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THE CANADA

EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1897.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF TEACHERS AND EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

DR. J. M. HARPER'S ADDRESS.*

WHEN we hear so much of what is being said in these days about the brotherhood of mankind in general, and the building up of a Canadian nationality in particular, one cannot but be struck with the difference there is between the effects produced by a sentiment and those produced by a principle. And in an assembly of teachers, come together as we have, to promote the interests of a common cause, it is surely pertinent enough for us to ask wherein lies this difference, or even, going a little bit further back, to ask what is a sentiment as distinguished from a principle. You know the difference between cause and effect, between the abstract and the concrete, between ethics and applied morals, between preaching and practice, between the ordinary prayer and consistency of conduct; and hence there can be no difficulty in your recognizing sentiment as a mere phase, principle as a substantial fact, the former a passive contemplation of what ought to be, the latter as an active and constructive force, moulding things towards the right of it; the sentiment enervating like an intoxicant, and producing prejudice and narrowness of mind; the principle, active, enobling, perpetuating.

And reducing the thesis of the brotherhood of mankind to the narrower basis of the brotherhood of teachers, it is never a waste of time for us to go back to first principles while investigating our relationships as a corporate body, in order that the individual member, even the least of these our brethren, may come to realize fully his or her true function as a member of our association. During the years that have passed over the head of our association, there have been peaceful slumbering times and there have been wakeful progressive times; and in these phases of our history we have had definite illustration of the difference between sentiment and principle. During the peaceful slumbering times, men have climbed into place, while arguments of the mutual admiration kind were being coined by the self-sufficiency that replies to everything by a vote, to be thrown in the way of proposals for the general educational good, and for the purpose of thwarting the best of progressive projects; while during the more disturbing times, when the true principle of brotherhood was

* Annual Convention of Provincial Teachers' Association, Montreal, Oct., 1897.

having its way and the sentiment of hero-worship was in the dumps, suggestions have been matured into activities, divergences of opinion co-ordinated, and self-aggrandizement thrown off the wheels of our annual gatherings and executive meetings like a patch of mud from the potter's rotary. And surely, my fellow-teachers, when through our own experiences we come in view of the principle of a common brotherhood, that has done, and can do, much more for the maturing of better things for our province, than the enervating sentiment which so often makes men and women the slaves of faction or the one-man-power, it would be well for all of us, from the officers-elect to the simple-minded teacher from the remote country district, whose vote has more than once been a source of anxiety to one or two of us; yes, it would be well for us to hold by the principle of brotherhood and let the sentiment in favor of hero-service go. Our brotherhood as teachers does not lie in our differences of opinion, so often made so much of by canvassing self-aggrandizement, but in the identification of a central affection, a common professional principle making for righteousness and progress, in whose co-ordinating presence all differences are minor, and (outside of the polemic that is always counting heads) are productive of little that is either good or evil.

I have been accused often enough of calling a spade a spade; and if in presence of the sentiment that, right or wrong, would always be victorious, I again become outspoken, there will remain only one thing for me to do, now as before, namely to bow my head in humility to the punishment of misrepresentation that is sure to follow, as one inured to that kind of thing. Ah, my friends, there is a would-be force in all societies as well as in our own, in all society I might say, in the political, social and religious world, that would put its foot on the neck of this simple, active principle of the true brotherhood of men. With a canvassing fallacy in the one hand and a voting paper in the other, its smile is as ominous as its frown. Warped and selfish instincts distort its every feature. "Vote for me or be dismissed, and I will take care to use my every endeavor that you be dismissed." That is the watch-word of this new diabolus that would destroy the manhood of men. With the prospect of place he would entice us with an emolument that is the price of our own soul, and with threats and slander let loose around us he would deter us from doing what is right and conscientious. "Don't stand in my way," is the shout of this new incarnation of evil. "Sell yourself or take the consequences. I am after votes, and the argument the right of it, may play whistle."

And as a justification of the more concrete part of my address, my advocacy of educational reform in three different respects, you will have to bear with me if I keep, for the sake of emphasizing, to the general for a few minutes more. The true leader is he who works for the good of the whole of society, and the honest man is he who works with him. Their duty is to round off and realize, to materialize, differences in a progression towards the highest and noblest, to co-ordinate, to harmonize, to focus towards the right. Why, of course they have to destroy, they have to remove obstacles; but they do so, differing from the pitiless polemic whose obstacles to be removed are always the men who oppose him, not their arguments. Encrust a truth in a dogma, and you have a fossil for your pains, with the essence of the truth hidden away within it, frog-like, for centuries perhaps, until the true leader and the honest man come along with the principle of brotherhood in their hand to liberate the long imprisoned. The dogma is smashed into smithereens, but the truth remains, and no man, no individual is injured. The reform has been accomplished as an impersonal good turn done to society in general, and men and women come to recognize, perhaps with some inconvenience for a time, the beneficence of its trend. They judge of the reform as an impersonal force; and the true leader and the honest man are quite satisfied with the reward that knows no outer loud-mouthed hurrah. With the true reformer, prosperity and victory are to be found in the peace and comfort and joy that comes, when the war of a sound logic, as conducted by him, has had its own way.

But how different from this is the false leader with his attendant hero-worshipper. Between the true reformer and the self-seeking polemic there is the gulf between the brotherhood of men as an active principle for good, and the stereotyped sentiment that seeketh but its own. "How will this movement affect me and my affairs?" the latter is ever saying to himself. "Evil be thou my good, and so much more the worse, for the good that is not evil," his henchmen join in chorus, and so they combine to oppose, and happily for all of us combine also to explode. Their condemnation becomes a self-condemnation, as they continue to decry what they cannot overturn, until their moral sense becomes a mere rag, tattered and torn with the violence of their passion to do a hurt to their opponents. In a word the dogma-producing personality as a guidance to men in the way of reform, is as much an enervating force as is the sentiment that warps and makes a distortion of the soul, and as truly is it so as is the true reformer in a convention such as ours a power for that improvement which benevolence is forevor weaving out of the bowels of its own compassion for humanity.

In view of these general remarks, which some may wisely or unwisely take as a self-justification for my persevering attitude in favor of educational reform, I may as well now run away from the general to the particular in explanation of what I think would be of benefit to us as an association of teachers, as well as what would be a benefit to our province and possibly lead to the further unification of our Canadian confederacy. If, as has been said in Montreal here, the teacher who becomes an educational reformer has taken to walking on dangerous ground, let us join as teachers of the city and country, precarious as our ground may seem to some, and by sympathy and co-operation, and an advocacy of the right, assume the consequences of such a brotherhood until there are no consequences of a serious personal kind to assume.

And first in regard to our own immediate affairs, the organization of our association, it has been suggested by one of our most zealous members that our machinery has become somewhat cumbersome and complicated. The association itself has a voice that is heard only once a year, and for the most part from only one part of the province, and when it adjourns the Executive Committee rules in its stead. I can see no true cause for alarm in this, though perhaps it would be more beneficial to all sections of the province were the convention to be held in other places than Montreal more frequently than it has been of late years. In regard to the large representation on the Executive Committee, it has been urged that the expense of bringing so many members together is a strong argument against its continuance, as it is at present constituted. With our committees carefully selected and their functions as carefully defined, and with more of the sub-committees raised to the rank of committees reporting directly to the association in Convention, the constitution of the Executive might perhaps be amended in such a way as to save the funds. But in doing so we must be careful not to lose any of our prestige, though in my opinion we would be adding to our prestige were we to select more of our committees direct in convention, so that they might on emergency take direct action. There seems to be a necessity in this connection pressing upon the Text-Book Committee, in order that it may negotiate, as the Committee on Professional Training did so efficiently last year, directly with the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction. It goes without saying that our list of text-books finds itself at the present moment in a phenomenally chaotic condition, and in order to provide against such contingencies in the future, it would be well for our teachers to have a little more of a say in the removing of a book from the list if not in its selection. "Why was Collier's History removed from the list?" asks one of our teachers to be answered by another "Yes, and can you tell me when the text-book on Physiology and Hygiene is to be changed again, and the Latin book, and the readers, or when are we to have a printed list of text-books for our guidance, that we can depend upon?" But I must not take up further time this evening on matters which are sure to be well sifted before the week is over, and when I myself may come in for a share of the good things going.

In regard to the reforms in our provincial affairs I have only to emphasize the three necessities that press upon every efficiently organized system of public instruction, and which I have already enunciated more than once. Every one of you knows how repetition is the best of emphasis. One of our reforms has been safely launched, and now the Normal School authorities propose to do for the province what the province has a perfect right to demand at their hands. The crowning of the movement will, no doubt, be witnessed in the near future by the appointment of a Professor of Education in McGill University, when the teachers of our superior and intermediate schools will share in the benefits of a sound professional training. It has been said that the provincial government intends to further this movement in some tangible way and to supplement it by the inauguration or re-oranization of Teachers' Institutes, and I am sure no teacher will be sorry to hear of the proposal, if the Hon. Mr. Marchand has any message of this kind for us.

Were I to speak of the two other reforms *in extenso*, I would only repeat what I said at the convention of the American Institute of Instruction held in this city in July last. The amelioration of the teacher's status needs no elaboration at my hands now; it has been dealt with often enough by way of a sentiment. I have heard that it has now fallen into safe hands, and from being a mere sentiment is at last likely to become an active principle in our educational life. You have no doubt heard of this also, at least I know some of you have been asking about the long-looked-for bonuses to be given for faithful service, not to speak of the pressure that is to be brought to bear upon the communities individually to add to your salaries. The details connected with this reform realized are not in my keeping, and you will have to be patient until the denouement is made. If the spirit of economy should again stand in the way, then the concentration of our school energies must be made on the Concord plan of having fewer schools stationed at central points. If the teachers in our superior schools are to consider themselves outside the influence of this reform, as some say they are, they at least can have an amelioration in the three years' engagement idea, and this they can readily institute for themselves as the law at present stands. I am a believer in the principle of *aut vita aut culpa* as it used to be in the old parish schools of Scotland, a principle that endowed the teacher with the spirit of independence, and which has possibly made him to-day the educational reformer *par excellence* of his native land. That principle we may never live to see accepted on this side of the Atlantic. The school commissioner, who buds and blossoms as a providence in his own right, developing in time as the poor teacher's fate, is too much of a personage amongst us to tolerate any such innovation. And yet the principle is happily accepted as an unwritten law in some of our cities, while the three years' engagement idea has come to be accepted by some of our country towns, leading us to think that in time the anxiety-producing annual notice will in time be more respected in the breach than in the observance. Our teachers have this matter very much in their own hands, as they have very much the keeping up of salaries in their own hands. Let them be true to themselves and to the dignity of their calling, and the salaries must be sustained and increased, and their individual status enhanced.

"What salary had you last year?" a teacher was asked lately.

"I had two hundred and fifty dollars."

"And you are a college graduate?" "Yes."

"And what salary have you this year?" "Four hundred."

"And what salary had your predecessor?" "Nine hundred."

Umph: there's professional etiquette for you, and in face of efforts made from year to year to bring that same position from being a five hundred dollar one—it never was four hundred till this year—to the thousand dollar mark. Will any of you tell me how long it will take the *aut vita aut culpa* principle to develop under such circumstances; will any of you say when the idea is likely to be matured in our province that the salary belongs to the position and not to the incumbent, under the influences illustrated by the above conversation?

The third reform, that of supervision, has also, I have been told, come in for serious consideration at the hands of those who are in a position to solve the problem satisfactorily. Inspection that brings the system into close touch with the people, and which has in it more of an active supervision than a mere inspection, is being introduced even in Great Britain, after having been successfully worked out in Prussia and the United States. The idea is abroad even among us that the people must have what the people demand, and that the people must have the check rein in their own hands as a means of keeping the head of things educational uplifted and on the *qui vive*. This is no place for the discussion of such a question, but it is none the less intimately mixed up with the question of supervisory inspection, and we may rest assured that those who have promised us reforms are as alive to its bearing on our circumstances as any of us are.

There are other matters which I would like to say something about in connection with our provincial affairs, but I must hasten to a close. My reference to the brotherhood of men, had associated with it a reference to our Canadian nationality, and though made partly in jest, I cannot let the opportunity pass without re-enunciating my suggestion in favor of establishing a central Bureau of Education at Ottawa. When one considers the interblending of educational influences that has taken place throughout the Union, since the Bureau of Education was first organized in Washington, the nearest possible approach to one country, one educational system that the United States is ever likely to see, and when one further considers how far we are from a truly national consolidation even thirty years after confederation, and how effectually the school house can be made a nursery ground for the true patriotism, it is easy enongh to put this and that together, and plead for the organization of a like institution in Canada. To advocate a national system of education for Canada is to cry for the moon, is at least to shut our eyes to the constitution and the rights and interests it protects. The establishing of a national system of education for Canada means revolution, and we are hardly prepared for a revolution that would be sure to rend us apart rather than bind us together, before we really have had time to become a nation. In the organization of a central Bureau of Education there is, however, not even the faintest tendency of a revolution about it, its functions being missionary, and its administration *ex officio*. All that would be required would be a vote for its support as a sub-department under the federal government, and liberty to work out its own destiny of usefulness, as a co-ordinating force in the educational affairs of the Dominion. As such a force it would neither be over nor under any provincial authority, perhaps not even advisory, yet bringing about by judicious and justifiable means, an assimilation of provincial efforts and pedagogic necessities that would bring all the teachers of Canada, and through them the rising generation, to see the provincial shade away into the federal, into the national. Nor is there need for me to go into particulars. I have done this already, and intend to return to these particulars when there is more time and better opportunity. Suffice it to say, if the Fathers of Confederation by any chance left out an element in the arrangements that were expected to lead us nationward, it is our duty to find out wherein lies the defect, and if it be found that the Nova Scotian teacher is still steeped in the provincial and the Ontario teacher the same, that there are Quebec teachers and Quebec teachers, and Manitoba teachers and New Brunswick teachers, there is in the fact some indication of the reason why our lads growing up towards manhood and our maidens towards motherhood, continue to look upon our nationality as a mere sentiment, thinking little of the active principle that makes for the true patriotism. "What constitutes a state?" our boys still recite, as the Fathers of Confederation recited when they were pleading from the hustings for federal union.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high minded men,
With powers, as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
chain;
These constitute a State;
And sovereign law, that State's collected
will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing
ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding
shrinks.

There is the sentiment, and it is for us as teachers to help towards the universal acceptance of it, not as a mere sentiment, but as an active principle in our life as a people. As Emerson writes in another connection, "the fossil strata show us that nature began with rudimental forms," and the period of Canadian development in which we have part, has perhaps still sticking about it some portion of the shell of its chrysalis state. We call ourselves Canadians, but are we? Is our patriotism of the higher honesty? Is there a true nobility, not a make-believe, in its pæans? If the recognized difference between the sentiment and the principle of patriotism; if the Canadian school house as a nursery ground for Canadians; if the Canadian teacher's enthusiasm as an impulse to be imparted while breaking away from provincial bias; if the co-ordination of our superior and inferior educational forces, provincial or federal; if our ministers of education, our superintendents, inspectors and college professors acting in concert can do aught to set the national nerves throb from Halifax to Vancouver, can by united action clear away the chrysalis fragments from our common country, corporate and national, then is there to be seen a smashing of the fossil into smithereens and a breaking out of the truth, a new nation born to us in deed as well as in word.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

By Alex. H. D. Ross, M.A., Tilsonburg.

THOSE things which are most familiar to us are apt to be regarded with least wonder and to occasion the least thought. It is only when we study with care the objects about us that we *begin* to see how wonderful they really are.

Without becoming a university student, the poorest lad or humblest girl in the world may matriculate into Nature's University, and enter upon studies far more exalted and varied than can be pursued anywhere else.

Where our interest in Nature will lead to, and where it will end, we need not care. It can never lead to the bad, nor end in anything but good, and the world may profit by it.

Some of the most valuable discoveries and inventions have sprung from apparently trifling accidents which happened amongst *thoughtful* people. For example, while watching a chandelier swinging in a cathedral at Pisa, Galileo observed that whether the arc described was long or short the time of vibration was apparently the same, tested the truth of his supposition by a series of experiments, and the outcome was the use of pendulums to mark the flight of time and measure the attractive force of our earth upon bodies near its surface. Again, while

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Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just. *2 Henry VI., iii., 2.*

holding a pair of spectacles between his thumb and fore-finger, a watch-maker's apprentice was surprised at the enlarged appearance of a church-spire, and thus was discovered the power of lenses as applied to telescopes, microscopes, etc., by means of which the natural power of human vision has been wonderfully increased, and our prospect into the works of the Creator extended far beyond what former ages could have conceived.

The principle of curiosity has been implanted in our natures for wise and important purposes. When directed in the proper channel, it becomes a powerful auxiliary in the cause of religion and of intellectual improvement. To gratify this principle, and to increase its activity, our earth is adorned with a combination of beauties and sublimities stretched in endless variety over all its different regions. The hills and dales, the mountains and plains, the seas, lakes and rivers, the islands of every form and size which diversify the surface of the ocean, the bays, the gulfs and peninsulas, the forests, the groves, the deep dells and towering cliffs, the infinite variety of plants so profusely scattered over the surface of the earth, the marvellous productions of the mineral kingdom, the variegated coloring spread over the face of nature, not to mention the many thousand different species of animated beings which traverse the air, the waters, and the earth—all of these afford so many stimuli to rouse the principle of curiosity into exercise, and to direct the mind to the contemplation of the Creator.

Those who love Nature can never be dull. They may have other temptations, but they run no risk of being beguiled by *ennui*, idleness or want of occupation. Sir Arthur Helps has well said, "What! dull, when you do not know what gives lovliness of form to the lily, its depth of color to the violet, its fragrance to the rose; when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove.

"What! dull, when earth, and air, and water are alike mysteries to you, and when, as you stretch out your hand, you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered; while all the time Nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to understand her, to subdue her, and to be blessed by her. Go away, then! *learn* something, *do* something, *understand* something, and let me hear no more of your dullness."

One man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one man acquires over another. While many a vacant, thoughtless person will travel hundreds of miles without gaining an idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and the inquiring mind will find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Therefore, let us not walk about with our eyes shut, but let us use our eyes and our intellects, our senses and our brains, and thus learn the lessons which God is continually trying to teach us. I do not mean that we are to stop there, and learn nothing more; anything but that. There are things which neither our senses nor our brains can tell us; and they are not only more glorious, but actually more true and more real than anything we can see or touch. But we must begin at the beginning to end at the end. We must sow the seed if we wish to gather the fruit.

It seems to be the plan of Him who made us, who created the vast universe, and who has endowed us with faculties for beholding Him by means of the material creation, that by seeing how widely we are separated from the shining worlds, whose motions and whose laws prove them to belong to the same system as our own, we should be led to think of another state of being, in which the knowledge we have gained here is to be enlarged, and where the mysteries that now surround us shall be among the most familiar of our thoughts.

It has been well said that the laws of Nature are the thoughts of God. Hence, it is truly surprising to see the apathy of most people in regard to a knowledge of Nature. Of those not scientists, who favor science in a scheme of education, the majority do so on utilitarian grounds only. What a degraded view to take of the universe of God—its study being tolerated because thereby we may be enabled to put money in our pockets. Nature is truly a revelation of the Creator, and seek where we may, we fail to find in its study anything that is not ennobling. Can as much be said of other subjects? But we plead for science, for philosophy, the study of the works of the Almighty on their *own* merits. By all who cherish them, they are known to be worthy of all the attention they receive. They more than repay the labor by the fruit. What can be more delightful than to trace the secret mechanism by which God accomplishes His designs in the visible world; to enter into the hidden spring of Nature's operations, to perceive from what simple principles and causes the most sublime and diversified phenomena are produced? Even as a relaxation there is more delight experienced in the pursuit of science than in the charms of poetry, or romance, or song; and the more dignified entertainment of the intellect is a much better refreshment of the faculties amidst the ordinary work of life. All those who love Nature, she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things, as they are commonly called, but with the best things of this world; not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment, and peace of mind.

From Nature we have coldly stood aside,
And gone our ways with all sufficing pride;
Into her quickening soil a seed we sift,
Take the ripe fruit, nor marvel o'er the gift.

She is our own dear mother. She and we
Are one magnificent totality!
Through us earth wheels self-conscious on her track,
Our eyes are hers; they glass her glory back.

Through us she sees her charms unfolded far,
Green waving world, and glittering sea and star;
Through us she sees her still streams glide in grace,
And looks her blushing flowers in the face.

In man's aspiring soul she yearns and strives,
And through his cunning hand her contrives;
Direct as dawn, or dew, or flower, or flame,
Out of earth's breast her vast cathedrals came.

You, I, all, is her speech—the poet's lines,
The player's touch, the dark sea-sounding pines.
Even as the wind through Asia's forests roared,
Not less from rapt Isaiah's tongue she poured
His fiery and forever living song.

All sounds are hers—the viol's ponderous pain,
The patter of the million-footed rain,
Through reed and roaring brass her breath is blown;
The organ's monster music is her own.

The man whose mind is irradiated by the substantial light of science has views and feelings and exquisite enjoyments to which all others are entire strangers. In his excursions to the woods he is able to appreciate the beneficence of nature, the beauties and harmonies of the vegetable kingdom in their interior aspect, and also to penetrate into the hidden processes which are going on in the roots, trunks and leaves of plants and flowers. He is also able to contemplate the numerous vessels through which the sap is flowing from their roots through the trunks and branches, the millions of pores through which their odors are exhaled, their fine and delicate texture, their microscopic beauties, their orders, genera and species, and their uses in the economy of nature. To the scientific enquirer, every object in the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdom presents new and interesting aspects, and unfolds beauties, harmonies, contrasts and exquisite contrivances altogether inconceivable by the ignorant and unreflecting mind.

Natural science alone gives us true conceptions of ourselves and our relations to the mysteries of existence. It seeks the relation of things to environments, and the relation of events to preceding or following events. In this way each thing or event is made to throw light on all others, and all things and events are made to throw light on each. This is what makes science so important to men. More than any other study, it strengthens our faith in the necessary connection between cause and effect. Nothing so tends to destroy superstitions and replace them by reason, and no other study instils such a deep love of truth and reverence for the Creator.

The scientific man's whole habit of life is a reverence for truth, and a patient effort to discover it; yet some imagine that the scholar is simply a drone in the busy hive of life, and even the theologian has been known to look with suspicion at the "dangerous tendency" of science. All this is uncharitable. We are all members of one body; none can afford to despise the labors of others, because all agencies are needed to build up the one great fabric of society. Whatever makes for the elevation of the race is sacred. The scientific workers of to-day are not empty idlers, but men who feel that to them is entrusted the noble duty of assisting to work out the mysteries of the universe. The truths which science has discovered may be regarded as so many rays of celestial light descending from the Great Source of Intelligence to illuminate the human mind in the knowledge of the divine character and government, and to stimulate it to still more vigorous exertions in similar investigations.

Now, as regards the relation of science to religion. It has been well said that "Science is the handmaid of Christianity, and Christianity has ever been the firm, the fast, and the fostering friend of Science." Nor is it hard to understand why this is. Science is nothing else than a rational inquiry into the arrangements and operations of the Almighty, in order to trace the perfections therein displayed.

Inasmuch as it generates a profound respect for and an implicit faith in the uniform laws which underlie all things, true science is essentially religious. Just as religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis, so true science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious.

Professor Dana, the eminent American geologist, says, "There can be no real conflict between the two Books of the Great Author. Both are revelations made by Him to man—the *earlier* telling of God-made harmonies coming up from the deep past and rising to their height when man appeared, the *later* teaching man's relations to his Maker, and speaking of loftier harmonies in the eternal future."

Professor Tyndall regarded Natural Science as the most powerful instrument of intellectual culture, as well as the most powerful ministrant to the material wants of men; yet when asked if science has solved or is ever likely to solve the problem of the universe, was obliged to shake his head in doubt. As far as he could see, there is no quality in the human intellect which is fit to be applied to the solution of the problem. He compared the mind of man to a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which, in both directions, we have an infinitude of silence.

The phenomena of matter and force lie within our intellectual range; but behind, and above, and around all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved, and, so far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution. In the language of Carlyle, "To the wisest man Nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite infinite expansion, and all experience thereof limits itself to a few computed centuries and measured square miles. The course of Nature's phases on this little fraction of a planet is partially known to us. Who knows what deeper courses these depend on? To the minnow, every cranny and pebble and quality and accident of its little native creek may be familiar; but does it understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade winds, the monsoons and moon's eclipses which all regulate the condition of its little creek, and may from time to time quite overset and reverse it? Such a minnow is man; his creek this planet earth; his ocean the immeasurable all; his monsoons and periodic currents, the mysterious course of providence through Æons of Æons. Truly Nature is a volume whose author and writer is God. Man knows not the alphabet thereof, and prophets are happy that can read here a line and there a line."

No possible power of ours can penetrate the mystery of existence, and the further we go in either time or space the more completely we find ourselves surrounded by mystery. A cloud of impenetrable mystery hangs over the development, and still more over the origin of life. If we strain our eyes to pierce it, with the foregone conclusion that some solution is and must be attainable, we shall only mistake for discoveries the figments of our own imagination.

In our search into the inscrutible mysteries of existence (whether we follow the path of Materialism or Idealism), if we go but far enough, we are compelled to acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, who alone organizes and directs the movements of the innumerable parts of every organized being in existence.

In every part of the universe we may discern in the animate, the inanimate, and intelligent worlds most evident proofs of an agency which it is impossible rationally to attribute to any other being than the great I AM. This agency is conspicuous at all times, in all places, and in all things. It is seen in the sea, the earth, the air, the heavens. It is equally evident in the splendor and light-giving influence of the sun, in the development and growth of plants and animals from their germs, in the light and beauty of the stars, and in the motions, order, and harmony of the planets.

In conclusion—We should devote a certain amount of time to the study of one or more of the various branches of Natural Science: because such studies lend interest to life; strengthen our powers of observation; afford us the pleasure of discovering many new, interesting, and mayhap important facts for ourselves; invite us to use our reasoning powers in explanation of the phenomena revealed by experiment; cultivate independence and breadth of thought; show us how very limited our knowledge is and how necessary it is to make the most of every opportunity for self-improvement; increase our faith in the absolute justice of the laws of the universe; inculcate a high regard for truth; enable us to contemplate the system of Nature in its true light; and set forth the munificence of the Creator.

ON BEING HUMAN.

WOODROW WILSON.

BUT how? By what means is this self-liberation to be effected,—this emancipation from affectation and the bondage of being like other people? Is it open to us to choose to be genuine? I see nothing insuperable in the way, except for those who are hopelessly lacking in a sense of humor. It depends upon the range and scale of your observation whether you can strike the balance of genuineness or not. If you live in a small and petty world, you will be subject to its standards; but if you live in a large world, you will see that standards are innumerable,—some old, some new, some made by the noble-minded and made to last, some made by the weak-minded and destined to perish, some lasting from age to age, some only from day to day,—and that a choice must be made amongst them. It is then that your sense of humor will assist you. You are, you will perceive, upon a long journey, and it will seem to you ridiculous to change your life and discipline your instincts to conform to the usages of a single inn by the way. You will distinguish the essentials from the accidents, and deem the accidents something meant for your amusement. The strongest natures do not need to wait for those slow lessons of observation, to be got by conning life: their sheer vigor makes it impossible for them to conform to fashion or care for times and seasons. But the rest of us must cultivate knowledge of the world in the large, get our offing, reach a comparative point of view, before we can become with steady confidence our own masters and pilots. The art of being human begins with the practice of being genuine, and following standards of conduct which the world has tested. If your life is not various and you cannot know the best people, who set the standards of sincerity, your reading, at least, can be various, and you may look at your little circle through the best books, under the guidance of writers who have known life and loved the truth.

And then genuineness will bring serenity,—which I take to be another mark of the right development of the true human being, certainly in an age passionate and confused as this in which we live. Of course serenity does not always go with genuineness. We must say of Dr. Johnson that he was genuine, and yet we know that the stormy tyrant of the Turk's Head Tavern was not serene. Carlyle was genuine (though that is not quite the *first* adjective we should choose to describe him), but of serenity he allowed cooks and cocks and every modern and every ancient sham to deprive him. Serenity is a product, no doubt, of two very different things, namely, vision and digestion. Not the eye only, but the courses of the blood must be clear, if we would find serenity. Our word "serene" contains a picture. Its image is of the calm evening, when the stars are out and the still night comes on; when the dew is on the grass and the wind does not stir; when the day's work is over, and the evening meal, and thought falls clear in the quiet hour. It is the hour of reflection—and it is human to reflect. Who shall contrive to be human without this evening hour, which drives turmoil out, and gives the soul its seasons of self-recollection? Serenity is not a thing to beget inaction. It only checks excitement and uncalculating haste. It does not exclude ardor or the heat of battle: it keeps ardor from extravagance, prevents the battle from becoming a mere aimless mêlée. The great captains of the world have been men who were calm in the moment of crisis; who were calm, too, in the long planning which preceded crisis; who went into battle with a serenity infinitely ominous for those whom they attacked. We instinctively associate serenity with the highest types of power among men, seeing in it the poise of knowledge and calm vision, that supreme heat and mastery which is without splutter or noise of any kind. The art of power in this sort is no doubt learned in hours of reflection, by those who are not born with it. What rebuke of aimless excitement there is to be got out of a little reflection, when we have been inveighing against the corruption and decadence of our own days, if only we have provided ourselves with a little knowledge of the past wherewith to balance our thought! As bad times as these, or any we shall see, have been reformed, but not by protests. They have been made glorious instead of shameful by the men who kept their heads and struck with sure self-possession in the fight. No age will take hysterical reform. The world is very human, not a bit given to adopting virtues for the sake of those who merely bemoan its vices, and we are most effective when we are most calmly in possession of our senses.

So far is serenity from being a thing of slackness or inaction that it seems bred, rather, by an equable energy, a satisfying activity. It may be found in the midst of that alert interest in affairs which is, it may be, the distinguishing trait of developed manhood. You distinguish man from the brute by his intelligent curiosity, his play of mind beyond the narrow field of instinct, his perception of cause and effect in matters to him indifferent, his appreciation of motive and calculation of results. He is interested in the world about him, and even in the great universe of which it forms a part, not merely as a thing he would use, satisfy his wants and grow great by, but as a field to stretch his mind in, for love of journeyings and excursions in the large realm of thought. Your full-bred human being loves a run afield with his understanding. With what images does he not surround himself and store his mind! With what fondness does he con travellers' tales and credit poets' fancies! With what patience does he follow science and pore upon old records, and with what eagerness does he ask the news of the day! No great part of what he learns immediately touches his own life or the course of his own affairs: he is not pursuing a business, but satisfying as he can an insatiable mind. No doubt the highest form of this noble curiosity is that which leads us, without self-interest, to look abroad upon all the field of man's life at home and in society, seeking more excellent forms of government, more righteous ways of labor, more elevating forms of art, and which makes the greater among us statesmen, reformers, philanthropists, artists, critics, men of letters. It is certainly human to mind your neighbor's business as well as your own.

Gossips are only sociologists upon a mean and petty scale. The art of being human lifts to a better level than that of gossip; it leaves mere chatter behind, as too reminiscent of a lower stage of existence, and is compassed by those whose outlook is wide enough to serve for guidance and a choosing of ways.

Luckily we are not the first human beings. We have come into a great heritage of interesting things, collected and piled all about us by the curiosity of past generations. And so our interest is selective. Our education consists in learning intelligent choice. Our energies do not clash or compete: each is free to take his own path to knowledge. Each has that choice, which is man's alone, of the life he shall live, and finds out first or last that the art in living is not only to be genuine and one's own master, but also to learn mastery in perception and preference. Your true woodsman needs not to follow the dusty highway through the forest nor search for any path, but goes straight from glade to glade as if upon an open way, having some privy understanding with the taller trees, some compass in his senses. So there is a subtle craft in finding ways for the mind, too. Keep but your eyes alert and your ears quick, as you move among men and among books, and you shall find yourself possessed at last of a new sense, the sense of a pathfinder. Have you never marked the eyes of a man who has seen the world he has lived in: the eyes of the sea-captain, who has watched his life through the changes of the heavens; the eyes of the huntsman, nature's gossip and familiar; the eyes of the man of affairs, accustomed to command in moments of exigency? You are at once aware that they are eyes which can see. There is something in them that you do not find in other eyes, and you have read the life of the man when you have divined what it is. Let the thing serve as a figure. So ought alert interest in the world of men and thought to serve each one of us that we shall have the quick perceiving vision taking meanings at a glance, reading suggestions as if they were expositions. You shall not otherwise get full value of your humanity. What good shall it do you else that the long generations of men which have gone before you have filled the world with great store of everything that may make you wise and your life various? Will you not take usury of the past, if it may be had for the taking? Here is the world humanity has made: will you take full citizenship in it, or will you live in it as dull, as slow to receive, as unenfranchised, as the idlers for whom civilization has no uses, or the deadened toilers, men or beasts, whose labor shuts the door on choice?

That man seems to be a little less than human who lives as if our life in the world were but just begun, thinking only of the things of sense, recking nothing of the infinite thronging and assemblage of affairs the great stage over, or of the old wisdom that has ruled the world. That is, if he have the choice. Great masses of our fellow men are shut out from choosing, by reason of absorbing toil, and it is part of the enlightenment of our age that our understandings are being opened to the workingman's need of a little leisure wherein to look about him and clear his vision of the dust of the workshop. We know that there is a drudgery which is inhuman, let it but encompass the whole life, with only heavy sleep between task and task. We know that those who are so bound can have no freedom to be men, that their very spirits are in bondage. It is part of our philanthropy—it should be part of our statesmanship—to ease the burden as we can, and enfranchise those who spend and are spent for the sustenance of the race. But what shall we say of those who are free and yet choose littleness and bondage, or of those who, though they might see the whole face of society, nevertheless choose to spend all a life's space poring upon some single vice or blemish? I would not for the world discredit any sort of philanthropy except the small and churlish sort which seeks to reform by nagging—the sort which exaggerates petty vices into great ones, and runs atilt against windmills, while everywhere colossal shams and abuses go unexposed, unrebuked. Is it because we are better at being common scolds than at being wise advisers that we prefer little reforms to big ones? Are we to allow the poor personal habits of other people to absorb and quite use up all our fine indignation? It will be a bad day for society when sentimentalists are encouraged to suggest all the measures that shall be taken for the betterment of the race. I, for one, sometimes sigh for a generation of "leading people" and of good people who shall see things steadily and see them whole; who shall show a handsome justness and a large sanity of view, an opportune tolerance for the details that happen to be awry, in order that they may spend their energy, not without self-possession, in some generous mission which shall make right principles shine upon the people's life. They would bring with them an age of large moralities, a spacious time, a day of vision.

Knowledge has come into the world in vain if it is not to emancipate those who may have it from narrowness, censoriousness, fussiness, an intemperate zeal for petty things. It would be a most pleasant, a truly humane world, would we but open our ears with a more generous welcome to the clear voices that ring in those writings upon life and affairs which mankind has chosen to keep. Not many splenetic books, not many intemperate, not many bigoted, have kept men's confidence; and the mind that is impatient, or intolerant, or hoodwinked, or shut in to a petty view, shall have no part in carrying men forward to a true humanity, shall never stand as examples of the true human-kind. What is truly human has always upon it the broad light of what is genial, fit to support life, cordial, and of a catholic spirit of helpfulness. Your true human being has eyes and keeps his balance in the world; deems nothing uninteresting that comes from life; clarifies his vision and gives health to his eyes by using them upon things near and things far. The brute beast has but a single neighborhood, a single, narrow round of existence; the gain of being human accrues in the choice of change and variety and of experience far and wide, with all the world for stage—a stage set and appointed by this very art of choice—all future generations for witnesses and audience. When you talk with a man who has in his nature and acquirements that freedom from constraint which goes with the full franchise of humanity, he turns easily from topic to topic; does not fall silent or dull when you leave some single field of thought such as unwise men make a prison of. The men who will not be broken from a little set of subjects, who talk earnestly, hotly, with a sort of fierceness, of certain special schemes of conduct, and look coldly upon everything else, render you infinitely uneasy, as if there were in them a force abnormal and which rocked toward an upset of the mind; but from the man whose interest swings from thought to thought with the zest and poise and pleasure of the old traveller, eager for what is new, glad to look again upon what is old, you come away with faculties warmed and heartened—with the feeling of having been comrade for a little with a genuine human being. It is a large world and a round world, and men grow human by seeing all its play of force and folly.

Let no one suppose that efficiency is lost by such breadth and catholicity of view. We deceive ourselves with instances, look at sharp crises in the world's affairs, and imagine that intense and narrow men have made history for us. Poise, balance, a nice and equable exercise of force, are not, it is true, the things the world ordinarily seeks for or most applauds in its heroes. It is apt to esteem that man most human who has his qualities in a certain exaggeration, whose courage is passionate, whose generosity is without deliberation, whose just action is without premeditation, whose spirit runs towards its favorite objects with an infectious and reckless ardor, whose wisdom is no child of slow prudence. We love Achilles more than Diomedes, and Ulysses not at all. But these are standards left over from a ruder state of society: we should have passed by this time the Homeric stage of mind—should have heroes suited to our age. Nay, we have erected different standards, and do make a different choice, when we see in any man fulfilment of our real ideals. Let a modern instance serve as test. Could any man hesitate to say that Abraham Lincoln was more human than William Lloyd Garrison? Does not everyone know that it was the practical Free-Soilers who made emancipation possible, and not the hot, impracticable Abolitionists; that the country was infinitely more moved by Lincoln's temperate sagacity than by any man's enthusiasm, instinctively trusted the man who saw the whole situation and kept his balance, instinctively held off from those who refused to see more than one thing? We know how serviceable the intense and headlong agitator was in bringing to their feet men fit for action; but we feel uneasy while he lives, and vouchsafe him our full sympathy only when he is dead. We know that the genial forces of nature which work daily, equably, and without violence are infinitely more serviceable, infinitely more admirable, than the rude violence of the storm, however necessary or excellent the purification it may have wrought. Should we seek to name the most human man among those who led the nation to its struggle with slavery, and yet was no statesman, we should, of course, name Lowell. We know that his humor went further than any man's passion towards setting tolerant men a-tingle with the new impulses of the day. We naturally hold back from those who are intemperate and can never stop to smile, and are deeply reassured to see a twinkle in a reformer's eye. We are glad to see earnest men laugh. It breaks the strain. If it be wholesome laughter, it dispels all suspicion of spite, and is like the gleam of light upon running water, lifting sullen shadows, suggesting clear depths.

Surely it is this soundness of nature, this broad and genial quality, this full-blooded, full-orbed sanity of spirit, which gives the men we love that wide-eyed sympathy which gives hope and power to humanity, which gives range to every good quality and is so excellent a credential of genuine manhood. Let your life and your thought be narrow, and your sympathy will shrink to a like scale. It is a quality which follows the seeing mind afield, which waits on experience. It is not a mere sentiment. It goes not with pity so much as with a penetrative understanding of other men's lives and hopes and temptations. Ignorance of these things makes it worthless. Its best tutors are observation and experience, and these serve only those who keep clear eyes and a wide field of vision.

It is exercise and discipline upon such a scale, too, which strengthen, which for ordinary men come near to creating, that capacity to reason upon affairs and to plan for action which we always reckon upon finding in every man who has studied to perfect his native force. This new day in which we live cries a challenge to us. Steam and electricity have reduced nations to neighborhoods; have made travel pastime, and news a thing for everybody. Cheap printing has made knowledge a vulgar commodity. Our eyes look, almost without choice, upon the very world itself, and the word "human" is filled with a new meaning. Our ideals broaden to suit the wide day in which we live. We crave, not cloistered virtue—it is impossible any longer to keep to the cloister—but a robust spirit that shall take the air in the great world, know men in all their kinds, choose its way amidst the bustle with all self-possession, with wise genuineness, in calmness, and yet with the quick eye of interest and the quick pulse of power. It is again a day for Shakespeare's spirit—a day more various, more ardent, more provoking to valor and every large design even than "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when all the world seemed new; and if we cannot find another bard, come out of a new Warwickshire, to hold once more the mirror up to nature, it will not be because the stage is not set for him. The time is such an one as he might rejoice to look upon; and if we would serve it as it should be served, we should seek to be human after his wide-eyed sort. The serenity of power; the naturalness that is nature's poise and mark of genuineness; the unsleeping interest in all affairs, all fancies, all things believed or done; the catholic understanding, tolerance, enjoyment, of all classes and conditions of men; the conceiving imagination, the planning purpose, the creating thought, the wholesome, laughing humor, the quiet insight, the universal coinage of the brain—are not these the marvellous gifts and qualities we mark in Shakespeare when we call him the greatest among men? And shall not these rounded and perfect powers serve us as our ideal of what it is to be a finished human being?

We live for our own age—an age like Shakespeare's, when an old world is passing away, a new world coming in—an age of new speculation and every new adventure of the mind; a full stage, an intricate plot, a universal play of passion, an outcome no man can foresee. It is to this world, this sweep of action, that our understandings must be stretched and fitted; it is in this age we must show our human quality. We must measure ourselves by the task, accept the pace set for us, make shift to know what we are about. How free and liberal should be the scale of our sympathy, how catholic our understanding of the world in which we live, how poised and masterful our action in the midst of so great affairs! We should school our ears to know the voices that are genuine, our thought to take the truth when it is spoken, our spirits to feel the zest of the day. It is within our choice to be with mean company or with great, to consort with the wise or with the foolish, now that the great world has spoken to us in the literature of all tongues and voices. The best selected human nature will tell in the making of the future, and the art of being human is the art of freedom and of force.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow.—*Othello, ii, 1.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.
All's Well that Ends Well, ii, 3.

WHAT IS TO BE ADMIRED?

It is easy to plan work for the children on formal lines—so easy to collate sets of words for them to spell, as busy work and otherwise—so easy to fill the "practical" pages of an educational journal with suggestions of this cheap type. But this is not to be admired or sought after. All of the work given the children to do should be in the line of utilizing their life experiences for better culture of body, mind and soul. Read the article, "Learning Together" in this issue

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LEARNING TOGETHER.

By Ellen E. Kenyon Warner.

"What can your children spell?" asked the Superintendent in the first room. The teacher glibly answered, "The Primer words to page 47, the days of the week, the months of the year, the twelve most common first names in the class, the seven colors, the four seasons, and this list of opposites—sweet, sour, hot, cold."

The examiner tried them. They popped up in rows and jerked out their letters and syllables with such startling celerity that the examiner was beset by nervous doubt of his ability to give out words fast enough for them. He put on his best galop, however, and in an incredibly short time, the last little speller had dropped into his seat. Only six out of the fifty children had "missed," and in four of these cases the "next" had caught up the word and rattled off its orthography before the examiner could be quite sure it had been misspelled. Mentally out of breath, but seeing in the gaze of the self-satisfied class that immediate and complimentary comment upon their performance was expected, he said under his breath, "H'm! military discipline all day long. Too much of it." Then he turned to the teacher and faced the difficulty of criticising without wounding a faithful worker.

He knew that in the next room the teacher would have but a few words upon which she could safely promise ninety per cent. of success in an exercise such as this. Besides those few, the children would be able to write many more in dictated sentences, some knowing familiarly words whose orthography others would ask for before attempting to write them. Indefinite are such results as this, and he had always felt dissatisfied with them because it was impossible to fit them justly to the examination blank in which he semi-annually framed the status of each teacher. He was an old education man, with a secret approval for that sort of teaching which would measure up in neat squares, and thus enable him to keep his records in ship-shape for ready reference.

But this morning, he was stricken with sympathy for the children. The sensation, as excited by excellent scholastic achievement, was a new one, and he hardly knew what to make of it. This teacher had taken his cue, but had followed it to an extreme in which he dimly felt lay a lesson that might lead to a reversal of his theory of teaching. Feeling that the blame was chiefly his own, he said to the brightly confident little woman waiting before him for expected praise, "I'll talk this over with you when there's more time. Just now, I will only say that I fear you are giving too much thought to the formal side of your work. You have done superlatively well in what you have attempted, but the aim is narrow and narrowing."

The children saw the teacher's face fall as the examiner left the room, and knew that he had not admired her work as fully as she had expected he would. They saw it grow thoughtful, too, and to their surprise she sat down at her desk, dropped her hands in her lap, and looked at them silently, as if revolving some problem. She had never wasted so many moments in all their knowledge of her. They almost held their breath in anticipation of the next wonder.

Through the stillness there came to that energetic little woman a sense she had never given herself time to feel before—a sense of the great dependence of those little ones upon her leadership, and of her own responsibility toward them. "Have I worked for them or for myself?" she asked, and her conscience smote her in the answer. To score a high mark as their teacher had been her aim. No teaching ideal of her own had she cherished. The Superintendent's theory she had tried to serve, working as his subordinate. Neither conscience nor intellect had stirred in question of his infallibility until now that she had failed to please him. Self-accused and humbled, she sat before the children whose souls, she believed, would some day call hers to account for whatever wrong she might have done them. What harm *was* she doing them?

With a sudden sense of the children's sympathy, she sat forward in an attitude of consultation. Who could tell her "what harm," if not the little ones themselves? She would get the clue to educational reform from them.

"Children," she began, "Mr. Jennings thinks you spell wonderfully well. I am wondering if we could have done anything that would have pleased him better. He is a kind-hearted man and loves children. If you were to meet him out of school, you would have real good times with him. What would you tell him if he were to visit your parents in their homes—if he were your uncle, say? Come! let us imagine that Mr. Jennings is our uncle. What shall we do to please him most? Spell words for him?"

"I'd tell him a story," said one child timidly.

The teacher turned her thoughtful eyes upon Julie and smiled encouragingly as she asked, "What story would you tell him, dear?"

Unaccustomed to such "drawing out" as this, and feeling herself the incarnation for the moment of the general scare that pervaded the ranks in consciousness of the precious school minutes that were flying by "unimproved," Julie answered rather gaspingly, trying to say as much in as little time as possible, "The story of the Ugly Duckling. It wasn't ugly when it was a swan."

The teacher's gaze remained fixed upon Julie, and became absent as the effort to define the lesson of the moment abstracted her thought. Story telling! The children would revel in it, but how would that prosper their "studies"? She had heard of myth study and biographical incident as a foundation for history, but had never given much attention to these fanciful theories. Her class must learn to spell.

"Children, we are going to take a few minutes to talk this over—perhaps half an hour, perhaps until lunch time. Do not let us feel hurried. We'll talk slowly for once. I want you to tell me just what is in your minds. Why do you think Mr. Jennings was not so pleased with us as we wanted him to be?"

A look of relief settled upon the class as they relaxed to the feeling that they might give their thoughts time to "come out right end first," as an older pupil of Miss Lamb's had once said.

"I think he didn't like it because some of us missed our words," said one child after a pause.

"I don't," rejoined another promptly. "I think he was mad because I took up Leonard's word so quick."

"We raced too much," ventured a third, evidently in echo of his predecessor's thought. The pondering eyes were turned upon the last speaker.

"Perhaps we did, Bertie. But do you not think we ought to be praised for doing our work quickly?"

Emboldened by the air of receptivity which had suddenly transformed his teacher, Bertie answered: "My mamma says I hurry too much in school, and then I come home and eat too fast at lunch time."

"I'm afraid you do, Bertie," said Miss Lamb slowly, "I do myself, sometimes, and it is not good for either of us. But you and I must both learn that we must do some things quickly and some things slowly." As she spoke, Miss Lamb wrote at the top of a pad that happened to lie before her, "Learning together." It was borne in upon her that there were lessons for her to learn in association with these children—lessons of whose necessity she had been quite unconscious.

"But I forget," said Bertie.

"Yes, you forget," repeated the teacher musingly. "You reach the table in a nervous tremor from overpush during the morning at school, and are not wise enough to know that you must relax before you can digest your meal. I 'forget' myself. I need to practice relaxation and I must teach you the same art. Children, I am going to write something over here in this corner of the black board that is very important. I want all of you who can tell time to watch the clock toward the close of every morning session from now until promotion, and when it says a quarter of twelve to point to this writing. That will remind me that I must spend the last few minutes of the morning in getting you rested up for luncheon and in talking with you about how to take care of your bodies."

1. Work rapidly.
2. Rest before eating.
3. Eat slowly.

"But now about the spelling. How can we learn so many words unless we give every spare minute to it, as we have done?"

"My cousin Nellie doesn't learn so many words, but she can write little letters," suggested a pupil.

"How can she write letters without knowing how to spell a great many words?"

"If she doesn't know a word she asks her teacher."

"But if I should help you by telling you the words, as Nellie's teacher does, you would not remember them as you do after hard study."

"My big brother looks in the dictionary when he don't know a word," ventured one upon whom it was dawning that somehow or other big people got along without carrying everything in their heads.

"Yes," admitted Miss Lamb, "that is an advantage that grown folks have. And you want me to be your dictionary until that time comes for you."

The little brains were grasping the question sufficiently to feel that this would be a great relief from drudgery and not altogether wrong. A few faces showed distinct assent to the proposition.

"I've a good mind to try it," thought the teacher. "What an amount of labor it would save—and time, too, for something that is perhaps better worth while than the everlasting spelling drill. To be able to write little letters—how delighted the midgets would be!"

"But, children," she continued, "it is surely a fine thing to know things yourself, and not to have to ask other people. Suppose you wanted to write a letter out of school—you would be glad to know how to spell the names of the days and months."

"That's what I said to Nellie, but she says, 'What's the use of knowing how to write November when it's only May?'"

"Timeliness! Teach for present use." Where had Miss Lamb heard those words? It did not matter. She would try to what extent she could apply them in her next term's work. Meantime she would ask Mr. Jennings if he thought the hint they contained at all practical. Perhaps he could help her in interpreting them. Or had he lessons to learn himself? She strongly suspected that she would find him a little vague as to what he wanted her to do next term. Some change would be encouraged—of that she felt convinced, and perhaps she (and the children) could help him to know what direction he would best like the change to take.

A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot,
Place where passing souls can rest
On their way and be their best.

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.
Scribner's Magazine.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

"That from Discussion's lips may fall
With Life, that, working strongly binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
So close the interests of all."

THE Jubilee of the Normal School, Toronto, and its celebration, which occurred at the end of October, was an event of more than ordinary interest. The re-union of those who graduated from the school prior to 1875, was made pleasant by the recalling of former days and work, and no doubt an important impetus is given to ther ecognition of the fact that teachers are members of a "learned profession." Ve y appropriately divine service was held in the Metropolitan Church on 31st Oct., where the late Chief Superintendent of Education worshipped for many a day. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Dewart, who was a member of the 1st class in 1847.

On Monday, Nov. 1st, at 2 p.m., the unveiling of the portraits of past principals of the Normal School, and past head masters and head mistresses of the Model School took place. Hon. G. W. Ross presided, and briefly explained the cause of their being together.

The portrait of Thomas Jaffray Robertson, first principal, was unveiled by David Fotheringham, B.A., I.P.S., South York; that of John Herbert Sangster, M.A., M.D., second principal, by Rev. R. P. McKay, M.A., Toronto; that of Henry W. Davies, M.A., M.D., third principal, by Charles A. Barnes, B.A., I.P.S. for Lambton. These gentlemen spoke in the highest terms of their old teachers as the highest type of manhood, and told of the influence for good that characterized the actions and instruction of the principals.

The portraits of Mrs. Dorcas Clark, M.D. (1852-1865), and that of Miss Adam (1865-1866), were unveiled by Mrs. Nasmith, a former pupil of theirs. Miss Caven unveiled that of Mrs. Cullen (1867-1884). Mr. David Ormiston, M.A., of Whitby, and Dr. Hodgetts, of this city, gave accounts of past headmasters. They were Archibald McCallum, M.A. (1848-1858), David Fotheringham (1858), James Carlyle, M.D. (1858-1871), James L. Hughes (1871-1874), William Scott, B.A. (1874-1882), Charles Clarkson, B.A. (1882 1886).

The reminiscences of student life at the Normal and Model from 1847 to 1875, by Mrs. Catherine Fish; William Carlyle, I.P.S., Oxford; David Ormiston, Whitby; Rev. Mungo Fraser, D. D., Hamilton; Mrs. Georgina Riches, Toronto; Joseph H. Smith, and A. S. Allan, were listened to with much pleasure.

In the evening a conversazione was held in the public hall and museum of the Education Department. This was very largely attended, and proved to be a brilliant social event. Hon. Dr. Ross and Mrs. Ross received the visitors at the entrance to the amphitheatre. The musical part of the program was skilfully conducted by S. H. Preston, music master of the Normal School. The graduates of the various years congregated in little groups here and there throughout the building, and lived over again their happy Normal days.

On Tuesday, November 2nd, at 2 p.m., the celebration was continued by the delivery of four addresses. Mr. Thomas Kirkland, M.A., present principal of the Normal School, reviewed "*The History of the Toronto Normal School.*" Mr. James L. Hughes presented "*The Schools of the Twentieth Century.*" "*Protestant Education in Quebec*" was dealt with by Mr. S. P. Robins, M.A., LL.D., principal of the McGill Normal School, and formerly assistant master of the Toronto Normal School. Mr. John Herbert Sangster, M.A., M.D., took as the subject of his address "*Where do we stand educationally as compared with fifty years ago?*" It was remarked by many that these were the best addresses that have been delivered on educational subjects for many years.

In the evening about one hundred of the visitors and the leading educationists of the city sat down to a banquet in the Rossin House. Hon. Dr. Ross was in the chair, the vice-chairs being occupied by Principal MacMurchy, Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, and Prof. Hume, Toronto University. "The Dominion Parliament" was responded to by Dr. Platt, ex-M.P.; "The Legislature" by Dr. G. S. Ryerson; "The Army, Navy and Volunteers" by Col. Sam Hughes, M.P. "Higher Education" was responded to by President Loudon; Dr. Reynar, of Victoria University; Provost Welch, of Trinity University; and Dr. Parkin, of Upper Canada College. "Sister Institutions" was proposed by Prof. Hume and responded to by Dr. Robins, of

McGill Normal School, and Dr. McCabe, of Ottawa Normal School. "The Learned Professions" was ably responded to by Dr. McPhedran and Dr. Hellems. "The Graduates of the Normal School" was proposed by Dr. J. H. Sangster and responded to by several visiting teachers and inspectors. The banquet and celebration was brought to a close by singing "God Save the Queen."

Much praise is due to the President, the Hon the Minister of Education; the Vice President, Principal Thomas Kirkland, M.A.; the chairman of the ex-Committee, Inspector Jas. L, Hughes; and the secretary, Wm. Scott, B.A., Normal School, and Mr. Angus McIntosh, Head Master Model School, Toronto, for the skill and energy and time given to bring to so successful an issue an event which we believe will have an important influence on education in Canada. The first fifty years of the Toronto Normal is now a part of past history.

There seems to have arisen some misunderstanding among the teachers of the Province of Quebec over the morality or immorality of influencing votes at an election, and after investigating the circumstances, one is at a loss to know how any such difference of opinion could have arisen. Canvassing for votes may or may not be a wrong thing in itself, but coercing people to vote through an influence that can harm is one of the greatest iniquities that can be perpetrated in an age of freedom. Among politicians, canvassing for votes has come to be recognized as a necessary thing to do, but we have yet to find the politician, sound or unsound, who has ever openly declared that it was a right and proper thing to do—anything but an immoral act—to exercise this *seemingly* necessary function over those whom he has the power to injure should they fail to take his advice. Employers of labor continue to exercise the function of using their influence at an election, but any conduct of theirs that can be construed into coercion, is ever met with condemnation even among the politicians themselves, and is continually being frowned upon by the press. And if such be the case, there can be no question as to the morality of canvassing in a society such as a synod of clergymen or a convention of teachers. The introduction of canvassing and coercing is alike iniquitous in the abstract and subversive of the best interests of the institution where such practices are tolerated.

Whether the teachers of Quebec are likely to confess to the unseemliness of conduct lately practised by one or two of the leading spirits of their convention, who have evidently been taking it sore to heart that any act of theirs should be impugned, it is not for us to say. By way of vindication we see that an attempt is to be made to raise a laugh over the offence, and to claim that it is a question of no moment who shall be the officers of any teachers' association no matter how important its functions may be. At the best, it is a mere family arrangement, and if the members of the family interested in it quarrel over the matter it is no concern of the public to take cognizance of the storm-in-a-tea-kettle strife. But is it of no public moment that men who claim to be the representatives of the higher moralities should indulge in practices that are condemned even by those who think that canvassing before an election has come to be only a seeming necessity. The offence of coercion, direct or indirect, is surely not to be placed upon those offended by the offence, or upon those who have been brave enough to direct public opinion towards the offence. Besides, the offence has repeatedly been defined, we are told by the gentlemen who have just committed it, and this with the loudest indignation against the practice of canvassing and coercing. But, perhaps inconsistency, not to call it by a severer name, is a "two-penny halfpenny affair" also.

In this connection, as the letter of Mr. Hewton, who has been throwing light on this matter, has been inserted in our correspondence section, it cannot be out of place to report what such an honest authority in the Eastern Townships as the *St. John's News*, has said on the subject:

"Mr. R. J. Hewton never does anything by halves. If he has anything to say he says it, and calls a spade a spade, regardless of consequences. At the recent teachers' convention in Montreal he denounced in unmeasured terms the private caucussing and pre-arrangement of ballots by a few city teachers. While nearly every one admitted Mr. Hewton's pluck and indomitable energy, some, even among his best friends, thought he was a little too severe. He might, these contended, have attained greater results by a more moderate course, and evidently this was Bystander's opinion. But Mr. Hewton did not stop to consider the question of expediency. He was confronted with what he conceived to be a gross injustice and he exposed it and spared no one connected with it. Now he replies to Bystander and abates r one jot or tittle of his original position. He has nailed his colors to the mast and will stand by them. Whether one may or may not entirely agree with Mr. Hewton in this matter, there is one thing very certain, if there were no Hewtons in the Teachers' Association it would become an organization to register the opinions and serve the purposes of a few city educationists."

The New Brunswickers become a little restless now and again over their University, though at the bottom they are generally loyal to the higher education, and are proud of their college at Fredericton. The feeling has sometimes arisen in certain ultra-economical quarters that the institution cost a little too much, but it has always subsided in presence of the efforts put forth to improve its organization and curriculum. There is sometimes a revival of the "anti-classics" movement, but it never reaches a compass beyond one or two who have had no experience of the benefits a classical education confers upon the student. Then there is the reformer who never has a platform of his own to substitute for the platform he would overwhelm. The curriculum is a poor affair. There is little or no harmony in the organization. There is no enthusiasm in the deliberations of the administration. And so the would-be reformer runs on in the abstract, with no suggestion as to a remedy. When the reformer becomes somewhat iconoclastic, and would sweep Latin and Greek into the dust-bin of effete curricula, and claims that he knows all about it, he only gives point to the laugh which every educationist enjoys when he reads a paragraph like this, even if it comes all the way from Germany:

"The German newspapers," says the *Educational Journal* "record some frank expressions of opinion on the part of members of the reactionary agrarian party in Prussia in regard to elementary education. It is said that one of the sons of Prince Bismarck will not hear of the school teacher on his estate having a better house than an agricultural laborer. Herr von Below-Saleske declared that 'people don't need much school learning in order to grub potatoes.' Herr von Helldorf thus summarised his educational programme: 'I am not for teaching arithmetic to th· agricultural labourer. It will or spoil him. He has got to lead hor and to handle the plough, not figures.' No wonder that there are rumors of hostility in these quarters against the educational zeal of Dr. Bosse."

We think, however, that there is one defect in the organization of the New Brunswick University, which could be slightly improved in order that the *esprit de corps* of its *alumni* and *alumnal* may be developed into something broader and more spirited. The University has produced many local men of standing and some of remarkable outside prominence, and yet for some reason or other, when a degree comes to these as a reward for their genius and culture and industry, it has generally been obtained from some outer institution, simply because, as it has been alleged, somebody in the Alumni Society, remembering certain idiosyncrasies of their student days, blocks the way to the conferring of the well-merited honor. It would be invidious for us to mention the names of those who have been thus overlooked. The members of the Alumni Society can easily recall them, if they will only run away for a moment from local prejudice and less important university matters. In a word, the institution has made itself too local. It has been burying itself away for years from the world of letters and science. It is not in touch with Canadian affairs, and if we have by any chance laid bare the secret of its sequestration, it is to be hoped that the discovery will not give any offence, but encourage the men who have the best interests of the institution at heart to make more of its honor-conferring powers and thus bring it in line with our other Canadian collegiate corporations, as fundamental elements of our nationality.

It would appear that Prince Edward Island is not free from the influence that would provoke another "school question" in its capital. The settlement of the various difficulties at the time of the passing of the Free School Act of 1877 was happily concluded by Bishop McIntyre and Dr. Harper, now of Quebec. The settlement, naturally enough, did not give universal satisfaction at the time, but it formed a basis for peaceable operations which have continued ever since, and was loyally adhered to by the good old philanthropist who induced his people to accept the terms of the Board of School Commissioners. There have been recent changes on that Board, however, which have led to a restlessness in the community, though, let us hope, not anything very serious. The city schools continue under very much the same organization that was inaugurated in 1877, and if any difficulty occurs it will be in connection with the transfer, support and supervision of a new school which is being conducted under the Bishop's direct supervision in the Pownal Street district of Charlottetown. There are two institutions for the higher education on the Island, St. Dunstan College, a Roman Catholic institution, and The Prince of Wales' College, an institution supported by the province, but beyond this there is no separating of the schools, which are in every district under the supervision of one Board of Commissioners and one Board of Education.

The appointments to the Educational Council should have been made by the 15th Oct. last. The nominees of the Senate of the University of Toronto are President Loudon, Chancellor Burwash, Rev. Father Teefy, and Professors Baker, Alexander and Hutton. The nominees (six) of the Government of Ontario are not yet known.

In cities the great majority of children leave school at or before 14 years of age, in the country the age may be a little higher. The problem which faces the educator is how to teach the little knowledge that these children have acquired so that they will, after leaving school, continue the work begun in the school. That is, that each one will make a continuous effort for self-improvement. How can the teacher inspire the young learner with such a love of knowledge as will make him forego other pleasures in order to gratify that for useful learning? For the schoolmaster this is the question of the age.

And yet, until this is accomplished, the teacher's work is unfinished. Every recourse of modern life is required for this purpose; the hearty co-operation of parents and teachers: the active support of all churches: the best efforts of all publishers: and the wise strengthening of all these by school trustees. May Canada soon see this combination at work for the proper education of our people. The good time is coming.

CURRENT EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

WHILE the "Manitoba School Question" still continues to trouble some people in their sleep, the people of Manitoba themselves continue to develop the system of schools inaugurated by the Greenway Government. Among the later staff changes is to be mentioned the appointment of Mr. Alexander McIntyre, B.A., science master in the Brandon Collegiate Institute, to the position of Inspector of the eastern division of the province. There is a colony of educationists in that city now of the clan McIntyre, which is likely to lead to confusion in the Winnipeg Post Office, but the members of that colony are all good and tried men, and the confusion of name will have to be surmounted, for it is the desire of all who know the McIntyres of Manitoba to see them flourish as they continue to use their energies in the development of the Manitoba School System. Mr. Alexander McIntyre's appointment has given evident satisfaction. He will begin his new duties at the beginning of the new year.

There are few who will not be satisfied at the decision come to lately in regard to the keeping of the Theological Department of Bishop's College at Lennoxville. It was proposed that it should be removed to Quebec, though the proposal never seemed to have much of an argument behind it. A special committee of the corporation of the institution has settled the matter by the drawing up of the following report:—

"The committee to whom was referred the question of the desirability of the removal of the Theological Department of Bishop's College from Lennoxville to Quebec, beg leave to report that after very full statements of the position by the Bishop, the chancellor, and other members of the committee, in view of the conditions of the establishment of the University, and its present successful position, they recommend that it is not desirable that any change be made in the direction suggested. The committee adjourned to meet at Lennoxville at the call of the Bishop to consider the question of providing increased accommodation for students, now said to be urgently needed."

It is reported that the authorities of the University of New Brunswick have all but decided to have a three year's course for the B.A. instead of a four years' course as it has been. The step is discussed in the following way by a student writing to the *Educational Review*:

"Whatever may be urged against it there is also something to be said in its favor, among other things that the president of one of the largest and most influential seats of learning in the United States has come out in favor of a three years' course. In a young country where the field for specialists is limited, four years seems a long time and a large slice of a man's years of usefulness to devote to an Arts Course, and if it be possible to limit the time consistently with thoroughness it is most desirable that it should be done, especially from the standpoint of the young man or woman who has to work his or her own way.

"The colleges having a four years' course cease work in the spring and do not resume until autumn, taking four months or more summer vacation. Why should this be done? Are the labors of students or professors more arduous than those say of the schools? If not, why should they require a longer rest? With the students of the leisure classes these long recesses may be popular, but with those of less means, and having less time, they are the reverse. Some studying and reading may be done in the time, but in the case of most of the students and professors they pass their time as other people, having nothing particular to do. It is true that it affords opportunity to some to earn a little toward expenses, but the field for such is curtailed save in the direction of book agencies. There is no chance now open for teaching, and take it all in all the average student would prefer attendance at college during much of the long vacation if it would insure graduation one year earlier. After all the value of an Arts degree does not so much depend upon time as application. If length of time in attendance at lectures is to be the criterion, by shortening the vacations as much time can be put in in three years as with the existing ones in four years."

What with the assimilation of the matriculation examination, which is now one and the same for all colleges affiliated with McGill University, and the regulations of the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, the union colleges of the Province of Quebec are likely to become extinct. The first to give way to the pressure is Stanstead College, and it is more than likely that St. Francis College will not be able to come up to the standard next year. The only institution of the kind left then will be Morrin College, and though the numbers attending the latter institution fall somewhat short of the requirements, this year, a generous consideration of its affairs may lead to its continuance.

In connection with the discussion in our columns on religious instruction, the following from a headmaster at a conference in England: The effect, said he, of the new methods was not so much in the things taught as in the way they were taught, and he was quite convinced that a large proportion of the difficulties in the elementary and secondary schools depended entirely upon the character of the teachers. The main thing, however, he wished to say was that he hoped Mr. Rutty's friends would not try to force their views forward in the form of definite regulations, for he was quite sure that if they tried to bring it into Parliament, and thereby to the public notice, they would not get what they wanted; they must take the masters and influence them. At present the masters were trusted, and allowed to do what they thought best, and the main thing was to see that they got the right men in the right place, and trust them to carry on what they tried to do at present.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, of Christchurch, is a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He is a mathematician not unknown to fame. As Lewis Carroll he is one of the best known story-tellers. The two existences overlap in that attractive work, "The Tangled Tale," which is a series of arithmetical puzzles conveyed in the form of amusing narratives. In *Nature* Mr. Dodgson comes out stronger than ever in the arithmetical puzzle line, and has produced for the edification of schoolboys two new rules.

Here is a rule for finding the quotient and remainder produced by dividing a given number by 9, the process being no severer than subtraction: "To find the 9-*remainder*, sum the digits; then sum the digits of the result; and so on, till you get a single digit. If this be less than 9 it is the required remainder; if it be 9, the required remainder is 0."

To find the 9-*quotient* you draw a line under the given number, and put its 9-remainder (found as above) under its unit-digit, then subtract downwards, putting the remainder under the next digit, and so on. If the left-hand end digit of the given number be less than 9, its subtraction ought to give the remainder 0; if it be 9, it ought to give the remainder 1, to be put in the lower line and 1 carried, when the next subtraction will give 0. Now mark off the 9-remainder at the end of the right-hand end of the lower line, and the rest of it will be the 9-quotient. The following is an example of the process: Divide 736,907 by 9.

$$\frac{736907}{81878,5}$$

the remainder is 5, the quotient 81878.

Mr. Dodgson gives a corresponding rule for dividing by 11. His discovery, he explains, arose out of the odd fact which he once remarked, that if you put 0 over the unit-digit of a given number which happens to be a multiple of 9, and subtract all along, always putting the remainder over the next digit, the final subtraction gives the remainder 0, and the upper line, omitting its final 0, is the 9-quotient of the given number. Mr. Dodgson's rules are really a simplification, and will probably be adopted by many teachers of arithmetic. It is with pardonable pride, therefore, that he gives the date (September 28, 1897) on which he brought them to completion, just as though they had been patented in order to forestall competition.

St. John, New Brunswick, says the *Review*, appears to be the only city in Canada in which University Extension lectures have been maintained with any degree of permanence. The course this year was opened by Prof. Davidson, who is giving a series of lectures on the Commercial Relations between Great Britain and her Colonies. The subject is of great interest, and Dr. Davidson, who has devoted special attention to this and kindred subjects for many years, has already enlisted the keenest interest on the part of his class by the clear presentation of his facts and the force and precision of his argument. Miss M. E. Knowlton, of the St. John High School, who makes her début as a University Extension lecturer this year, is giving lectures—or, as she modestly calls them, "talks,"—on Browning, to the evident enjoyment of those who would obtain a clearer insight into the masterpieces of this poet. The second course in January and February will be awaited with great interest from the fact that three St. John editors—J. V. Ellis, M.P., of the *Globe*, Jas. Hannay of the *Telegraph*, and S. D. Scott of the *Sun*—will, in two lectures each, deal with important epochs of Canadian history, and Prof. Stockley will deliver a course of eight lectures on Molière.

At Syracuse, N. Y., the police have arrested five boys, all under sixteen, and all of respectable families, accused of a number of petty burglaries. It seems that the further aspiration of these lads was to go West and become train robbers. No doubt they had all received a good literary education, probably in the Public Schools. Instances of juvenile crime multiply in the United States, and if we are comparatively free from them here, we are not by any means free from juvenile faults which betray a want of moral discipline in the schools. It is a serious drawback from the advantages of our system of public education that it weakens the sense of responsibility in parents and leads to a neglect of home training, without which character cannot well be formed. A school teacher has enough to do in imparting literary instruction to his class, without undertaking to form the characters of individual pupils. The evils of parental indifference consequent on the transfer of responsibility to the state have been strikingly set forth by Dr. J. M. Rice in a work on the American Public Schools, which everyone concerned in popular education ought to read. Meantime, if any citizens caring, above all things, for the formation of character, choose to send their children to schools of their own, where they think character is better formed, there seems to be no reason why they should be crushed. As taxpayers, they are all the time contributing their full share to the maintenance of the Public School system, though they cannot conscientiously send their children to the Public School. Nor do they fail to impart the literary instruction which the policy of the state requires. This is a free country, let us have the full advantages of freedom, that of free experiment in education among the rest.—*Witness, Montreal.*

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES—DECEMBER.

THOS. LINDSAY, TORONTO.

OBSERVERS who had been expecting to see the advance guard of the Leonid meteors were quite disappointed during Novembe The night of Sunday, Nov. 14th, wa the time when the earth plunge into the thickest of the stream, but dense clouds obscured the heavens, and even had it been clear, the meteors would have been lost in the bright moonlight. We must wait another year for an opportunity to see a great display.

As we near the close of the year the planets become more favorably situated for observation. Mercury is evening star, and may be seen at greatest elongation east on the evening of Dec. 20th. The planet will be in close conjunction with the new moon on the evening of Dec. 24th. Venus, still morning star, will be seen in the same field of the telescope, with Mars on the morning of Dec. 30th. The observation will be of interest only on account of the positions of the planets, as their discs are quite small.

Jupiter is slowly coming into good position, and increasing in angular diameter. Towards the end of December the giant planet rises about midnight. Early morning observers may see satellite I. and its shadow on the disc of Jupiter, on December 20th, at 3 o'clock a.m. Again on the morning of Dec. 20th, at 5 o'clock, we may see the shadows of sats. I. and III. on the disc. It may be noted that a good two-inch telescope will show these shadows as little round black dots. The moons themselves, when in transit over Jupiter, are not so easily seen. It requires at least three-inch aperture to show these easily.

Saturn must be looked for before sunrise, and far south among the stars of Scorpio. We may expect to hear of some original work being done in planetary study during the coming year, as Prof. J. E. Keeler, of Allegheny, has announced his intention of bringing spectroscopic analysis to bear on the question of the rotation periods of the planets. With everything favorable, and with such instruments as have been employed in determining the velocity of stars in the line of sight, it is proposed to note the shifting of the lines in the spectrum of a planet, directing the spectroscope first upon the hemisphere approaching us and then upon the receding. The varying velocity of the outer and inner edges of Saturn's rings were determined in this way and by Prof. Keeler. There is every reason to believe that the positive proof as to the rotation of Venus may be given by the same authority.

There will be one interesting occultation during December. On the evening of the 27th, about 6 o'clock, the dark limb of the moon occults the 4th mag. star Theta in the constellation of Aquarius.

SCHOOL WORK.

ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE NOTES.

The examinations for students leaving in December begin on the 7th inst.

The following time-table has been issued:

9—12.

Dec. 7. Science of Education.
" 8. Psychology.
" 9. Methods in Mathematics (Pass).
" 10. Methods in English (Pass).
" 11. Methods in French and German (Pass).
" 13. Methods in Science (Pass Chemistry, Physics and Biology).
" 14. Methods in English (Specialists).
Dec. 15. Methods in Mathematics (Specialists).

1.30—4.30.

" 7. Methods in Latin (Pass).
" 8. School Management.
" 9. History of Education.
" 10. Methods in Elementary Science (Physics and Botany)
" 11. Methods in Greek (Pass).
" 13. Methods in Classics (Specialists).
" 14. Methods in French and German (Specialists).
Dec. 15. Methods in Science (Specialists).

The sessional examinations start on the 16th.

A branch of the Y.M.C.A. has been formed, with a prospective membership of 40. The following officers were elected: Pres., W. A. Hamilton; Vice-Pres., R. W. Anglin, B.A.; Secretary, D. Craig, B.A. Mr. J. L. Murray, late General Secretary of the Canadian College Missions, addressed a large audience of students in the Assembly Hall, Mr. E. S. Hogarth, B.A., presiding. The objects of the Society were explained to the students and their financial support and prayers requested.

On Friday evening, Nov. 12th, Mr. Frank Yeigh, of Toronto, gave a Musical Picture Travel Talk on British Land and Letters, illustrated by stereoptican views. Invitations were extended to the students of the College, the Collegiate and the Model School. Music was furnished by the ladies of the College.

The Literary Society meets every Friday afternoon in the Assembly Hall. Dr. McLellan has made this a part of the course, and students have the choice of attending and taking part in the proceedings or "grinding" in a class-room set apart for the purpose.

A source of great pleasure is the reading of the *O. N. C. Jottings*, a paper devoted to college items. Judging from the number of poems, spring cannot be far distant.

A football match between teams selected from the graduates and 1st C.'s resulted in a victory for the latter. Score, 4—1.

The college team have finished their series. The following is their record for the season: Games won, 1; games drawn, 1; games lost, 4.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. HEWTON REPLIES TO BYSTANDER.

A SPIRITED LETTER FROM A FEARLESS MAN.

To the Editor of *The News*:

DEAR SIR,—May I ask for space in the columns of *The News* for a few remarks prompted by "Bystander's" last letter? First, however, I would like to give expression to the pleasure I always feel in reading his able articles. Whether we agree with his views of matters or not, we must admit that he presents them in a readable manner.

The part of his letter to which I wish to draw attention is that in which he dismisses the grave charges, which from evidence placed in my hands, I felt it my duty to make at convention, and the storm of passion these charges evoked, as a "two penny half penny matter." That depends altogether on the standpoint from which you view it. If it be only a question of who shall fill the offices of the association, then I quite agree with "Bystander," for it would be impossible to select a bad list from its membership; but the question is a broader and greater one than this. The Provincial Association has been hitherto regarded as the teachers' parliament, where all could meet on a common footing and express their thoughts without fear or favor; it has assumed the right, and the assumption has been concurred in, of expressing its views on various public matters; these views have received the consideration due, not to the opinions of an individual, or of a clique, but to those of representatives of every section of the province. The association has been instrumental in introducing needed reform into the Protestant school system of the province. Anything, therefore, tending to reduce its representative character, or to throw it into the hands of a clique, however able and respectable, must be injurious to the association in particular, and to public education in general. It cannot add to the prestige or dignity of the association to have its members openly adopt the methods of the ward politician. A few men should not be allowed to trail its fair reputation in the dust, rob it of its best characteristics, kill the free exchange of thought at its meetings, and block the only channel our teachers at large have for giving expression to a common opinion.

Well did "Bystander" write in the letter referred to, and well may it be applied to the actions of those who manipulated the ticket elected at the last convention. "Plain honesty is no match for professional skill . . . virtue is admirable, but it is cunning that triumphs."

Plainly then if my charges were true it is a grave matter, and, indeed, it would be a grave matter to make such charges were they not true.

In connection with this there is

ONE SIGNIFICANT FACT

that cannot have escaped the notice of so astute an observer as "Bystander," viz., that no attempt was made to refute my statements. No ember rose in his place and stated that these things could not be so. What! was there not a storm of disapproval from a certain part of the hall? Did not certain gentlemen try to howl the speaker down? Yea, truly, but that did not commit them to anything, and be it noted that not one of the gentlemen who had raised such an outcry, rose to say that he at least had not convened a meeting of his subordinate teachers or laid the printed ticket before them. I wonder why! Well, but did not Dr. Robins and Mr. Rexford reply? Dr. Robins and Mr. Rexford, it is true, both spoke after I did, presumably in reply to me, but while I have no desire to add to or take away from anything these estimable friends of mine said, I cannot remember and the reporters do not seem to have discovered, that either of them attempted to controvert my statements. Dr. Robins stated a fact patent to all—that I am a taller man than he is—he then as usual referred to his skill as an educationist, but had not one word of condemnation for the open lobbying, while Mr. Rexford's reply consisted of a bitter attack on Mr. Truell. Neither of these gentlemen said that if their names had been used as I publicly stated they had been, it had been done without their knowledge or consent. Surely this was a fitting time and place for such denials.

A circumstance which makes

THE CAUCUS STILL MORE REPREHENSIBLE

is the nature of the relation existing between the subordinate teachers and the headmasters of the city schools on the one hand, and the superintendent of schools for Montreal on the other. The headmasters each year send to the superintendent a report regarding their subordinate teachers; these reports, the teachers believe to have no little influence on their tenure of office. What liberty of action then was left them when they were told by the headmasters that the superintendent, in company with the Principal of the Normal School and the Rector of the High School, had been concerned in concocting the ticket that was laid before them. When we consider this in connection with the fact that ballot papers were secured before the convention took place, it ceases to be a small matter. Do these gentlemen think us simple enough to believe *that this "slate" was heaven-born*, and heaven-printed, that they received it from, they knew not where, but were so struck with its surpassing excellence (possibly because their own names were on it) that they rushed from railway station to railway station, from boarding house to boarding-house, from member to member distributing the same? If so, they would indeed have us believe that they are wise as doves and harmless as——, well turtle doves! What shall be said of the manliness of officers of the association who made use of their position as officers to conspire against other officers—their equals in standing and experience? What effect can we expect the adoption of such a mode of action to have on the public morality of the rising generation? If this be the code of the present day, then must my standard of measurement be an old-fashioned one, but I have not lost faith in the old saying, "Magna est veritas, prevalebit," and so shall raise my voice, though none other be raised, in protest against the introduction of anything that tends to reduce the liberty of thought and action enjoyed in the past by the members of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers.

Pardon me for trespassing so extensively on your valuable space.

R. J. HEWTON.

Richmond, Que., Oct. 30th, 1897.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

A new serial, "With all her Heart," has lately been begun in the *Littell's Living Age*.

The housekeeper is fully instructed as to the Thanksgiving Turkey in the November number of *Table-Talk*, also there are "A Few Words about Mincemeat," and "Some Ways of Using Cranberries," all of which sounds very sensible and hunger-inspiring.

Those who are in the teaching profession will turn with more than usual interest to an article in the November *Scribner's*, entitled "Confessions of a College Professor." It is necessary for even highly educated people of more than average ability to come to the conclusion that in the ultimate they are not going to create much of a sensation in the world. This would be both annoying and depressing if it were not for something else that is even more true, "Is not the life more than meat?" One can be happy and even great in character and yet quite insignificant. The magazine is specially valuable as containing six full-page drawings by A. B. Frost.

There is a little story in a recent issue of *The Youth's Companion*, called "The Unsuccessful Teacher," which points out again to the doubting mind that after we have gone away and can't see things any more for ourselves, it is possible that good work may become evident. W were n t told everything when we were children, and afterwards found that there was some sense in that; there may be in this too.

In the *Bookman* some like one thing, some another; but one person at least prefers the poetry. The fact that occasionally selections are made from books of verse recently issued, insures a more felicitous choice than if the editor made a desperate point of printing only the best that had been offered to him, although that is often very good. It has been a great pleasure to find in a few successive numbers, such poetry as "The Ships of St. John," by Bliss Carman, "Resurgam," by Virginia Woodward Cloud, and "Within the Walls," by Alice Wardwell.

"Tommy, the Foot-Ball, and the Toy-Balloon," drawn by E. W. Kemble, and reproduced in the November number of *St. Nicholas*, must have come very near to the heart of the boy. "A Funny Little School," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, is the tale of an educational dilemma, and contains many valuable points on human nature while it is being taught. A new serial, "With the Black Prince," by W. O. Stoddart, is begun in the November number.

John Strange Winter is a good name on the front page of a magazine for an agreeable novelette. The lady contributes the complete novel to *Lippencott's* for November, and the name she has chosen for it is "The Price of a Wife." Among the articles may be mentioned "The Day of Dialect," a very sensible statement of the case, by T. C. DeLeon; and "Novelists as Costumers," by Eva A. Madden.

The Christmas number of the *Toronto Saturday Night* has been issued and merits more than a usually large sale. The short stories, of which there are a number, are lively and interesting and are well illustrated, this is particularly the case with Miss Sullivan's. Many will be glad to see in the Christmas Number a department devoted to the record and explanation of Canadian sport. There is a great opportunity for some publication to help to keep wholesome, elevate and encourage this important part of the life of our country, and this opportunity *Saturday Night* is rapidly making its own. It is a pleasure, as great as it is rare, to read an account of any contest which is a true report of fact, and not either an angry reprisal or a partizan rejoicing.

The Littell's Living Age for September 18th contains the sequel to "Gibbon's Love-Story" by Edith Lyttelton, taken from the *National Review*.

In *Heath's Modern Language Series* "Der Bibliothekar," by Gustav Von Moser, edited by B. W. Wells, has recently been issued.

"The True Story of Eugene Aram," by H. B. Irving, taken from *The Nineteenth Century*, will be found in *Littell's Living Age* for October 9th.

Referring to a recent report prepared by Mr. De la Bruere, Superintendent of Public Instruction, an article in the *Signal*, signed "Progrès," expresses indignation, at the small salaries paid teachers in French schools as compared with those given in the English schools. The report referred to shows that the average salary paid to teachers in the French Catholic primary schools is $233 a year, while the same class of teachers in English Protestant schools get $516. In the model schools and acadamies, French Catholic teachers get $442, while the English Protestant schools give $805. As regards female teachers, the average salary of those holding diplomas is, in the French Catholic schools, $103, and in the English Protestant schsols, $177, and those having no diplomas get $77 in the French schools and $142 in the English schools. Lady teachers in French model schools and academies get an average of $133, while the same class of teachers get $304 in the English Protestant schools. Commenting on the above, the writer says:—

"Why do we pay less than the English people for our male and female teachers? Is it with a view to get education at a rebate? Is it simply with a view to secure the luxury of placing our children in the hands of ignorant and incompetent persons? There is nothing to be wondered at if the English people give their children a practical education, since they pay to have good teachers. I trust that in the plan of school reform which the Hon. Mr. Robidoux is preparing, there will be a few clauses to regulate the salary of our teachers, and force our school-boards, against their own will, to pay the teaching staff decent salaries."

"Round the Year in Myth and Song," by Florence Holbrook. American Book Company, New York. A pretty and entertaining school reader intended for the third and fourth grades. The illustrations are particularly good, attention having been specially directed to Greek and Roman story.

"The Story of Jean Valjean," edited by Sarah E. Wiltse. Ginn & Company, Boston. No mistake can be made in attempting to gain attention for Victor Hugo's great masterpiece. It is extremely hard to make up one's mind about the advisibility of editing, that is making extracts from a whole which has been given to the public in that shape first by the author, but at least it invites attention to the original.

The University of Toronto has recently placed certain chapters from Dr. Bourinot's "Parliamentary Practice and Procedure in Canada," on the list of books it requires for the study of Political Science. The author has accordingly prepared some additions and alterations to this part of his work, and it has been published in a separate and convenient volume by Dawson Brothers, of Montreal. It is to be hoped that this will lead to the more general study and understanding of the Constitution of Canada.

We have received from the University Press, Oxford, a copy of the new "Presbyterian Book of Praise" for the use of the Church in Canada. To the members of the committee too much praise cannot be given for the way in which they have concluded their arduous undertaking. The benefit that they have bestowed upon the Church cannot be fully estimated for years, but it is to be hoped that the knowledge and pleasure they have themselves gained will be an immediate compensation. It now remains for the members of the Presbyterian Church, particularly for its ministers, to make themselves familiar with the music and the meaning of these psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, so that ignorance or indifference may not prevent the power of the book. The type, binding and paper are all most excellent.

"The Federal Judge," a novel by Charles K. Lush. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York. This is a story relating to conditions, many of which are peculiar to the States. Judges are there subject to popular elections, a circumstance which is likely to produce complications from which we are happily free. But we are not altogether free from speculation and "rush," and a very rapid man of affairs with his eyes open might see some strange things about himself in this novel. The characters developed are interesting and vivid, but a great deal that most readers would like to hear about them has been left out, another speedy western way. The book, however, is well worth reading.

"King Lear," in the Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools, edited by A. W. Verity. University Press, Cambridge. Among other valuable assistance collected for the study of this play will be found Charles Lamb's notable criticism of it.

From the Cambridge University Press we have received, also, "The First Book of Maccabees," edited by W. Fairweather and J. Sutherland Black, and "Quand j'Etais Petit," part 2, by Lucien Biart, edited by James Boielle.

Other books received are:—"A School History of the United States," by John Bach McMaster. The American Book Company, New York. "Histoire de la Premiere Croisade," edited by A. V. Houghton. Macmillan & Co., through their Toronto agents the Copp, Clark Co. "Little Lessons in Plant Life for Little Children," by H. H. Richardson, B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond. "The Natural System of Vertical Writing," by A. F. Newlands and R. K. Row. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"An Elementary Course of Infinitesimal Calculus," by Horace Lamb. The University Press, Cambridge.

"This book attempts to teach those portions of the Calculus which are of primary importance in the application of such subjects as Physics and Engineering." The students at our Colleges, etc., reading with the intention of taking honors in Mathematics and Physics will find in this book much to aid them in their course of preparation.

"Gems of School Song," selected and edited by Carl Betz. American Book Company, New York. There is always an opening for good songs prepared for school use, and in the present text-book many will be found admirably adapted for that purpose. Selections have been made from the songs in use in Germany, many of which have not been before set to English words.

"Higher Arithmetic," by W. W. Beman and D. E. Smith. Ginn & Company, Boston. This text-book is intended more particularly for review work and deals with arithmetic as a science and not as a commercial convnience.

Eldredge and Brother, Philadelphia, have recently published a revised edition of Dr. Hart's "Manual of Composition and Rhetoric." The revision, which includes a new division on Invention, is the work of the author's son, and is modern in its character.

A book which will be of interest to Canadian educationists is "The Universities of Canada, their history and organization, with an outline of British and American University Systems." It has been prepared as an appendix to the report of the Minister of Education for 1896.

THANKFULNESS.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling
 heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted
 praise,
For benefits received, propitious
 heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.

—*Lillo.*

Or any ill escaped, or good attained,
Let us remember still Heaven chalked
 the way
That brought us thither.

—*Shakespeare.*