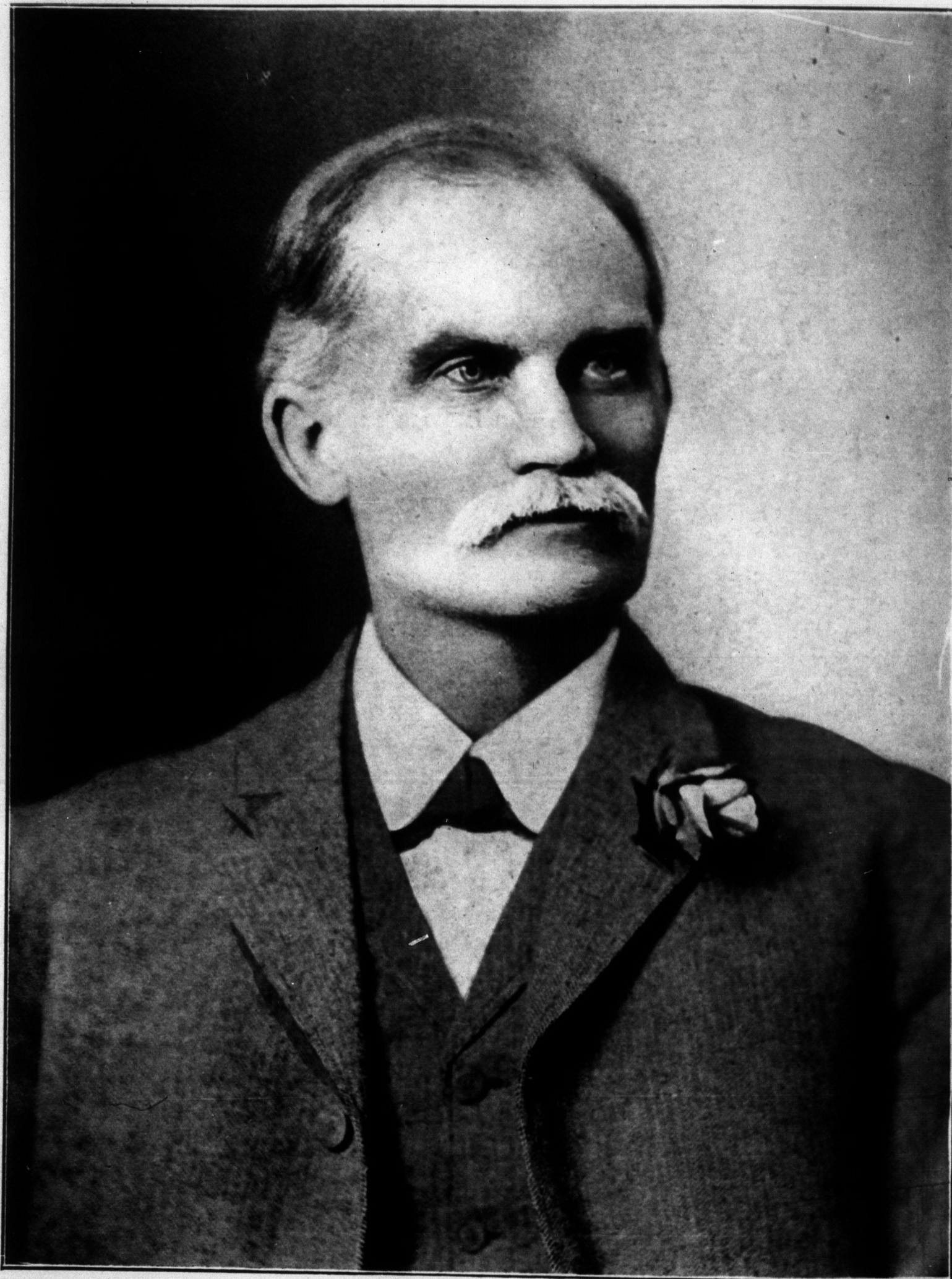


**PAGES**

**MISSING**

Educational Review Supplement, November, 1908.



**JAMES W. ROBERTSON, LL. D., C. M. G.**  
PRINCIPAL MACDONALD COLLEGE. P. Q.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

# The Educational Review.

Devoted to Advanced Methods of Education and General Culture.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER, 1908.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

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Editor for New Brunswick.

A. McKAY,  
Editor for Nova Scotia.

## THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

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

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

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#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS—

J. & A. McMillan, front page; L'Academy De Brisay, p. 118;  
Educational Review, p. 120; Maritime Business College, p. 148.

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

When a change of address is ordered, both the NEW and the OLD address should be given.

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

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

Address all correspondence to

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

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

A correspondent on another page takes a very reasonable view of the culture discussion which has been opened in the REVIEW. It is a matter of regret that modesty will not allow him to sign his own name to a production of which he has no reason to be ashamed.

The Federal Magazine, of London, the Monthly Record of the League of the Empire, has a fine portrait of Supt. Dr. A. H. Mackay, in its September number.

Mr. S. Kerr, principal of the St. John Business College, has issued a very attractive calendar for 1909, having for its title "Prosperity," a term which is very appropriate to this excellent and prosperous institution. The picture represents a large herd of well-kept cattle, cooling themselves in a quiet stream, or resting in the shades of trees. The charm of the peaceful scene is heightened by the exquisite harmony of the colouring.

A little pamphlet, written by Inspector R. P. Steeves, has been issued by the Board of Education, of New Brunswick, designed to present an easy and effective course of nature study for country schools. Teachers should find no difficulty in making a successful use of this course, the simplicity of which appeals to them. There is no need of getting up elaborate "information," on the many topics outlined. The main object sought for is to get the pupil interested intelligently in the little world about him, and to express accurately the result of his observation and impressions.

In the April number of the REVIEW, there appeared a pretty little story which represented Mother Nature "Calling up the Flowers." It was suggested at the end of the story that children write one about Mother Autumn Calling in her Flowers (or plants), and tucking them in their beds at the approach of winter. Two prizes were offered—one for the best story from children over twelve years of age, and the other for the best written by those under twelve. The time for handing in the stories ends on the 15th November, and the prizes, two beautiful books, will be awarded just before the Christmas holidays.

**Thanksgiving Day, Monday, November 9th**

Truly we have never had greater cause for Thanksgiving than at present. The crops have been bountiful this season. The weather has been fine and warm for perfecting the harvest and gathering it in, and for the walks and drives we have so much enjoyed. Now that the husbandman is resting from his labours and the meadows are bare and brown, he surveys with contentment the fruits of his toil and patience, and thanks God for all the blessings which he enjoys. It should be a day of peace and rest for the labourer; and the good cheer that crowns his board, the fruit of his work, he will partake of, in the midst of his family and friends, with a heart full of thankfulness and praise.

It is the birthday also of our good King Edward. That we are free from wars, and that peace is over the whole British Empire is due in great measure to his tactful solicitude for his people, and to his beneficent rule. He is a wise king, and a worthy successor of his beloved Queen-mother, whose good deeds and gracious sway will long be treasured in the hearts of her people. Let us hope that the peace throughout our King's dominions will long be undisturbed, and that the tie which binds the portions of this great Empire together will daily grow stronger. In no other part of his Dominions will there be a more devout prayer for his safety, nor a heartier ring to the National Anthem—"God Save Our Gracious King"—than from the school children of Canada.

So let us give thanks to God on Thanksgiving Day. It should be a pleasant duty, when we remember all the favours that we are daily receiving—good health, happiness, a beautiful and bounteous nature, kind friends and fellow-creatures, and freedom from severe trials.

A good friend once said to the writer: "I have so much cause to be thankful for that word 'Remember.' When I am despondent or in low spirits, I remember days of cheer and blessing and I feel my heart gradually warm up until I forget present trials. When my pupils are restless and trying to my nerves, and I am tempted to speak harsh words, I remember past happy days when everything went well; and I can feel the sunshine come into my face and see it reflected from the faces in front of me. When I am tempted, because of some unintentional slight, to speak ill of a friend, I remember the joys

of our friendship in days past, and a gentle influence of forbearance steals over my spirit. How thankful I am for that word 'Remember', and all that it has done for my spirit."

What a good word to adopt on Thanksgiving Day is that word "Remember."

**Principal J. W. Robertson, LL.D., C.M.G.**

"It is a great thing for Canada to have such a man within her borders," wrote a prominent Canadian, now living in London, to the REVIEW a few months ago. "Professor Robertson is the greatest political force in Canada," a distinguished newspaper writer has said. Would that we had many more politicians of the same stamp!

Already the Macdonald College, of St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, is attracting the attention of two continents. Delegations from America and Europe, country and city teachers, members of parliament single or in groups, are visiting it in numbers. And it is little more than a year old!

Macdonald College represents the product of the larger educational ideas and experiences of one man, backed by the good sense, public spirit and liberality of another. Sir William Macdonald, the successful man of business, has put his finger on weak spots in our educational systems, and is pouring out his wealth for the betterment of country schools. Principal Robertson, in his addresses to teachers, farmers and legislators throughout Eastern Canada, has inspired them with some of his own enthusiasm and ideals, so that Macdonald College, founded to train teachers for rural schools, has become an established institution of our country.

James Wilson Robertson, a Scotsman by birth, emigrated to this country more than thirty years ago, with an inborn enthusiasm, love of learning and a capacity for hard work—qualities that have made the race founders and colonizers the world over. Becoming interested in the agricultural and educational work of the country, he saw, with the intuition for which he is remarkable, that to make Canada great—morally, intellectually and physically—he must catch the Canadians young. By interesting children he has secured the interest of parents and teachers with remarkable results,—in dairying, yields of grain and the beginnings of a more modern

agriculture. Another advance was to consolidate rural schools and introduce manual training and domestic economy. The wide-spread influence of these movements has led to the establishment of the Macdonald College for the special training of teachers for rural schools. In the equipment of this almost unique school, Sir William Macdonald has given his wealth with lavish hand, and equally unstinted has been the executive and administrative work of Principal Robertson. How to make useful and prosperous citizens, how to gain wealth from the varied employments of the farm, how to make boys and girls happy by doing,—these are written in large letters on the walls of Macdonald College.

### An Educational Trio.

A pleasant recollection is left of the few hours recently spent at the three Mount Allison Institutions, Sackville. It does one good to talk to men and women who have high ideals of education, who are happy and make others happy in striving to attain their ideals, and whose wise, progressive and businesslike management of three excellent educational institutions is exerting such an influence for good.

"We feel that we have done something for these young women, if after one, two or three years with us, the wholesome current of their lives is set strongly in the right direction, and their ambition is roused to do something useful," said Principal Borden to his visitor as they passed from classroom to neat and well-furnished dormitory, from library to reading and music rooms in the pleasant ladies' college. Fortunately it was morning, and the fifty pianos were not all going at once. Arriving too late for the opening exercises, the visitor saw more than one hundred young women going through their physical exercises, a training of mind as well as of body. (The hygienic atmosphere of the Ladies' College spoke of both health and happiness.) Next a visit was paid to the domestic Science Department, a model in its way of order, and economy. The menu of a modest but satisfying breakfast was shown—total cost for six persons twenty-five cents. To judge by the comfortable, well fed appearance of the Mount Allison students,

the various cuisines must furnish forth more costly meals.

A brief visit was made to the Fine Arts Department, where a class was engaged in a pleasant study of the history of art, and then to the library. Here are the results of an accurate system of classification. Not only is every book catalogued, but a list is kept of those who have studied at the college, the standing, degrees (if any), home address, present address, and other particulars concerning each student who has entered its doors since the foundation, more than fifty years ago.

Next the visitor was handed over to Dr. David Allison, the president, of whom the Mount Allison Institutions are justly proud. Still vigorous for his years, and with his splendid teaching abilities apparently unimpaired, he is a fine example of what a scholarly and simple life may do to prolong a man's years and usefulness.

In Professor Tweedie's room, a class of fifty students was intent on the study of Shakespeare's life and works, and a class in Professor Hunton's room adjoining, even larger in numbers, was engaged in the higher mathematics. The class rooms and accommodations of the three institutions of Mount Allison were never more crowded than during the present year, to provide comfortable quarters for more than 500 students.

The theological department of Mount Allison has been greatly strengthened by that able preacher and scholar, Rev. Dr. Howard Sprague; and Dr. W. W. Andrews' useful work is not confined to one college, nor to one province. Lack of time prevented a call on Principal Palmer at the Male Academy during school hours. With a capable staff, he succeeds in increasing year by year the efficiency of that well known institution.

Teacher.—If a vehicle with two wheels is a bicycle, and one with three wheels is a tricycle, what is one with only one wheel?

Scholar.—A wheelbarrow.—*Illustrated Bits.*

AN AXIOM.—A shopman who hasn't got what you want, but says that something else "is the same thing," is equal to anything.

"Be ashamed to die," said Horace Mann, "until you have won some victory for humanity."

### School Correspondence.

The following extracts taken from the Federal Magazine of London, may help to inform our teachers of the opportunities to place their pupils in correspondence with schools throughout the Empire. Children are eager to write letters and exchange specimens and photographs with their fellow-students across the water. The best results in composition, are thus attained; the children will be eager to know their own surroundings thoroughly and pleasantly in order to convey their impressions in writing. It is also an agreeable incentive to geography and nature study, adds to the pupils' general knowledge, and gives a keener zeal in their work and outlook on the world. The extracts above referred to are as follows:

Thirty schools are being affiliated this month under the Education Department of Hertfordshire to schools in different parts of the Empire. By far the greater number of these schools desire to correspond with Canada. The reason being that many old scholars have lately emigrated there. One school particularly asks for places where there are paper or wood-pulp mills, and it was interesting to see that the names were known of many of the towns in Canada, where this industry is being carried on.

We have received a number of letters lately showing appreciation of school co-operation. One of the managers of the Thornbury School, Herefordshire, writes: "The correspondence with the Public School, Nova Scotia, is of intense interest to these children, and also to the teachers, who write very frequently to each other, discussing their work, different methods of teaching, and so on. The children have been exchanging botanical specimens, birds' eggs, and photos of the neighbourhood. The Canadian children enter into it all capitally, and appear to enjoy the friendship as keenly as ours do."

The following are from different head teachers:

"I shall be glad to receive another address for interchange with a Canadian school. As soon as possible, please, as the children are quite enthusiastic."

"We should be pleased if you would put us in communication with a Canadian school for this year. Our correspondence with New Zealand friends is most interesting and pleasant."

For the information of teachers, directions under the heading of "Correspondence Comrades' Branch" will be found on another page.

An important thing to teach in the composition class is to use the shortest words possible. The tendency of youth, especially the high school or college student, is to use long words. Let the strength and beauty of the small Saxon word be pointed out and illustrated by every teacher of language.  
—*Western School Journal.*

### The Relation of Teacher and Pupil.

The relation between teacher and pupil in some cases ends with the "close of school." In many cases, let us hope, it is the beginning of a friendship which lasts through life. In the formative stage of the life of a boy or girl there is need of the wise and sympathetic teacher, the one who can enter into the hopes and aspirations of the pupil, and by judicious direction, point out the best course. This is not always done by "giving advice." The teacher who gains the confidence of pupils, who enters into their joys and sorrows, their sports and pastimes; who realizes what it is to be a boy, and who preserves a sunny recollection of his own boyhood, can bind with gentle influence his pupils to him, and affect their whole future life.

The following letter from a lad in his seventeenth year, has been sent to us by Principal A. O. Macrae, of the Western Canada College, Calgary. It is worth reading, if only to show how a healthy boy looks on life and the possibilities which life has in store for him under wise guidance.

\* \* \* "What I would very much like to do would be to travel round the world, and realize the wonderful stories of the great earth. But then they say, "A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss." I think when people make allusion to this proverb, they mean you will earn no money; they judge a person by the amount of money he or she has. If they would try to live honest lives, I think this proverb would apply. In regard to what line in life I would like to follow, I can hardly say, but I have long wanted to take a course in civil engineering. Do you think I am capable of taking this up? If I accomplish nothing in way of education, I think I would feel gratified if I came out of college and could say: "Well, what I could not master in the way of bad habits before I came here, I can master now." Don't you think that is a great accomplishment in itself?

I will close with best wishes.

W McCARDELL, JR.

Bankhead, August, 1908.

Much keeping in after school may be avoided if teachers will establish the rule that failures in written work should be made up during the fifteen minutes before the opening of school. Tell the pupils to come in as soon as the doors are open, and have the work all ready on their desks for them to begin upon as soon as they enter. They are fresher and so is the teacher less fatigued than after school.

**Gray's New Manual of Botany.**

GRAY'S NEW MANUAL OF BOTANY. Seventh Edition. Illustrated, Cloth, pages 926, price \$2.50; A Handbook of the Flowering Plants and Ferns of the Central and Northeastern United States and Adjacent Canada. Rearranged and extensively revised by Benjamin Lincoln Robinson, Asa Gray Professor of Systematic Botany in Harvard University and Merritt Lyndon Fernald, Assistant Professor of Botany in Harvard University. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. 1908.

Never, probably, in the history of botanical science in America has a book been awaited with such eagerness, and even impatience, as the one before us. It is not simply that great progress has been made in the detailed knowledge of our flora since the sixth edition of Gray's Manual appeared in 1890, but in the interval a new classification has come into use, an unprecedentedly critical spirit has been infused into the study of American plants, and a great controversy over the nomenclature of those plants has arisen, been fought to an issue, and settled. And at last we can open a book which has passed the refining fires of so many and so diverse experiences.

A first glance shows, to our deep satisfaction, that the familiar typography of the sixth edition has been retained in essentials, though with some changes of detail conducive to greater mechanical condensation. But a striking and welcome difference stands forth in the abundance of clear and accurate little cuts. These, while distributed throughout the work, yet necessarily segregate about certain families, for they are designed to illustrate difficult or crucial structural points which words alone cannot make wholly clear. There will be but one opinion as to the great value of this feature of the new book.

The metric system replaces the English for measurements, a wholly desirable feature. The sequence of families follows the evolutionary system now coming into general use; it begins with the lowest forms (Ferns and allies), and ends with the highest (Compositae). Many additional keys, for the difficult genera, also appear for the first time. Ranges and other details are given with greater fulness, and everywhere is evidence of that increasing precision and critical balance characteristic of present-day systematic work. The geographical range has been extended to cover practically all of Eastern Canada, which makes the work as useful to the East Canadian Botanists as if it had been written expressly for them. Large numbers of new species and varieties make their appearance (4885 in comparison with 3298 of the sixth edition), some of them new discoveries, a few the result of extension of range (though in number these are balanced by some loss from contraction of range in the west), but most of them the result of critical investigation, which is showing that many of our supposed single species are really aggregates of elementary species whose differences, though obscure, are yet real and must be recognized. Despite, however, the great amount of additional matter, including the illustrations,

the arrangement is such that, aided by the omission of the Liverworts (and the plates at the end of the sixth edition), the book contains only about 150 pages more than the former edition, and is actually less bulky, than the cloth-bound sixth edition. And this bulk will of course be reduced in the leather-bound, thin-paper, tourist edition, which is announced as soon to be ready.

But there is one difference between this and the sixth edition, which deserves special comment,—and that is the change of a considerable number of names. Some of these changes represent real progress in knowledge of plant classification, but others have a different origin. In an earlier number of the REVIEW (Vol. XVII, 196) the present writer tried to explain the causes for the existence of two schools of plant nomenclature in America, and in a later number (Vol. XX, II), I described the attempts to settle this question through the International Botanical Congress, held at Vienna in June, 1905. As explained in the latter article, the Congress decided in the main for the principles represented in Gray's Manual, going thus heavily against the Neo-American School (represented by Britton's Manual), but on one point it went against the Grayan usage. The revisers of the Manual, however, announced immediately after the Congress that they would relinquish their usage upon this point, for the general good and in the interests of a settlement of this vexatious matter, and conform to the decisions of the Congress in every particular. This they have done in the new Manual, and in consequence, have had to make some changes. But these we can adopt with a full assurance that no further alteration will be necessary; for the acceptance of the results of the Congress by all the leading botanical establishments of the world gives every possible indication that substantial stability has at length been reached in the nomenclature of American plants. And a great interest, and a great importance of this book, lies in the fact that not only does it conform in every particular to the Vienna decisions, but it is the first work to appear in print applying those decisions to our American plants.

From a book which went through five editions under the hand of the great master Asa Gray, through another under his distinguished successor Sereno Watson, and now reaches a seventh under two scholars, who, for critical scientific acumen, careful and accurate taxonomic execution, and extensive and sympathetic knowledge of the American flora are unsurpassed by any living students of classification,—from such a book we are entitled to expect much. And our high expectation is justified, for the new Manual is a great book. For the botanists of Eastern Canada in particular it provides an invaluable compendium of knowledge of our plants, an indispensable foundation for further work on our flora, and a stimulus to renewed and more careful work along the lines it so worthily exemplifies.

W. F. GANONG.

A Danish electrical engineer has succeeded in working a typewriter by wireless telegraph. He claims that it will be possible to work a typesetting machine in a similar way.

### An Autumn Day.

What a beautiful season we have had, with its days of bright sunshine and genial warmth. It is now past the middle of October, the 18th. We are in the midst of that brief but elusive season which we call Indian summer. In the distance, the St. John River, seen through a vista of trees of every imaginable hue, reflects all the glories of forest and meadow in its still waters.

Everything in nature seems to have caught the spell of quiet on this calm Sabbath morning, as we sit out on the lawn and enjoy the fleeting beauties of the day. But the hush is only seeming. The sounds, as well as the sights, are myriad. The slow freight train, whose rumbling has been heard for nearly an hour, and whose whistle has called up echoes from rocks and hillside, now clatters noisily by, sending hosts of birds in alarm to their covers in the nearby grove. But the discordant notes of traffic have died away in the distance, leaving this little world to nature and to us. The soft alarm note of the thrush is heard as he poises himself on the roof of the cottage, his tail tilting backward and forward—an animated interrogation point. His comrade perching on the very top of the chimney looks curiously down where repose the dead embers of last evening's grateful fire. Another gets an unsteady hold on the now leafless vine, and looks in at the window. Evidently they scorn such a dwelling for they flirt their tails (equivalent to turning up their noses) and are soon rollicking in sport among the branches of a red maple, sending to earth rustling showers of gold and crimson leaves.

It was this steady rustling, as we sat listening in the calm of the night before—leaves jostling each other in their fall—that made the grove alive with sounds. Voices were they? Who knows but the trees sing a requiem over the dying leaves that have nourished them, and whose fresh summer tints have made all nature rejoice.

As we have been sitting here quietly hour after hour in the autumn sunshine, listening to the falling leaves, the flies, crickets, and other insects singing

their minor lays, and the song sparrow, and vesper sparrow pouring forth an occasional lilt, we have been grateful to those birds who have paused here for a day or two on their southbound flight. A thrush has been by turns feeding and observing us for some time from a shrubby buck-thorn (*Rhamnus frangula*), whose berries, fleshy but ill-tasting, have evidently been left for the last of the migrating clans. Encouraged, he drops noiselessly to the lawn, and hops to within a few feet of the two figures whose acquaintance he seems to court. What a graceful bird he is! His flecked breast, reddish-brown tail, are in the full morning sunshine. His eye is steady, alert, apprehensive. We watch him in his nervous, graceful poises. Our eye-winkers flinch and droop before his steady gaze; a flirt of the tail and he is gone.

Two downy woodpeckers are playing among the branches of a white birch, scattering the leaves as they chase each other about; suddenly they pause—tap, tap; and some luckless grub is dragged from his comfortable winter quarters to furnish forth the morning meal.

All at once the lawn is alive with juncos, their white V-shaped tail feathers gleaming in the sun as they skim to and fro. One scans us closely as he sits on the grandfather's arm-chair beneath the elm and tries how nearly he can graze a nose as he darts swiftly to the tree opposite. Belated butterflies are lazily moving in the sunshine. In the distance a few straggling crows—"monks of the feathered tribe"—utter their hoarse "Ca—a—a—ws, less discordant than the screaming whistle of the freight train. Robins and chickadees, red-squirrel and chip-munk are abroad, seeking their food and enjoying the day.

At intervals the sharp report of a gun has rung forth from the adjoining woods. We hope none of those innocent, happy creatures has fallen on a day such as this, when it is a delight to live.

A red-polled linnet, gay in his rosy plumage is seated upon an ash tree near by. How deftly he handles one of the winged fruits, detaching the seed, unmoved by the fluttering of wings and rustling of leaves around him. Next, he flies to a birch, where he finishes his meal (if a bird's meal is ever finished) on a catkin which takes more time and gives the opportunity, as he twists and turns, to observe the flecks of colour on this animated mass of feathers.

A passing breeze, and the leaves fall in such



myriads that the glory of those twin red-maples is all but gone. We have watched them for the last fortnight in their every phase of brilliance. Now we go over to the knoll, where we can catch another glimpse in the full rays of the morning sun streaming through the parting gold and scarlet. Scarcely less beautiful, though quite different is the linden, over which the great white pine tree stretches benignantly its huge protecting branches. This linden has worked late into the autumn, and its leaves have only turned to that soft mellow hue of green and gold within the past few days. Beside it is a tamarack, still in summer foliage. A fortnight from this, its needles will be of a rich golden yellow, and then they, too, will be shed—the last almost of the season's foliage to go. There are three ash trees in view. The leaves of the red ash have nearly all fallen, those of the white are brown and withered, but those of the black ash still cling to the tree, as green as in summer.

How varied is the autumn foliage, even of trees of the same species. All the birch trees, poplars, the elm, lindens, tamarack, and a few others preserve their golden, yellow tints to the last. The beech is a soft brown or chocolate colour, but the maples vary greatly in their colouring, especially the red maple. There is a young red maple in sight, superbly decked in green and gold, scarlet and purple. The rock maples show the same matchless colourings, with less of red or scarlet. The white or silver maple has more sober tints of greenish, then whitish, yellow. The gorgeous red and scarlet and purple of the oak fades to a dull light-brown (oak-brown). The white and scarlet oaks show some intermediate tints of golden yellow. The bay-red of the amelanchier, and the bright scarlet of the rowan tree, help to intensify the autumn splendours. A solitary rowan across the way in our neighbour's field might almost be mistaken, in the distance, for a young red maple. The lilacs and acacias almost vie with the evergreens in the greenness of their foliage. The acacias are among the last to put on their garb of green in the spring, and are among the last to discard it in autumn. Is there a hint in this tardiness of how trees may have adopted the evergreen habit?

Looking down the pathway toward the river I espy the black walnut and butternut standing with their bared limbs against the sky. Their large, cumbrous leaves have fallen weeks ago from the

effects of the rude north winds. But near it is an abele or white poplar, most becomingly dressed in green and yellow and white, the latter being the colour of the under parts of the leaf. The yellow is, perhaps, worn in deference to the prevailing tints of autumn. Beyond are a few bushes of grayish-white eleagnus, flanked by the olive tinted leaves of the siberian pea-tree, while below there are the scarlet leaves and berries of the barberry and sweet brier rose, and lower still are the scarlet leaved vacciniums destined for weeks to remain the glory of our banks and roadsides.

Well, which is the favorite tree in this glorious autumn procession? It would be hard to tell. We love them all. First, it was those twin red maples on the path, whose glories the rays of the afternoon sun have reflected in our windows for many a season. More than twenty years ago, when the man of all work who was making the path had lifted his axe to strike them down,—“Tom! spare those saplings. They are not much of a shelter now, but they fit the sides of the path on this curve, and they may grow in beauty side by side.” And so it has been. Tom remarked with some contempt, “Mr—you will soon get tired of sparing trees; they'll grow up and hide everything.” Well, they have grown. With a little judicious pruning many have grown into noble trees.

Or is the favorite that old, white pine, which stretches its arms like a benediction towards us. Years ago, when we selected this spot for our home that was the only full-grown tree to give its grateful shade.

Or is that white maple on the lawn. Years ago a group of girls in graduation robes planted the sapling, made an oration, sang a poem in its praise and departed to take up the duties of life.

Or is it that birch, whose white bole cleaves the sky, its golden foliage gleaming in the autumn sun. Beyond it are the blue hills of the Nerepis. Beneath it is a pretty group of evergreens—Scotch, mountain and Austrian pines, Colorado blue spruces, cedars and firs—just now gaily decked out in ornaments, not their own—the cast off gold of the birch—which the north winds will rudely scatter.

Yes, these deciduous trees will soon have had their day, and those green-robed senators of the woods, the mighty pines and hemlocks and spruces will then be all that is left of the summer's green, amid wastes of snow.

INGLESIDE.

**Canadian Literature.—VIII.**

ELEANOR ROBINSON.

**Charles Heavysege.**

Charles Heavysege can be called a Canadian poet only by virtue of the facts that he spent the last two decades of his life in Canada, and wrote and published his poems here. He was not a native of this country, nor are his writings in any way distinctively Canadian.

Born in Huddersfield, or as some authorities say, in Liverpool, in 1816, Heavysege came to Montreal in 1853, and there practised his trade as a cabinet maker. In 1854, he published a poem in blank verse, which met with a poor reception. Later, he brought out a collection of fifty sonnets; but it was not until the appearance of his drama "Saul," in 1857, that he obtained any adequate recognition of his poetic powers. This work met with appreciation from the group of remarkable men, who, at that time, adorned the literary profession in New England. The famous novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was then American Consul at Liverpool, was so impressed by this drama that he brought it to the notice of the "North British Review," and in that periodical "Saul" was reviewed at length in August, 1858. The reviewer spoke of the book as follows: "Of 'Saul, a drama in three parts,' published anonymously at Montreal, we have before us, perhaps, the only copy that has crossed the Atlantic. At all events, we have heard of no other, as it is probable we should have done, through some public or private notice, seeing that the work is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain."

Emerson and Longfellow also spoke highly of "Saul," and a third edition was brought out in Boston in 1859, for the expenses of which, however, we are told, the author had to borrow the money. Heavysege was not one of those exceptional poets who win fortune as well as fame by their writings, and his life was a struggle with poverty. In 1863 he began work as a reporter on the Montreal "Daily Witness," but he was rather too old to succeed in such work. Meantime, he had published another drama, "Count Filippo," of which we know nothing; but in 1865, there appeared "Jephtha's Daughter," a dramatic poem, which was pronounced to be an advance upon "Saul." "The Advocate," a novel published in the same year, was not a success.

As a dramatic poet, Heavysege showed that he could construct a play, and in reading even short

extracts, we are struck with his power of creating characters. He was a close student of the Bible, and of Shakespeare, and the influence of the latter is apparent in his blank verse, for example, in the following lines from "Saul."

"To be the vassals and the slaves of music  
Is weakness that afflicts all heaven-born spirits,  
But touch whom with the murmur of a lute,  
Or swell and fill whom from the harmonious lyre,  
And man may lead them wheresoe'er he wills,  
And stare to see the nude demoniac  
Sit clothed and void of frenzy."

The chief defects of his works, defects that would quite account for their neglect by the general reader, seem to be the great length of the speeches, and a lack of variety. Some critics say he has no humour, but in the whimsical and grotesque imaginings of Malzah, the evil spirit who troubled Saul, we find a humour that again gives an echo of Shakespeare. A strong moral seriousness runs through all his works.

Of his lyrics, we quote the song of David, when exorcising the evil spirit:

"O Lord have mercy on the king;  
The evil spirit from him take;  
His soul from its sore suffering,  
Deliver for thy goodness' sake.  
O heal thine own Anointed's hurt;  
Let evil from his thoughts be driven;  
And breathe upon his troubled heart  
The balmy sense of fault-forgiven.  
Great God, Thou art within this place;  
The universe is filled with Thee;  
To all Thou givest strength and grace;  
O give the King Thy grace to see.  
As after winter cometh spring,  
Make joy unto his soul return;  
And me, in Thy good pleasure, bring  
To tend my flock where I was born.

The following poem is given by Mr. Lighthall, as characteristic of Heavysege's strange and original cast of mind:

Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves;  
It is thy master calls;  
Let me go down, and curious trace  
Thy labyrinthine halls.  
Open, O heart, and let me view  
The secrets of thy den;  
Myself unto myself now show  
With introspective ken.  
Expose thyself, thou covered nest  
Of passions, and be seen;  
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest  
Are ever piping keen;  
Ah! what a motley multitude—  
Magnanimous and mean!

Heavysege's sonnets are nearly all irregular in form, sometimes consisting merely of seven rhymed couplets. The famous critic, William Sharp, includes no fewer than six of them in his collection of American sonnets, and considers their author "the most distinctly original writer in verse whom the Dominion has produced." We give here the sonnet called, "Winter Skies:"

"The stars are glittering in the frosty skies,  
 Numerous as pebbles on a broad sea-coast,  
 And o'er the vault, the cloud-like galaxy  
 Has marshalled its innumerable host.  
 Alive all heaven seems! with wondrous glow  
 Tenfold refulgent every star appears,  
 As if some wide, celestial gale did blow,  
 And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.  
 Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning, beam  
 Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones,  
 Till o'er the blue, bespangled spaces seem  
 Angels and great archangels on their thrones;  
 A host-divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,  
 And forms more bright than diamond diadems,

An interesting appreciation of Heavysege's work, with an analysis of "Saul," by E. B. Greenshields, appears in the October number of the *University Magazine*, under the title "A Forgotten Poet."

### Nature Study Class.—IX.

WM. H. MOORE.

From the weasel family, which includes the weasel, mink, and marten or sable, some of the most beautiful furs are obtained, if taken in the winter season. Yet, in speaking of these animals, it is not out of place to draw attention to the fact that the weasel and hare might be put in a class of their own. Each has the habit of putting on a white coat for winter use, and a brown one in the warm season. The breeding place of the weasel is about old logs, stumps or cavities in rocks, where they may have numerous runways and burrows.

An experience with a family of young weasels was interesting at the time, and I have remembered it for years. While concealed in a clump of small evergreen trees that surrounded a large, much decayed pine stump, a rustling in the leaves close at hand drew my attention. On turning to see the cause, a small weasel glided into view. It was evidently curious to find out something about me, and what I was doing in his territory. Cautiously it worked about, and at last came within reach of my hand, but quick as was my movement

to catch it, the weasel was quicker, and sprang to safety, alarming the others. There was the rare chance to make some observations on the weasel. I imitated the plaintive calls of the white-throated sparrow, and almost instantly five or six young weasels began to come about looking for a bit of game. For some minutes they crept stealthily about among the bushes, but at last, becoming alarmed, retreated to the burrows under the pine stump, and I saw them no more.

Our common weasel attains a length of about twelve inches. In colour, a dark brown in summer, and in winter white, with hind parts tinged with yellow, and tail with black tip.

When full-grown, the mink is fully twice the length of the weasel, with habits much like those of that animal. It frequents streams, which abound with fish and other aquatic life, but on convenient occasions birds and hares are added to its bill of fare. In stepping, these two animals leave the prints of only two feet, the hind feet being placed exactly in the tracks made by the fore feet.

The marten, commonly known as the sable, is slightly larger than the mink, and is very variable in colour, some being yellowish, others nearly black, while there are all intermediate colours. So far as known, there is no record of the breeding habits of the sable. It is possible as they are expert climbers, that their homes may be in trees. In addition to the food eaten by the weasel and mink, the sable adds the berries of the rowan or mountain ash. In New Brunswick, this species is most numerous in the northern parts of the province, keeping well to the wooded highlands. Their tracks are quite different from those made by the weasel and mink. The tracks of the fore feet are set slightly one ahead of the other, while those of the hind feet are wider apart and in advance of those made by the fore feet. Sables will hibernate if they can procure a sufficient supply of food to allow them to remain in their dens in winter, for when food is abundant they lay up stores for future use.

Our red fox is a most interesting native of our fields and forests, and displays great intelligence in protecting its young. I will give one instance that came under the notice of a farmer. While driving along the road accompanied by his dog, a fox was noticed, which seemed very tame. Instead of taking fright she came nearer, and at length began yelping excitedly. This drew the dog's attention, so he gave

chase, and away they went across the fields into the forest. In a short time the dog apparently lost the scent, and back came the fox to the starting place. Now, a singular thing happened. The family of young foxes were called from a clump of bushes and away they all went in a direction opposite to that taken when luring the dog away. The young foxes were so small that the dog could easily have captured them, had the old fox not turned her wits to good account, and led him in an opposite direction. This piece of strategy was surely worthy of a general.

A CORRECTION. In the October number of the REVIEW lynxes are described as destructive to deer bears and birds. This sentence should have read: The lynxes are destructive to deer, hares and birds.

W. H. M.

### Lessons in English Literature.—III.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

#### The Beginning of English Prose.

We have seen the beginnings of English poetry. The poetry of war and adventure began with the story of Beowulf, and sacred poetry began with Caedmon. But there is no English prose writing until long after the beginning of poetry.

Until near the end of the ninth century, there were no histories, or books of travel, or any learned books at all, written in the English tongue. All the wise books of that time were in Latin, so that only the learned people could read them.

But when that great and wonderful man, King Alfred, came to the throne, he was not satisfied that his people should be cut off from the learning of the rest of the world. He wanted every one of his young people to be able to read. But what was the use of their learning to read their own language if there were no books for them? So Alfred set to work, busy as he was with fighting for his people, and ruling them, to provide books for their learning. In a letter that he wrote to his bishops, he said that he remembered how the Greeks had learned by translating the books of the Hebrews from Hebrew into Greek, and the Romans had translated them into Latin. "Therefore, he said, "it seems better to me, if ye think so, for us also to translate some books which are most needful

for all men to know, into the language we can all understand."

Among the books which Alfred thought his people ought to know was the "History of the World." This book was written in the fifth century by a Spanish scholar named Orosius. It had been translated from the Latin in which it was written, into different languages, and was very widely read. King Alfred now turned it into English, so that the English people could know something of the history and geography of other countries. For there was a chapter on the geography of the world, as it was known in the time of Orosius, at the beginning of the book.

But, of course, between the fifth century and the ninth, travellers had found out new facts about geography. There were two men, named Othere and Wulfstan, who had made voyages in the north of Europe, and who told King Alfred what they had seen and heard on their travels. Othere had sailed up the coast of Norway, round the North Cape, and into the White sea, as far as to where Archangel now stands; and on a second voyage he sailed along the south and west coasts of Norway and among the Danish Islands. Wulfstan's voyage was in the Baltic, as far as the Gulf of Danzig.

Alfred thought that these travels would be interesting to English people, so he put stories that Othere and Wulfstan had told him into the middle of the chapter on geography, when he was translating it. I will tell you one of the things that Wulfstan told about the customs of the people of Esthonia, on the Baltic Sea.

Esthonia is very large, and there are many towns, and in every town there is a King. There is also very much honey and fishing. The King and the richest men drink mare's milk, but the poor and the slaves drink mead. There is very much war among them; and there is no ale brewed by the Esthonians, but there is mead enough. There is also a custom with the Esthonians, that when a man is dead he lies in his house, unburnt, with his kindred and friends a month—sometimes two; and the king, and other men of high rank, so much longer, according to their wealth, remain unburnt sometimes half a year, and lie above ground in their houses. All the while the body is within, there must be drinking and sports.

Then, the same day, when they wish to bear the body to the pile, they divide his property into five or six (unequal) parts. Then they lay the largest part of it within one mile from the town; then the next largest nearer the town; then another, till it is all laid within the one mile, and the smallest part is nearest the town. All the men who have the swiftest horses shall then be assembled about five or six miles from the property. Then they all run towards

the property, and the man who has the swiftest horse comes to the first and largest part, and so each after the other, until it is all taken; and he gets the least part who runs to the property nearest the town. Then each rides away with the property, and may keep it all; and therefore, swift horses are there uncommonly dear.

There is also among the Esthonians, a power of producing cold, and therefore, the dead lie there so long and decay not, because they bring the cold upon them; and if a man sets two vats full of ale or of water, they cause that either shall be frozen over whether it be summer or winter.

Now, here we have the first tales of travellers that are told in the English tongue; the beginning of our great literature of travel and exploration.

But this is not the most important work that Alfred did for our literature. We owe to him, chiefly, the beginnings of English history. Before King Alfred's time, there had been kept, in the monasteries (the only place where books were safe, or men had time and skill to write them in those days of war and plunder) brief records of the chief events of each year. Sometimes there was only a line or two, telling of the death of one king, or the coming of another. Sometimes there would be a longer passage, describing a battle. In some years there would be no entry at all. But from Alfred's time the narratives began to be much fuller and more interesting. There is no doubt that the king encouraged the writers to write better and more at length, and it may be that he even wrote some parts himself. This work is called the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. It went on and on after the death of King Alfred down to the reign of Henry II; and very often, if it were not for the Chronicle, no one would know what had happened in certain years, and some of our early history could never have been written.

You remember how much of Alfred's reign was taken up by the struggle against the Danes. The Chronicle contains a long account of these wars, and I have chosen for you to read a passage about the fighting in the year that Alfred came to the throne. It is written in English, but not in English that you could read without a good deal of study. I have changed it as little as possible, so that you could see for yourselves how simply the story is told.

871. In this year came the Danish host to Reading in the land of the West-Saxons, and about the third night two earls rode up. They met the leader Athelwulf, at Englefield, and he fought with them, and won the victory. After four nights Ethelred the King, and Alfred his brother, led the great army to Reading, and fought with the host; and there was much slaughter on either hand, and Ethel-

wulf, the chief, was slain, and the Danes had possession of the field.

And after four nights Ethelred the king, and Alfred his brother, fought with the host at Ashdown. And they (the Danish army) were in two bands; in the one were Bagsac and Halfdene, the heathen kings, and in the other were the earls. And then king Ethelred fought with the King's band and there King Bagsac was slain; and Alfred, his brother, fought with the earls' band, and there was slain Earl Sidrac the elder, Earl Sidrac the younger, Earl Osbern, and Earl Frene, and Earl Harold; and both bands of the host were put to flight, and many thousands were slain; and the fighting continued until night.

And after fourteen nights, Ethelred the king and Alfred his brother, fought with the host at Basing, and there the Danes won the victory.

And about two months after, Ethelred the king and Alfred his brother fought with the Danish host at Newton, and they were in two bands, and they put them both to flight; and late in the day they won the victory; and there was great slaughter on either hand; and the Danes had possession of the field; and there was Heahmund the bishop slain, and many godly men. And after this fight came a great summer army.

And afterwards, after Easter, died Ethelred the king; and he had reigned five years; and his body lies at Wimbourne.

Then came Alfred his brother to the throne of the West-Saxons. And after about a month, Alfred the king, with all the little army, fought with the host at Wilton, and late in the day they put them to flight, and the Danes had possession of the field.

And in this year there were nine battles fought with the Danes in the kingdom south of the Thames, besides that Alfred, the king's brother, and single chiefs and thanes, often rode raids that no one numbered; and in this year there were slain nine earls, and one king. And in this year the West Saxons made peace with the host."

In the year 901 there is this short record of the king's death:

901. In this year departed Alfred, the son of Ethelwulf, six nights before the feast of All Saints. He was king over all England except that part which was under the Danes; and he held that kingdom a year and a half less than thirty winters. And then came Edward, his son, to the kingdom."

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is not only our earliest English prose; it is also the earliest prose history in any Teutonic language. It is worth remembering that England was the first of the nations of modern Europe to write her own story in her own tongue.

"Now, Johnny," asked the gentleman who had kindly consented to teach the class, "what does this story of Jonah and the whale teach us?" "It teaches us," said Johnny, "That you can not keep a good man down."

**Pestalozzi Memorials in Zurich.**

HERMANN C. HENDERSON.

Though it is often only too true that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country," it is always gratifying to see a later generation which has come to appreciate the prophet's message, accord him the honour that is his due. A fine opportunity for observing such appreciation is to be seen at Zurich, the birthplace of Pestalozzi.

Here in a little park and flower garden, in the heart of the city, stands a noble monument to the great prophet of childhood. It represents him with a face full of kindness, lending protection and guidance to a boy who is looking up to him for help. Not far away on the bank of the Limmat is to be found the "Pestalozzionum" or Pestalozzi museum and school exhibit, of which Zurich is justly proud. In this quaint, old building is to be found much interesting material relating to Pestalozzi's life and work. Autograph letters, original MSS., various pictures of Pestalozzi, and of his different schools, bound volumes of the Pestalozziblatte, a magazine containing much historical material, and devoted to the propagating of the ideas for which Pestalozzi stood, are among the things to be seen. In adjoining rooms is an exhibit of school materials, which represents in concrete form the outcome of Pestalozzi's idea of *anschanung* or personal observation. Here are maps in outline, in colour and in relief, models of land and water forms, collections of animals, plants and minerals, food products of various countries, varieties of native woods, hundreds of classified pictures, suitable for school use in various subjects, lantern slides, etc. These are all available in the schools of Zurich, and in fact throughout Switzerland, and I am told are much used.

The "Pestalozzionum" contains also a pedagogical library and reading-room for the teachers of Zurich and surrounding towns. In the reading-room are over one hundred educational journals, mainly in German and French, but in other languages also, including English. I was specially pleased to see on shelves the well-known Educational Review (not of St. John, I regret to say), Pedagogical Seminary and Kindergarten Magazine.

But the finest tribute, and the one Pestalozzi himself would, no doubt, most appreciate are the excellent schools from Kindergarten to "Polytechnicum" and University, that are to be found in his native

city— schools in which the spirit of the great lover of childhood is manifested, and where work is carried on on lines anticipated by him but far surpassing in equipment and in organization his fondest dreams. Zurich, September 28.

**The Friends of the Farmer.**

KATHLEEN R. SMITH, Grade X, Sackville, N. B., High School.

Everybody knows what a friend is. Is not a friend one who helps in time of need? And is not a good friend a very valuable possession?

Now, the farmer does not raise his crops entirely by his own labour, nor the help of the plough and harrow. Nature has provided many ways to assist him, though sometimes he does not feel very thankful for them, and thinks the birds, etc., are only harmful to him when they scratch up seeds which he has planted, or do something else which is not just right. But if he would only reason it out, he would see that the following do more good than injury.

**Birds.**

In spring the birds, especially the apple birds (cedar birds) go among the apple trees and destroy tiny moths which are in the blossoms. The moths lay eggs in the flower, which hatch out to worms when the apple is full grown. These eat their way out, in this way ruining bushels of fruit.

You have often seen the birds hopping along the ground in a grain field or garden, and perhaps you said the birds were eating seeds. This is a mistake, for the birds are really eating myriads of grubs and insects which would eat the roots and destroy the plants.

It is true there are some birds which are not much good to the farmer, as the English sparrow and crow, but the majority of birds do a great deal of good, and it is a great mistake and loss to kill one of them.

If all the birds were killed off in the country, how many plants would be living in two years? Not very many, I think. And what could we do without the birds? Would it not be quite desolate and dreary? They are such happy, cheerful, friendly little creatures.

**Toads.**

Many people despise toads, and ask "what good are they?" They are of great value, for they, too, destroy many insects which would ruin the plants.

They hop around the garden or field and eat all the insects in their way by thrusting out a long sticky tongue and catching the victims quicker than one could see.

Toads prevent the large increase of grubs and insects to such an extent that they are often procured and placed in hot-beds. In England toads were sometimes purchased for this purpose at four pence each.

**Earth Worms.**

The little earthworms which we often see in the ground are of the greatest importance and use to the farmer. There is a larger number of these little animals than anyone could estimate, and with these multitudes constantly moving about through the earth, the soil is kept loose and stirred up. The worm casts gradually accumulate on the surface and form a layer of very fine, fertile soil.

**Snakes.**

We all know that snakes are the most repulsive of animals, and yet they are useful to the farmer. They eat countless numbers of insects and slugs, and prove themselves in many ways to be the farmer's friends.

**Moles.**

The moles are others of the underground helpers. These mouse-like animals make their habitations under the ground, and live on bugs, grubs, and slugs. As they travel through the ground in quest of food, they loosen and till the soil which is certainly a help. Some farmers claim that moles are harmful, because they eat carrots and other roots, or bury young plants in their mole-hills. But it has been found that they eat only the roots which come in the way of their mining operations, and it is thought that they do more good than evil, as they destroy so many of the creatures that are far more injurious than they themselves.

These are a few of the helpers and friends nature has provided for the farmer. There are many others which are of great value, but it would take too long to tell about them.

The farmer has, of course, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, hens, and many other trusty and faithful friends who help him to give his family a home, food and comforts, and we should never forget to be kind to dumb animals, for without them we could not live.

**Correspondence Comrades' Branch.**

(FROM THE FEDERAL MAGAZINE, LONDON.)

The Hon. Secretary of the Correspondence Comrades' Branch draws attention to the fact that it is necessary that all applicants for Comrades should state their sex, age and their own or their parents' occupation, so that correspondents who are personally interesting to them may be given. Mention should also be made of any particular hobby in which they are interested, or any exchange they wish effected. Mrs. G. T. Plunkett often receives lists of names without any particulars whatever, and it is disappointing to the children to be kept waiting while these necessary enquiries are made. An application form is appended, and packets of loose forms will be sent on application to the Central Office, Caxton Hall, Westminster, or to Mrs. G. T. Plunkett, Belvedere Lodge, Wimbledon, Surrey. Comrades from a number of fresh places are greatly wanted so as to make more variety for the applicants of the different schools. This Branch numbers over 14,000 members.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CORRESPONDENCE COMRADE.

Name.. . . . .

Address.. . . . .

.....

School.. . . . .

Age.. . . . .

State whether you are a Boy or Girl.. . . . .

State clearly parents' occupation }  
or position. If adult, state }  
own occupation.. . . . . }

.....

.....

Give a choice of two or three }  
different parts of the Em- }  
pire where you would wish }  
for a comrade } .....

State whether there is any sub- }  
ject, such as natural history, }  
literature or current events }  
in which you are specially }  
interested.. . . . . }

Name and address of Enroller }  
or }  
Signature of Parent or Guardian }

Return this form to  
Mrs. G. T. Plunkett, Hon. Sec., Belvedere Lodge, Wim-  
bledon, Surrey.

**For Friday Afternoons.****A Categorical Puzzle.**

Guess the name of the cat that is fuzzy and crawls,  
 The cat that most cats love to eat,  
 The cat that's a kind of a grape and a wine,  
 The cat that's a sauce for our meat.  
 The cat that's a boat with two hulls side by side,  
 The cat that's a cold in the head,  
 The cat that's a deluge or aqueous flood,  
 The cat that's a cave for the dead.  
 The cat that's a kind of a panther or lynx,  
 The cat that is able to sing,  
 The cat by which missiles were thrown a long way,  
 The cat that is set in a ring.

—*Women's Home Companion.*

Medicine is bad—but still,  
 I have fun when I am ill.  
 Uncle comes, and with him brings  
 Such a lot of toys and things.  
 Doctors can not always tell  
 What will make a fellow well,  
 Uncle says. And he thinks toys  
 Often cure sick little boys.  
 So he brings me jumping-jacks,  
 Soldiers, horses, railroad tracks,  
 Noah's arks and games and drums—  
 Oh, it's gay when uncle comes!

*St. Nicholas.*

"Mamma, I fink I am not well,"  
 Said lazy little Mabel;  
 The beans I'd given her to shell  
 Neglected on the table.

Her dimpled cheeks with roses vied;  
 Her eyes the stars resembled;  
 The chubby form my faith defied—  
 My darling had dissembled.

"I'm sorry, dear," I gravely said,  
 "Because you'll miss the puddings;  
 The place for sick folk is in bed,  
 With not a taste of good things."

She thoughtfully smoothed out her dress,  
 This wicked little sinner;  
 "Then I'm not sick just now, I dess;  
 I'll wait till after dinner."

**In Darkness.**

Moonlit and vistaless—each dream a star—  
 My ocean lay—a radiant track to thee!  
 Then fading light, and on a darker sea,  
 God's wondrous gift of distances—and worlds afar.

—*Katherine Hale,*

In *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* for November.

**The Last Dance of the Leaves.**

Rustling, rattling, dancing, chasing,  
 Sport of every summer breeze,  
 Troops of leaves go madly racing,  
 Up and down beneath the trees.

Red and brown and tan and yellow,  
 How they frolic to and fro!  
 Now adrift, and now a shallow,  
 Helter-skelter, off they go!

Great brown heaps the sidewalks cover,  
 Knee-deep in them children wade;  
 Over head bare branches hover,  
 Cold and gray and disarrayed.

Jack Frost brings the briefest freedom,  
 Winter drear will soon be king;  
 Scurry, skip, and hurry, hurry!  
 Dance your fastest, wildest fling!

—*Paul P. Foster, in Youth's Companion.*

**Richard's Ride.**

"My feet's tired," said little Richard,  
 When walking out one day,  
 You'll have to carry me, papa,  
 All the rest of the way."

"Why, you're too big to be carried,"  
 Said papa. "Where's your pride?  
 If you can't walk any farther,  
 Just take my cane and ride."

So the steed Dick mounted quickly  
 And galloped off with glee,  
 "Riding is easier than walking,  
 I'll soon get home," said he.

—*Kindergarten Magazine*

The natural desire for plays and games is clearly shown  
 in "Richard's Ride."

**Two Little Birds.**

Two little birds, one autumn day,  
 Sat on a tree together;  
 They fluttered about from bough to bough,  
 And talked about the weather.

"The wind is blowing so cold," said they,  
 "It chills us as we sing:"  
 Then away they flew to the sunny South,  
 And there they staid till spring.

—*The Nursery.*

A child should always say what's true  
 And speak when he is spoken to,  
 And behave mannerly at table,  
 At least as far as he is able.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



Were I the sun I'd shine all day  
 On little girls and boys at play.  
 I'd shine on ev'ry flow'r and tree  
 And ev'ry drowsy little bee,  
 And all the dewdrops in the grass.  
 I'd make the sea like sparkling glass.  
 I'd shine through tiny chinks for fun,  
 On purring cats, and ev'ry one.  
 And just because 'twas afternoon  
 I wouldn't hurry off so soon.

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould in *Youth's Companion*.

Sing a song of drear November,  
 Sing of birds and blossoms lost,  
 Sing of leafless branches tossed;  
 Sing a song of chill November,  
 Snapping, sparkling with the frost.  
 Sing of grapes and apples sweet,  
 Sing of sheaves of golden wheat;  
 Don't forget the pumpkins yellow,  
 With their pulpy hearts so mellow,  
 Sing a song of dear November,  
 To music glad and gay;  
 'Tis the merriest month,—remember!  
 For it brings Thanksgiving Day!

—Selected.

#### Cat and Adjective Game.

This is a very simple game. It may be played without preparation, but to make it most enjoyable the players should know of it a day or so in advance. The players sent themselves in two rows, facing each other, and the first player on one side begins by saying: "Our dear little cat is playful." Then the player opposite him must take up the phrase and before the first player can count ten must substitute some other adjective beginning with "p" for "playful;" thus, "our dear little cat is pretty." If he fails, he drops out of the game, but if he gives a correct answer he then counts ten while the second player on the other side is getting an answer ready. Thus the phrase passes from one side to the other until all the players on one side are out, says Home Notes. The game may be continued, for some time, if desired, by using adjectives beginning with the other letters of the alphabet.

The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do  
 Is this: To make thankful some other hearts, too;  
 For lives that are grateful, and sunny, and glad,  
 To carry their sunshine to hearts that are sad;  
 For children who have all they want and to spare,  
 Their good things with poor little children to share;  
 For this will bring blessings, and this is the way  
 To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving day.

—Child's Paper.

#### The Teaching of Physiology.

In that useful little monthly magazine, *School Hygiene*, published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, at the modest price of fifty cents a year, we find the following on the teaching of physiology in schools, and commend it to the consideration of our teachers:

A class of forty boys averaging ten years of age was having a recitation on the physiology of digestion. The use of the teeth, mouth, saliva, and gastric juice were considered, and the answers given showed the results of good teaching, but when the exercise was over there was left the feeling of incompleteness. What had the boys gained that was useful? Some knowledge of the processes of digestion. But how were they to make use of this knowledge? So far it was a general knowledge only. Could any part of it be made personal. Why, yes, the part the teeth play in the process of digestion might be made personal. Questions were then asked concerning the value of the teeth. What would happen if there were too few teeth or none at all? What caused a loss of teeth? What were the evil results of rotten teeth? The boys were eager to answer these questions, edged out of seats, waved hands frantically, scowled at wrong answers, and when called upon to answer stood erect by the desk and proudly gave what they considered correct answers. To the final question, "How many of you boys have cleaned your teeth this morning," there was but one response. One boy in a class of forty had cleaned his teeth that morning. The other boys sat dejectedly in their seats, ashamed. Further questioning showed that more than one-half of these boys made no use of the toothbrush at all, the others only occasionally.

If a study of physiology were made more personal in its application, if less attention were given to the evils of alcohol and tobacco, which children use not at all, and the time thus spent were given to the study of personal hygiene made simple and attractive, an interest in physical development and the care of the body for the joys it would bring would take the place of the present apathy or fear of irrelevant evils.

Mr. Wm. Crooks, a well-known British M. P., narrates an amusing anecdote about one of his children. He once questioned his little girl, recently arrived from school, on the effects of heat and cold.

Heat expands and cold contracts, answered she, after a little thought.

'Very good,' said the father, now give me an instance.'

'In hot weather, the days are long, and in cold they are short,' was the unexpected reply.

New Guinea is said to be the largest island in the world.

### The Manners of School Children.

The following is a list of maxims issued by the Children's Guild of Courtesy in connection with the London School Board:

*Courtesy to Yourself.*—Be honest, truthful, and pure. Do not use bad language. Keep your face and hands clean, and your clothes and boots brushed neat. Keep out of bad company.

*Courtesy at Home.*—Help your parents as much as you can. Be kind to your brothers and sisters. Do not be selfish, but share all your good things. Do your best to please your parents.

*Courtesy at School.*—Be respectful to your teachers, and help them as much as you can. Observe the school rules. Do not copy. Do not cut the desks or write in the reading books, etc. Never let another be punished in mistake for yourself; this is cowardly.

*Courtesy at Play.*—Do not cheat at games. Do not bully. Be pleasant and not quarrelsome. Do not jeer at or call your schoolmates by names which they do not like.

*Courtesy in the Street.*—Salute your ministers, and teachers, and acquaintances when you meet them, who will salute you in return. Do not push or run against people. Do not chalk on walls, doors or gates. Do not annoy shopkeepers by loitering at their shop doors or gates. Do not throw stones or destroy property. Do not throw orange peel or make slides on the pavement; this often results in dangerous accidents. Do not make fun of old or crippled people. Be particularly courteous to foreigners or strangers.

*Courtesy at Table.*—Do not put your knife in your mouth. Look after other people; do not help yourself only. Do not speak or drink with food in your mouth. Do not sit with elbows on the table.

*Courtesy Everywhere.*—Remember to say "p'ease" and "thank you." Always mind your own business. Before entering a room, it is often courteous to knock at the door; do not forget to close it after you. Always show care, pity, and consideration for animals and birds, and do not stand quietly by when others ill-use them. Never be rude to anybody, whether older or younger, richer or poorer than yourself. Always show attention to older people and strangers by opening the door for them, bringing them what they require (hat, chair, etc.), giving up your seat for them if necessary, and in every possible way saving them trouble. Never interrupt when a person is speaking. Be tidy, be punctual.

### Indian Summer.

Along the line of smoky hills  
The crimson forest stands,  
And all the day the blue-jay calls  
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans  
With all his glory spread;  
And all the sumacs on the hills  
Have turned their green to red.

Now, by great marshes, wrapt in mist,  
Or past some river's mouth,  
Throughout the long still autumn day  
Wild birds are flying south.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

### Salt on Birds' Tails.

Sir Ray Lankester tells the story of his first attempt to deal experimentally with a popular superstition. I was, he says, a trustful little boy, and I had been assured by various grown-up friends that if you place salt on a bird's tail the bird becomes, as it were, transfixed and dazed, and that you can pick it up and carry it off. On several occasions I carried a packet of salt into the London Park, where my sister and I were daily taken by our nurse. In vain I threw the salt at the sparrows. They always flew away, and I came to the conclusion that I had not succeeded in getting any salt, or, at any rate, not enough on the tail of any one of them. Then I devised a great experiment. There was a sort of creek eight feet long and three feet broad at the west end of the ornamental water in St. James Park. My sister attracted several ducks with offerings of bread into this creek, and I, standing near its entrance, with a huge paper bag of salt, trembled with excitement at the approaching success of my scheme. I poured quantities—whole ounces of salt—on the tails of the doomed birds as they passed me on their way back from the creek to open water. Their tails were covered with salt, but to my surprise and horror they did not stop! They gaily swam forward, shaking their feathers, and uttering derisive 'quacks.' I was profoundly troubled and distressed. I had clearly proved one thing, namely, that my nursemaid, uncle and several other trusted friends—but not, I am still glad to remember, my father—were either deliberate deceivers or themselves the victims of illusion. I was confirmed in my youthful wish to try whether things are as people say they are or not.—*Selected.*

### The Value of Stories.

"If we can teach children in the English lessons to love good stories—to love hearing them told and telling them—we have succeeded as teachers, even if they know little grammar and for the time being express themselves incorrectly when doing written work. Their future is safe—they will write pleasantly if they love good stories." I wrote this statement some time ago, and have since been wondering whether it is exaggerated or no.

Certainly in these days of free libraries and cheap publications the habit of story-telling is dying out except in schools where, if we will, we can keep it alive. It is the habit of numbers of readers to skim through hundreds of stories and yet never be able to tell one. What would such people have done if they had been riding with Chaucer to Canterbury or had been with Madam Philomena in Italy at the time of the plague, for on each occasion "the ladies and gentlemen allowed of the motion to spend the time in telling pleasant tales"?

Now we must be careful when we tell children stories that we make each one so vivid and real that the child will not forget it. We want the child to be and see where the scene of the story takes place—if it is a story of wild animals, to be in the woods with the greenness and scent of the woods around. The children should not leave school with a jumble of pleasant stories in their minds. To guard against this possibly we must:

(1) Not be anxious to tell the children too many stories or to let them read too many.

(2) Let the children frequently retell the story, and praise the most vivid version.

(3) Know and love the story ourselves, and think out *every detail* of it before we tell it. This is of the utmost importance. Learn it by heart if needful, but before telling it think over it for at least half an hour—see every character, dress them, and give their eyes and hair colour if the book omits these details. It is only by such careful thought and work that story-telling is valuable. Every story is more or less a failure unless we create an atmosphere for it.

(4) When the story is told, read any pieces of poetry that bear on the story, or any descriptions of places or people connected with the story.

There are two ways by which we may judge if our story has succeeded:

(1) If the children eagerly ask some days after to have it retold,

(2) If they go home and tell it to their parents and their parents appreciate it.

I think—but I want others' opinions—that the most valuable knowledge a child takes away from school is the knowledge of pleasant stories. These he will remember in after life, in old age, when facts and dates, rules and truths cease to interest. These pleasant stories will make life interesting and help to preserve the wonder and laughter of childhood even after many years.

But—to repeat—to cause our stories to be of value they must not only be excellent and pleasing in themselves, but told in such a vivid way that they will be remembered. We need not be dramatic to help the child to remember, but we can make use of his love of acting to assist his memory; for, as Stevenson truly says, "A child works all with lay figures and stage properties. When his story comes to fighting he must rise, get something by way of a sword, and have a set-to with a piece of furniture until he is out of breath. If his romance involves an accident upon a cliff, he must clamber in person about the chest of drawers and fall bodily upon the carpet before his imagination is satisfied."—RUBY K. POLKINGHORNE, in the *London School World*.

### Can You Answer These?

Here are some questions about things you have seen every day. You may possibly answer one or two of the queries off-hand.

What are the exact words on a two-cent stamp, and in which direction is the face on it turned?

In which direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?

How many toes has a cat on each fore foot? On each hind foot?

Which way does the crescent moon turn—to the right or left?

What colour are your employer's eyes? The eyes of the man at the next desk?

Write down, off-hand, the figures on the face of your watch. The odds are that you will make at least two mistakes in doing this.

Your watch has some words written or printed on its face. You have seen these words a thousand times. Write them out correctly. Few can do this. Also, what is the number in the case of your watch?

How high (in inches) is a silk hat?

How many teeth have you?

**Culture the Product of Efficient Teaching.**

*To the Editor of the Educational Review.*

DEAR SIR,—A letter from Mr. P. J. Shaw, which appeared under the above title in your October number, seems to call for just a word or two of protest, if you will allow it. This letter claims, in the words of Mr. Bailey, whom the writer quotes, that "Culture is the product only of efficient teaching whatever the subject matter may be." The school of thieving, described by Dickens in "Oliver Twist," where theft was taught with great efficiency by Mr. Fagin, would satisfy all the requirements of this new definition of culture; for "Culture is the product only of efficient teaching, *whatever the subject matter may be.*" But perhaps Mr. Shaw does not wish us to take these words too literally. Even after the most charitable interpretation possible has been given to the words, the fact will remain that different subjects are related to different ideals and aspirations in the mind of the boy or girl who is to be educated, and a subject of instruction which makes an appeal to what is highest in human nature will be a more powerful instrument of culture, in the true sense of the word, than a subject which cannot make such an appeal. The definition of culture propounded by Mr. Bailey and approved of by Mr. Shaw, is therefore false. The apostles of the new "Nature Study" propaganda must be getting into dire extremities if they are compelled to put forward such arguments.

"The study of Greek," Mr. Shaw's quotation goes on to say, "is no more a proper means of education than is the study of indian corn. The mind may be developed by means of either one. Classics and calculus are no more divine than machines and potatoes are." With regard to that statement surely it would be wiser to speak with more discrimination, and to say that, while "indian corn and machines and potatoes" may suffice for some, there will always be many who will prefer Greek and mathematics, and for them at least these latter subjects will furnish the better mental training.

Mr. Bailey, Mr. Shaw tells us, if he "has any gifts intends to use them for the spiritualizing of Agriculture." Mr. Shaw, too, no doubt, in all his strenuousness, is seeking to promote the interests of that occupation, and in this endeavour we shall all wish

him every success. If he can eradicate the ragwort from the fields of our province and guard our orchards from the ravages of the brown-tail moth, he will be promoting to an enormous extent the material prosperity of his country. But when it comes to the question of education, our farmers, as well as every other class in the community, will endeavour to secure for their children the education best adapted to the tastes and capacities of each of them. We shall not belittle the farmers' intelligence and common sense by supposing that they will listen with patience to theories concerning the "spiritualizing of Agriculture," or the divinity in potatoes."

A FARMER'S SON.

**Cocoons.**

The children take much pleasure in bringing in caterpillars of various kinds in the fall months and "raising cocoons." If these are not given the proper diet, or if for any other reason they do not seem inclined to spin their cocoon they may be released and others obtained. Late in the fall bright eyes may find cocoons on vines and bushes. Good specimens of another kind may be found covered by the earth under tomato vines. We have been most successful with the cecropia and polyphemus moths. This makes an excellent beginning for nature study in any grade, and one which holds the pupils' interest from fall until the moth or butterfly emerges in the spring. Much may be learned of its habits, manner of drying wings, eating, and of its construction before releasing the developed moth.

**Nature Study and Language.**

Write a sentence for each word in this list stating what animal makes the noise indicated. Then select any dozen or more of the words, and write a story in which they shall all be properly used:

Baa, bay, bark, bellow, bleat, bray, buzz, cackle, caw, chatter, chirp, coo, croak, crow, cry, drone, drum, gobble, growl, grunt, hiss, hoot, howl, hum, low, mew, moan, neigh, pipe, purr, quack, roar, scream, screech, sing, snarl, squeal, twitter, whine, whinney, whistle, yell, yelp.—*Sel.*

**Some Common Errors in Diction.***To the Editor of the Review.*

DEAR SIR:—I am very sure that I am only one of many teachers to welcome the suggestions by A. W. F. on "Some Common Errors in Diction," which appeared in the October number. Would it not be a good plan for others to list errors which have come to their own notice in the school room? Some of those quoted by A. W. F. are quite strange to me, and in different districts we are probably fighting against different faults. Two mispronunciations that I am constantly combating are "on" for "un" in compounds,—*"Onless," "ontil,"* etc., and the substitution of "o" for "a," or "au," in such words as "water," "daughter," "walk," "talk," often pronounced "woter," "dotter," "wok," "tok." Will not some other teachers let us have their experiences? We are all liable to errors in English, of which we may be quite unconscious until our attention is called to them.

By the way, did any of the teachers who used the interesting lesson on squirrels, in the September issue, have any difficulty in getting the animal's name correctly pronounced?

A NEW BRUNSWICK TEACHER.

A collection of small pictures, such as are found in reading books, is of great advantage as a means of supplying pupils quickly with work that is variously useful. Give each pupil a picture from which he may write a story. These written stories can be used later as a reading lesson, each child reading his own story to the class. The same set of pictures can be used many times, giving each pupil an opportunity to write about a different picture each lesson. Have each pupil write the story of yesterday's reading lesson.

**A Question for Students of English History.**

Writing of the Eucharistic Congress, lately held in London, an English paper said, "Cardinal Vanutelli is the first papal legate in England since the year——." "Who can fill in the blank? Who was accused of high treason for acting as papal legate? And who was the last before Cardinal Vanutelli?"

**Quebec.**

Quebec! how regally it crowns the height,  
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!  
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,  
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan  
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,  
That gave the place a glory and a name  
Among the nations, France was heard to groan;  
Eng'and rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim,  
A brave young chief had fallen to vindicate her fame.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced  
The page of history, or the hostile plain;  
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,  
Regardless of the danger or the pain.  
They passed unto their rest without a stain  
Upon their nature or their generous hearts,  
One graceful column to the noble twain  
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts  
The tear that Valour claims, and Feeling's self imparts.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

"When people ask me, "What is Japan like?" I always tell them it is the willow-pattern plate, only more so. When we first steamed into Nagasaki Harbour I had great difficulty not to scream with delight as I recognized the little hills with dark-green turfs, the pagodas, funny boats, and many other things with which I had been familiar since childhood. Again, Japanese children are exactly like the dolls we know so well, and I never could help laughing at the sight of a troop of these funny little people with their gay garments, fringes of thick black hair, and almond-shaped eyes, pattering along to school on their tiny wooden clogs, with large paper umbrellas firmly clasped in their hands."—E. COLQUHOUN.

What river is much smaller at its mouth than it is twelve hundred miles above its mouth, and why? Answer: The Nile; in the lower part of its course it receives no tributaries and its water sinking into the sand, and subject to the evaporation of a warm, dry climate is considerably decreased in volume.

**Bed Time.**

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

**Change to Good English.**

The following are taken from what are regarded the best novels and essays of today. Some of them are from Prof. Drummond, of whom an eminent critic said: "Everything he published was elaborated with the most scrupulous care. I have never seen manuscript so carefully revised as his."

We must each taste the books that are accessible to us for ourselves.

He dared to speak what he believed at all hazards.

He was shaking as he stood there with excitement.

The child began to tear pages she had given him into small bits.

She has known that I love her for three weeks.

It was an admirable place to give battle in.

I had not been there but five minutes.—*Western Teacher.*

**Language Lessons for Second Year.**

I. At least three oral lessons on "Bread."

(a). General information lesson.

(b). Specific information.

(c). Entire description given by different children without help of questions.

II. Questions to be answered on paper in sentence form:

1. Of what is bread made?

2. What made the flour?

3. What plant was used to make the flour?

4. Where does this plant grow?

5. Which part of the plant is used to make the flour?

6. Of what use is bread?

III. Memory Work.

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour

And back of the flour the mill

Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower,

And the sun, and the Father's will."

—*The Teacher.*

Professor Simon Newcomb's article on "The Problem of Aerial Navigation," which *The Living Age* for October 24, reprints from *The Nineteenth Century* is an exposition at once scientific and popular, of the possibilities and the limitation of the airship.

**CURRENT EVENTS.**

The election for the Canadian House of Commons was held on Monday, October 26th, after an unusually exciting campaign lasting nearly a month. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government is sustained by a majority that will probably amount to sixty, after all returns are in. The following is the result, although later advices may make a few slight changes:

Province	Lib.	Con.
Ontario.. . . . .	39	47
Quebec.. . . . .	52	11
Nova Scotia.. . . . .	12	6
New Brunswick.. . . . .	11	2
Prince Edward Island.. . . . .	3	1
Manitoba.. . . . .	3	7
Saskatchewan.. . . . .	8	1
Alberta.. . . . .	4	3
British Columbia.. . . . .	1	3
Total.. . . . .	133	81

Majority, 52. Elections to be held, 7.

A Turkish physician has found a cure for leprosy, which, it is hoped, will be as effectual in checking the disease as the antitoxin treatment has been in checking the ravages of diphtheria.

Cellit, a new German invention, is as soft and tough as leather, and as transparent as glass. It is, as the name suggests, a preparation of cellulose; and it must prove of great importance for many uses, as it is unaffected by water, and, unlike celluloid, does not burn freely.

The fastest battleship in the world now is probably the new British ship *Inflexible*, a sister ship of the *Invincible* and the *Indomitable*. Her official trials showed a speed of over twenty-seven knots an hour.

Two vessels of sixty thousand tons each, or twice as large as the largest now afloat, are to be built for the White Star Line. The ship in which Columbus crossed the ocean was of about two hundred and thirty-three tons.

A United States chemist has discovered a way of converting corn stalks into paper at about half the cost of paper made from wood pulp. This is good news, if it means that the wood no longer wanted for paper making will be left to grow for better uses.

The mention of finding in Alaska the remains of a mammoth, with the proboscis uninjured was perhaps an error in respect to place. Such a specimen has reached St. Petersburg from Siberia, after a journey of six months.

It is now said that the age of the big trees of California has been greatly overestimated. Actual count of the rings of growth in a tree twenty-five feet in diameter indicates only 1,147 years.

A new sanitary drinking fountain throws up a jet of water for three or four inches when the faucet is pressed, and the lips are held over the jet to get a drink, instead of coming in contact with a drinking cup which others have used, and which may be infected with disease germs.

An International Institute is to be organized at Rome on the 11th of this month. Thirty-two countries will be represented. Its primary object is to advise the world from time to time with reference to national productions, and thus promote commerce.

The 1st of October saw the establishment of penny postage between the United Kingdom and the United States of America. The first mail carrying letters at the reduced rate took twice as many as were sent by the last preceding mail steamer, but it is not expected that the number will continue to be double what it was before the change.

A severe famine has again been reported from certain districts in India; though, happily, the distress has been relieved by employment on government works. The government is spending large sums of money in dams and storage reservoirs in the mountain regions, which will eventually put an end to the scarcity of food by insuring regular crops over a large area of irrigated land.

Three grains of pure radium have lately been secured by the Vienna Academy of Science, and this amount is said to be worth over three hundred thousand dollars. It is the largest amount ever obtained at one time.

It is the opinion of eminent chemists that the powers of radium have been vastly overrated, and that many of the sensational stories of its effects which appear in the press are not supported by facts.

The exhaustion of the world's supply of fuel is so near as to be a matter of serious concern to us. The pinch is again already being felt. We may be sure that neither wood nor coal will ever again be so cheap as they have been in the past.

Great as has been the stream of immigration pouring into Western Canada, it is perhaps to be greatly exceeded by the rush of new settlers to the fertile regions of Siberia. During the first ten months of last year, the number of emigrants from Russia, in Europe, to Siberia was over half a million; this year it is expected to reach a million. The tide of migration is mainly directed to the region lying between the Urals and the Altai, the northern parts of this district yielding good crops, and the south furnishing excellent pasture land.

Yielding, it is said, to British and Russian advice, the Shah of Persia has ordered a new election, and called his second parliament to meet before the end of the present month. The quarrel between the Shah and his first popular assembly, which ended in armed rebellion, may be settled by the election of new representatives, with whom, if they do not meekly support his measures, there may be more hope of his coming to some agreement. The restraint with which the third Russian parliament has carried on its work, winning the right to discuss the government's foreign policy, and winning the confidence of the Emperor, gives ground for the hope that in other Eastern countries constitutional government will prevail.

There is a new sovereign in Europe, who, if he maintains the independence of his country, will probably be known to us as King of Bulgaria, though he has assumed the wider and more imposing title of Czar of the Bulgarians. By this, it would seem, he claims the allegiance

of the whole Bulgar race—about four millions in all—some of whom live beyond the limit of Bulgaria as it now stands on the map. The last Czar of the Bulgarians fell before the Turkish invaders in the fourteenth century. In renouncing his allegiance to Turkey, and proclaiming himself Czar, Prince Ferdinand is both reviving an ancient sovereignty, and declaring an independence which was already, he claims, practically attained by concessions from the Sultan, while yet Bulgaria remained nominally under Turkish rule. That the Sultan and his advisers will readily concede the independence of Bulgaria is not to be expected; but a peaceful settlement of the matter may be arranged through a conference of the powers.

Immediately after the Bulgarian declaration of independence, Austria-Hungary formally declared the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, two Turkish provinces which for thirty years have been under the administrative control of the Austro-Hungarian government. This action is strongly resented by the people of Serbia and Montenegro, as well as by the inhabitants of the annexed territory, who are of the Servian race and were looking forward to independence or a union with Serbia. A further disruption of the Turkish Empire is threatened, if not actually accomplished, by a popular movement in Crete, in favor of annexation to Greece, to which as yet, the Greek government has not openly assented. Great Britain, France and Russia have agreed to the proposal for a European conference before which the whole situation may come up for settlement.

The United States fleet has received a welcome in Japan, which should, for the present, put an end to all talk of the enmity between the two nations. The popular demonstrations in honor of the visitors are no less marked than the government's elaborate preparations for their entertainment.

Siam has recently passed a law giving women a right to vote in certain cases.

The ancient Chaldean plans of irrigation of the country between the Euphrates and the Tigris is to be restored, if possible; and for this purpose the Turkish government has engaged Sir William Willcocks, the eminent English engineer, who believes that the old time fertility of the country can be restored with comparative ease. If the scheme is successful, it is estimated that enough grain can be grown in the valley of the Euphrates to alter the conditions of the world's wheat supply.

The experiment of growing rubber trees in the Hawaiian Islands has proved a success. Several new substitutes for rubber have recently been discovered, which help to keep up the supply.

**A Number Puzzle.**

From six you take nine;  
And from nine you take ten;  
Then from forty take fifty,  
And six will remain.

ANSWER.		
SIX	IX	XL
IX	X	L
S	I	X

### Manual Training Department.

F. PEACOCK, EDITOR.

#### Practical Education in the Schools.

The solution of the problem of thorough education lies in the dovetailing into one another of the industrial and literary elements of the child's training. His manual activity, as well as his intellectual faculties, must be considered. While this is true from an abstract educational standpoint, it carries double force in the light of the concrete reality that seventy-five per cent. of the children concerned must lead upstanding and not sedentary lives, and earn their living as much by sweat of brow as by stress of intellect.

In the old days it was in the home that the children received nine-tenths of their training for life. The home part of their education was largely practical and manual. Owing to the introduction of factories, a more practical education in the school, and general attendance at school in recent times, much of this training has gone. It therefore becomes the bounden duty of the school to try to supply this demand, which it has helped to create, for practical and industrial education.

#### Progress of Manual Training.

Sixteen years ago there was not a single manual training or household arts centre in the city of Chicago. Today there are over one hundred and eighty schools, which have a manual training equipment, nearly fifty schools with cookery departments, and six manual training high schools. The director of manual training for Chicago says that "The difficulties in the way of extending these departments do not usually arise from any disinclination of the people to approve them. On the contrary, there exists an earnest desire in many quarters that these branches be included in the curriculum. The main obstacles seem to be, (1) necessary expense of equipment; (2) difficulty in providing suitable accommodation, and (3) the scarcity of qualified teachers."

Winnipeg is to have a manual training high school to cost \$175,000.00. Mr. W. J. Warters, city superintendent of Manual Training, has spent the last three months studying equipments in the leading American institutions of this type, and it is expected that the Winnipeg school will be very complete and up-to-date as a result. Mr. Warters was the pioneer of the work in Winnipeg under the Macdonald Fund.

#### Manual Training in the Provincial Normal School

The very large enrolment at this Institution necessitates special arrangements, so that large classes can be taken in handwork. The general course is taken by all students, and is being varied from year to year. Last year, a little raffia work was introduced, and proved so useful that the Director intends that a more extended use be made of it this session.

Of the several kinds of raffia work, the simplest and best for beginners is the combination of cardboard work with raffia winding and weaving. Plain raffia is prepared by being thoroughly sprinkled with water, and rolled in a sheet of paper over night, so as to render it soft and pliable for the class next day. The pupils take a wet strand and, holding it by the root end, draw it between the finger and thumb until it is flat like a ribbon and ready for winding. A good exercise to begin with is a napkin ring. The cardboard foundation is made from a mailing tube, by cutting it up into lengths about 1 1/2 inches long. This is best done with a fine saw in a "square-cut" mitre box, but can be done with a knife, sharpened on a scythe stone, to give a rough edge. The flattened strand of raffia is passed through the ring and tied; an end of an inch or so being left. Turn after turn is passed through and wrapped closely until the cardboard is quite covered, when the end of the strand can be tied to the first end. The thin ends (tops) of the raffia strands should not be used for wrapping, but may be cut off and saved for braiding exercises. If mailing tubes are not available, rings can be made from a strip of cardboard by binding into a circular form, and glueing or sewing the ends together. A strand of coloured raffia tied round the middle of the ring makes a good finish. Later, very charming patterns can be made by weaving coloured strands of raffia through the plain wrapping strands, a blunt-pointed tapestry needle being employed for the purpose.

B.

#### Personal.

Congratulations to Miss Marjorie Moir and Miss Margaret Pickle, both of the special training course, of 1904-5, who have exchanged Manual Training for "Household Science." Miss Moir is now Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, where her husband is engaged as a civil engineer, and Miss Pickle is now Mrs. Frederic Kilpatrick, of Greenfield, Carleton Co., N. B.



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### Kings and Queens County Institute.

The twenty-fifth Annual Session of the Teachers' Institute for the Counties of Kings and Queens convened in the new high school building, Sussex, Kings County, on Thursday and Friday, September 24 and 25, President H. G. Perry, presiding. One hundred and seven teachers enrolled, the largest in the history of the Institute.

President Perry gave an excellent opening address. He spoke very encouragingly of the advances made in education in Kings County in the last few years. This was followed by addresses from Inspector R. P. Steeves, Mr. T. B. Kidner, director of Manual Training, W. M. Barker and F. A. Jewett.

At the second session, papers were read as follows: Geography, by R. B. Masterton, principal of the Havelock Superior School; Provincial Geography, by A. C. M. Lawson, principal of the superior school at Norton, and Physical Geography by Kenneth Fisk. In these papers the following were advocated: The sand table, free use of maps, both wall and blackboard, and such geographical training as will give the pupil intelligent thought from the book. A spirited discussion followed, which was ably opened by Mr. Orland Atkinson, of the Sussex high school. He was followed by Inspector R. P. Steeves, who was of the opinion that geography recitations were rapidly passing out. He urged teachers not to be bounded by the text book, and to make a free use of the "globe."

Mr. W. Barker spoke to the subject, and thought the shortage of material in the text-book has thrown the teacher on his own resources. He gave an outline of how he taught physical geography, using the blackboard.

A resolution was passed thanking Inspector R. P. Steeves and his associate inspectors for issuing a pamphlet on nature work and asking the Board of Education to issue similar pamphlets upon various lines of work at stated periods for distribution among the teachers of the Province.

Mr. T. B. Kidner next gave a practical address

on raffia work in schools. He spoke on the progress of Hand Work, and urged its introduction in all schools.

At the third session on Friday, two excellent papers were read. One on Nature vs. Science by Mr. M. G. Fox, principal of the Apohaqui School, and one on Nature Study in Rural Schools by Mr. F. A. Jewett, principal of the Kingston Consolidated School. Mr. Fox in dealing with his subject showed the proper relation of nature study to science and our common school course. He also dealt with the modes of study of plants, insects and birds. He spoke of school gardens, and showed their value in correlation to other subjects, and said that drawing was one of the great aids in bringing about exactness in nature study. Mr. Jewett in his paper, emphasized the fact that the object in view was to find out the uses, means of propagation, protection, etc., of plants, insects and birds. He said that nature study was closely related to agriculture, and should be educative along agricultural lines. He said our normal school should have a garden by means of which instruction could be given as to how to give the school garden an educative value.

Mr. H. H. Hagerman next gave an illustrative address on drawing, which was full of helpful suggestions. He said that a pupil who has been through the common school should be able to sketch with fluency and rapidity common objects. The teacher, he said, was the main factor in the teaching of drawing. It should be taught by a method similar to that by which we learn to speak; first, by imitation, and from that to independence.

At the fourth session two valuable papers were read, one on Written Composition by Miss Luella B. Chapman, and one on Oral Composition, by Miss Annie Parks. The discussion on the last two subjects was opened by Mr. C. W. Lawson, principal of Sussex Grammar School, who strongly advocated home essays for pupils. He was followed by Inspector Steeves, R. B. Masterton, T. B. Kidner, and others.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, H. G. Perry; vice-president, Miss Jessie Weyman; secretary-treasurer, Wm. N. Biggar. Additional members of the executive: F. J. Patterson, Bessie A. R. Parker.

W. N. BIGGAR,  
Secretary.