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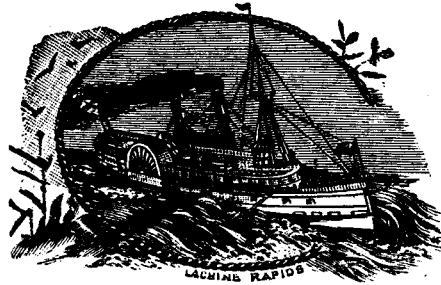
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We hope, therefore, shortly to be in a position to invite communications  
from teachers of all grades who, for any good reason, may wish to learn about  
such vacancies with a view to making application.

Fuller information will be given in next number.

**The Educational Journal,**

11½ Richmond Street West, TORONTO.

# The Educational Journal

CONSOLIDATING

"The Educational Weekly" and "The Canada School Journal."

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1895.

Vol. IX.  
No. 6.

Subscription, \$1.50 a year  
in Advance.

## Table of Contents.

PAGE.	PAGE.
EDITORIAL NOTES..... 83	SCHOOL ROOM METHODS—
HINTS AND HELPS—	Writing..... 90
Learning by Observing 84	Irregular Verbs..... 90
The Problem of the	Number Lesson..... 90
Bad Boy..... 84	CORRESPONDENCE—
Needless Irritation... 84	Home Work..... 91
Dull Pupils..... 85	PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—
Pure Minds..... 85	The Wind..... 91
Pedagogical Chips..... 85	Nature Studies..... 91
Justice and Injustice... 85	FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON—
EDITORIALS—	A Summer Shower..... 92
A Standard of Measure-	A Chinese Story..... 92
ment..... 86	TEACHERS' MISCELLANY—
An Experiment and Its	Teachers' Experiment. 92
Results..... 86	A Point of Honor..... 93
CONTRIBUTORS..... 87	The Death of MacLure 93
SPECIAL PAPERS—	The Two Sides of a
A Liberal Education.... 88	Case of Discipline.... 94

## Editorial Notes.

THE writer of the lesson notes on "The Whistle" forgot to append his (or her) name and address. Will he (or she) kindly supply the omission by postal card or otherwise? As the lessons are now over, we will keep this and any other schoolroom helps which may be kindly sent us for September numbers. The next and only intervening number, that for July 15th, we purpose to make of a miscellaneous character, suitable for holiday reading, as the present number is, in part.

SOME one has said, "Do not call your children stupid and slow! If you were a better teacher, your pupils would be better scholars." The advice is good, and we would that every teacher would lay it to heart. We remember having sinned in this respect in our early teaching days, and of the many memories of our myriad mistakes in the schoolroom in those early days, few are more bitter. If such words are not true, they are obviously culpable. If they are true, what more unkind, more positively cruel, than thus to impute to the pupil as a fault, a misfortune of which he or she may be painfully conscious, though powerless to overcome?

FROM the latest returns presented to the British Parliament it appears that since the passing of Mr. Forster's Act, or, say, within the last twenty-five years, the

number of schools in England and Wales has been more than doubled, the number of school places more than trebled, the average attendance nearly quadrupled, the number of teachers more than quadrupled, State aid, in the form of capitation and results' grant, has increased by more than fifty per cent., and the total amount annually voted by parliament for the people's schools has gone up from £1,458,402 to £6,586,266. According to the *Schoolmaster's* computation, the result of the Free Education Act of 1891 has been an addition of nearly 240,000 to the school rolls, and close on 350,000 to the average attendance. Thirty-four out of every forty scholars are now free.

Now that the competitive examinations in the high schools, colleges, and universities, for which students have been studying, and teachers teaching, for the last nine or ten months, are nearly over, it may be well for both teachers and students, successful or unsuccessful, to ponder well the following opinions expressed by Mr. Balfour, head of the Scottish Education Department, and, in the light of the year's experience, decide how far they agree with him:

A man who has to teach a class for a competitive examination is no longer able to teach the subject as the subject presents itself to him. He has to teach it as he thinks the subject will present itself to the examiner, and the injury to the pupil is especially bad, because those who suffer most are the ablest pupils. It is the man who is going to succeed, and who does succeed, in a competitive examination, who suffers most from the effects produced by competitive examination. His whole idea of learning is lowered, its dignity vanishes, the whole bloom and the whole charm are rudely brushed away from knowledge. He looks at learning no longer as the greatest delight and the greatest honor of his life; he looks at it as a means by which he can earn marks; and love is not more ruined by being associated with avarice than is learning by being associated with mark-getting.

WE fear we have been guilty of a sad failure in duty. Our editorial pages are almost full, and we have no long article

telling the teacher what to do with the holidays. We crave pardon for our remissness. We hope none of our readers will be greatly at fault in consequence. It would be sad, indeed, should many of them be at a loss as to where to go or what to do, and be waiting for us to tell them. Well, we have not now space to rectify our omission. We can only say, we hope each and every one may have a most enjoyable and eke a most profitable season. We advise every one to work some, play some, read some, and, though it be not more than a few pencil notes, write some every day. But, above all, be sure to have a good time wherever you may be, and whatever you may do. Be the master, not the slave, of circumstances and surroundings. Emerson somewhere says: "*Things* are in the saddle and ride mankind." Let us not permit that to be true of any of us. It is for imperial man and woman to be lords of things, and make all bow to their will. Whether we hold converse with nature in her solitudes, or frequent the busy haunts of men; whether we go abroad, and move among strangers, or remain quietly and industriously at home—and it would be well if all these things could be mingled in the experience of each of us—let us strive as a religious duty to do the best for ourselves physically, socially, morally, and spiritually, and, as the most effective means of doing this, let us eschew as far as possible our native selfishness, and "as we have opportunity, do good to all men." So doing, we can scarcely fail to return to our work in September better men and women, and prepared to do better work than ever before. So may it be.

As we go to press it is announced from Ottawa that the reply of Manitoba, refusing to obey the Government's mandate, has been received, and is under consideration by the Government. Whether Parliament will be prorogued without remedial legislation having been introduced is not yet known, but an announcement will be made in a day or two.

## Hints and Helps.

### LEARNING BY OBSERVING.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(1) The great use of a school education is not so much to teach you things as to teach you how to learn—to give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind. And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best.

(2) You know as well as I how one boy will sit staring at his book for an hour, without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour; and why? Because one has actually *not seen* the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other has simply, as we say, "looked sharp." He has looked at the lesson with his whole mind, seen it, and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it.

(3) Therefore I say that everything which helps a boy's power of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about us, and especially of natural history; to be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come upon anything new—which is observation; to be quick at seeing when things are like and when unlike—which is classification. All that must, and I well know does, help to make a boy shrewd, earnest, accurate, ready for whatever may happen.

(4) When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book, called "Evenings at Home," in which was a great story, called "Eyes and No Eyes"; and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

(5) A regular old-fashioned story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins:

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday. Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull; he hardly saw a single person. He would rather by half have gone by the turnpike road.

"But where is William?"

Oh, William started with him, but he was so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that Robert would rather walk alone, and so went on.

(6) Presently in comes Master William, dressed, no doubt, as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago—frill collar, and tight skeleton monkey-jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, a pair of low shoes which always came off if stepped into heavy ground; and terribly dirty and wet he is, but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and he has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

(7) He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is, and seen a woodpecker and a wheat-ear, and got strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a pewit, because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and wet he got; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting; and then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and because the place was called Campmount he looked for a Roman camp, and found the ruins of one; and then he went on and saw twenty things more; and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week.

(8) Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

(9) Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way: "So it is; one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who have been in all quarters of the world, and

could tell you nothing but the signs of the tipping-houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind.

(10) "While many a vacant, thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

(11) And when I read that story, as a little boy, I said to myself, I *will* be Mr. Eyes, I *will not* be Mr. No Eyes; and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and Mr. Eyes I advise you, every one of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful.

(12) Ah! my dear boys, if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which many young men lead when their day's work is done, continually tempted to sin and shame and ruin by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves and helping themselves forward in life, then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, and of having some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours.

### THE PROBLEM OF THE BAD BOY.

BY SARAH L. ARNOLD, OF BOSTON.

It is an ever-recurrent problem, ever old and ever new. However the genus may be described, the individual presents a new type. Nothing that has ever been said about other bad boys exactly applies in the crisis in which our individual figures, and yet he is very like the rest.

How easy would the discipline of the school become if Jack and Jim were somewhere else! How pleasant all the work seems on the days when they are kept at home! How natural for us to think that the best solution of the problem would be for them to stay out of school altogether!

What shall we do with them? The question is brought home to our minds because it has been recently discussed by the primary teachers, who have been making a special study of exceptional children, in the hope of growing more closely into sympathy with their lives, and so becoming the better able to help them. While endeavoring to answer the question, the other side presented itself.

"What shall we do with the bad boy?" we have constantly inquired. "What does the bad boy do for us?" we ask in turn.

Out of a hundred teachers who described troublesome children, and questioned the best means of helping them, but one proposed that the boy should be removed from school. Without exception, they felt that the boy improved through the influence of school life. They stated, unhesitatingly, "He is better, because the children help him. He is learning to show more self-control; he tries more to please me; he has more self-respect. I think I am learning how to deal with him."

But teachers often say: "Think of the effect upon the school!" The children see Jim performing as they cannot—their lessons are interrupted—their time is stolen from them—the teacher's patience entirely exhausted, and her nerves are worn, because she must watch this child, in constant fear of some vicious misdemeanor. How much the other children would gain if he were out of the way! How much happier and better the teacher would be!

Would she gain more, would she be happier and better?

If the aim of school life were simply to read, write, spell, and solve problems in arithmetic, then it would follow that every moment taken from that work lessens by just so much the good results of the school. But if the child goes to school for something more—if he has to learn to live with his mates—to work with them—to play with them—sympathize with them—share their joys—learn from their virtues and their faults as well—have we wisely measured the gain of which we have spoken?

I have seen many a school which numbered among its pupils a child maimed by some physical injury. Invariably this child has been treated with the utmost consideration, by both teacher and

scholars; his injury called forth their sympathy and pity; their constant effort was to smooth his path, to help to make up to the child for the loss and pain which he must suffer.

But the child who is troublesome, because he is bad, seldom receives such sympathy. Why? He too, has been maimed, has received injury worse than physical. He has received for his heritage a hasty temper or a vicious tendency, against which he must forever fight; or he has been dwarfed, and blinded, and deafened by sordid environment. Is the child to blame? Of the two, which has the greater need, which calls more loudly to us for the help which we can give—the boy with the twisted knee or the one with the twisted temper?

If we, ourselves, could separate the offence from the offender, we could deal more justly and generously with the child. If we could recognize the bitter need of the bad boy's life, our sympathy would go out to him as to the sick and suffering; not with a weak sentimentality, but with an earnest desire to help, which would give us the infinite patience which is necessary in order that we may help.

It is evidently meant for us all, that we should meet in life children, and men, and women who have not learned, in all ways, to do what is right. If the child learns in school to hold out the helping hand to the troublesome member of the school family, to keep from laughing at the smart sayings, to be patient while the teacher corrects, to recognize "Jim's way" as one which sadly hinders him, and which should never be copied by the others, will he not be better fitted to help those who most need his help, in this battle of life, when he has grown to manhood? Is it not well for him to learn in school how to judge, how to avoid the misdeeds of others, at the same time, as he grows strong, to help the author of the misdeeds?

Trust, and courage, and patience, and oh, how much of all three do we need in order to deal wisely with the troublesome boy! But are not these lessons set for us to learn, plus the reading, and writing, and arithmetic? Can we not make it the business of our school to help the bad boy, knowing that this will react upon the school in a growth which is beyond price? For the boy's sake and for our own sakes, we must do all we can to help him, before we decide to turn him into the street. For the problem which is before us now is not whether we shall keep the child in school, or send him to a school specially prepared, under favoring conditions, for such as need close care and watchfulness. The alternative is the street or the saloon. Knowing that, let it be a last resort when we decide to assume this responsibility. Let us help all the children to take hold of hands, in the effort to sympathize with, and to help the boy who so sadly needs all the help which we can give.—*The American Teacher.*

### NEEDLESS IRRITATION.

BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

My experience teaches me that there is no more fruitful source of the irritating and unreasoning complaint of parents than the frequent notes of teachers to them that "the child whispers." "Your son looks round, he laughs." "John makes a noise with his feet." "Charles whistled." "I caught Mary to-day writing notes." "I wish to have you call and see me to-morrow." "Your son cannot return to school again unless you come with him." "I told Fannie to stay after school and write her spelling ten times, and she went away." "Harry pulled a girl's hair, and I wish you to punish him severely." "Willie asked to go out, and I found he had been playing marbles." How exasperating, how destructive to the order and scholarship of the school, any one of these may seem to the sensitive, earnest teacher! What sleepless nights and sorrowing days are hers! Oh, that she could teach these young and erring natures to see as she sees! And yet, to the laboring, loving, doting father and mother, proud of the bright spirits and active minds of their children, how paltry, how frivolous, how petty it all seems!

Their children are good children, playful as they should be; they mean nothing bad. "We wish them to do well, and we think they do. The school-ma'am is a crank, that's what's the matter, and the principal is not much better, or he would put a stop to all this nonsense."

With the perfect teacher, who understands the thought of the child, there are, in my judgment, no incorrigibles of sound mind; with the average teacher there will be here and there one; with the poor teacher, the good pupil is the exception, and, for the most part, is goody-goody, and dull.

The bright boy or girl of ten or fourteen years, who is to make his way in this world, is full of strong but untrained activities which, unless grasped and guided by the sympathetic teacher, will lead to infinite trouble in the schoolroom and in the home. From the homes of the rich, from the homes of the poor, they come to us, and the wise teacher must, at the fitting moment, seize upon these vital forces, and kindly turn them into the channels of truth and duty.—*Pennsylvania School Journal*.

#### DULL PUPILS.

In every school there are a few pupils whose eyes have still the vacant stare after nearly all have grasped the principle the teacher wishes to explain. The teacher should make special endeavors in their behalf. He should always treat them kindly; never scold, never worry, never fret. Do not lose patience though they make great blunders. Cover their dullness, as far as possible, with the mantle of love; never exhibit it to the ridiculous laugh of their brighter classmates. Have them understand that you are their best friend, who spare neither trouble nor labor for their advancement, and who would, as far as possible, give them an equal opportunity for the race through life.

Wake up the ambition of such pupils by asking questions they can answer, and by pointing out the progress they have made; this will also strengthen their self-confidence. If possible, make them voluntarily try again. The dull pupils should be asked, often and the easiest questions, keeping them astir, as it were, and the bright pupil in reserve for the more difficult work. No questions should be asked a dull pupil which, with a good reason, the teacher doubts whether he can answer, for every question not answered will lessen his self-confidence and also his self-respect to his standing in the class. Often the pupil's dullness vanishes entirely after his ambition has been aroused, and he is started aright.

If the dullness relates to one special branch, point out to the pupil the value of this study for practical life, and that his education would always have a defect if he does not master the difficulty now.

If, then, with all your care you do not succeed as well as you wish, and you begin to think that your labor is thrown away, look to the after life of the pupil; I assure you he will appreciate your labor then, and be ever grateful for the kindness bestowed upon him.—*Educational Record*.

#### PURE MINDS.

I have a seventh grade, and early in the year I was much annoyed to find that my boys were always ready to exchange glances and winks when any word occurred in our lesson which would admit a double meaning, or when any schoolroom event could be impurely interpreted. I have even seen these glances flash from girls to boys and back again. I thought it over very carefully and decided upon my course.

I kept the boys at noon. I told them what I kept them for. I told them how many times I had grown hot with shame and indignation upon some demonstration of their impure thoughts; how it was an insult to me and to every girl in the room; how it degraded their own minds and encouraged them in being on the lookout for bad things; how they might keep their thoughts pure and good, if they would; and much more in the same earnest strain. There were no nods and winks this time, I assure you, but only a sweet, serious silence. As I talked, I felt almost as though the right words were given to me, and as though I had a firmer hold upon those boys' hearts than I had ever been able to gain otherwise.

Since then I have seen scarcely a single manifestation of any impure thought, the only one I remember being checked by the glance of my eye before it really took form. One of the boys thanked me privately a day or two after my talk, saying, "We needed it; I had been thinking about it myself, and was glad you said what you did."

These boys have shown me by repeated acts of kindness, by favors, by gifts—those various ways boys have of indicating friendliness—that they did not lose respect for me because of my plain speaking. It goes a long way in crushing out impure thoughts to check any expression of them outwardly. Shame to be known to have had thoughts tends to shame to have them. If we have the skill to get the love of the children, we can mould them as we will.

Boys like firmness of dealing, plainness of speech, openness, and generosity; girls like to be tenderly handled, to have their gentleness and sweetness duly recognized, to be loved and to be told that they are loved.

I see the "long procession" of children I have known and loved in these many years of teaching. My rooms are full of their gifts; the pen with which I write, the napkin ring at the dinner-table, the armchair, the vases, and baskets, and pictures, the books, and paper-cutters, handkerchiefs, fans, and satchets; my heart is full of the memories of their kind words of appreciation; my desk is full of their letters and pictures.

Have we not some reward for our labors beyond the dollars and cents? Can it be that our own purity of thought shall not make some deep and lasting impression on those who respond so freely to our love, and listen so earnestly to our advice? "The word fitly spoken" is the teacher's most potent instrument.

The little joke, the gentle sarcasm, the ready apology, the constant sympathy, and never-failing kindness, that a successful teacher makes use of every day, are as much her stock-in-trade as is her knowledge of fundamentals, or even of methods.—*Public School Work*

#### PEDAGOGICAL CHIPS.

1. If you have been up a good share of the previous night, or happen to have on tight shoes, and everything seems to go all wrong, take down your largest switch, call up your smallest boy, and whip him. It will stimulate his nerves and quiet yours.

2. Never stop to reason with a complaining parent; he may think you have no backbone unless you partly tell him that you are running this school, and that the best thing for him to do is to go home and mind his own business.

3. If your school does not advance as rapidly as you desire, scold the pupils, complain to the parents about them. Of course, your methods are all right. Do not worry about your methods of teaching. If your pupils do not learn, it is their fault, not yours.

4. If you should misspell or mispronounce a word, and some bright-eyed, quick-witted pupil should call your attention to the fact, frown him out of countenance. Pupils must understand that such impudence is not permissible.

5. Never laugh nor joke in the presence of your pupils; you might sacrifice some of your dignity.

6. Whenever you have public examinations, always call upon your brightest pupils. You know why.

7. Never have reviews; such exercises may prove how poorly your work has been done, and show your lack of ability as a teacher.

8. Always use the rod on a refractory pupil first; reason with him afterwards. This puts him into a receptive mood, and he is thereby prepared to believe that you mean what you say.

9. Never ask questions. Impart your instruction in the form of lectures. It's a good drill for you and saves effort on the part of your pupils.

10. Always have a starchy air about you when applying for a school. Frown slightly so as to look wise, and never, never unbutton your upper coat button; such a breach of conventional etiquette would certainly prove disastrous to your cause.

11. Make an issue of every trivial infraction of discipline. Take it up and comment about it; your school will thus see that it is no use to try to fool you.

12. If, perchance, you should attend a state teacher's institute, and find that the secretary has forgotten to state your talents on the programme, and jealous feelings begin to rise from the diaphragm, console yourself with the reflection that little fish are seen near the surface.—*F. C. Hendee, in Public School Journal*.

#### JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE.

Justice and injustice are closely akin in childhood. A child early detects injustice in others, though he is not delicately susceptible to it in himself. The same is largely true of children of larger growth. At first, with the young child, injustice is little more than a change of habitual action. Whatever disturbs his uniform activity, whatever occurs that he does not expect, is to him an injustice. With him, justice is the expected, injustice the unexpected.

One of the highest missions of home and school is to establish a spirit and habit of justice in the child, so that he shall have a keen sense thereof as applied to himself. This should be well done before the child comes to school, but, if it has not been accomplished, it should receive early and persistent attention.

Recent child studies reveal the fact that most children get the impression that the teacher is unjust at times. Their estimate of punishments is almost invariably based on the fact that some one else ought to have been punished also, or that some one should have been punished more severely, or himself less so. These child studies have revealed the fact that almost the only view a child has of his punishment is its justice or injustice, and that he almost invariably argues himself into the position that it was unjust. In no case yet discovered, I think, has a child complained of the severity if he said, "I deserved it."

This being the case, it shows conclusively that the punishments usually lose their virtue because they become an excuse for the child's conduct. The irreconcilable differences between capital and labor are largely the result of the habit of most men to argue themselves into the belief that they are right and the others wrong. Capital sees clearly the injustice of a strike that will not allow other men to work who wish it; the case is clear that any man has a right to work if he pleases, regardless of the wishes of other laborers. Labor sees clearly the injustice of capital that reduces wages without reducing the rent of houses owned by the employer, that reduces wages whenever business does not pay, but does not, of its own accord, raise them when business pays largely. The case is clear, that if it is right to cut, it is right to raise. Both Capital and Labor are usually right in their estimate of the specific injustice of the other, but neither is ever right in its estimate of its own injustice, or of the justice of the other. It is so in other relations. Every man wins his case before he gets into court and when his lawyer makes his plea, but the cold common sense of the jury sees justice as does only one of contending parties.

It is of greater service to the child and to mankind for a teacher to train children to estimate justice and injustice with the personal element eliminated than it is to secure 100 per cent. in arithmetic, or even in spelling.—*The American Teacher*.

#### A SMALL SWEET WAY.

There's never a rose in all the world  
But makes some green spray sweeter;  
There's never a wind in all the sky  
But makes some bird wing fleetier;  
There's never a star but brings to heaven  
Some silver radiance tender;  
And never a rosy cloud but helps  
To crown the sunset splendor;  
No robin but may thrill some heart  
His dawnlight gladness voicing;  
God gives us all some small sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing.

—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

#### DIDN'T LOOK RIGHT.

Ralph was just beginning German. One morning Miss Henley sent him to the board to write the German name for woman. As he saw the smile on the teacher's face, he stammered: "I—I don't think it looks just right." And sure enough! What do you suppose he had written?  
"Fraud."  
A. F. C.

# The Educational Journal

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## Editorials.

### A STANDARD OF MEASUREMENT.

UNDER the above heading *The Outlook*, of New York, has the following excellent article, which we think worth reproducing in full:

In these early summer days, when graduates are pouring out in such a host from colleges and high schools, it is well to emphasize the difference between instruction and education, because instruction, while essential to education, becomes, if identified with it, a limiting and misleading word. There may be differences of opinion about the value of specific forms of instruction; there can be no difference of opinion about the supreme importance of education. The educational question is always the fundamental question in every generation, because the essential life of a generation is shaped by its educational ideals and conceptions. If these are generous, high, and vital, the age may have many faults, but it will have faith, force, and originality. If, on the other hand, educational ideals and methods are mechanical and superficial, the men and women who are bred under these ideals will partake of their quality. The chief value of the experiences of life is to be found in their reflex action upon character—that is, in their educational quality; and the highest success in dealing with one's experience is determined by one's ability to get the education which experience offers. We can afford to be poor, but we cannot afford a cheap education.

"You will do the greatest service to the state," says Epictetus, "if you shall raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of the citizens; for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses rather than for mean slaves to lurk in great houses." These words have special significance to-day; for this is the day of the greatest houses, so far as mass of material and dimension are concerned, that have ever been builded by human hands. Men are to-day measuring themselves against more colossal material achievements than ever before in the history of the world. One cannot help wondering sometimes whether the souls of the builders of these colossal business structures are not to be dwarfed by the mere mass of the gigantic houses which they have made. Men must have nobler spirits and larger aims if they are to deal successfully with the tremendous material growth on all sides; and the supreme value of education lies in the standard of measurement which it furnishes, and in the sense of right relation which it establishes between the spiritual and the material. A thoroughly educated people, in the large and vital sense, never confuse highness with greatness, and always understand that one great human soul is worth a whole city of gigantic warehouses. If we have to choose, let us have great souls and small houses rather than great houses and small souls. If our education is sound and deep, that choice will never be presented to us, for we shall never be confused by the superficial massiveness of any form of material growth.

### AN EXPERIMENT AND ITS RESULTS.

WE reprint elsewhere from the *Globe* a letter by Rev. P. K. Dayfoot, M.A., of Port Hope. The letter details an experiment made not long since in the shape of an examination on some allusions in certain familiar literary quotations to incidents in the Bible, chiefly historical, with a view to test the knowledge of Bible history acquired under present day conditions at home and school. The results speak for themselves. There is little room for doubt that similar results would follow from similar tests in other localities. Most of us will agree that they indicate a serious defect somewhere.

Where is the defect, and what is the remedy? Mr. Dayfoot seems disposed to locate the former chiefly in the homes. It is unquestionably a sad thing to find the children of intelligent Christian parents, as it may be presumed most or all of those selected for this examination are, growing up with so little knowledge even of the most interesting facts and incidents of Bible history. But when we remember how many of the children in our Public Schools come from homes in which either the intelligence, or the inclination, or both,

needed to qualify parents to so direct the reading of the Bible as to enable their children to gain clear and intelligent ideas of its facts and teachings, are utterly lacking, we can no longer wonder at such results, so far as the home is concerned.

The Sunday-school is, indeed, a noble philanthropy and a great blessing. We can scarcely get a proper conception of all the good done by this modern institution until we try to conceive what would be the effect upon the social and moral well-being of communities were all Sunday-schools to be suddenly discontinued and nothing provided in their place. But when we consider the conditions under which these schools do their work, the shortness of their sessions, of which there can be, at most, but fifty-two in a year, the irregularity of attendance, the large numbers of children who do not attend, the inefficiency of many of the teachers, and the many other limitations under which they perform their work, we quickly see how absurd it would be to expect the Sunday-schools to supply the deficiencies of the homes, in the matter of giving even a passable knowledge of the Bible in its various departments of history, biography, poetry, prophecy, doctrine, morals, and so forth. The time is utterly inadequate, even were all the other facilities provided. The Sunday-schools have a special work to do, but they can not impart anything like an adequate knowledge of the Bible as a whole.

What is left, then, to supply the lack but the Public Schools? If multitudes of the children of this generation do not get their knowledge of the Bible in these, it is pretty clear that they will grow up without it. But the objections to making the Bible a text-book in the Public Schools are many and serious. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a place for it on the already overcrowded programme without displacing other subjects which are, rightly or wrongly, deemed indispensable by the educational authorities. Many parents, who themselves care little or nothing about the Bible, or even wholly despise it, would seriously object. Many Christian parents would prefer that their children should not get their impressions of it from any but a truly devout and spiritually-minded teacher, and, of course, the Education Department cannot prescribe, much less guarantee, such qualifications on the part of those to whom they give certificates. Many other parents, of strong denominational convictions, would fear lest their children should receive a wrong bias from a teacher belonging to some other denomination. Others, again, who object strenuously to any

connection between Church and State, will never admit that the State can prescribe Scripture study in any form in the Public Schools without transcending its proper sphere and laying unholy hands upon the sacred ark of the covenant. And so on, almost indefinitely.

We have tried to state briefly what is without doubt becoming the great educational problem of the day. We shall not, for the present, at least, attempt to find a solution, unless a single question may possibly convey a hint as to the direction in which a solution may ultimately be found. The question is suggested by the last sentence or two in Mr. Dayfoot's letter. May it not be possible, and unobjectionable on ground of principle, to make a clear distinction between the study of the Bible as a work of history, literature, etc., treating it as a highly valuable and important text-book, and religious teaching proper? We merely throw out the question, knowing that a thousand objections will immediately spring up against an affirmative answer. But, seeing that the problem must be solved in some way, may it not be as likely that the solution may be found in this direction as in any other?

## Contributors' Dep't.

The thoughts of our readers are, no doubt, more concerned just now about the coming vacation than with the commencement of another term. But as THE JOURNAL is not published during the month of August, it is necessary that anything which we may have that is likely to be helpful to teachers at the beginning of the term should appear in this and the following number. In this category we may confidently place the following, which was published as one of a series by the same writer, in our "Hints and Helps" department, about a year and a half ago. At the suggestion of an experienced educator, the efficient head of one of our most important educational institutions, who pronounces it the best article he has ever seen upon the subject, we now republish the letter. Teachers may not be in the mood to read it just now, but we commend it to the attention of all young teachers and others who may be called on to have a first day in a new school, at the re-opening after the holidays. If you lay it aside now, be sure to read it carefully before the first day comes:

OPEN LETTER.

No. 2.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I understand you are to take charge of your new school on

Tuesday, and that you would like me to give you a few hints, suggestions, remarks, etc., that may be of assistance to you in your new duties. The first piece of philosophy that I have to communicate to you is taken from an old Greek book which contains several letters written in a decidedly original vein, two or three of them addressed to young people of your own age. In this book I remember meeting with the following remarkable expression: "*Neither give place to the Devil,*" and I have often wished that I could have these half-dozen words painted in bright crimson letters at the back part of every class-room in the world, directly in front of the teacher's eyes. Satan will enter in and take his place in your school every day—especially on dull, stormy, rainy days, and particularly in the afternoons—unless you actually crowd him out by keeping every one busy and interested in the work of the class to which he or she belongs. You need to be in your place very early that morning, not later than forty minutes before school time. Take with you a few sheets of foolscap and tear one or two of them up into small pieces, about three inches by two and a half, having the ruled lines lengthwise. Write on two or three dozen of these slips along the margin, Parent's name, Pupil's name, Age, Class. Why do you come to school? What do you wish to become? Have these ready, if possible, before the arrival of the first pupil, and after a cordial greeting ask him or her to fill up the form. Do the same with every other pupil immediately after his entrance into the schoolroom. The last two questions will help you to talk to your pupils about their past studies and their future plans, and at nine o'clock you will know every one by name and have some insight into the motives that bring them together. Precisely at nine o'clock ask all the pupils to seat themselves at their desks, but say nothing about the location or position. Do not talk too much; allow the class to choose their own seats. As soon as all are in their places, read the fourth chapter of Proverbs and open the school with the Lord's Prayer. Ask the pupils to look at their readers and prepare a reading lesson, any one they choose to select, each one for himself. In the meantime, classify the names on your slips in alphabetical order, if you have not already done so, and swiftly copy them out on a sheet of your foolscap. Check over the list and place a figure opposite each name to indicate the class to which each pupil nominally belongs, and put a pin to hold this sheet on your desk before you. Quickly make another copy of this list, which, as you perceive, is to be a temporary register for a day or two, but in the second copy put down the names by classes, still in alphabetical order. All this will take from ten to fifteen minutes, and by this time you are ready to begin your work. If any other pupils arrive late, hand them slips and quietly ask to have them filled up properly. Write these names on your sheets opposite their proper places. Now call on some senior pupil to come forward and read a page—not less than a page—

of the lesson he or she has selected. Do not criticize the reader, but, if necessary, render what help may be needed to assist the pupil over the hard places. Next call up another pupil by name from a different class, following the same uncritical method and doing your best to assist the reader when necessary. It would be better not to correct mistakes at all so long as the pupil does not come to a dead pause. Take another pupil from a lower class, then one from the highest class, and so on, so that no pupil can have any hint as to his turn. This uncertainty and the novelty of the exercise will be sufficient to keep the attention of the school for an hour, if you choose to prolong the lesson to that length. While this reading is going on use your eyes to observe the general demeanor of your class, and you will, no doubt, discover that in taking their seats the birds of a feather have flocked together. Study them carefully as the reading proceeds, and the moment you observe a careless or noisy pupil select that person as the next to be called up. By way of surprise, call on this same pupil to come forward and read again if the whispering or restlessness recurs. Do not talk too much; leave a certain part of your plans to be revealed by what you do rather than by what you say. When you are satisfied with your general examination of the reading, write on the blackboard a few questions in arithmetic, of several different degrees of difficulty. These should be carefully prepared beforehand, and should include some work for every class. Let the pupils proceed to do these questions at their desks, while you take your place behind the pupils and observe how they set to work, using all your perceptive faculties to note the individual character and foibles of each pupil. Study your pupils till you know them as thoroughly as possible. A few minutes before recess time, take your class sheet and assign to each class a definite piece of work to be done immediately after the ten minutes' intermission, in accordance with the time-table you prepared before coming to school. The first period of school is then over without any awkward pause, without any long address, without any enunciation of rules and penalties, and you can now proceed with confidence along the systematic track you have laid out for the rest of the day. Dismiss at three o'clock on the first day after you have carefully assigned *very short* home lessons. Next morning, as soon as prayers are over, seat the whole school in the alphabetical order of your register list, taking all the care you can to separate, as far as possible, all the pupils who show special anxiety to sit together. You will thus very effectually isolate the worst talkers and the most restless scholars, and place them under better conditions for steady attention and diligent work. Bring your school diary or notebook on this day, and keep a minute and accurate record of all you do and of every incident that recurs in your work on every day. Write to THE JOURNAL and state your difficulties, if any should arise.

Yours truly,

C. C.



## Special Papers.

### A LIBERAL EDUCATION.\*

BY REV. J. ELLIOTT, B.A., OTTAWA.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :

A strange sense of intellectual weakness, brokenness, and incapacity, sometimes takes hold upon a man. That is in no small degree my experience to-night. I look at our subject—"A Liberal Education"—and I cannot shake off the consciousness that a subject of such vast importance can receive but scant justice from me. I but stand at the threshold of the temple of knowledge, or, at best, have had but a glimpse at the rich treasures which may be found within, a glimpse which reveals ignorance and stimulates desire, without, even in an ordinary degree, satisfying aspiration. Still, I will, as Carlyle would say, in God's name, attempt to place before you a few thoughts on the subject.

I would not speak as a dogmatist on this or any subject. I would approach the subject with the consciousness that here, especially, a narrow dogmatism would be a fatal mistake. Yet, to be true to myself and to you, I must place before you, as definitely as I may, the educational ideal which is ever present to my own mind.

Viewed from any standpoint, our subject is vast. And there are so many standpoints from which it may be viewed. I venture to say that, of all many-sided subjects, education, human education, the right development of man's complex nature, the teaching that nature to see what is best, the inspiring that nature to do what is best, has the greatest number of sides. Its sides or phases grow in number until we become bewildered. Each phase of it grows in importance till we reach a standpoint where we seem to see that, of all things on our planet, human education has easy first place. It includes whatever we do for ourselves and whatever others do for us for the express purpose of bringing us somewhat nearer the perfection of our complex nature. But it includes much more. In its widest acceptance, it comprehends all the indirect effects produced on our faculties and character by things of which the direct purposes are quite different. Laws, forms of government, modes of social life, and even climate, have all a powerful, though in a great degree imperceptible, influence in the education of man. In this broad sense, whatever tends to shape the individual, to make him what he is, or prevent him from becoming what he is not, is part of his education.

From what I have already said, you will clearly see that I do not regard education as solely, or even principally, a matter of schools, teachers, text-books, recitations, and all the rest of it, though with none of these can we dispense, if the rising generation is to be thoroughly educated. Nor do I regard education as solely belonging, or even chiefly belonging, to the early years of life, though I am fully convinced that, to reach the best results educationally, seed-sowing must commence early, and a foundation broad and deep must be laid while we are young.

Education is the developing or perfecting of all the root principles of man's nature, together with the correction of all wrong tendencies. It reveals to us gradually what we may become, as it develops what we are. Nor can it be said to have completed its work till it has inspired him to make the best of all his powers for God's glory and human good.

Education is not the mere possession of knowledge, except in so far as knowledge makes the man wiser, better, more profound in his thinking, more discriminating in his judgment, more penetrative in his insight, more comprehensive, disinterested, and humanity-embracing in his purposes and plans. A man might know much, and yet do little and be less. A man might have an accurate *memoriter* knowledge of what are regarded as historical, theological, or scientific facts, while he has never asked the questions, Are these facts? If so, why so? If not, why not? His education has yet to be begun.

Here I may remark that I have a great quarrel with the cram system of education, as I have also with its half-sister, the mechanical system—sys-

tems which I fear are all too prevalent. The prevalence of the cram system doubtless suggested the lines of a would-be modern poet :

"Ram it in, cram it in,  
Still there's more to follow.  
Ram it in, cram it in,  
Children's heads are hollow."

By means of this system the student endeavors, by skimming the surface of a subject, spending on it a few short weeks, or, sometimes, even a few short days, to make a pass and be called educated. I need scarcely say that such a course is a serious blunder. It is more than serious. It is fatal. When a mind is crammed with anything beyond the point of assimilation, it is weakened thereby. Probably three months after the cramming has been done, even the knowledge of the facts has vanished, if not completely, tone and tint, at best, leaving but an indistinct remnant which is little better than the shadow of knowledge. The crammer, or, perhaps, more accurately, the crammed, too, in addition to being mentally weakened, has learned to dislike his studies because he has never understood them.

Training slavishly for examinations, then, is most wretched work at best. Some one has said, "All overdoing is underdoing." This law certainly holds in the matter under consideration. You cannot fatten boys with knowledge as you fatten turkeys for Christmas, by means of cramming. Cram exhausts the brain and burdens the memory with an ill-assorted, ill-digested mass of facts. These facts the mind has not power to use. It does not really possess them. And yet in their *quasi* acquisition and *quasi* possession they have checked and dwarfed the soul's inherent power of origination. The creative powers of the mind are its noblest part. These give us at once the richest wealth of pleasure and inspiration. The products of the creative powers of the mind are the charm of poetry, the charm of music, the charm of art, the charm of almost everything which is touched by or touches the human mind.

But cram chokes these creative powers. Cram, then, checks human development and retards true education. No thorough teacher would lend it the slightest degree of encouragement. I do not wish anything I have said to be applied to the review of a work for examination, when such work has been already patiently studied and thoroughly mastered. Indeed, the concentration of energy on a review, which enables us to hold the chief facts definitely in mind for a certain purpose, is of great value. It trains us to concentrate our life energy, for a definite purpose, at any point where that energy is needed. This, if we are inspired to the best, we shall find most helpful in all the crises of life.

In the mechanical system of education the ill-guided or misguided student is led to think that education consists in what might be called getting up authors for examination. Merely that and nothing more. Such an idea of education is as unworthy as it is prevalent. A man may know that certain kings lived and died, that certain battles were fought and won and lost, that certain empires rose, flourished, faded, or were buried in their own ashes, while he has utterly failed to grasp the why and how of success or failure in the case of individuals or of nations. We might have a faultlessly correct knowledge of facts, and yet be utterly ignorant of the great lessons which these facts are designed to teach. There is a wide difference between a well-stored mind and a strong mind. There is a wide difference between a well-stored mind and a well-developed mind. We might know all history and yet be unable to solve the problem of the social cellar, the problem of relation of capital and labor, the problem of how to live in unity where there is so much diversity. It is the design of education to give us knowledge. But it is also the design of education to teach us how to use it. It is the design of education to give us words and phrases. But it is the design of education to develop our faculties and to form our character. What is needed is not that a man should be an itinerant encyclopædia, but that he should be able to think correctly and rightly, and that his mind should be not only stored with, but swayed by, great ideas. I would have his mind stored with great ideas, not as you would store odds and ends in a garret, in such a way that you can scarcely tell which is which, or where is anything; not as you would store wheat

in a bin, the bin being completely uninfluenced by the treasure it contains, not even as you would store well-assorted and correctly labelled manuscripts in pigeon holes, whence you can secure them at will. I would have the ideas penetrate and dominate, and possess the man until they are interwoven with his nature, and thereby become a part of himself.

Education, then, is the development of man's powers systematically, symmetrically, and harmoniously. And I fancy liberal education would imply that this development has been carried approximately toward perfection. A liberal education is sometimes called broad. It ought also to be deep and clear. I think a liberal education is incapable of exact and permanent definition. As humanity intellectually, morally, and spiritually presses towards a higher height, the boundaries of a liberal education become extended. More than that happens. As humanity gains power of discrimination, the ideal of a liberal education becomes transformed. Men's views of what constitutes a liberal education change with the cycles of the suns. I sometimes think that, in this age of transition, men's views of what constitutes liberal education, in some of its aspects, change with the seasons. Yet it should never be forgotten that there are in liberal education elements that never change. There is in it what might be called the permanent and the variable. The highest and best education is not of one type only. It will differ in direction as individuals differ in capacity. The great aim of education is not, I think, to produce a talent, or create a talent which has not been given; but to develop the latent powers that are found in the individual. We should be quick to recognize, stimulate, and train potential ability. We should see that it is transformed into actual and practical power to be and do for human good. We should not set the youth the impossible task of acquiring something almost completely foreign to his nature, or developing something which he finds in himself only in the most embryonic and rudimentary form, and in which he could never rise above mediocrity, while we neglect, or, perhaps, crush the aspirings of his genius. Attempts at this have caused college life, aye, and sometimes life itself, to be well nigh wasted in fruitless attempts to develop talents we never possessed, while those through which we might have been distinguished, as a part of the advance guard of humanity, have been neglected, and our poor mis-educated lives have been a lamented failure. Let me reiterate it. Liberal education consists in the highest development of the individual. A man might go through a course at a university and secure a degree, and yet leave that university weak in body, ignorant of the business of life, weak in moral principle, and weaker still in power of independent thought, and all that through a misguided attempt to secure them, through a misconception as it regards what constitutes a true education. Time was when to be ignorant of a quantity in Homer would have caused a man who regarded himself as educated to blush crimson. But that same man could not, perhaps, have solved the simplest problem in social science. To-day, a man might be almost totally ignorant of Greek and yet be regarded as liberally educated. Indeed, the knowledge of languages is useful only as it either introduces us to the ideas of great men who have registered their thoughts in other tongues than ours, or as the knowledge of languages gives us greater facility in the use of our own, and thus becomes an aid to both thought and its expression. The mere parrot-like knowledge of all the languages of humanity, apart from the securing of the ideas therein expressed, and apart from using such language as a vehicle of our own thought, emotion, and aspiration, is anything but liberal education. Indeed, some tell us that the highest education has no necessary connection whatever with the mechanical art of recording, transmitting ideas. Be that as it may, no man can now claim to be educated who is ignorant of himself, of the laws of nature, of his real relation to men, and to that ultimate reality which we may call God. He ought also to know some method of solution of the social problems, which, like slumbering volcanoes, often terrify the heart and threaten the very life of civilized society. Perhaps we might provisionally define a liberal education as the acquisition, the evolution, or development of a power of thought, a keenness of intellect, a depth and purity of feeling, and a nobility of purpose considerably in advance of the average of our times; together with a reliable knowledge of all those sciences, material, mental, and moral, which

\* Delivered before the Ottawa Teachers' Association, May 23rd, at their annual meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School.

bear directly on human life and destiny. This broad, and deep, and pure, and approximately complete development is the world's hope. Without it, man is but the veriest shadow of what he might be. You can place on your hand two little seeds. Let one be the seed of the mighty oak tree, another the seed of the beautiful garden flower. You have on your hand in germ, in potentiality, in possibility, the mighty oak tree and the beautiful garden flower. Throw them on the barren rock—no oak tree—no flower. Place them in unpropitious environment and you have a dwarf oak and a puny, sickly, ill-developed flower. They scarcely give you a hint of what they might have been. Just so with man. Leave him completely uneducated and he is very near the lower animals. Educate his intellect and you have a fine, clear, cold, hard, selfish, thinking machine. He could blow open a safe, defraud a bank, or swindle a nation scientifically. He is a dangerous character. His one-sided culture makes him all the more dangerous. Or, though a keen thinker, he may be a man depraved in passions, appetites, and aspirations. He still needs the ethical element. Put him to the school of Christ; generate the sentiments of heroism, fortitude, justice, enthusiasm, love, generosity, mercy, benevolence, spontaneous joyfulness, sympathy, friendship, and fidelity, and you change the selfish, unsocial, discordant life, continually sinking into crime, into a life of social harmony, stability, kindness, and incorruptible virtue. Develop man's intellect, and, while you do that, teach him that the highest life is completely unselfish, and you have divinity manifested under human limitations. I need not quote that oft-repeated sentence, "Knowledge is power." So is sentiment, so is emotion, so is enthusiasm, emotion intensified; but never more so, never as much so, as when they are sanctified through the truth received through the intellect, or through the man as a thinking being.

This liberal culture has done much for the human race. It has laid under tribute for human good the mighty forces of nature. We have but to walk into one of our great manufactories and we see mighty steam hammers shaping mammoth shafts and anchors, or walk into a telegraph office and transmit our thoughts to another soul in another hemisphere, or walk into a telephone office and speak to our friend hundreds of miles away, with as great ease as if he were in the next room, to feel that mind culture is giving power over nature for human good. Every man will soon be our next-door neighbor, the earth a point, and yet a point on which the increasing millions of the human family can under more exalting conditions live.

Nor is it merely along lines of material discovery and material invention that the influence of the completest culture is being felt. Along with that, and, perhaps, facilitated by that, have originated world-embracing plans for human betterment or for highest human well-being. The rights of humanity are being considered with a view to their adoption as a part of the creed by which we live. Human brotherhood is writing itself in characters of living light and loving heat on the heart of earth's best. All this is finding expression in self-denying efforts for human good.

Again, this really liberal education gives power among men. The slightest investigation would convince us that power has fallen, is falling, and will forever fall, into the hands of those who have brains that can think, and hearts that can feel for the rest. They have developed their latent powers. They have utilized the grand heritage of truth bequeathed to them by the upward struggle of the ages. They know how to put the mind in the right attitude towards truth. Hence, power has fallen into their hands. This has been always so. It is, I think, more so to-day than at any preceding period of our world's history. Aristocracies of birth are crumbling to dust, or sinking into mental and physical imbecility.

Aristocracies of mere wealth are becoming a menace rather than a blessing to our civilization. Aristocracies of mere uncultured genius lack what might be called the element of reliability. They are strangely erratic. The world is beginning slowly but surely to recognize the aristocracy of thought. The men who have the deepest insight and the most heroic courage ever rule the world. The world could get along without some of its crowned heads, some of its members of Parliament, who are supposed to frame its laws; but the world could not, without greatest hurt to itself, part with one of its seers.

There is still another result of liberal education at which I would briefly glance. It is that it gives dignity to the essential nature of the individual, a kind of moral, or spiritual, or inherent value, against which we can weigh no equivalent. You can tell at a glance the thoroughly developed man. His breadth of view, his depth of insight, his nobility of purpose, his purity of motive, his equilibrium of nature, his complete self-control, his freedom from prejudice, his freedom from superstition, his toleration, his broad philanthropy, his patience, his self-denial, his hope, in one word, his developed manhood. All these shine out with a bright, yet tender radiance, which marks him as a man who has reached the mountain-top of human development, whose brow is bathed in eternal light, and whose heart is hallowed by eternal love. Liberal education, then, is most desirable. It develops our manhood. It, and it alone, can raise us to the highest standard of manhood possible to us. It, and it alone, can make us the greatest possible blessing to society. It, and it alone, can draw out of that curious body of latencies—the human mind—the good therein contained. It, and it only, can give the soundest judgment, the most varied pleasures, the broadest sympathies, and the highest life ideal. But a question here meets us, namely, how is it to be secured? This naturally leads us to think specially of schools and colleges, though there are other agencies which play a very important part in human education.

Schools, I think, should not be unscientific, happy-go-lucky places, where a young woman of, say, twenty years of age, manages to keep, say, thirty children, happy, or miserable, or quiet for, say, three hours in the forenoon and for an equal length of time after dinner, though I am free to confess that I am thoroughly convinced there is a greater educational influence in keeping children happy, miserable, or quiet, than in chaotic confusion and disorder. Each school should be a psychological observatory, where teachers with rare insight practise the art of discovering the latent capacities of each pupil, and then of applying with rare skill such sympathetic impulse as each pupil needs in order that those latent capacities may be completely developed. I know the work I would assign the teacher is exceedingly difficult. I know that the importance of the teacher's work has not yet dawned upon society as a whole. I know that the teachers of our children, like most intellectual servants of mankind, are neither honored nor paid as the importance of their work would justly demand. I am not certain that the importance of the work of training the rising generation in the most plastic and formative period of their history has been duly considered by teachers themselves. Our Public Schools have very much to do with the progress of our nation. Our Public School teachers should, like poets, be born, not made, or, rather, should be born and made. I may be mistaken, but I think that those who teach in our schools should make teaching their life-work, and so devote their life's best energies to it. I do not think it should be made a mere convenience as a stepping-stone to something regarded as higher because humanity is willing to pay more in hard cash for it. But I fancy the public can settle that question, or that the question will settle itself, when the people attach to teaching in our Public Schools a salary on which a man can comfortably live. We need not be afraid to risk our cash, for, in the intellectual development of our sons and daughters, compound interest on compound interest will be the rate and usage of this exchequer. Our Public Schools, then, are of the utmost importance. Inferior work done here has its blighting influence for life. Good work done here inspires to higher work, and prepares the pupil for the more advanced studies of our higher institutions of learning. At the work of those higher institutions of learning in the development of the human mind I would glance a moment. Toward this higher development of humanity college training *should* be, and, when things *are* as they *ought* to be, *will* be *very* *helpful*. Contact with *living, thinking* men who are themselves in most perfect sympathy with the main stream of the world's intellectual life; contact with men who have reached intellectual waters to swim in, and who are not afraid to try the ocean under the guiding eye of their God; contact with living, thinking men who, I will not say, know everything, but who do understand the subjects they teach, and who can impart their knowledge,

must be very helpful to the student. Teachers in our higher institutions of learning should be men of breadth of view, depth and thoroughness of culture, together with the sublimest dignity of nature. Contact with such men is like the breath of the morning, both pleasant, invigorating, and inspiring. Contact with such men gives a charm to study, and casts a spell upon the student's mind which mysteriously impels him to attempt and to achieve intellectual feats of which, under ordinary circumstances, he would never have even dreamed. Put mediocrity in the professor's chair, and you curse the rising generation. There will, then, be no liberal education except in spite of the influences which should secure it. The earnest student may be greatly aided or greatly retarded by his environment; especially so when it is environment from which he has learned to expect so much. True, his mind is not moulded as an earthen vessel, in complete passivity, by the hand of the potter. There needs to be spontaneous and hearty co-operation on his part. But for that very reason there should be in the professor's chair that pre-eminent ability which commands reverence, and that helpful inspiration which secures co-operation. Great teachers never merely teach a book; these are more than a hundred books combined. No great teacher will permit his student to merely study a book. He will teach him how to re-think the book. But he will teach him vastly more. He will teach him how to reflect on the subject in such a manner as will enable him to correct the book where necessary, and thus he will place in the hand of the student the key to all successful study, the key to self-education, which all true education, in the last analysis, must be. I would, in conclusion, offer a few observations on what the student must do for himself, if he would be liberally educated. Every student should set before himself a very high ideal. He should aim, not at a petty intellectual fastidiousness, and not at what some one has aptly called "a fine ladyism of the intellect, for these grow most luxuriantly on the thin and artificial soil of minds at once vain and second rate. College life should ring the death knell of all such fastidious littleness, and at the same time ring the birth peal of a nobler, manlier tone of thought.

"Greatly begin, though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime—  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

The honestly and modestly aspiring student should remember that our world is full of noisy mediocrity, often assuming the dress of true and developed greatness with most indifferent results. He should ever remember that, where slipshod work is done, the results must ever be indifferent, and that wherever the best work is done, time will forever disclose the best results. The mere surface effort may produce intellectual fireworks of varied color and dazzling brightness for the moment only, to be succeeded by the darkness of disappointing failure. But thorough intellectual work will secure perennial and eternal light. Indeed, the surface student may at first seem to eclipse his slower, because more thorough, brother. But he is never sure of his ground, and soon falls behind in the race, while his slow but thorough neighbor stands an undisputed first.

"As lamps set high upon some earthly eminence,  
And to gaze brighter seem than the sphere stars  
they flout,  
Dwindle in distance, and die out,  
While no star waneth yet;  
So through the past's long searching night,  
Only the sphere stars keep their light."

He who would be liberally educated must aim to do the highest work and to do it well. The man who desires a liberal education should never be in a hurry. Hurry is the ambitious young man's danger. He wants to get through. He wants to get to work. He, perhaps, feels financial pressure. One of our greatest educational curses is hurry. Fathers and mothers want their children's education rushed. They forget that from its very nature it cannot be successfully rushed. They forget that an attempt to rush it, mars it.

"We have not wings that we might soar,  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, from more to more,  
The giddy summits of our times."

The true student should never hurry. When he meets a new word, he should take time to ascertain

its meaning. He should do this thoroughly. Then it is his word. He can use it with confidence. No student should need a dozen introductions to the same word. When the student reads a sentence, he should be at the pains to understand it. He should leave no paragraph till he has mastered it. Such work may be slow, but it will be enduring. It but seems slow. It is the quickest method of securing the ultimate result. It may be said that I mark out for the student a pathway which, if he would travel, he must put forth efforts, exercise patience, and believe, in this respect, at least, in the perseverance of the saints. I do. I would not deceive myself. I would not deceive you. The way to the highest is through persistent, patient, hopeful work.

"The place by great men reached and kept  
Was not attained by sudden flight,  
But, they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

Once more, we should remember that our education is never completed. Unfinished, untouched, curricula live everywhere about us. When we have done our best, we have but picked up a few pebbles on the shore. Oceans unexplored lie still before us. There should be no pride of intellect. Indeed, the conceit of knowledge is most vigorous in those who have recently learned a few elementary truths, and a few only, and they but half-learned, just as spiritual conceit is found in its purest form in men whose religious experience is of a rudimentary and undeveloped kind. Above all things, let us remember that our education, liberal or otherwise, is not for our own aggrandizement, but a talent to be unselfishly, patiently, cheerfully, and untiringly used for the greatest good of our fellow-men. It is good and pleasant, on the sombre earth, during the dark life, brief passage to something beyond, that the servant of ignorance should be light.

## School-Room Methods

### WRITING.

We regret that the following did not come to hand at an earlier date. That it did not do so is not the fault of the writer, but rather our own, for we should have put the question earlier. It will, we hope, be of service to many next term.

Referring to a note in our last number, a friend writes us that:

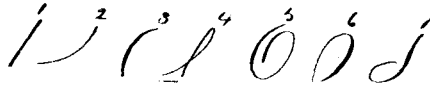
"A little work by Mr. Westervelt, of the London Business College, will give the desired information." He also says: "I think the first question on each of the Writing papers for '92, '93, and '94, for Entrance, is unfair, as we have no authorized text-book on writing."

The same friend kindly sends us the following set of questions, which he gave to his pupils a few days ago, with answers, mostly culled from those given by the pupils:

- I. What do you understand by principles in writing?
- II. Write the seven principles used in the formation of small and capital letters.
- III. How many degrees in the main slant of letters? In the connective slant? Show difference by writing.
- IV. (a) What two forms has each letter of the alphabet?  
(b) What principles are used in making the small letters?  
(c) What principles form the prominent parts of the capitals?
- V. (a) Into how many classes are the small letters divided, and what are they?  
(b) Write (1) short; (2) stem; (3) looped letters, stating how many spaces they extend.  
(c) What is the unit for measuring the (1) height of letters?; (2) the width of letters?
- VI. (a) What is the height of the capital letters above the base line?  
(b) What ones drop below base line?
- VII. (a) Write the capitals formed from the Direct Oval.  
(b) From Reversed Oval.  
(c) From Capital Stem.

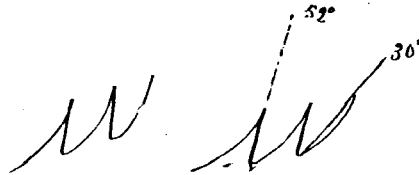
### ANSWERS.

I. The principles in writing are the component parts of letters.



(1) Straight Line, (2) Right Curve, (3) Left Curve, (4) Loop, (5) Direct Oval, (6) Reversed Oval, (7) Capital Stem.

III. Main Slant, 52°; Connective Slant, 30°.



IV. (a) (1) Small Letters, (2) Capital Letters.

(b) 1, 2, 3, and 4.

(c) 5, 6, and 7.

V. (a) Into three classes: Short, Stem, and Looped.

(b) Short: a, c, e, i, m, n, o, r, s, u, v, w, x. These extend one space, except r and s, which extend 1 1/4 spaces.

Stem: d, t, p, q; "d" and "t" extend 2 spaces; "p" 3 1/2 spaces; "q" 2 1/2 spaces.

Looped: b, g, h, j, h, l, y, z, f. All extend 3 spaces, except "f," which extends 5 spaces.

(c) For measuring height of letters: height of small "i."

For measuring width of letters: distance between main slants of letter "u."

VI. (a) Three spaces.

(b) J, Y, Z.

VII. (a) O, E, D, C, A.

(b) X, W, Q, Z, V, U, Y, I, J, M, N, H, K

(c) T, F, S, L, G, P, B, R.

### IRREGULAR VERBS.

BY JOHN D. MEASE.

The table of irregular verbs, as presented in the ordinary text-book, is a familiar sight. It begins thus:

abide	abode	abiding	abode
awake	awoke	awaking	awaked
	awaked	awaking	awaked
be	was	being	been

and so on to the end of the chapter.

Many teachers ask their pupils merely to commit this table; but, while such a plan may lead to some good results, it is certainly not the best way. A method will be presented in this article that will, at least, yield more abiding results than the way suggested above. I send my pupils to the board to construct sentences to illustrate the use of the different principal parts of the verb. Suppose the verb *ring* occurs in the lesson. Then the sentences constructed by the pupils will read something like the following:

1. We *ring* the bell.—Present.
2. The sexton *rang* the bell.—Past.
3. The sexton is *ringing* the bell.—Pres. Part.
4. The sexton has *rung* the bell.—Past Part.

The chief difficulty met with by pupils is to write the past tense form correctly, and to distinguish it from the past participle. To aid them in this particular, I sometimes ask them to use the word *to-day* in No. 1, *yesterday* in No. 2, and *has* in No. 4. The sentences will now read:

1. We *ring* the bell to-day.
2. We *rang* the bell yesterday.
3. We are *ringing* the bell.
4. We have *rung* the bell.

With No. 3 the pupil, as a rule, has no difficulty, as the form always ends in *ing*. In No. 4 it is, of course, a good plan frequently to supply other auxiliaries instead of *has*.

In this connection it is easy to teach the passive and the progressive form. Why not do so at this point and save trouble in the future?

The pupil generally meets with some difficulty in learning the correct use of *lie, lay, rise, raise*, and other verbs of like nature. Constant *drill* suggests itself as a great helper at this stage of

the pupil's progress. Here is one place where even the most radical psychologist will not gain-say the value of repetition.

In pursuance of this principle, I often carry on a running conversation with my class somewhat as follows: Shall we say (1) the boy *rung* or *rang* the bell? (2) He *lay* or *laid* down to sleep? (3) *Lay* or *lie* the book down? (4) Does the bread *raise* or *rise*? (5) Is the river *rising* or *raising*? (6) The criminal has *flew, fled, or flown* from justice? (7) He has *proved* or *proven* the problem? (8) The lamp is *sitting* or *setting* on the table? (9) It *sat* or *set* there yesterday?

These few suggestions are offered with the hope that they may be useful to some beginners who have found the subject of irregular verbs hard to teach.—*Popular Educator*.

### NUMBER LESSON.

This was the problem I saw on the board in front of the second grade children:

"A man bought 1/4 of a foot of rubber at 2 cents an inch. How much did he pay for the rubber?"

The first thing the teacher asked for was for some one to read the problem. It was read several times. Occasionally it was read rather poorly and the teacher remarked that she did not understand it as read, and the little fellow would re-read it, trying to make it understood. Each child seemed to make an effort to read it well, that is, so his way of reading it would show exactly what it meant.

Then came the question, "What does this problem tell you?"

"It tells me that a man bought rubber."

"Anything else?"

"It tells me he bought 1/4 of a foot of rubber."

"Does it tell anything else?"

"It tells me how much he paid for 1 inch."

"Very well. Now tell both those things the problem tells you, Robert."

"The problem tells me how much was bought, 1/4 of a foot of rubber, and how much was paid for a part, 2 cents an inch."

"What are you to do?"

"I am to find how much he paid for the whole thing."

This part of the work was done so readily that I thought probably they usually tried to determine exactly what a problem told them, and what they were to do or to find. If this were a feature of work in every grade, and upon every problem, one great step in advance would be taken, because it is a fact that very much of the pupil's trouble in arithmetic (and I might add in grammar, history, etc.) is because the pupil is not led to consider very carefully exactly what the language which he reads means. In fact, this first work the teacher did upon the problem was an excellent reading lesson—they were intent upon seeing just what the language of the problem meant. But if the children had felt safe in paddling near the shore in this first work, the teacher's next question pushed them into deep water, and desperate were their efforts indeed to reach a solid footing.

"Tell me how you found how much the man paid for the rubber, Rose?"

"I couldn't find out."

"Why couldn't you?"

"I don't know, but I couldn't."

"John."

"I couldn't find out either."

"What was the trouble?"

"It says bought 1/4 of a foot, and paid 2 cents an inch."

"Yes."

"Oh, I know now! He sat down and went to work."

Work with other pupils showed there were several children who had not gotten it, and several who had.

"How many inches of rubber did he buy?"

"He bought 1/4 of a foot?"

"Yes, but how many inches?"

Then each child took his slate and began finding 1/4 of 12, by arranging 12 ones into four equal groups, and in a very short time Rose was ready to announce that the man had bought 3 inches of rubber.

By this time the children were so full of the wonderful discovery as to how much was paid for the whole that they could not sit still, and it was almost like an explosion when Frank announced the wonderful news that the man had paid six cents

for the rubber. Every child in the class was ready to tell how he knew that was right, "for there are 3 inches in  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a foot, and, if each inch costs 2 cents, it would take 3 two cents to pay for it, and 3 two cents are 6 cents." The last two steps were variously stated by several children, and to close the work the problem was re-read, they told again what the problem told them, and what they must find, they said they first must know how many inches in  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a foot, and they then gave the last step, that of finding the result. The time for the recitation was all taken and only one problem had been solved; but this one involving a new point, and, being so carefully worked out, was of far more value to the children than half a dozen easy ones, or three equally difficult ones only skimmed over.—*Indiana School Journal.*

## Correspondence

### HOME WORK.

#### SOME TEACHERS' OPINIONS.

"For second and third classes, I am in favor of assigning a small amount of written home work, such as a short composition exercise. But I believe it should be simple and interesting, and generally a review of some of the day's work at school. If it have these characteristics, it will train the child in self-reliance, and, by having home associated with study, will lead in the direction of studious habits."

Sandringham, Ont.

D. C. McI.

"My experience of twenty years' teaching proves home work for children of ten years and under to be (a) unnecessary, (b) useless, (c) injurious. It is unnecessary, because children can be taught even more than is usually learned under the present system, without any lessons outside of five hours' school work. It is useless, for in most cases the child merely memorizes the words, or does the work mechanically, or even with the aid of another, which is worse than useless. It is injurious because (1) it transfers the teaching to parents and brothers and sisters; (2) the work is hastily and carelessly done; (3) the exercises are not corrected by the teacher; (4) it adds unduly to nervous strain of both parents and children; (5) it usurps the function of the school room," etc.

W. J. PATTERSON.

Carleton Place.

"For years we have battled over the question of home work in our county convention. Many country teachers gave home work because the parents demanded it, not because they thought it right. But parents, especially in towns and cities, are being aroused against the intolerable tasks given to the little ones, and in places the system has already been greatly modified, if not entirely done away. I contend that the school hours are now sufficient for proper progress and development, and if anything, more than sufficient for the physical well-being of those of tender years. I always feel grateful to you, Mr. Editor, for your stand on this question, and also that of military drill in schools."

WM. R. BROWN.

West Lake, P. E. Co., Ont.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,  
Some pure ideal of a noble life,  
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear  
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near  
And just within our reach? It was, and yet  
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.  
And now live idle in a vague regret;  
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,  
Ready for us to fill it soon or late.  
No stir is ever lost that once has been—  
We always may be what we might have been,  
Since good, though only thought, has life and  
breath,  
God's life—can always be redeemed from death;  
And evil in its nature is decay,  
And any hour can blot it all away;  
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem  
May be the truer life, and this the dream.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

## Primary Department.

### THE WIND.

The skill of the teacher is shown in her ability to direct the children, in their observations, awaken interest, and lead to a view of "more beyond." She should remember that the imagination, memory, and judgment are to be cultivated, as well as the perceptive faculties. In all this work, to let the children be *themselves*, free, artless, natural, to follow their leading, notice their ways of thinking and looking at things, and the course of reasoning by which they arrive at conclusions, will make the exercise very valuable to the teacher.

#### THE WORK OF THE WIND,

Given by children in answer to the question, "What does the wind do?" written by the teacher on the board, and used for a reading lesson as indicated below.

The wind dries the clothes.

It blows the trees. It blows seeds all over the world. It helps fly my kite.

It blows all the papers out of the street.

I guess it's a big ground-sweeper, like mamma's carpet sweeper.

It blows off our hats. It makes people run.

It makes the windmills go round.

It makes the ships go on the water.

It makes the flags wave. It makes the weather-vane go round.

The wind dries the mud.

I can make a wind to dry my slate.

After these sentences were written, as given by the children, they were again read, each reading his "own story" (which the children always know by some mysterious process unknown to their elders).

They were then called upon to point out single words. Many words were familiar to the children who had been some time in school.

In answer to the question, "Where does the wind come from?" the children said:

The wind comes from heaven.

It comes from the clouds.

It comes from the trees.

God waves His two great hands before His face and makes the wind; then it comes down from the sky.

It will be noticed that in the second and third answers the effect was given for the cause. This is an interesting subject for further work with children. Do they often do this? why?

Further points are: the noticing of the direction of the wind, daily; also, the kind of wind—which are cold winds, etc. The stories told will enable the children to form some idea of the lands and people the different winds visit. One lesson is given, as showing what the children's ideas are about the north wind.

My name is North Wind.

My father, Æolus, let me out to play.

I put the grass to sleep.

I took the leaves off the trees.

I brought some snowflakes to visit the children.

I live with little Agonack and her folks.

I pinch the children's toes, and bite their noses.

My home is the North Pole.

I have white bears and foxes in my ice house.

Songs: "I am the wind and I come very fast," and "The Windmill," (action song) in Mrs. Hailmann's "Songs and Games"; "I saw you toss the kites on high," in Eleanor Smith's songs.—*E. F. Tucker in The Northwestern Journal of Education.*

### NATURE STUDIES.

#### WHAT DO THEY EAT?

What does the robin eat?

The squirrel?

The cat?

The hen?

The horse?

The donkey?

The fly?

The toad?

The beetle?

The humming bird?

The butterfly?

The goose?

The mouse?

The duck?

The snake?

The rabbit?

The dog?

The chicken?

The cow?

The sheep?

The frog?

The sparrow?

The spider?

#### WHERE ARE THEY?

What animals have their homes

In the trunks of trees? In the ground?

In shrubs? In barns?

In sand banks? In damp ground?

Under the eaves? In branches of

In meadow land? trees?

In water? In walls?

#### THE WILLOW.

How many layers of bark has the willow twig?

What is the color of each?

What are the characteristics of the outer layer of bark? (Smooth and glossy.)  
Of the inner? (Tough and fibrous.)

What will you say of the centre of the woody part?

What is it called?

Are the buds opposite or alternate?

#### THE SQUIRREL.

Is he handsomer than the rat?

Which do you think the more beautiful, the rabbit or the squirrel?

Where is the squirrel usually seen?

What kind of claws has he?

Why are they thus?

Upon what do squirrels chiefly live?

How do they get the meat out of the nut?

What colored squirrels have you ever seen?

What will you say of his tail?

#### ABOUT BUDS.

Describe from observation the winter covering of all the kinds of buds not yet opened?

On which part of the tree do the buds first open?

The top? The bottom? The south side? The east, west, or north side?

Do opposite buds on a branch open at the same time?

Do all on the same branch or twig open together?

Count the buds that live with those killed on one branch last winter.

—*The American Teacher.*

## For Friday Afternoon.

### A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY LIZZIE WILLS.

'Twas summer ; the earth was parched and dry,  
The flowers fainting, the grass was brown.  
A small gray rain-cloud, up in the sky,  
Said to the raindrops, "You must go down.

'Tis very pleasant to stay up here,  
Floating about in the summer blue ;  
But duty calls us in tones most clear,  
Each one of us has a work to do.

It is hard to part, my children dear,  
But, perhaps (who knows?) we'll meet again."  
There dropped from the cloud a heavy tear ;  
People on earth cried, "Here comes the rain!"

The little raindrops came with a will ;  
Indeed, they thought it very good fun  
To slide right down to the window-sill,  
Over each pane, with a hop, skip, run.

And all the other clouds in the sky  
Sent their raindrops down in a shower,  
There was not a blade of grass left dry,  
You could not find one thirsty flower.

Then the sun, with gentle, courtly grace,  
Tenderly lifted earth's veil of mist,  
And the crystal tears upon her face,  
Away he lovingly, softly kissed.

He chose a few of the raindrops bright  
To form a rainbow up in the sky ;  
It glowed and gleamed with most dazzling light  
Over the little gray cloud on high.

### A CHINESE STORY.

C. P. CRANCH.

Two young, near-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,  
Over their chop-sticks idly chattering,  
Fell to disputing which could see the best ;  
At last they agreed to put it to the test.

Said Chang, "A marble tablet, so I hear,  
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,  
With an inscription on it. Let us go  
And read it (since you boast your optics so),  
Standing together at a certain place  
In front, where we the letters just may trace ;  
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there  
The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."

"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon ;  
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."  
"Nay, not so soon," said Chang ; "I'm bound  
to go,

To-morrow, a day's ride from Hoang-Ho,  
And sha'n't be ready till the following day ;  
At ten a.m. on Thursday, let us say."

So 'twas arranged ; but Ching was wide awake ;  
Time by the forelock he resolved to take ;  
And to the temple went at once, and read,  
Upon the tablet, "To the illustrious dead,  
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."  
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,  
Who read the same ; but, piercing closer, he  
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—  
The words, "This tablet is erected here  
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

So, on the appointed day—both innocent  
As babes, of course—these honest fellows went,  
And took their distant station ; and Ching said,  
"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,  
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'  
"And is that all you can spell?" said Chang ;  
"I see what you have read, but furthermore,  
In smaller letters, toward the temple door,  
Quite plain—This tablet is erected here  
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was  
dear."

"My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!"  
said Ching.

"They're there," said Chang, "if I see anything,  
As clear as daylight." "Patent eyes, indeed,  
You have!" cried Ching ; "do you think I cannot  
read?"

"Not at this distance as I can," Chang said,  
"If what you say you saw is all you read."

In fine, they quarrelled, and their wrath increased,  
Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest ;  
Lo! here he comes to meet us." "It is well,"  
Said honest Ching ; "no falsehood he will tell."

The good man heard their artless story through,  
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few  
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear ;  
There's no such tablet or inscription there !  
There was one, it is true ; 'twas moved away  
And placed within the temple yesterday."

## Teachers' Miscellany.

### TEACHER'S EXPERIMENT.

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT, M.A.

It occurred to the head master of a certain High School in Ontario, some time ago, to test the knowledge of his students as to a series of Scripture allusions, taken at random from various authors, magazines and papers. The students were chosen from different classes. Some of them had taught, some were preparing to teach, some were yet in the lower forms. It goes without saying that they all came from good homes, and had been all their lives in the Sunday School and the pew. It was to be expected that they would be familiar with the general course of Bible history and narrative. The examination included sixteen quotations, as follows:

Explain as fully as possible the allusions to Scripture personages and events in the following :

(1) Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into.

(2) The greatest leader of our race, we are told, was made perfect through suffering.

(3) An Esau-like preference for the time that now is over the time that is to come.

(4) And crowed the cock with the self-same voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

(5) Wild with the winds of September wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.

(6) Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O Father! forgive them."

(7) With devotion translated, rose on the ardor of prayer like Elijah ascending to heaven.

(8) Veiled the light of his face, like the prophet descending from Sinai.

(9) The trumpet-flower and the grapevine hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob.

(10) See that you bring us the prodigal son.

(11) Softly the words of the Lord, "The poor ye have always with you."

(12) That the Angel of Death might see the sign and pass over.

(13) The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud, Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be.

(14) On its forehead would wear the curse of Cain.

(15) He (Christ) in twelve found truth in all but one.

(16) Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands.

The answers sent in by these twenty-five pupils tell a strange story as to the ability of the average boy and girl to recognize a common Biblical reference, in an ordinary specimen of English literature.

Eleven of the papers were fairly accurate, free from positive blunders, and of all grades of completeness, from considerable fullness of detail to the barest mention of facts.

In six of the papers there were frequent confusions of persons and events, showing that the knowledge of Scripture was vague. Here are some examples, numbered to correspond with the above questions :

(5) When Jacob was returning from his uncle Rahab an angel appeared to him.

It refers to the time when Peter wrestled with the angel all night.

(7) Elijah the prophet went upon a mountain and was taken up in a chariot of fire.

Two others said, "He went up in a pillar of fire."

(9) Esau took Jacob's birthright from him, and he was afraid, so he went away off out of his native

land and when night came he lay down and had a dream.

(10) His father was so glad to see him (the prodigal) that he ordered a lamb to be killed.

The mixture of ideas will be apparent to all who read.

The remaining eight papers exhibit an ignorance of Scripture that is simply amazing in this age of Bible instruction.

Again, the numbers correspond to the questions, and the original spelling is preserved :

(4) Christ said Peter should deny Him. Peter did not do it, and he was sorry for it afterwards.

(3) Esau sold his birthright for money, and so he had a good time whilst it lasted, but afterwards he became a wanderer, without money and without home.

(9) Jacob dreamt that he was climbing a ladder to heaven.

(10) These are the words the priest used in speaking to Judas when he promised to bring them the prodigal son.

"The prodigal son, when a young man, went out into the world without money or anything to keep him (!) He was stripped by thieves and had to work hard. One day the young man was in the field and his father saw him and went for him and took him home." This student possesses a genius for reconstructing history worthy of a German professor.

(2) Jobe through his sufferings was made strong. He suffered from terrible diseases of the body as well as losing his dearest friends and also his property.

(11) "The Lord, in speaking to some of His disciples, told them the poor would always be everywhere, and they were not to be despised, as they were as good as the rich." This student should be watched. He is a budding socialist.

(12) This is an allusion to the plague of the passover which God visited on the Persians.

At the time of the passover, when the Angel of Death passed over Judea, a great feast was held.

(14) Here are some revised versions of the story of Cain and Abel :

(1) Cain and Abel were two brothers, and one day they were both in the field working, and Cain rose up and killed Abel. When got met him he asked him where was his brother Abel. But Cain hid and said that he was not Abel's keeper ; for this got cursed him.

2. Cain killed his brother Able because he was jealous of him. Their country had for some time been troubled with a great animal which had pillaged the country, and many fruitless attempts had been made to kill it. At last Able succeeded in killing it and Cain, knowing the honour which his brother would have, slew him and then went home and told that the beast had killed his brother and then he had slew it. Some time afterwards it was found out that Cain had murdered his brother.

3. Abel killed an animal that was pillaging the country. Cain was very jealous and killed Abel, so he went home and told that he had killed the animal. In those days there was a curse for murder, and Cain was to wear this on his forehead, a very conspicuous place.

And now, Mr. Editor, comes the significant feature of this experiment. There was another paper not included in any of the above. It was such a paper as delights the heart of an examiner. In point of penmanship, neatness, and arrangement it was a model ; while every question was fully answered in the most detailed manner. Who was this student, and why did his paper so far surpass the others that there could be no comparison between them? He was a young lad, lately from England, where the Bible is systematically taught in the schools. I leave the readers to draw their own inference.

In conclusion two questions :

(1) What are the homes doing for the young people, that such a test should reveal such a lack of Bible knowledge?

(2) How can our pupils appreciate English literature if they do not know the book that is most frequently quoted in fiction, histories, novels, essays and public addresses?

Fort Hope, May 11th.—*The Globe.*

Think for thyself—one good idea, but known to be thy own, is better than a thousand gleaned from fields by others sown.—*Shakespeare.*

## A POINT OF HONOR.

MATTIE M. BOTELER.

It all happened—well, it really must have been a dozen years ago. At any rate, it is five years this fine since Harry Bourke established himself in his profession at Albany, and as for Nell Gale—it used to be—but, as Kipling would say, that is another story.

Never, in all of the annals of Green township, had there been such goings on. For fully six weeks the whole neighborhood had been in a flutter of excitement, and there had been an unusual whirring of sewing machines, and basting and fluting of lawns and laces.

For a good many years Green township had boasted of the banner school in that section. Not only were the pupils better behaved, but they were further advanced than those in the schools around them. The last teacher, Mr. Willis Marks, had outstripped all his predecessors, by organizing classes in some of the higher branches not usually taught in country schools. A little over a month ago, he had announced his plans for a grand exhibition, with which they were to close the year's work. Prof. Grant, the president of the academy down at Lawson, had consented to be present. Mr. Marks was one of his former scholars; therefore he had manifested a great interest in the school, and had offered a scholarship in the academy to the pupil who should write the best composition on a subject that he had selected. The prospect of a visit from this great man, who, in the eyes of Green township, was second to the Governor himself, was exciting enough. The prize lay between two of Mr. Marks' scholars—Harry Bourke, who could write the most graceful things, and always with a spark of wit about them, and Helen Gale, whose strong point was earnestness and logic.

"If there were only two prizes!" people would say regretfully. Not that Harry Bourke had the least need that any one should present him with a scholarship. His father was the master of broad acres, and the cattle on many of the hillsides were his. Still, this did not make the winning of the prize less tempting. The Gales, though, were poor people, and the little gray farmhouse seemed to be literally running over with small Gales. Helen was a born student, and had all her life longed for the opportunity that, until now, had seemed beyond her reach.

All of the afternoon the boys had been unloading flowers at the schoolhouse, and running hither and yon with ladders and hammers and wreaths and festoons of myrtle.

"There! I call that perfect," Frank Danner said, putting the finishing touches to a wreath of red roses that hung directly over the stage.

"Wait till you see Helen Gale walking from under it with the prize," one of the girls interposed.

"Do you really mean to capture it, Nell?" Harry Bourke questioned, looking up from his work.

"Really, my lord," Helen rejoined, bowing mockingly.

"Prof. Grant must have a good deal of confidence in human nature," Frank Danner was saying a little later, as he and Tillie Trubens walked home together, "because, of course, he has no means of knowing that any of the compositions are original." "Pshaw!" Tillie returned. "Anybody could tell. Harry Bourke's compositions are just like him. As for Nell Gale, any one could tell to look into her eyes that she wouldn't, for the world, read a line as her own that some one else had written."

Helen was a little distance in front of them, but she heard quite distinctly. Tillie was right, of course. She had always prided herself on her honor, but what was it that sent the blood tingling to her cheeks and made her heart beat so rapidly for a moment? Nothing, but the paltry little scrap of paper that she wished heartily now that she had never seen. On her way to school, over two weeks ago, she had picked it up. It had attracted her notice because it looked like a page from some book, and was printed on but one side. The astonishing thing had been that it bore directly on the subject on which she had been writing, and seemed to furnish the graceful ending that her composition needed. It summed up the whole subject so beautifully that she could not leave it out now without ruining everything. "Oh, how can I help it?" she groaned. "But then I will," shutting her lips very tight, "if it spoils everything."

Perhaps there would be time to write something

else, she reflected, but there wasn't a minute. There were so many extra things to do at home, and before she had fairly gotten into her white dress her father was calling to her that it was time to go.

Harry Bourke had read his paper, and there had been a good deal of laughing, and clapping; still Helen was undecided—"Only I will do right," she kept saying in her heart, even after she ascended the stage and began to read. When she reached the last page she hesitated a moment; then, lifting her eyes, said gravely, "I wish I knew the author of this quotation, but I do not. It tells everything as I have found it impossible to tell it." There was another burst of applause, and, almost before she knew it, she was being called back to the platform. After that, everybody crowded about to congratulate her, and Harry had declared that he was glad of it, as his father had promised to send him to the academy, and there would be two of them instead of one.

The next morning, as she flitted joyously about, dusting the little parlor, she saw Prof. Grant coming up the walk.

"I came to talk a little with you, Helen," he said, kindly. "But, first, tell me about the quotation you used last night."

"You noticed, then," she said, blushing a good deal, "I've been thinking about it all the morning, and it seems quite like a story book."

"Have you kept the page?" he questioned, as she finished her story.

"Oh, yes, sir," going to her atlas and taking out a crumpled piece of paper. There was a queer little smile on the Professor's face as he took it, but he only said:

"I believe this belongs to me."

"Oh!"

"Yes; I am publishing a book on that subject, and this is one of the proof-sheets I sent to Marks to read, and which, it seems, he lost."

"Oh, I am so glad!"

"Yes; I am glad, too, but we will not talk of that now."

Then there was a long, delightful talk about the academy and the work before her. When, at last, he went away, Helen stood for a long time, looking after him, shading her eyes with her hand.

"I'm glad I *did* stand up for honor," she said softly to herself, as she turned to go into the house, "but I hope I'll never come so near not doing it again."—*Christian Standard.*

## THE DEATH OF MACLURE.

The *British Weekly* has been publishing a series of sketches by Ian McLaren, in which the self-denial and Christian heroism of Dr. MacLure, the physician of a Highland country district, are made particularly prominent. The following is the latter half of the story of the doctor's death. Not many more graphic or pathetic bits of description could be found in English literature:

"A'm gettin' drowsy, an' a'll no be able tae follow ye sune, a'doot; wud ye read a bit tae me afore a' fra' ower? Ye'll find ma mither's Bible on the drawers' hed, but ye'll need tae come close tae the bed, for a'm no hearin' or seein' sae weel as a' wes when ye cam'."

Drumsheugh put on his spectacles and searched for a comfortable Scripture, while the light of the lamp fell on his shaking hands and the doctor's face, where the shadow was now settling.

"Ma mither aye wantit this read tae her when she was sober" (weak). And Drumsheugh began:

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

But MacLure stopped him.

"It's a bonnie word, an' yir mither wes a sanct; but it's no for the like o' me. It's ower gude; a' daurna tak' it. Shut the buik, an' let it open itself, an' ye'll get a bit a've been readin' every night the laist month."

Then Drumsheugh found the parable wherein the Master tells us what God thinks of a Pharisee and of a penitent sinner, till he came to the words: "And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner."

"That micht hae been written for me, Pastrick, or ony ither auld sinner that hes feenished his life an' hes naething tae say for himsel'. It wesna easy for me tae get tae kirk, but a' cud hae man-

aged wi' a stretch. An' a' used langidge a' sudna. An' a' micht hae been gentler, and no been so short in the temper. A' see't a' noo. It's ower late tae mend, bet ye'll maybe just say tae the fould that I wes sorry, an' a'm houpin' that the Almichty 'ill hae mercy on me. Cud ye—pit up a bit prayer, Pastrick?"

"A' haena the words," said Drumsheugh, in great distress. "Wud ye like's tae send for the minister?"

"It's no time for that noo, an' a' wud rather hae yersel—juist what's in yer hert, Pastrick; the Almichty 'ill ken the lave (rest) himsel'."

So Drumsheugh knelt and prayed with pauses: "Almichty God, dinna be hard on Weelum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty. Be kind to him as he's been tae us a' for forty year. We're a' sinners afore thee. Forgive him what he's done wrang, an' dinna chuse it up tae him. Mind the fould he's helpit, the weemen an' bairnies; an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needin't after a' this wark. Amen."

"Thank ye, Pastrick, and gude nicht tae ye. Ma ain true freend, gie's yir hand, for a'll maybe no ken ye again. Noo a'll say ma mither's prayer, and hae a sleep; but ye'll no leave me till a' is over."

Then he repeated, as he had done every night of his life:

"This night I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
And if I die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

He was sleeping quietly when the wind drove the snow against the window with a sudden "swish"; and he instantly awoke, so to say, in his sleep. Some one needed him.

"Are you frae Glen Urtach?"

And an unheard-of voice seemed to have answered him.

"Worse, is she, an' sufferin' awful; that's no lightsome; ye did richt tae come. The front door's drifted up; gang roond tae the back, an' ye'll get into the kitchen; a'll be ready in a meenut. Gie's a hand wi' the lantern when a'm saiddling Jess, an' ye need na come on till daylight; a' ken the road."

Then he was away in his sleep on some errand of mercy, and struggling through the storm.

"It's a coorse night, Jess, an' heavy traivellin'; can ye see afore ye, lass?—for a'm clean confused wi' the snow. Bide a wee till a' find the diveesion o' the roads; it's aboot here, back or forrit. Steady, lass, steady; a' drift we're in, but ye're no sinkin'. Up, noo! There, ye are on the road again. Eh, it's deep the nicht, an' hard on us baith, but there's a puir wumman micht dee if we didna warstle through. That's it; ye ken fine what a'm saying. We 'ill hae to leave the road here, an' tak' tae the muir. Sandie 'ill no can leave the wife alane tae meet us. Feel for yersel, lass, an' keep out o' the holes. Yon's the hoose, black in the snow. Sandie! Man, ye frightened us; a' didna see ye ahint the dyke. Hoo's the wife?"

After awhile he began again:

"Ye're fair dune, Jess, and so a' am mase; we're baith gettin' auld, an' dinna take sae weel wi' the nicht wark. We 'ill sune be hame noo; this is the black wood, an' it's no lang after that. We're ready for oor beds, Jess. Aye, ye like a clap at a time; mony a mile we've gaed thegither. Yon's the licht in the kitchen window; nae wonder ye're nickering (neighing). It's a been a stiff journey; a'm tired, lass—a'm tired tae deith."

And the voice died into silence.

Drumsheugh held his friend's hand, which now and again tightened in his, and, as he watched, a change came over the face on the pillow beside him. The lines of weariness disappeared, as if God's hand had passed over it; and peace began to gather round the closed eyes.

The doctor has forgotten the toil of later years, and has gone back to his boyhood:

"The Lord is my shepherd, I'll not want,"

he repeated, till he came to the last verse, and then he hesitated:

"Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me."

Follow me—and—and—what's next? Mither said I was tae head ready when she cam. 'A'll come

afore ye gang tae sleep, Wullie, but ye'll no get yir kiss unless ye can feenish the psalm.' 'And—in God's house—forever my'—hoo dis it rin? a' canna mind the next word—my, my. It's ower dark noo tae read it, an' n' her'll sune be comin'."

Drumsheugh, in an agony, whispered into his ear: "'My dwelling-place,' Weelem."

"That's it, that's it a' noo; wha said it?"

"'And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.'

"A'm ready noo, an' a'll get me kiss when mither comes. A' wish she wud come, for a'm tired an' wantin' tae sleep. Yon's her step—an' she's carryin' a light in her hand; a' see it through the door. Mither, a' kent ye wudna forget yir laddie, for ye promised tae come, an' a've feenished me psalm."

"'And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.'

"Gie me the kiss, mither, for a've been waitin' for ye, an' a'll sune be asleep."

The gray morning light fell on Drumsheugh still holding his friend's cold hand and staring at a hearth where the fire had died down into white ashes; but the peace on the doctor's face was of one who rested from his labors.

### THE TWO SIDES OF A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

The one thing that had been impressed on the mind of Esther Townsend was that the teacher must be sure to "make the children mind." Her father, having been a school trustee, had convictions as to what the teacher should accomplish, and had simmered down his philosophy concerning the matter into a sentence, which he repeated thousands of times: "If the children won't mind a teacher, he can't do them any good."

With this embedded firmly in her mind, Esther took charge of the school in "Deacon Gaylord's deestrick." The children were from the farmhouses and disposed to obedience, and so the first week passed very pleasantly. On the second Monday morning Alvah Stebbins entered the school; he was a big boy of fifteen years, with short-cut hair that stood upright and defiantly, and caused Esther to tremble all over. He had black, restless eyes that seemed to penetrate to her soul, and read there the fear she felt. She immediately concluded she did not like his looks; he did not appear to be one that would yield implicit obedience to her commands; he seemed to be a law to himself.

The rule "No whispering in school" had been well enforced the first week; in fact, the chief mental force of the teacher had been employed in the effort to cause the pupils to sit still and study. The slightest indication of an attempt to whisper to a seat-mate was nipped in the bud by a tap of her small ruler on the desk; it was an intimation that the teacher was a mind-reader, had penetrated the wicked design forming in the mind and rising to the surface, unconscious, it may be, to the pupil herself; the sound of the ruler caused it to settle to the bottom again.

Alvah took his seat in an awkward way, and produced a book and began to be busy with its pages. As if a new thought had entered his mind, he turned to Maria Townsend, his near neighbor in the school, as she was when they were at home, for their farms joined, and, in a low whisper, asked, "Where's the lesson?" Esther was looking straight at him, and witnessed this infraction of her most important rule; she wished she had been looking the other way and had not seen it. It did not occur to her to tell him there was a law against whispering; she must take it for granted that he knew it. So she commanded her voice and courageously rose to the importance of the occasion. "Alvah, you are whispering; come and write your name on the blackboard."

A certain space on the blackboard had been set apart for the names of criminals of this sort; it was headed WHISPERING LIST. Alvah heard the command, glanced hurriedly to the place pointed out, and then let his eyes fall on his book; he was, apparently, deep in study.

Again the command was given. Alvah looked at her steadily a moment, then gave his attention

to his book. Esther was at a loss as to the proper procedure. He looked so big, so stout, and determined!

She did not penetrate into the state of the boy's mind; nor could she read the conclusions of the other pupils. They looked at her mainly, she could see; they seemed to understand Alvah well enough. She wished they would look at him and show horror at his disobedience; but they did not.

The maxim of her father, "A teacher who can't make the scholars mind has no business in a schoolhouse," repeated itself over and over. Here she was with a scholar that would not mind. She thought over the happiness in the little schoolhouse in her native district. She remembered an awful day, on which the teacher, a powerful man, set out to make one of the big boys sit between two of the girls for the misdeed of eating an apple, and the frightful scenes that ensued; and how, finally, the larger boys rose and pushed the master out of the school; and how he looked in the window and they were afraid he would get in and kill them all.

With a trembling heart, she decided to go on with her duties, but secretly bewailing to herself her signal failure as a teacher. Class after class came up to recite; she was conscious they looked at her curiously. Now and then, she saw that Alvah gave her a glance, and then turned to his books with apparent industry. The look was not of defiance, nor of scorn; he seemed to be quietly ignoring the command, as one that might do for a smaller pupil, but not for him. But Esther was too conscientious to require the small pupils to obey a rule, and let the larger ones do as they pleased.

The morning hours finally passed. Preparation was made for the noon recess. Esther observed that Alvah had all his books piled up on his desk, and she surmised he was intending to leave the school. Some teachers would have said, "Good riddance," in their inmost souls, but not so this teacher. She knew the school was looked forward to by many a boy as the means by which he would make something of himself. She well remembered at home how they mourned over their lost opportunities when it was found the teacher was a poor one. Another year to wait!

She dismissed the pupils, and, as the boy was about to rise, she mustered courage to say, "Alvah, you may remain." When all the rest had gone, she called him forward and expressed her sorrow that he had broken a rule.

"I wasn't doing anything wrong," said Alvah, stoutly.

This was a new aspect of the case; it seemed to her that every infraction of a teacher's rule was a great wrong; it instantly occurred to her that she could not justly say he was doing wrong.

"I just asked where the lesson was," he added; "I wasn't whispering; I don't want to whisper, I have no time for that."

She had him put his armful of books on her table; she began turning them over; there was an algebra.

"Do you understand algebra?" she asked. She had studied it at the academy, and liked it very much.

"I've studied it some, but I haven't got along very well. Deacon Gaylord said you understood it, and so I came to school."

This revealed a most interesting condition of things to the teacher. Could he be so bad, and pursue this hard study at home instead of reading a story-book? She began to look at him more closely. He looked like most farmers' sons; she knew just how they looked; she had been brought up among them. She took a sudden interest in the lad because he was like herself—a student. How often she had pored over hard problems in the arithmetic! How many hours she had spent on one equation in algebra!

But, then, this disobedience. It was fixed in her mind that if she let this big boy evade her rule against whispering, it would appear that she was "partial." Now, in the district school, it is a great crime for the teacher to be "partial"; old and young, rich and poor, children of the trustees and others, must obey one rule. Would not the younger plead that she had let Alvah Stebbins whisper?

But she felt there were two sides to this case; she could not escape the conclusion that she must sit as an impartial judge, and consider what Alvah had to say. She must, first of all, be just.

The boy looked her squarely in the eye, conscious that his intent was right, and stated his side of the matter.

"If I was a teacher I wouldn't make a rule about whispering, 'cause you sometimes whisper when you are trying to do just right."

"But children will whisper, all the time, if there is no rule."

"Yes, they'll whisper, rule or no rule; but the rule makes them watch to see if a teacher is looking, and I think it makes them underhanded; anyhow, the underhanded ones will whisper."

The discussion was evidently getting on school management, a matter of which Esther knew but little. Alvah seemed to have arrived at some practical conclusions she had not considered. But would it do to give way? What excuse could she have to give the school? How could she justify herself to the other scholars? A thought struck her.

"Alvah, you have no objection to writing your name now?"

"Yes ma'am; I wasn't doing wrong. You mean that to be a list of those who are mean and troublesome, and I ain't one of that kind. I don't want my name up there. I never gave any trouble in school before. If I'm going to be a trouble to you, I had better leave now."

The case had now arrived at such a pitch that tears streamed down the teacher's cheeks. She sympathized with this boy; she felt he was right. But what should she do? She was a righteous judge, and it did not cost her as much of an effort as she had anticipated to say:

"Alvah, I am going to give up that rule. I don't think you did wrong. I want you to stay here. I will teach you algebra, and do all I can for you."

When the school assembled, the teacher informed them that Alvah had asked a question about the lesson, and was not whispering wrongfully; that she had concluded to give up this rule, but that she expected none to whisper, except about their lessons, and to get permission by holding up the forefinger in the air.

Somehow Esther felt saddened. The high imperial throne she had occupied as a maker of rules was gone; a revolution had quietly taken place in her schoolroom, something like that of 1688 in England, that had been effected by taking the kingly head of Charles from his shoulders; here she had agreed to make laws such as her subjects would agree were right.

What would the people say? She feared they might say she was afraid of Alvah, but she knew she wasn't; she respected him for his manliness. She felt somewhat humiliated that a valuable lesson must be taught her by a pupil; for the more she thought over the matter, the more she saw the stronger position she was in by abrogating the rule. And then the degradation of being on the watch constantly for the infraction of the rule; instead of teaching, she found she had become cat-like, on the alert, lest a word might leap out of the mouth of some thoughtless child. Yes, she had put herself in a better position before the school. And before the tribunal of her conscience, she felt she could stand erect and unabashed; so that she occupied stronger ground.

She did not notice more noise the next day; the forefingers rose somewhat frequently in the air; a little nod was followed by a bit of a smile; an important communication was made, and the lesson resumed.

Somehow Esther began to look on the pupil's side from this time on. She found mind-reading needful. In all explanations of difficult matters, the question would arise, What is the state of the pupil's mind? She was led to look down deeper than she supposed she could. To keep order in her schoolroom was easy; to apprehend just what her pupils knew was the difficult task. To enter into their lives, and think their thoughts, was the key to the success she felt she was gaining.

When the spring came, and the school was about to close, she saw she was held in love and esteem by the entire group that daily gathered there with her. There was a feeling in the mind of every pupil, "I have been greatly benefited." How different Alvah Stebbins looked to her! His hair was cropped just as close, and it stood up just as straight, as though he had been overwhelmingly surprised by some statement. But she knew him now. He had a brain that could follow  $x$  and  $y$  through all their doublings, and give them their just numerical value. Much as she had taught him, he had taught her still more. The art of teaching had been leavened by the intense consideration of problems presented by this one boy.—*New York School Journal.*

## Question Drawer.

All questions for this department, like all communications for any other department of THE JOURNAL, must be authenticated with the name and address of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only. Questions should also be classified according to the subject, i.e., questions for the English, the Mathematical, the Scientific, and the general information departments should be written on separate slips, so that each set may be forwarded to the Editor of the particular department. If you wish prompt answers to questions, please observe these rules.

C.S.—We have published the names of the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces more than once already in this column. You had better send for a copy of "The Canadian Almanac," a most useful little work published by the Copp, Clark Co., of this city, which will give you information on this and a hundred other questions which are often asked. It can be had through any bookseller, or a copy will be sent from this office on receipt of price, 20 cents.

## Literary Notes.

Two articles by Herbert Spencer are published in the July *Popular Science Monthly*. One is devoted to the "Dancer and Musician," in his series on "Professional Institutions"; the other is an occasional article under the title, "Mr. Balfour's Dialectics," in which he discusses some of the claims concerning things supernatural made in Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." Professor Sully continues the discussion of "Fear," in his "Studies of Childhood." He shows that fear of animals and fear of the dark are closely related, the dark being often regarded as peopled with dreadful animals, or as being itself a monster.

The complete novel in the July issue of *Lippincott's* is "A Social Highwayman," by Elizabeth Phipps Train, author of "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty." It is a tale of New York society, with a hero in whom accomplishments and virtues were incongruously joined with highly objectionable habits—a sort of urban and modernized Robin Hood. "The Whole Duty of Woman, as understood by Man in the Fourteenth Century," is an interesting paper by Emily B. Stone, with quotations, which read somewhat jocosely now, from documents of that age. As a pendant to this, Prof. H. H. Boyesen has a lively and extremely modern article on "The New Womanhood." A number of short tales, various articles, poetry, etc., make up the number.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for July contains the first of Dr. John Fiske's promised historical papers. The subject treated in this issue is "The Elizabethan Sea Kings." Such picturesque historical characters as Raleigh, Drake, and others of their time become doubly attractive when described by so charming a writer as Dr. Fiske. Another series which promises delightful reading describes "An Architect's Vacation." Mr. Robert S. Peabody, the well-known Boston architect, is the author, and the first paper treats of Rural England. Percival Lowell's papers on Mars are continued, the subject of the third being Canals. As these papers progress, they give more and more reason for the belief that Mars is inhabited. Special stress is laid in this paper on the artificial appearance of the canals on the planet. Henry J. Fletcher, who is making a study of the railroad question, contributes an important article upon "A National Transportation Department." Among other features is a scholarly article by William

Everett, called "The Ship of State and the Stroke of Fate"; "The Childhood and Youth of a French Maçon"; another delightful number of George Birkbeck Hill's "Talks over Autographs"; powerful instalments of the two serials; a short story by Robert Beverly Hale, entitled "A Philosopher with an Eye for Beauty"; poems by Louise Chandler Moulton, Henry van Dyke, and Clinton Scollard; book reviews, and the usual departments. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Boys and girls will find the true vacation spirit in the July number of *St. Nicholas*. The frontispiece, "Blackbeard's Last Fight," illustrates Howard Pyle's serial, "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," which reaches its climax of interest. The expedition under command of Lieutenant Maynard penetrates to the stronghold of the pirates, kills the leader, and utterly routs the entire band of sea rovers. Theodore Roosevelt, in his series of "Hero Tales from American History," describes the battle of King's Mountain, one of the most striking of the contests between the frontiersmen and the British during the Revolutionary War. "A Daughter of the Revolution," by Alice Balch Abbot, is the story of a New England girl who discovered that she had a Revolutionary sire, and who proved herself a worthy descendant of him. "Oliver Goldsmith and Fiddleback," by James Baldwin, tells of poor Noll's providence, and how he missed coming to America. "The Number Seven Oar," by Francis Churchill Williams, is a stirring account of a college boat race. "Running for Boys" is a chapter of seasonable and helpful advice by S. Scoville, Jr., who says that every boy may and should become a runner. A genial study of John Greenleaf Whittier is given by Prof. Brander Matthews in his series of "Great American Authors." Tudor Jenks furnishes one of his delightfully impossible stories, "The Dragon and the Dragoon," introducing a new variety of monster. In the line of poetry there is a jingle telling what befell ten brave little fire-crackers, "In July," written by A. S. Webber; "The Trout Brook," by Frank H. Sweet; "When King Kijolly Goes to War," by Rudolph F. Bunner, and "Tommy's Confession," by Frederick B. Oppen. For the very little folk there are "What the Pet Pug Saw at the Circus," and "The Lead Regiment."

The July *Century* has a patriotic and out-of-door flavor in keeping with the season. Under the title of "Daniel Webster against Napoleon" is printed the unpublished, and, probably, undelivered, draft of a speech by Webster at the time of the debate on the French decrees in 1813, during his first term in Congress. Ex-Senator Dawes gives interesting reminiscences of "Two Vice-Presidents," John C. Breckinridge and Hannibal Hamlin. "The Future of War" is the title of an article by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in which he considers the effect on military operations of the new armament, with special reference to the battle of Gettysburg. The Napoleon Life reaches a very important point, beginning with his campaign from Egypt to Jaffa (with the stirring events of which the illustrations are largely occupied), and closing with his overthrow of the Constitution on the 18th Brumaire. There is a very diverting article entitled "A Japanese Life of Grant," of the "English as she is spoke" order, with funny illustrations. Mrs. Burton Harrison, in a paper on "American Rural Festivals," deals with a novel subject in a fresh and suggestive way, and there are illustrations of typical outdoor fêtes. Mr. Gosse contributes his "Memoirs of Robert Louis Steven-

son," and Mr. Howells continues his chatty "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver." In a paper entitled "Picturing the Planets," Mr. James E. Keeler, the astronomer, makes record of the methods employed at the Lick Observatory in making photographs of Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn. Mr. Brander Matthews writes of paper book-covers, which article is accompanied by illustrations; and there is a paper on the Berkshire Hills, with special reference to William Cullen Bryant, of whom there is a beautifully engraved frontispiece portrait. A crisis is reached in Mr. Crawford's story of "Casa Braccio," and a more serious note is struck in the third part of Miss Magruder's "Princess Sonla"; and there are three short stories in various keys. The number contains thirteen poems, including several seasonable ones. The editorial departments deal with "A Cheap-Money Experiment," "The Civic Revival," "Bicycle Problems and Benefits," and "The Works of Lincoln as a Political Classic," and other topics.

## Book Notices.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York, and Chicago, will immediately publish as No. 74 of their Riverside Literature Series (paper covers, 15 cents) a very interesting book for the higher grades of schools. It contains some of the best poems of Gray and Cowper, and is well adapted for those who are preparing for college or are interested in reading the best masterpieces of English literature. This book is made more valuable by an excellent biographical sketch of each author.

A new book on Canada, by Dr. Bourinot, will shortly be issued. It is entitled, "How Canada is Governed," and gives in plain, simple language a short account of the executive, legislative, judicial, and municipal institutions of the country, together with a sketch of their origin and development. The book will be illustrated with numerous engravings and autographs, and, being the work of so eminent an authority as Dr. Bourinot, will be indispensable to those who wish to be well-informed about the affairs of the Dominion. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) are the publishers. Toronto, June, 1895.

OLD SOUTH LEAFLET ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.—The directors of the "Old South Studies," in Boston, have

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added to the series of Old South Leaflets President Monroe's message of December 2nd, 1823, in which the famous "Monroe doctrine" was stated. It is fortunate that, at this time, when there are such frequent appeals, and often such ignorant appeals, to the Monroe doctrine, the original document is thus made available for everybody. Ignorance, at any rate, is unnecessary when Monroe's message, in its entirety, may be had for five cents. A few brief paragraphs in the message formulate the doctrine itself, but it is interesting and useful to read these in their setting to get an idea of our political conditions and relations at the time. The message is supplemented here by historical notes and references to the literature of the subject, and the leaflets should be in the hands of every politician and editor and student of history in the country. The number of this leaflet (56) is a reminder of the great mass of valuable historical documents already published in the series of Old South Leaflets. The leaflets are a boon to our schools and our people.—Directors of the Old South Studies, Old South Meeting House, Boston.

## NEW VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The fact that the new Veterinary School, Kingston, is to be connected with Queen's University will ensure that its organization, its teaching, and its future graduates will be superior. It is in no sense a private school, started for private gain, but it is a *bona fide* branch of the School of Mining and Agriculture, incorporated by Act of the Ontario Legislature three years ago, and having on its Board of Governors such men as Principal Grant, the Hon. Wm. Hart, Hiram Calvin, M.P.; E. W. Rathbun, Deseronto; E. J. B. Pense, of the Kingston *Whig*, and other prominent business and professional men. Dr. Knight, the Secretary of the Board, will be glad to answer any enquiries about the fees, course of study or other expenses of attending this School, or the Dairy School, which immediately adjoins.

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## OFFICIAL CALENDAR

OF THE

# Educational Department.

July:

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

August:

1. Notice by Trustees to Municipal Councils respecting indigent children, due. [P. S. Act, sec. 40 (7); S. S. Act, sec. 28 (13).] (On or before 1st August.)
- Estimates from School Boards to Municipal Councils for assessment for School Purposes, due. [H. S. Act, sec. 14 (5); P. S. Act, sec. 40 (8); sec. 107 (10); S. S. Act, sec. 28 (9), sec. 32 (5); sec. 55.] (On or before 1st August.)
- High School Trustees to certify to County Treasurer the amount collected from county pupils. [H. S. Act, sec. 14 (10).] (On or before 1st August.)
- High School Trustees to petition Council for Assessment for permanent improvement. [H. S. Act, sec. 33.] (On or before 1st August.)
15. Last day for receiving appeals against High School Entrance and Public School Leaving Examinations. (On or before 15th August.)
19. Rural Public and Separate Schools open. [P. S. Act, sec. 173 (1); S. S. Act, 79 (1).] (3rd Monday in August.)
20. Provincial [Normal Schools open (session).] (3rd Tuesday in August.)
24. Application for admission to County Model Schools to Inspectors, due. (Not later than 25th August.)
26. High Schools' First Term, and Public and Separate Schools in cities, towns, and incorporated villages open. [H. S. Act, sec. 42; P. S. Act, sec. 173 (2); S. S. Act, 79 (2).] (Last Monday of August.)

## EXAMINATIONS.

July 4.—High School Primary Examinations begin.

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