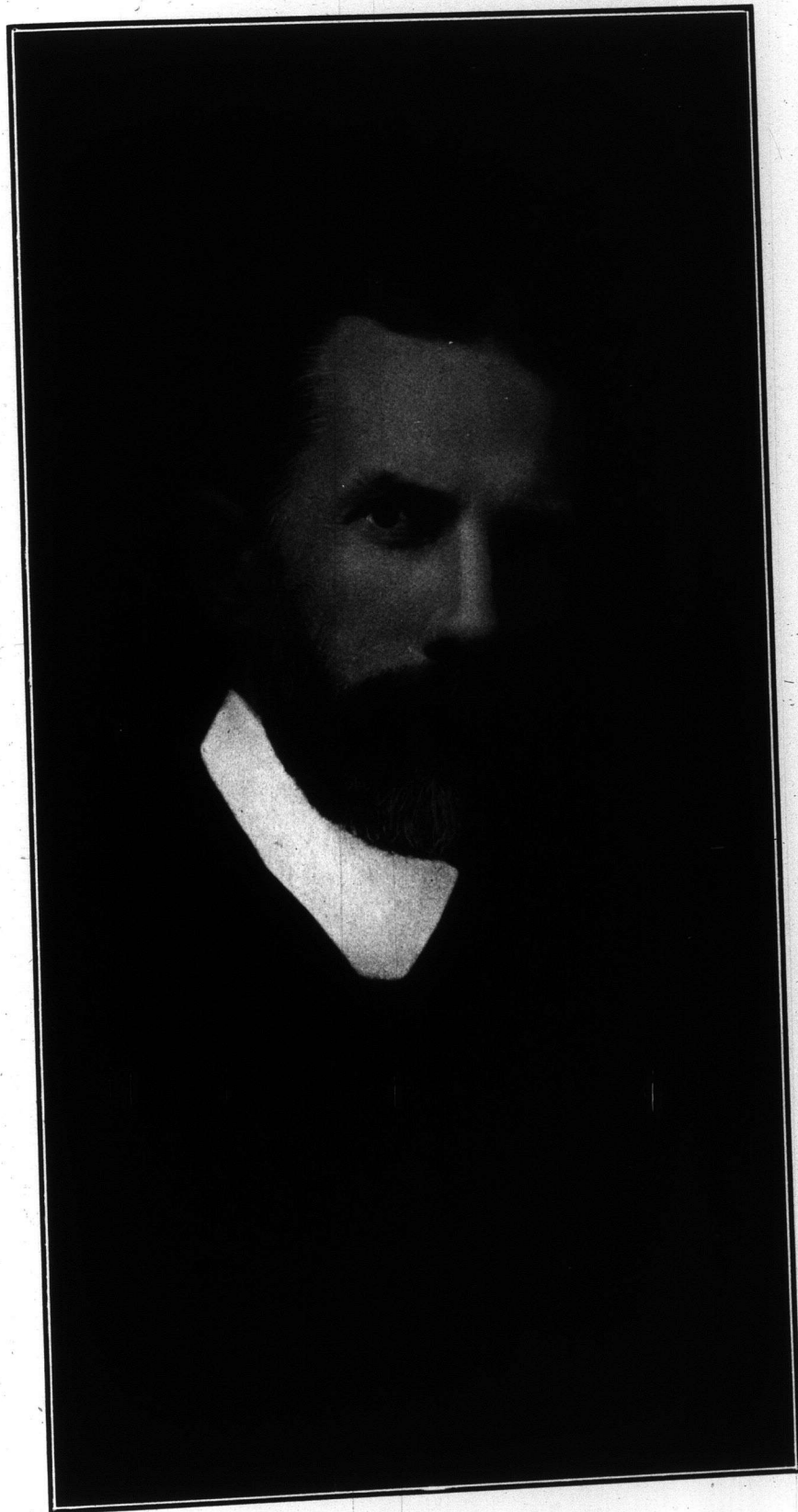
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The number accompanying each address tells to what date the subscription is paid. Thus "250" shows that the subscription is paid to March 31, 1908.

Address all correspondence to THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, St. John, N. B.

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

A summer school for teachers who may wish to qualify for nature study and school garden work will be held in Truro the coming summer. Later announcements of the time will be given in the REVIEW.

The Provincial Educational Institute of New Brunswick will meet in Fredericton in June, as shown on another page. Full particulars, as to programme and speakers, will be given in the May and June numbers of the REVIEW.

We are indebted to the Morang Educational Co., Toronto, who are the authorized publishers of the poet Lampman's works, for permission to use the extracts which appear in the Canadian Literature article on another page:

April is again with us. That old and yet ever new miracle of growing grass, the bursting buds and promise of flowers, appeals to every nature. Its light fitful breezes, interchanging with fleeting rains and the shivering draughts of a winter—now only a passing memory—bring the assurance of a brighter May, a balmy June. It is the very fickleness of our April weather that helps us to forget winter and think of the joys of a glorious summer.

Our young readers will note the prize offered on another page. It may stimulate their powers of invention and give them a greater interest in nature.

THE next World's Fair—the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition—will be held at Seattle, Washington, from June 1st to October 15th, 1909. The Dominion Educational Association is to meet at Victoria, B. C., in July, 1909. These two events will probably induce a number to visit the Pacific Coast, as railway fares will be reduced.

IN the suggestive article on the poet Lampman on another page of this REVIEW, reference is made to the remark of Mr. Stringer, that Lampman is the most Canadian of all our poets. What Mr. Stringer means by this might well form a subject for discussion in our Canadian literary societies.

The REVIEW recommends all who intend to observe Arbor Day to write to Dr. D. W. Hamilton, Fredericton, for a copy of the interesting little pamphlet which he has compiled on school gardens, beautifying school grounds, and the observance of Arbor Day. The REVIEW has usually devoted considerable space in its April number to Arbor Day, but this pamphlet, which may be had for the asking, gives so many excellent practical suggestions that it is unnecessary to give anything additional, except the nature lessons and extracts which may be used for class exercises, to be found in this and preceding April numbers of the REVIEW.

Mr. Cy Warman, the well-known author and journalist, writing on "Prince Rupert" in the

Canadian Magazine, says: "Prince Rupert is new and attractive. It is to be a model city in every sense of the word. It guards what is said to be the finest natural harbour on the coast, if not in the world. It is the terminal town of a transcontinental railway which bids fair to surpass anything ever yet attempted in the way of railway construction on this continent, crossing from ocean to ocean without a single mile of mountain grade or grade that can by any stretch of imagination be considered an obstacle to the economical operation of the road. Prince Rupert is also at the end of the long portage on the shortest route around the world. Any scheme which has for its ultimate object the swift circling of the sphere must reckon Prince Rupert on its right-of-way. The mineral wealth of all that vast mountain region, the forest products of Northern British Columbia, as well as the food products of the Prairie Provinces and the fur of the far north—that is to say, all the export wealth of this resourceful dominion originating north and west of the South Saskatchewan, bound for the Orient by the Occidental route—will funnel down and pass out by way of Prince Rupert."

Something That Every School May Do.

Here is something that every country and city school, every normal school and college can do through the coming season: Have all the wild plants that have bloomed in the neighbourhood during the week past arranged in vases or cups filled with water; every Monday morning throughout the season, and with the name printed neatly on a card beside each plant, or group of plants of the same species. The common name should be given with the scientific name if possible. The flowers—two or three of each kind will suffice—should be gathered and named on the previous Saturday. The teacher should, of course, direct this work, but most of the collecting may be done by the pupils. If a flower or plant is too difficult for the teacher to name, a specimen may be sent by mail to some friend who does know it, and he will no doubt be glad to send an answer by return of mail. This plan of collecting and naming the plants of a neighborhood will prove a valuable stimulus to nature study and walks in the open air. It will also, if persistently followed up, make the children acquainted in a very pleasant way with the plants of their neighbourhood.

Principal Soloan.

The portrait which forms the supplement to the REVIEW for this month is of one well known to all Nova Scotian teachers—David Soloan, LL. D., Principal of the Provincial Normal School, Truro. Seven years ago last November Principal Soloan entered upon the duties of that position, which he has filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to the educational authorities of the province, a position for which his experience, scholarship and great gifts of teaching fit him in an eminent degree. He is a man of fine literary tastes, which he has cultivated by reading and travel, after an unusually brilliant college course. He has an intimate knowledge of several branches of natural science, one at least of which he cultivates assiduously at his summer home on the shores of Lake Annis, in Yarmouth County. He has a thorough command of English, which he uses effectively as a speaker or writer, and his originality, combined with a large share of mother wit, renders him a most agreeable companion.

In addition to these qualities, he possesses a warm sympathy for students, which has gained him a place very near to the hearts of the young teachers who go out every year to the schools of Nova Scotia inspired with his own sound pedagogical ideals and an enthusiasm founded on common sense methods and a wholesome desire for a broader culture. He is a young man yet—scarcely turned forty years of age—with a happy outlook on life and a healthy optimistic view of things that is especially attractive to the groups of eager students who work in harmony with him and his staff of capable associates.

Coming after such men as Forrester, Rand, Calkin, each with a strong individuality that impressed itself upon the body of teachers of Nova Scotia, Principal Soloan's originality, force of character and lofty ideals make him no unworthy successor to these gifted men.

The likeness presented of Dr. Soloan is a good one, and the REVIEW hopes that it may be framed and put up in every school room, to form, with others that have preceded and those that may come after it, a group of people who shall leave their impress upon the educational work of the country.

I find the REVIEW very helpful, especially the articles on nature study. The monthly talks on the stars are just what I needed. I appreciate, too, the "Stories from Natural History."
M. R.

The April Skies.

Venus is the centre of attraction for the star gazers every clear evening, and is so bright that she can be seen in broad daylight. Have any clear-eyed observers picked her out as described in the last month's REVIEW? During the past few months the two planets, Mars and Venus, have been approaching each other, and about the first few days of April they are close together. In what direction is each planet moving? Have those who have been watching the two and Jupiter been able to decide that they are planets by comparing them with the fixed stars near them? Mars and Venus have been in the constellation Aries for some weeks, and are slowly moving into Taurus, the constellation which contains the Pleiades and Hyades, the latter being the V-shaped cluster with the red star Aldebaran blazing in the eye of the bull as he charges down upon Orion.

The Pleiades are just above the planets Venus and Mars, and a little further up in the same direction is Auriga (Charioteer) which may be recognized by the bright yellow star Capella (the Goat) in the upper right hand corner. (See illustration in February REVIEW). Below the Goat are the Kids, three little stars that make a small triangle. See if the boys and girls who are trying to pick out the constellations these clear evenings can form the five-sided figure which outlines Auriga.

Capella and Arcturus are stars excelled only by Sirius in brightness. Can you find Arcturus? After picking out Capella in the north-west sky between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, look over to the north-east side, find the Dipper, extend the curve formed by the three stars in the handle until they reach a star of a bright ruddy hue. That is Arcturus, and he is in the fine constellation of Boötes (pr. bo-ö-tez, accent on the middle syllable), which means a Herdsman. Arcturus, means bearward, or in the direction of the Great Bear. So that with the Goat and the Kids in the sky it is well that there is a Herdsman, and that he is close to and keeps watch on the Great Bear.

Let us now turn to Jupiter, which is nearly overhead at eight o'clock on these bright evenings. His brilliancy has been eclipsed in no small measure by the greater glory of Venus, but after the latter sets, between ten and eleven, he is the monarch of the skies for the rest of the night. Sloping to the west just in front of him are the two bright stars Castor and Pollux in the constellation of the heavenly

Twins (Gemini), and further down, Orion, Sirius and Procyon, the latter in the constellation of the Little Dog. Betelguese, the bright red star in Orion, Procyon and Sirius, form an equilateral triangle, one of the most remarkable figures in the sky.

To the right of the Pleiades and just below (nearer the horizon) the Goat and Kids is the constellation Perseus, which contains the variable star Algol. This star regularly loses about three-quarters of its light at intervals of two days, twenty hours and forty-nine minutes, and it is known that this loss of light, which lasts about eight hours altogether, is caused by a dark companion star which revolves about and very near to it, and eclipses it at the intervals above named. This star, which is directly to the right of the Pleiades, and about three-fourths of the distance between the latter and Capella, should be easily picked out by sharp-eyed gazers, who will always be interested in watching its variations of light. Algol and a few small stars near it form the cluster called "Medusa's Head." Medusa was the monster Gorgon whose hair was turned into serpents, and who turned into stone all those who looked at her.

To the right of Algol and about double the distance of that star from the Pleiades, is Cassiopeia's Chair lying on the opposite side of the pole from the Dipper, and about the same distance from the North Star as the "pointers." It is easily recognized by the zig-zag, "rail-fence" form of the five or six bright stars that mark it; or it is like a spreading W, with one V shallow and the other deeper.

Clean Copybooks.

In my second grade, copy books were used for the first time. All primary teachers know how difficult it is to have copy books without blots. I used the following plan with excellent results.

On every perfect page, that is, a page well written and without a blot, I placed a silver star. After the children had five silver stars, I gave them a gold one.

Our copy books were always neat, and the task of teaching penmanship in that grade became a pleasure.—*Teacher's Magazine.*

[Teachers can obtain from The Hendry Company, Toronto, little boxes of gold and silver stars, price ten cents a box.]

Nature Lessons for April.**GERMINATION.****Seeds to Study.**

Choose large seeds, such as bean, lima bean, pea, corn and apple.

Preparation of Seeds and Planting.

Soak some of each kind for a day or two in slightly warm water. Plant in moist sand or sawdust. Plant at different depths and in different positions. Plant some in a dark place, and others in full daylight. Plant some unsoaked seeds in dry earth and keep the earth dry. Let a few of the seeds be enveloped in a lock of cotton floating upon water in a glass vessel. The pea is perhaps the best for this purpose. In a few days these seeds will start, and the growth can be watched through the glass without removal. After these seeds have started, soak some more until the seed-coat can be easily removed, and conduct some such lesson as the following:

Examination of the Soaked Seeds.

The bean is a good seed to work with. What is the colour of the skin? Is it all the same colour? Notice the *scar* where the bean separated from the pod. This scar is called the *hilum*. Squeeze the bean and notice the tiny drop of water that comes from a hole near the scar. This tiny hole is called the *micropyle* (little gateway). Remove the seed-coat. What do you notice immediately underneath the micropyle? Notice the *seed-leaves* or *cotyledons*, and the little white *radicle*, or part that grows downward. Notice also the *plumule*, where the young leaf of the new growth looks like a little plume, whence the name. This is very conspicuous in the bean.

The above examination will enable the children to become acquainted with the following:

- (1) Hilum or scar, where the seed was attached to the pod.
- (2) Micropyle, the small hole near the scar where the coat splits to allow the radicle to protrude.
- (3) Cotyledons, the thick seed-leaves.
- (4) Plumule, the small terminal bud between the cotyledons.
- (5) Radicle, with its tip just ready to protrude at the micropyle.

Do not neglect drawing at all stages of this study, as it compels attention to details that might otherwise pass unnoticed.

Study of the Germinating Seed.

Notice that the seed-coat splits at the micropyle end of the scar, and that the radicle protrudes. Does the radicle grow upward or downward? See if you can make it grow the other way by turning the seed over in other positions.

Open one of the seeds when the radicle is about an inch long and notice what the plumule is doing. You will probably notice that it is in the same position, but a little larger.

What parts of the seed develop as the plant grows? What becomes of the thick seed-leaves? Scrape the seed-leaf with the point of a knife and put upon the scrapings a drop of test solution made by dissolving one or two crystals of potassium iodide in half a tumbler of water and adding iodine until the solution turns wine-colour. The scrapings turn blue. Test some laundry starch that contains no blueing in the same way. What is stored up in the seed-leaves? What is the use of this stored-up material?

What about the unsoaked seeds that were planted in dry earth and kept dry? Is moisture necessary for germination? Will seeds germinate in the dark? in full daylight?

In all this day-by-day watching, do not let the children neglect the drawing, nor the practice in English got by writing out the result of their observations.

How to Watch the Development of the Frog.

Have one of the children bring to school an old wash-tub or dish-pan, or any suitable vessel. Put into it some sand, mud and stones covered with green slime from a ditch, arranging the material so as to slope from the top at one side to the bottom at the other. Plant a few water-weeds in the sand and mud, and then nearly fill the dish with water. When the water has cleared, place into it a handful of frog spawn. The true eggs are small balls about one-tenth of an inch in diameter embedded in jelly. Now watch the development. Notice the eggs change from spherical to ovoid shape. What is the shape when you first notice movement? Note the appearance of the neck and tail. When does the embryo make its way out of the mass of jelly, or, in other words, when does it hatch?

When this takes place, remove the jelly, for it is of no further use. What do you think is the use of the jelly? How does the embryo act immediately after hatching? Can you make out the *sucker*

by which it fastens itself to the water-weeds? Notice the appearance of *external gills*. Draw the tadpole when you first notice it feeding. When do they first come to the surface to breathe air? In what order do the legs grow out? What becomes of the tail? Many other questions will suggest themselves.

Nova Scotia.

Our Arbitrary English Language.

[A correspondent asks the REVIEW to reproduce a bit of verse that appeared in the December number, 1896, on the oddities of the English language. The following is the extract, and it presents so wittily the variety of plurals that other readers will enjoy it, and it may afford an opportunity for the teacher to explain to his pupils some of these forms.

—EDITOR.]

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hices.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows, or kine;
But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine;
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot and you show me two feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this, and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be written keese?
Then one may be that, and two would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.
And the plural of cat is cats, and not kose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim!
So the English, I think you all will agree,
Is the funniest language you ever did see.

—Commonwealth.

To avoid confusion and to save time in collecting papers, have the pupils in each row of seats pass their papers to the front desk in their row, where they are placed in a neat pile by the occupant of that desk. Here they are quickly and easily collected by the teacher or one of the pupils.—*Ex.*

Canadian Literature.—IV.

By ELEANOR ROBINSON.

Archibald Lampman.

In reading the life of Archibald Lampman, one is impressed by the fact that this gifted man failed as a teacher. His friend, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, in the memoir prefixed to the collected edition of Lampman's poems, writes:

There was some doubt as to what he should do in the world, now that he had received his equipment. The first employment that offered was un congenial. He was appointed assistant master in the high school at Orangeville, Ont. He did not dislike the actual labour of tuition, for which he was well prepared, but it was quite impossible for him to enforce discipline and maintain order in his class. Chaos ruled in his form at the Orangeville high school; the pupils did as they pleased, and the assistant master wished fervently that he might do the same.

It seems ungracious to emphasize a passing failure in the too short life that was full of earnest, persistent devotion to its chosen purpose, and was crowned with accomplishment. But it may be wholesome for some of us to reflect upon our own measure of success in the work that the poet found impossible for him. Not impossible, not even very hard, for some of us inferior people—this enforcing discipline and keeping order. Why should we succeed where he failed? He loved children; he loved learning; he was capable of patient drudgery. But his art made exacting demands upon his mind and heart. No divided interest, no half-hearted love, would satisfy those claims. And the school-room, too, is a jealous mistress, and asks for our highest thoughts, our most unselfish labours. No man could follow two such calls as these.

So it was fortunate for Canadian literature and happy for the poet himself, since he had no private fortune, that he was able to find routine work which furnished him with the means to live; work which left his mind free at the end of the day, and in his other certain periods of leisure. Thus he could "pension himself off," as others of our artists and scientists have done, that they might give to their chosen and beloved task the devotion of the true amateur.

It is interesting to compare Lampman with the subject of our last paper, D'Arcy McGee. No comparison, of course, can be made in regard to the artistic value of their poetry. But the two men represent fairly well two strongly contrasted types—the man of action and the contemplative man.

From his boyhood, McGee was a leader of men. He began his public life with but a slender stock of book learning, but with a passionate interest in all that concerned his fellow-men—their pleasures and pains, their wrongs and needs; and with a fine instinct for their springs of action that taught him words to influence and stir them. We see him exhorting, declaiming, denouncing, encouraging, with voice and pen, not as from a lonely height, but always shoulder to shoulder with others where the fight was raging hottest. With a natural gift of song, he found in poetry a vent for his emotions; and his emotions were those of ordinary men, though often finer and stronger; love of country, resentment against oppression, admiration of heroic deeds, pity for the down-trodden; religious zeal—all these find expression in his artless, simple lines. They appeal to us by their very artlessness; they say what we might—almost—have said ourselves.

But Lampman is not only a singer, he is a poet. He has not only the "accomplishment of verse," but also "the seeing eye." He stands a little aloof, and looks calmly and steadily into the mysteries and wonders of life, trying with patient earnestness to see a little more of the truth of things than is vouchsafed to ordinary men. In one of his early poems, he says:

Why do ye call the poet lonely,
Because he dreams in lonely places?
He is not desolate, but only
Sees, where ye cannot, hidden faces.

The common sounds of earth speak with a deeper meaning to the poet's ear:

The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night;
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came.

—From *Voices of the Earth*.

And what it is granted him to hear and see, it is the poet's task to interpret to his readers. With unwearying toil he strives to clothe the revelation of beauty and truth that he has received in that perfect form which is his ideal, and which ever eludes him. To Lampman, his art was the main purpose of his life, and he followed it with faithful persistence, counting no effort too costly for the attainment of sincerity and simplicity of expression. The memoir says:

As with all true artists, his limit was short of his ideal; as he frequently confessed, there always remained some

shade of meaning that he had not conveyed, some perfection of form that he had not compassed.

The outward life of Archibald Lampman was uneventful. Born in November, 1861, at Morpeth, Ontario, he was the child of another Archibald Lampman, at that time rector of Trinity church, Morpeth, and came of United Empire Loyalist stock on both sides of the house. His mother was a niece of Dr. Abraham Gesner, the well-known scientist. When the child was six years old, the family removed to Gore's Landing, on the shore of Rice Lake. Here he was attacked with rheumatic fever, which caused him to be lame for some years, and was probably the cause of his somewhat frail health in future years. He was educated, first, at a private school, then at the collegiate institute at Coburg, where the family went to live in 1874, and prepared for college at Trinity College school, Port Hope, where he won many honours. His education was not obtained without vigorous efforts on his own part and on that of his mother. He speaks of his debt to her in the following dedication to his "Lyrics of Earth:"

Mother, to whose valiant will
Battling long ago,
What the heaping years fulfil,
Light and song I owe;
Send my little book afield,
Fronting praise or blame,
With the shining flag and shield
Of your name.

His father, himself a writer of verse, had encouraged and guided his early studies in the poets, and, as the dedication to "Alcyone" says, instructed him in the art of verse. During his years at Trinity College, 1879-1882, he read widely, and diligently practised the writing of poetry; but he was rather a desultory student, and graduated with only second class honours in classics.

In 1882 Lampman made the experiment in teaching already described. In the following year he was appointed a clerk in the post office department at Ottawa, and continued in the service until the end of his life. He now set himself steadily to write, and in 1884 there appeared in the *Week*, then edited by Charles G. D. Roberts, two poems, afterwards published in "Among the Millet," namely, "The Coming of Winter" and "Three Flower Petals." He continued to write for periodicals, most of his poems appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*; but a collection of his poems was brought out in 1888 and called "Among the Millet," from the

opening poem, which we quote here, though it is perhaps the best known of his lyrics:

The dew is gleaming in the grass,
The morning hours are seven,
And I am fain to watch you pass,
Ye soft white clouds of heaven.

Ye stay and gather, part and fold;
The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward,
A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
The men of old for moulding
In simple beauty such a dream,
And I could lie beho'ding.

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
The wind from morn till even,
Forever shepherd you across
The shining field of heaven.

In 1887 Lampman had married Miss Maud Playter, of Toronto; in 1892 a daughter was born to him, and in 1894 a son, who died while yet an infant. Traces of the father's grief at this loss are to be found in "White Pansies" and "We, Too, Shall Sleep." In 1895 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. His second volume of poems, "Lyrics of Earth," issued by Copeland and Day, of Boston, had added to his fame, and the merit of his work was being generally recognized. But he was not long to enjoy this recognition, nor the delight in the increased mastery of his art that the years of toil had brought him. His health, never robust, began to fail seriously in 1896, and steadily declined, in spite of repeated trials of rest and change of scene, until, on the 10th of February, 1899, he passed quietly away. He was laid to rest in Beechwood cemetery, the beautiful spot of which he had written in one of his sonnets:

Here the dead sleep—the quiet dead. No sound
Disturbs them ever and no storm dismays,
Winter mid snow caresses the tired ground,
And the wind roars about the woodland ways.
Springtime and summer and red autumn pass,
With leaf and bloom and pipe of wind and bird,
And the old earth puts forth the tender grass,
By them unfelt, unheeded and unheard.
Our centuries to them are but as strokes
In the dim gamut of some far-off chime.

Unaltering rest their perfect-being cloaks—
A thing too vast to hear or feel or see—
Children of silence and eternity,
They know no reason but the end of time.

The collection of poems called "Alcyone" was passing through the press at the time of the poet's death. In the following year a memorial edition of his works was compiled by some of his friends, and published by Messrs. Morang & Co., Toronto. Among his longer poems are "David and Abigail," a dialogue, and "The Story of an Affinity," which is really a novelette. Both of these are in blank verse, as is also "Vivia Perpetua," a story of the early Christian martyrs. It will be generally agreed that his best work is in his lyrics and sonnets. The dominant strain in his verse is that of a mind nearer akin to Wordsworth than to any other of our great poets—a mind keenly and lovingly observant of nature in all her moods, and learning, from patient communing with her, knowledge of itself and of the deepest meaning of life. His holidays were always spent, by choice, in the woods, and on the lakes and streams of Ontario, often in canoeing and camping expeditions, that brought him into those "lonely places" where he could dream as he would. In the sonnet called "Ambition," he repudiates any desire for glory:

For me, the dreamer, 'tis enough to know
The lyric stress, the fervour sweet and mild;
I sit me in the windy grass and grow
As wise as age, as joyous as a child.

He was, pre-eminently, one of those of whom he writes in the lines headed "Peace"—one to whom

Life's never-flagging tale,
An infinite pursuit, a vast employ,
In lonely brightness far removed from bale,
Bring wonder and sufficient joy.

Mr. Scott says of him:

To write verses was the one great delight of his life. Everything in his world had reference to poetry. He was restless with a sense of burden when he was not composing, and deep with content when some stanza was taking form gradually in his mind.

And this he expresses for himself in the following lines of the poem entitled "Unrest:"

All day upon the garden bright
The sun shines strong,
But in my heart there is no light,
Nor any song.

Voices of merry life go by,
Adown the street;
But I am weary of the cry
And drift of feet.

With all dear things that ought to please
The hours are blessed,
And yet my soul is ill at ease
And cannot rest.

Strange spirit, leave me not too long,
Nor stint to give,
For if my soul have no sweet song,
It cannot live.

Another mood of the poet is expressed in "The Song of Pan:"

Mad with love, and laden
With immortal pain,
Pan pursued a maiden—
Pan, the god—in vain.

For when Pan had nearly
Touched her, wild to plead,
She was gone—and clearly
In her place a reed!

Long the god, unwitting,
Through the valley strayed,
Then at last submitting,
Cut the reed, and made

Deftly fashioned, seven
Pipes, and poured his pain
Unto earth and heaven.
In a piercing strain.

So with god and poet;
Beauty lures them on,
Flies, and ere they know it,
Like a wraith, is gone.

Then they seek to borrow
Pleasure still from wrong,
And with smiling sorrow
Turn it into song.

The more one reads, the more one is impressed by the strong sincerity of Lampman's work. In his descriptions there are no far-fetched comparisons, no fantastic suggestions. All is clearly seen, and simply, truthfully reported. We see this, for instance, in the last lines he ever wrote—the sonnet called "Winter Uplands," which will richly repay close study:

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,
The loneliness of this forsaken ground,
The long white drift upon whose powdered peak
I sit in the great silence as one bound:
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew
Across the open field for miles ahead;
The far-off city towered and roofed in blue
A tender line upon the western red;
The stars that singly, then in flocks appear
Like jets of silver from the violet dome,

So wonderful, so many, and so near,
And then the golden moon to light me home—
The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.

In this poem, and in others, such as "The Passing of Autumn" and "A Forest Path in Winter," we see, perhaps, one reason why Mr. Arthur Stringer calls Lampman the most Canadian of our poets. Certainly he does reproduce for us distinctive characteristics of our landscape, so that we recognize them with delight. Here, also, we find his keen sense of colour, as in "Snowbirds," his power of expressing movement:

Along the narrow sandy height
I watch them swiftly come and go,
Or round the leafless wood,
Like flurries of wind-driven snow,
Revolving in perpetual flight,
A changing multitude.

Nearer and nearer still they sway,
And, scattering in a circled sweep,
Rush down without a sound;
And now I see them peer and peep,
Across yon level bleak and gray,
Searching the frozen ground,—

Until a little wind upheaves,
And makes a sudden rustling there,
And then they drop their play,
Flash up into the sunless air,
And like a flight of silver leaves,
Swirl round and sweep away.

It would be a mistake to infer from Lampman's evident love of external nature, and from the preponderance among his poems of verses inspired by this love, that he withdrew himself from human life, or looked with indifference upon human trials and struggles. Rather, the beauty and perfection of the inanimate creation led him to dwell upon the possibilities of that nature which is linked with the divine. The group of sonnets named "The Largest Life" presents this view. We quote the second of the sequence, which should, however, for full understanding, be read as a whole:

Nay, never once to feel we are alone,
While the great human heart around us lies;
To make the smile on others' lips our own,
To live upon the light in others' eyes:
To breathe without a doubt the limpid air
Of that most perfect love that knows no pain.
To say—I love you—only, and not care
Whether the love come back to us again,
Divinest self-forgetfulness, at first
A task, and then a tonic, then a need;

To greet with open hands the best and worst,
And only for another's wound to bleed;
This is to see the beauty that God meant,
Wrapped round with life, ineffably content.

In "Peccavi, Domine," he strikes a more individual note. This is one of the most beautiful of his poems, and we hope that our readers will not be satisfied with our brief extracts, but will turn to it for themselves:

Thou, who are also part of me,
Whose glory I have sometimes seen,
O vision of the ought-to-be,
O memory of the might-have-been,
I have had glimpses of the way,
And moved with wind and walked with stars,
But, weary, I have fallen astray,
And, wounded, who shall count my scars?

* * * * *

I stand upon thy mountain-heads,
And gaze until mine eyes are dim;
The golden morning glows and spreads;
The hoary vapours break and swim.
I see the blossoming fields, divine,
Thy shining clouds, thy blessed trees—
And then that broken soul of mine—
How much less beautiful than these!

It is with reluctance that we close this inadequate appreciation of Lampman's poetry, with the hope that, scanty as it is, it may yet lead to a little wider knowledge, a more grateful recognition, of some of the best work to be found in Canadian literature.

Schoolroom Decoration.

I take the yard yong cardboard on which cloth comes wrapped, and have the children cut openings for pictures—oval, round, rectangular, or a combination of two forms. After the pictures are properly placed, a piece of common manila wrapping paper is pasted clear across the back. By this means one schoolroom is decorated with "yards" of authors, poets, artists, rulers, and art studies at absolutely no expense.

The merchants freely give the cardboard for the asking, and the pictures are culled from magazines and catalogues. It comes in rough gray or drab styles, and has been used also for making the many attractive designs given in the manual training department of this magazine, such as booklets, calendar backs, blotting pads, and waste paper baskets.—*Popular Educator*.

Grammar—Why It Should Be Reformed.

H. P. DOLE, Teachers' College, Columbia University, N. Y.

We all know how easy it is to find fault, and likewise how difficult it is to provide satisfactory remedies for existing evils in our educational system. The position which grammar occupies in our curriculum is a splendid illustration of the above fact.

There is probably no subject in our course which has elicited more criticism from teachers than that of elementary grammar. Not only do many teachers feel that much of the time now devoted to this subject produces meagre results, but in addition to this the pupils themselves frequently endeavour to shirk the responsibility of studying it. How often, I wonder, do the teachers in rural schools receive the familiar note asking that Johnny or Mary be excused from studying this intangible subject? Not that the objection of parents is an indication that the subject has no place in our course, but rather that the subject as at present outlined and taught is ill adapted to the needs of the child.

Just how much of the blame attaches to the teacher and how much to the subject, as prescribed in the present course, is not for me to say. I believe, however, that ultimately the course of study is to blame, since it makes little or no attempt to indicate the method of handling this or any other subject of the course of study.

In the brief space at our disposal, we shall attempt to analyze the situation by considering some of the controversies centering around this subject, and shall, for the sake of clearness, discuss these topics in their order, as follows:

(1) The claim of grammar to a place in the elementary curriculum. (2) Brief survey of the history of teaching this subject. (3) The usual arguments in favour of teaching it. (4) Conclusions.

1. In the present overcrowded condition of the school curriculum, it has come to pass that not only grammar, but every other subject, has been forced to establish its right to a place in our modern school course. The criteria which eventually determines the worth of any subject are (a) Does it supply a conscious social need? (b) Does the history of education mark the subject as fit for survival? The first question will be considered under our third topic, while the second one is now in order.

2. The important thing to note in connection with the growth of English grammar is that it made its

first appearance about the close of the Elizabethan age, at a time when the language had already attained its greatest vigour. The same is true of both Latin and Greek, viz., the language was perfected before, and hence not through the study of grammar. During the middle ages the classical languages were strongly emphasized, but with the broader educational ideals of the Reformation this emphasis was shifted to the vernacular. It is not strange that this change in subject matter should carry with it not only the old methods of teaching the new language, but at the same time furnish the type of text similar to those used in the study of Latin and Greek. Hence, there crept into our English grammar many distinctions which have fortunately been eliminated from the more progressive texts, as, for example, the gender of nouns, the agreement of the adjective with its noun, and the superfluous dative and ablative cases.

3. Passing now to the more specific reasons usually assigned for the study of grammar, the following will include the more important ones advocated.

(a) It disciplines the mind. (b) It prepares for the study of other languages. (c) It gives control of an indispensable terminology. (d) It enables one to use better English. (e) It aids in the interpretation of literature.

Of these five reasons, the last two are of relatively greater importance; hence we shall dismiss the others with a passing, but at the same time convincing, reference.

The question of the disciplinary value of school studies has been referred to in previous articles. Experiments made in this subject by psychologists tend to show that its disciplinary value is practically a negligible quantity. Even had this value been rated very high, it would still remain to be proved that grammar was the one subject best adapted to securing this mental training.

As a preparation for the study of other languages, we find very little fact to support this theory. Fitch points out that English is a "grammarless tongue," inasmuch as its syntax depends on the relative position of words rather than upon their inflexions, from which we infer that a knowledge of the highly inflected languages of Europe, both past and present, are not aided by a previous knowledge of English to the same extent as was originally supposed.

It is further argued that in order to use the dictionary intelligently, we must have command of

grammatical terms. This we grant without argument, but at the same time call attention to the fact that the time required for the mastery of these terms is but a small fraction of that now devoted to the subject in the elementary grades.

Regarding the function of grammar in the use of better English and the correct interpretation of literature, we shall refer to the results of a series of tests made along these lines by Prof. Thorndike and F. S. Hoyt, late assistant superintendent of the Indianapolis schools.

Two tests were prepared, one in grammar and the other in literature and composition.

The tests were as thorough as was possible to make them, and they were given to more than two hundred first year high school students. Without going into elaborate details of this test, which was confined to eight familiar stanzas from Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, a statement of the results will be all that is necessary.

From the two tests, the examiners were forced to conclude that the teaching of formal grammar to pupils below the high school is of little use as a means of strengthening their power to use the English language. The recommendations made by Mr. Hoyt are briefly stated as follows:

1. "We may retain formal grammar as a separate study, but change the character of the instruction in it so that its study may be more fruitful; or

2. "Postpone the study of formal grammar as a separate subject till some time in the high school course, giving attention in the elementary school to only such grammatical forms as naturally evolve in the training in the use of language, and will be of real value as an essential part of the pupil's mental equipment."

From this it would appear that the work below the high school would be largely composition, and the formal grammar prescribed in the ideal text as outlined for these grades by Mr. Hoyt consists of

1. Classification of sentences as to form and use.
2. Phrases and clauses.
3. The parts of speech.
4. Inflections. (a) Singular and plural forms of nouns, pronouns and verbs. (b) Declension of pronoun. (c) Possessive forms of nouns. (d) Comparison of adjectives and adverbs. (e) Principal forms of verbs with little regard to conjugation, mood, voice, tense, etc.
5. The more useful rules of syntax.

The subject matter is thus based on the actual needs of the pupil rather than upon an attempt to cram so many pages of dry facts into the minds of

pupils too young either to understand or to utilize them.

Owing to the slow process of eliminating the traditional elements from this subject, we do not find a modern text which fulfils all the requirements. The following texts will indicate the modern tendencies in this subject, and may prove helpful to teachers:

- LEWIS: Complete Applied English Grammar (Macmillans).
 BOEHLER AND HOTCHKISS: Modern English Lessons (Newson & Co., N. Y.)
 BOEHLER: A Modern English Grammar with Composition.
 SCOTT-SOUTHWORTH: Lessons in English; Books I and II, (Sanborn & Co., Boston).
 KITTEDGE AND ARNOLD: The Mother Tongue; Books I and II (Ginn & Co.)

A Rainy Day Game.

Teachers who find it difficult to maintain order in the schoolroom at noon when the weather does not admit of play outdoors, may find in the Guessing Game enough spirit to hold interest.

Let the pupils choose sides. The leader of the first and his companions select some short word which rhymes with several that are easily acted out, and announces to the opposite side a word with which it rhymes.

We will suppose it to rhyme with *seer*. Members of side No. 2 consult among themselves and then commence to cry.

"No; it is not *tear*," is the response.

Then all put their hand back of the ear and listen intently.

"No; it is not *hear*," says leader No. 1.

All approach line No. 1.

"It is not *near*," is the response.

All start back as though alarmed.

"No; it is not *fear*," replies the opposite leader.

All march in line back of No. 1.

"It is not *rear*."

One in line No. 2 embraces another.

"It is not *dear*," returns the other side.

All shade the eyes with the hand and look intently.

"Yes; it is *peer*."

Tally of the number of guesses may be kept on each side, and prizes given.—*Popular Educator*.

Flowers of trees are very small;
 Growing high on branches tall,
 If you wish these things to see,
 Look up in the elm tree.

Five Minute Object Sermons to Children.

New Revised Edition. 253 pp., silk finished cloth, gold top, \$1.00 net. By Sylvanus Stall, D. D. The Vir Publishing Co., 1304 Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa. William Briggs, Toronto.

In this little book, "Five Minute Object Sermons to Children," there is much to be said in favour of a plan that seeks to interest children in the sermon and church service. The plan is to give a five-minute sermon or object lesson to the children of the congregation as an introduction to the regular sermon, illustrating the talks by some familiar objects. But it is to the lessons drawn from some of this "material" that we enter a strong protest. On one occasion the author holds up a beautiful bouquet gathered in a hot house or carefully tended garden; then a bouquet gathered from the wayside in the fields and in the woods. He doubtless gathered the meanest flowers he could find, for the presentation of the latter "bouquet" excites the laughter of the children. He calls these "weeds," and goes on to say: "Here is a rose with a single leaf that grew in a neglected corner, along the outskirts of a wood. It is a genuine rose, but it is by no means pretty, or at all to be compared with those in the other bouquet." . . . "Now, these other flowers which I gathered in the fields and along the roadside, and in the woods, have had a hard time of it," and he goes on to speak of the difficulties they have had to contend with. The moral he draws is this, that boys and girls are very much like flowers. If they are "nursed" like garden or hot house plants, they grow up Christians. If they are neglected or have to meet and overcome their own difficulties, "nothing very beautiful, or very good, can reasonably be expected from them." Surely no reverent student of nature would draw a moral like that. The flowers that grow by the wayside, in the hedges and woods, are beautiful. The wild rose which he thinks is not at all to be compared with the cultivated form is a beautiful flower; so are the flowers of the fields and woods—more beautiful, many of them, than hot house plants, and they cheer the great heart of the multitude. The forced plants of the hot house wither when the "nursing" process is withdrawn; the former withstand chill and storm, are nourished by God's own hand, multiply abundantly and decorate the waste places of the earth.

Illustrations, to be effective, should be true in fact. In one place, he says: "In one of the object

sermons I told you how a man who had given his time to the study of plants, had discovered nearly one hundred thousand different kinds of plants." A very loose statement, and more likely the work of a score and more of botanists extending over centuries.

Again: "It was not absolutely necessary for man's existence that God should have created the flowers." . . . "In the creation of the world, He did not make the abode of His children blank and bleak, but He rendered it very beautiful by planting flowers everywhere." Compare this statement with a previous one, where man gets the credit of the beautiful flowers and God of producing the "weeds." Besides, it is the flowers that produce seeds which feed the world.

"Among the great variety of flowers which God has created, He has left one or two without fragrance, in order to teach us that He might have created them all without fragrance." Is that the lesson we should draw from the "one or two without fragrance?" May it not be that many plants without fragrance to us are fragrant to sensitive insects; and that fragrance in flowers is useful in the economy of plants and insects in helping each other to live, and not merely that we may derive "pleasure from flowers?"

Every intelligent student of nature likes to think of new beauties and utilities being gradually unfolded by plants from age to age in their history, and he will instinctively recoil from a statement like this: "If so much of beauty and fragrance still abides in the flowers, even after this world has been cursed by sin, what must have been the beauty of the world, and the fragrance of its flowers, when God created it and placed man in the Garden of Eden . . .?"

We hope we have not done an injustice to the author. That has not been our intention; for, as we have stated, there is much to be said in favour of his plan of interesting children, and many of his illustrations from other subjects are to the point. What is objected to in those quoted is the irreverent attitude, the looseness of statement and the lack of sympathy with nature.

Although I have left my native province of Nova Scotia for the sunny plains of Alberta, the REVIEW is welcome every month, and applies as well to the school work here as to that of Nova Scotia.

Holden, Alberta.

E. A. C.

Voices of Spring.

HEPATICAS.

The trees to their innermost marrow
Are touched by the sun;
The robin is here and the sparrow:
Spring is begun!

The sleep and the silence are over;
These petals that rise
Are the eyelids of earth that uncover
Her numberless eyes.

—Archibald Lampman.

GOOD SPEECH.

Think not, because thine inmost heart means well,
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech; sweet words
Are like the voices of returning birds
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell
That calls the weary and the sick to prayer.
Even as thy thought, so let thy speech be fair.

—Archibald Lampman.

I hear the sparrow's ditty
A-near my study door—
A simple song of gladness
That winter days are o'er;
My heart is singing with him,
I love him more and more.

—John Burroughs.

Come, little flowers,
Springtime is coming,
'Tis time to rise.
Flowers, fair flowers, sweet,
Open your eyes.

—Selected.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's buds turn crimson—
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again.

—Mrs. Ella Higginson.

The above has perhaps appeared in the REVIEW some time within the past few years, but it is written in such a cheery vein that many will be glad to see it again. And the "Rain Song," which follows after, is another good piece for children to commit

to memory. It should teach them that we cannot have spring without cold rains and cloudy skies. They will gradually learn to see that the song of birds and the bursting of flowers will surely follow cold days and cloudy skies. This miracle of awakening life comes every spring to us, and is so full of hope and gladness that who does not delight to see fall the gentle rain and be content with occasional sunshine, giving promise of nature's renewal?

THE RAIN SONG.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils!
In ev'ry dimpling drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills!
A cloud of gray engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town—
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining roses down!

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health, then, to the happy,
A fig to him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining violets!

—Robert Loveman.

[Robert Loveman is a brilliant young Hebrew poet of Dalton, Georgia. For several years his verses have been appearing in many of the leading American and English magazines. He is the author of the following books of verse: "Poems," 1896; "A Book of Verses," 1900; "The Gates of Silence," 1903; "Songs from a Georgia Garden," 1904.]

THE EASTER LILY.

As soldiers lay and guarded well the tomb,
The night before the first glad Easter morn,
Birds came and sang such songs of melody
As sung the angels when our Lord was born.

And when the glorious sunrise tinged the sky,
The earth, so dark and rugged in the night,
Was changed about the tomb to tender green
And covered o'er with lilies pure and white.

And, whether we believe the tale or no,
We deem this lily dearest of the flowers,
Because it brings us thoughts of life from death
At this most blessed Easter time of ours.

—Sophia W. Brower.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"
"The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow,
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
"The south wind, Katie; and corn will grow
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"
"The east wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the east begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"
"The west wind, Bessie; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the west begins to blow."

—E. C. Stedman.

APRIL.

Good morning, sweet April, so winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip and a tear in your eye,
There are pretty hepaticas hid in your hair
And bonnie blue violets clustering there.

The spring beauties wake for the girls and the boys,
And the earth groweth green without bustle or noise.
From tiny brown buds, now wrapped fold upon fold,
The loveliest garlands will soon be unrolled.

Ah! welcome! sweet April, whose feet on the hills
Have walked down the valleys and crossed o'er the rills,
The pearls that you bring us are dews and warm showers,
And the hem of your garments is brodered with flowers.

[This little gem we find wandering about without the name of the author. Can any of our readers tell us who wrote it?]

School Possibilities in the Country.

All the weak schools are not in the country. All the schools in the country are not poor schools. The rural environment is quite as favourable to schools as the situation in the cities. The rural teachers are not generally incapable. They are commonly from good families, for the most part are well bred, and generally are very well trained. There are quite as many inherent disadvantages in the great graded schools as in the small ungraded ones. There is no reason known to me why we should not have as uniformly efficient schools in the country as in the cities, unless it is because the conservatism, which looms large in the former, and the disposition to mix schools with politics, are allowed to obstruct the policies which are necessary to the making of the best schools.—Andrew S. Draper.

Many Mormons are among this year's immigrants from the United States, and more are coming. It is quite possible that there will before long be as many Mormons in Alberta as in Utah.

Daily Collects for Week.**SUNDAY.**

Let the peace of the Sabbath enfold me like a benediction,
Open Thou mine eyes to behold the beauty that lies in all
of Thy creation.
Make me beautiful—mind, soul and body,
Let me be deaf to the call of the world to-day, and take
time to meditate upon Thy goodness and mercies.
May I grow calm, serene and gentle,
Oh, let me not forget to be kind.

MONDAY.

Strengthen me for the trials that will come upon me to-day,
Keep me pure in heart, and true to my ideals.
Let me be done with fault-finding.
May I never be hasty in judgment.
Deliver me from the vice of egotism.
Oh, let me not forget to be kind.

TUESDAY.

Grant that I may bear defeat nobly, and victory with be-
coming modesty.
Make me large in thought, word and deed.
Let me see myself as others see me.
Oh, let me not forget to be kind.

WEDNESDAY.

Let not temptation assail me beyond my strength this day.
Make me merciful to all my fellow creatures.
Teach me the beauty of humility.
May I ever set my mark high.
Oh, let me not forget to be kind.

THURSDAY.

May I leave nothing undone or unsaid to-day that will rise
up to reproach me on the morrow.
Give me the courage of my convictions.
Deliver me from strife, envy and the petty faults of a
narrow mind.
Keep me true to myself.
Make me sanguine in all things.
Oh, let me not forget to be kind.

FRIDAY.

May I do my duty bravely and conscientiously.
Help me to bridle my tongue.
Grant me the gift of cheerfulness.
Keep me from dishonor.
Deliver me from the sin of insincerity.
Oh, let me not forget to be kind.

SATURDAY.

Make me truly thoughtful of others.
Let me fear not to say no.
Grant that I may keep the pages of this day's record un-
soiled.
Forbid that I sha'l fail to succor my weaker brother.
In all things help me to act the man.
Oh, let me not forget to be kind.

—Virginia O. Myers, in *The Delinctor*.

Calling Up the Flowers.

Mother Spring awoke one morning, feeling that it was about time to get up and look after her children. She looked very sweet in her light green gown and blue and white violets in her hair.

All the little flowers, asleep in their beds under ground, had heard the long, soft note that Spring blew on her pipe.

"Goodness me!" said pretty little Hepatica, tumbling up in a great hurry. "I can't let any one get ahead of me!" So she pushed up out of the dead leaves and stood there in her spring suit of blue and white.

"Come, sisters," said a little pale Snowdrop, peeping out from behind a snowbank, "we might as well get up together." And they rose with clasped hands.

Here a whole bed of Violets were trying on their purple bonnets. Brave Dandelions were rising and blowing their bugle notes. Among the Evergreens, whole troops of Mayflowers were showing their sweet pink and white faces.

Everybody was up and stirring, except one lazy little Adder's-tongue, whose bed was under a green bank beside a brook.

"O, I am so sleepy," yawned the flower, turning over again. "I don't believe it's time yet."

"Come, hurry, child, every one is getting up," said Mother Adder's-tongue, smoothing her spotted green dress. But the little one was already fast asleep again. "Come, little Yellow Bell," cried one of her sisters, "you will be late." "Let me alone," said the flower, crossly, "I won't get up until I get ready."

And they did let her alone. But when, a long time after, the lazy little Adder's-tongue stood on her feet, yawning and rubbing her eyes, she heard bad news. Spring had given her children a party, and she had been left out.—*Adapted to Our Spring Flowers.*

[This is a good story to read to children, and let them reproduce it in their own way, changing the names of the flowers, if they wish, to those they best know.]

The REVIEW offers two prizes to children who will make the best story, on the same general plan as that above, representing Mother Autumn calling in her flowers (or plants) and tucking them away in their beds at the approach of Winter. The stories should be handed in between the 31st Octo-

ber and the 15th November, so that those who write may have all the flowering season to think it over. One prize will be given for the best story from children under twelve, and another to those over twelve years of age. The prizes will be awarded just before the Christmas holidays.

An Overworked Reciter.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.
And now this is what happened: He was called upon one
week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgelled. Not a word remained within his
head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:
My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed
high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in
Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut-tree there is no place like
home!
When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle,
little star,
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of
Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachen-
fels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out wild
bells!
If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman, spare
that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who
will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!
His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I
say,
So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

—Carolyn Wells, in *St. Nicholas*.

In addition to those mentioned in the last number who have complete volumes of the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW from its beginning, we have to add the names of Mr. W. L. McDiarmid, principal of the Albert school, St. John west, and Professor W. F. Ganong, of Northampton, Mass.

Earl Dudley, the newly appointed governor-general of Australia, will represent the Commonwealth at the Quebec tercentenary.

Bright Things For Little People.

"January comes first of all,
Ready to make a New Year call,
February comes next in line,
Bringing to all a valentine.
March comes next with wind and noise.
Here's a kite for all the boys."

Little baby Pussycats,
Round and furry, smooth and fat.
Tell me how you came to be
Sitting on a little tree—
Why your coats of gray and white
Keep so close and fit so tight—
Pussy, Will'oo?

We like snow and ice,
And we don't mind the cold,
But of winter we're tired,—
It now has grown old.
And we're glad that the robins are here, for they say
That the spring will soon come, and is now on the way.

I asked her what she was doing:
After yawning, she turned about,
And said, as a matter of course,
"Why, I'm letting the tired out!"
—Little Folks.

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his mamma's lap,
That the pins fell out of the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.
So when his dream was over,
What did that little boy do?
He went and looked inside his cap,
And found it was not true.
—Selected.

To-day the world is very wet,
Though yesterday 'twas dry;
Perhaps last night the "Bear" upset
The "Dipper" in the sky.
—Little Folks.

What? Lost your temper, did you say?
Well, dear, I would not mind it,
It is not such a dreadful loss—
Pray do not try to find it!

It chased the dimples all away,
And wrinkled up your forehead,
And changed a pretty smiling face
To one—well, simply horrid.
—Exchange.

I'm five years old to-day, you know,
You needn't help me dress,
I'll button things and brush my hair,
I'm old enough, I guess.

And thus with lofty, grown-up airs
The birth-day hours sped;
The sun went down on five-year-old:—
"I'll put myself to bed."

The shadows longer, darker grow,
 Small footsteps down the hall;
 "Please, mamma, take me in your arms,
 I don't feel five at all."

—*The Favorite.*

The little brown bulbs went to sleep in the ground,
 In their little brown nighties they slept very sound,
 And Winter he raged and he roared overhead,
 But never a bulb turned over in bed.

But when Spring came tip-toeing over the lea,
 Her finger on lip, just as still as could be,
 The little brown bulbs at her very first tread
 All split up their nighties and jumped out of bed!

—*The Delineator.*

Only to think, just under the snow
 Flowers and grasses are waiting to grow.
 Hark! do you hear them rushing about,
 Whispering softly, "I want to get out?"
 Only be patient a few weeks more,
 And the warm, kind sun will open the door.

—*Selected.*

If you think you've missed the mark,
 Use a smile;
 If your life seems in the dark,
 Why, just smile,
 Don't give up in any fight;
 There's a coming day that's bright
 There's a dawn beyond the night,
 If you smile.

—*Selected.*

A RIDDLE FOR ARBOR DAY.

I have only one foot, but a thousand toes;
 My one foot stands but never goes;
 I have many arms, and they're mighty all,
 And hundreds of fingers, large and small;
 From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows;
 I breathe with my hair and I drink with my toes;
 I grew bigger and bigger about the waist,
 And yet I am always very tight laced;
 None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite—
 Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight;
 In summer with song I shake and quiver,
 But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

—*George Macdonald.*

"Do the work that's nearest,
 'Tho' it's dull at whiles,
 Helping, when you meet them,
 Lame dogs over stiles."

THE STARS.

A dear little child lay in its crib and sobbed because it was afraid of the dark. And its father, in the room below, heard the sobs, and came up and said: "What ails you, my dearie, and why do you cry?"

And the little child said: "Oh, father! I am afraid of the dark. Nurse says I am too big to have a taper; but all of the corners are full of dreadful darkness, and I think

there are things in them with eyes that would look at me if I looked at them; and if they looked at me, I should die. Oh, father! why is there such a terrible thing as darkness? Why cannot it be always day?"

The father took the child in his arms and carried it downstairs and out into the summer night.

"Look up, dearie," he said, in his strong, kind voice. "Look up, and see God's little lights."

The little one looked up and saw the stars spangling the blue veil of the sky; bright as candles they burned, and yellow as gold.

"Oh, father!" cried the child, "what are those lovely things?"

"Those are stars," said the father. "Those are God's little lights."

"But why have I never seen them before?"

"Because you are a very little child, and have never been out in the night before."

"Can I see the stars only at night, father?"

"Only at night, my child!"

"Do they only come then, father?"

"No; they are always there, but we cannot see them when the sun is shining."

"But, father, the darkness is not terrible here; it is beautiful."

"Yes, dearie, the darkness is always beautiful, if we will only look up at the stars, instead of into the corners."—
Laura E. Richards, in "The Golden Windows."

A Growing Business.

The readers of this journal have been so long familiar with the firm of Steinberger Hendry & Company, that the change of name which appears on another page may need some explanation. Mr. Steinberger died in May, 1906, and Mr. Hendry assumed control, associating with him Mr. Frank G. McKay, whose long business training made him well fitted for his connection with one of the leading school supply houses of Canada. Mr. Hendry, the head of the firm, had been associated with Mr. Steinberger since 1897, and has proved himself an enterprising and capable business man. Much better facilities have recently been made for carrying on the increasing business of the firm. The Dominion School Supply Company, dealing in chemical and physical apparatus especially, has been absorbed, a branch has been established at Regina, and a new three story building is being erected on Temperance street, Toronto, to accommodate the wants of their numerous customers. Mr. Hendry recently returned from Europe, where he spent much time in securing various new features of educational supplies to complete the company's full and well assorted stock.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The quiet which followed the dispersion of the bands of rebels in Hayti was not of long duration. The whole country is disturbed, and foreign warships have been hurried thither to protect refugees and neutrals. It seems desirable, and not improbable, that to prevent anarchy the whole island may be brought under foreign control, and both Haytian and Dominican Republics lose their independence. Hayti is the richest and fairest of all the Antilles, and only misgovernment stands in the way of its development.

Henceforth not French, but Italian, is to be the court language in Italy.

Following the assassination of the King of Portugal, attempts have been made to kill the King of Norway and the Shah of Persia. Three presidents of the United States, a sultan of Turkey, a president of France, a shah of Persia, a president of Uruguay, a president of Hayti, a king of Italy, a king of Servia, and the late king of Portugal—five American, five European and one Asiatic ruler—have fallen by assassination in the last fifty years.

Pasteur, the great French discoverer of the germs of fermentation and of disease, has said, "It is in the power of man to make all parasitic diseases disappear from the earth." This has practically been done, within the last year, in the case of Malta fever, through the work of Col. Bruce, the British officer who but recently discovered the germ of the sleeping sickness in Africa, and found a means of its prevention. The prevention of malaria and yellow fever, by war against the insects that convey these diseases, is a matter of yesterday. Even the "great white plague," tuberculosis, is already beginning to yield to preventive measures; and some have predicted that by the end of this century it will entirely disappear, and the hospitals which are now being erected for its treatment will be no longer needed.

Four hundred thousand rats have been killed in San Francisco to prevent the spread of the bubonic plague; and this warfare will continue until it is shown by tests that rats infected with the disease are no longer to be found in the city. There are but few cases of the plague among human beings now in any part of California; but it is alarmingly prevalent in Quayaquil.

A new method of preparing the fibre of flax for weaving has been invented in Massachusetts, and a revival of the linen industry is expected. Newer methods of treating the weeds of flax fields, which gained such a hold in New England in former days as to render the crop unprofitable, will probably be devised.

Experiments at King's College, London, have shown that the wonderful organisms in the root nodules of leguminous plants, which have the power of absorbing nitrogen from the air and supplying it to the higher plant, can be adapted to plants of

other families, such as cabbages, tomatoes and cereals. The possibility of thus providing for the fertilization of all cultivated crops is one of great promise.

A German chemist has extracted from vegetable substances a poison which yields the same fatigue effects as that of the toxin found in the muscles of tired animals.

The Canadian Pacific Railway had last year a fleet of fifty-five of its own steamers in service, including trans-Atlantic, trans-Pacific, and lake, river and coast service ships; and also chartered other steamers which it operated on a line to New Zealand.

Six separate colonies, of Japanese, Dutch, German, Polish, Scottish and Irish settlers respectively, have been established on the newly irrigated lands of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Alberta. The Japanese colony has a tract of fifty thousand acres; and will engage in the cultivation of sugar beet and of rice.

Settlers from the United States are again flocking into our western provinces, literally by thousands. Nearly a thousand are said to have entered Saskatchewan at one point in one day—the 20th of March.

The Dominion government has decided to set aside the whole eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains forever as a forest reserve.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by a powerful squadron of the British navy, will visit Quebec in July to take part in the tercentenary celebration. A great military display, in which twenty thousand men of the Canadian militia will join, is a part of the programme. The opening of a great national park on the site of the battlefields of St. Foye and the Plains of Abraham is to be the permanent feature of the celebration.

The Prince of Wales was to have opened the great railway bridge at Quebec, a part of which collapsed last year; but the fall of the bridge made this impossible. The finding of the commission of inquiry is that the collapse was due to defects in the original design. While there were many faults in the estimates of the engineers, the greatest error was in underestimating the weight to be borne. The ruined bridge stands as a monument of the incompetence of its designers, and of the want of intelligent supervision, which might have detected the fundamental errors before it was too late to revise the plans.

The United States battleship fleet is in Magdalena Bay, on the outer coast of the peninsula of Lower California, where a naval station has been secured by a lease from the government of Mexico for two years. After some weeks' delay at this place, the ships will proceed to San Francisco; whence they will sail in July, according to the present programme, for Hawaii and Samoa. Later, by special invitation of the British government and the Aus-

tralian government, they will visit Sydney and Melbourne; and from there will probably proceed to the Philippines and to Japan, returning to the Atlantic by way of the Mediterranean.

An amusing incident occurred in Galveston, Texas, on St. Patrick's day, when the captain of a British steamship, who ought to have known better, thought he was honouring the United States by hoisting the Stars and Stripes under the Irish flag. He learned that it is an insult to any national flag to hoist it beneath another. The port authorities compelled him to take down the United States flag.

It is announced that British soldiers will again garrison Halifax, and the dockyards at Halifax and Bermuda be taken over for use of the British fleet; and British cruisers are said to be on their way to Vancouver Island, recent events making it desirable to have a strong fleet of observation on the North American Pacific coast.

It is proposed in Australia that the Commonwealth shall aid in maintaining the naval and military forces of the Empire; and for that purpose shall keep up a force of twenty thousand men, and fifteen vessels for coast defence.

The bridge across the East River at New York, which is now nearly completed, is the largest cantilever bridge in the world. The length of the main span is 1,182 feet. The central span of the railway bridge at Quebec was to have been 1,800 feet; but that distance may have to be shortened if the bridge is to be re-built.

From the explorations in Egypt, two very important discoveries are reported. One is a vase of marvelous workmanship, supposed to have belonged to Cleopatra, its surface ornamented with what is believed to be an authentic portrait of Cæsar. The other is certain manuscripts of Old and New Testament scriptures that will rank with the earliest manuscripts known, and may throw light upon obscure passages in the sacred text.

Some thirty miles south-west of the city of Mexico, excavations are revealing a buried city of the Aztecs. The work is being done by the Mexican government, and there are now engaged in it more than a thousand men. The point of central interest is a pyramid called the Pyramid of the Sun, which is said to rise to a height of 245 feet, and cover an area of ten acres. It stands at the head of a main avenue that stretches for four miles through the buried city, according to descriptions given by a recent visitor; and is surrounded by other pyramids which were long thought to be hills. Official reports of the work will be eagerly awaited by those who are interested in ancient Mexico.

Work has been started on the highest tunnel in the world. It will connect Arica, Chili, with La Paz, on the shore of Lake Titicaca.

A railway from Medina to Mecca is to be completed in time for the next pilgrimage. Last year the number of pilgrims to Mecca was officially estimated at 280,000.

A translating machine has been invented by a student of Columbia University. It has keys, like those of a typewriter, bearing Chinese characters; and when a key is struck it leaves on paper an impression of all the possible meanings of the character. It is believed that it will be of practical use in trade with China.

Sir Hiram Maxim has invented a noiseless gun, or, rather, an attachment to a gun barrel which makes the discharge almost silent, by checking the explosive force of the gases just as the bullet leaves the gun. With noiseless gun and smokeless powder it will be difficult to tell just where a bullet comes from; and the terrible possibilities in the use of such a murderous weapon are said to have made the inventor hesitate about making his invention known.

About a year ago the work of confining the Colorado river to its former course was completed, and its waters sent down their old channel towards the sea, after having been diverted into the Salton basin for some time. Certain changes had in the meantime taken place in the delta of the river, as a result of which the principal mouth of the river is now some twenty or thirty miles farther to the southeast, and the area of the delta increased. This, however, is of no great importance to the inhabitants of the region, as there are no towns near the river's mouth. The result of the temporary flow of the river into the Salton Sink was to make a lake of fresh water about forty-five miles long, and from ten to fifteen miles in width, with a depth of eighty feet in the deepest part. Incidentally, this Salton Sea gives an excellent opportunity to meteorologists for studying evaporation over a large area. According to present estimates, the new lake will have entirely disappeared in about twenty years.

The coal fields of the Nicola valley, British Columbia, are yielding an excellent quality of bituminous coal, which finds a ready sale along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The government of the United States will be asked to establish a permanent national bison range in Montana, as our government has done in Alberta. A similar preserve was established last year in Oklahoma. With proper protection, the buffalo increases rapidly. The fine herd purchased by the Canadian government, numbering about four hundred, is the largest in captivity. The wild herd in the Peace River country—the only wild herd of any considerable size in the world—is estimated to contain about the same number. The Oklahoma herd is very small; but there are nearly a thousand buffaloes in private parks in different parts of the United States, including a herd of less than two hundred in New Hampshire, which is the largest in the world, with the exception of those in Canada.

Five hundred coins of the time of Alexander the Great have been found in an old well in Egypt, where they had lain hidden for two thousand two

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hundred years. The silver coins are of very pure silver, and are struck in such high relief that only two or three could be piled up without tumbling over.

It is said that three-fourths of the world's mail matter is addressed in English; and half of the world's newspapers are printed in the English language.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of representative government in Nova Scotia occurs this year, and it is proposed to recognize it by a suitable celebration at Halifax.

Plant Shrubs Also.

Here is another bit of advice for Arbor Day; do not merely plant trees, but shrubs as well. A good shrub or brush is better than a poor tree. In some places a shrub is better than any tree.

Beautifying results are more quickly obtained with shrubs than with trees, and some of them have long and lovely lives. Here, again, we have, native to our soil, growths which are as satisfactory as any foreign bush.

Our cornels or dogwood—and it should be remembered, by the way, that there is no such thing as a poisonous cornel—our viburnums, our sumacs, our elders, our azaleas, rhododendrons, and roses, with a score of other native shrubs, make up a list of beautiful bushes well calculated to embellish any schoolyard, wayside or park.—*Selected.*

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

The Cumberland, N. S., County Teachers' Institute will meet at Pugwash on the 15th and 16th of April.

The Teachers' Institute for Inspectoral Division Number Four (Digby and Annapolis Counties, N. S.) will be held at Bridgetown on Wednesday and Thursday, April 15th and 16th. A public meeting or a meeting of the Institute will be held on Wednesday evening.

Rev. Howard Sprague, D. D., pastor of the Centenary church, St. John, N. B., has been appointed dean of the Theological Faculty of Mt. Allison University, Sackville, in place of Rev. Dr. Paisley, recently deceased. Dr. Sprague graduated from Mt. Allison in 1863. His oratorical and scholarly gifts make him pre-eminently fitted for the position.

Rev. F. W. W. DesBarres, a graduate of Mt. Allison in 1882, and at present pursuing his theological studies at Oxford University, has been appointed to the chair of Bible study at Mt. Allison, the appointment to take effect at the close of his term at Oxford.

Principal Geo. J. Trueman, of the Riverside, N. B., consolidated school, has been appointed head of the Wesleyan College at Stanstead, Quebec, in place of Dr. C. R. Flanders, who again resumes his work of the ministry.

The library of Lunenburg, N. S., Academy has recently been enlarged by the addition of \$300 worth of books, including the new Encyclopedia Americana.

RECENT BOOKS.

Messrs. Ginn & Company, Boston, in their *New Educational Music Course*, consisting of five books, have surpassed in completeness and arrangement all their previous efforts in providing music for schools. The ends kept in view throughout this admirable course are threefold,—to gain for every child a working knowledge of music principles, an intelligent grasp and appreciation of music, and an acquaintance with the masters of music. Surely we ought to be able to accomplish such results in the ordinary life time of most children at school under adequate instruction and supervision. The publishers have done their part in producing a wonderfully excellent combination of good music and poetry, together with a carefully graded course in vocal music. The First Reader (price 30 cents) provides study for the third and fourth grades, assuming that the pupils have had experience in rote singing. It is also well adapted for use in ungraded schools. The Second Reader (30 cents) is for the fifth grade scholars, the Third (35 cents) for sixth grade, the Fourth (40 cents) for seventh, or combined seventh and eighth grades, and the Fifth (50 cents) for the eighth and ninth grades. The five books of the course contain the best in all music, and are certainly a great advance over all earlier school music books. Their usefulness is not confined to the school. Musicians who are looking for artistic song material will gladly avail themselves of the books of this series.

Ninety lessons, constituting a year's course, are contained in the *Laboratory Lessons in Physical Geography* (paper, pages 189, price 56 cents). There are well selected typographical maps for the study of drainage, land and coast forms. Simple lessons are outlined for the study of light, heat, evaporation, humidity, air pressure, etc. Cross section paper and map blanks are provided for the student. (The American Book Company, New York. Morang Educational Company, Toronto).

Burnet's Laboratory Manual of Zoology (cloth, pages 112, price 50 cents) is a simple, yet comprehensive, course in laboratory work, suitable for secondary schools. The experiments take up the study of thirty-two typical specimens, which should be easily obtainable in any locality. The instruction is aided by the use of such questions and suggestions as will lead the student to examine the specimens with special reference to the important points, and to draw correct deductions from his observations. (The American Book Company, New York. Morang Educational Company, Toronto).

Tuckerman's Reader of French Pronunciation (cloth, 128 pages, price 50 cents) is a simple and very rapid method of teaching French pronunciation, which can also be used as a first reading book. The first exercise may be read with ease by the beginner, the second introduces only one new difficulty, the third another, and so on until in the fifty lessons all the sounds have been explained and practised. The vocabulary contains every form occurring in the text. Reading material on a variety of practical topics completes the book. (The American Book Company, New York. Morang Educational Company, Toronto).

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D. W. HAMILTON, Secretary.

A new and revised edition of *Hughes' Elementary Modern Geography* (cloth, pages 260, price 1s. 6d.) It is of convenient size compared with the large atlases commonly used, and the information is very concisely arranged. It is a pity, however, that British geographers do not revise and bring up to date some of their statements about Canada. New Brunswick is said to be "watered by two large rivers, the Restigouche and St. John." Moncton is placed "in the north-east" of the province. Louisburg is described as the "second town in Cape Breton Island." As a matter of fact, the Restigouche waters a small portion of New Brunswick compared to that watered by the Miramichi; and Louisburg is but a pigmy in size com-

pared to Glace Bay. There are other slight errors which should have been easy of correction in a revised edition. (Messrs. Geo. Philip & Son, 32 Fleet Street, London).

Somerville's Elementary Algebra (half leather, 407 pages, price \$1.00) is planned to meet every real need in teaching elementary algebra in secondary schools. In the early chapters exercises for oral drill are frequent. The written exercises consist of new problems carefully graded. The treatment of graphs is full, but not perplexing, and is accompanied by diagrams of a superior character. The book responds to the growing demand for an introduction of the simpler formulas of the physical laboratory. (The American Book Company, New York. Morang Educational Company, Toronto).

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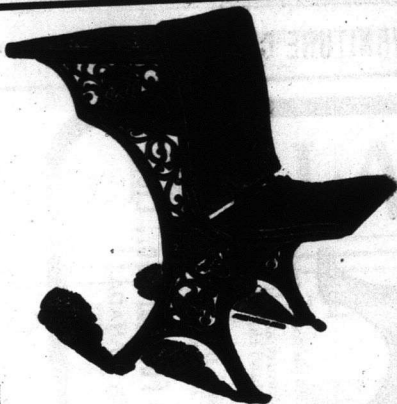
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Healy's La Comédie Classique en France (cloth, 283 pages, price 50 cents) is a reader designed to stimulate the interest of high school pupils in the study of the masterpieces of French comedy, and to awaken a desire for serious work in French literature. (The American Book Company, New York. Morang Educational Co., Toronto).

La Deuxième Année de Français (cloth, price 2s. 6d.) is a sequel to the *Première Année*, previously noticed in the REVIEW, which deals with the home, the street and the school. The *Deuxième Année* is a bright series of travel talks, illustrated by maps and pictures, takes the learner on a tour through Brittany and Normandy, dealing not only with the geography, natural history and history, but stories, tradition, poems and fables of that classic region of France. The book is attractive, and is sure to interest the learner from the outset. Everything required by the pupil will be found in it—notes, vocabulary, material for grammar practice and provision for home work. Adam and Charles Black, Soho Square, London, W.

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RECENT MAGAZINES.

The first number of the eighth volume of that progressive magazine, *Acadiensis*, has been issued. Among the contributed articles are Notes on the Historical Geography of New Brunswick, by Dr. W. F. Ganong; In and About Halifax, by Reginald V. Harris; a fully illustrated Historical Sketch of the Town of Shelburne, N. S., by R. R. McLeod.

The article entitled *Asia Contra Mundum*, which the *Living Age* for March 21st reprints from *The Fortnightly*, is striking and brilliant, pointing out some of the consequences which are likely to follow the policy of keeping Asiatics pent up in their own continent. British electioneering practices are graphically and humorously described in the article entitled *I Will Now Call on the Candidate*, which the *Living Age* for March 28th reprints from *Blackwood's*.

The *Chautauquan* for March contains an appreciative sketch of the late Edward D. Cope, a great American palaeontologist.

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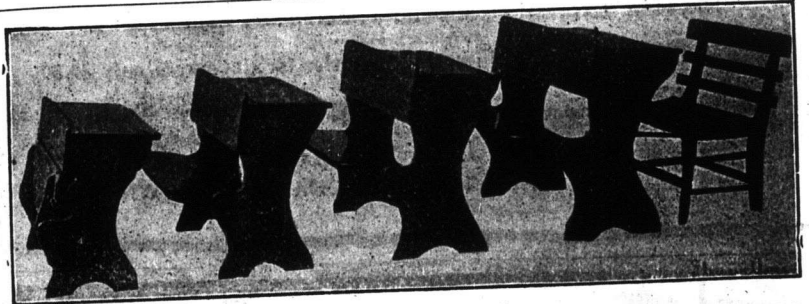
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