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Our Feathered Friends, IV—Second Series.

By John MacSwain.

WHAT enjoyment is experienced while standing on the border of the mighty ocean as in its calm moods it molds the sand into ripples at your feet. You feel the invigorating and exhilarating influence of the sea breeze, with its wealth of life sustaining oxygen as it is gently wafted landward. There is the view of the great expanse of water, limited by the far extending horizon, beyond which the eye would feign to gaze and see the ever moving ocean as it rolls in its tidal fluctuations of ebb and flood around the world.

> "Emblem of eternity,
> Unbeginning, endless sea."

Its unvaried surface and unobstructed horizon contrast with the undulating beach, diversified by its ripple-marked sands, its seaworn rocks bordered by projecting crags and sand built dunes.

Over these the wandering snipe and plover with rapid pinions wend their flight, or with irregular pace move restlessly in eager search for their food. Here are the haunts of the shore birds when in their semi-annual migrations north and south they visit our shores.

The Limicolæ, or shore birds, an order divided into several families, is represented among our birds by our Snipes and Plovers, a Phalarope and a Turnstone. Though living by the sea they are not swimming birds, but they may be seen wading in the shoal waters, picking up the small animals upon which they feed. A few, particularly the larger species, visit adjacent uplands.

The Snipes have long and slender bills, uniformly firm in texture from base to tip. With one or two exceptions, their bills are grooved, the grooves, in one case, extending along the bill beyond the nostrils even to the tip. The Plovers, on the other hand, have a shorter and stouter form of bill, which is not throughout of a horny consistency like the Snipe's, but is softer or fleshier at its base. Where the soft base meets the hard, outer portion, there is a slight constriction. Pigeon-like is a term often used in describing the bill of the Plover, on account of its similarity in form to that of the Pigeon. There is some difference also in the feet. Those of the Plover are three-toed, while the Snipes, with the exception of the Sanderling, have four-toed feet.

Bearing in mind these differences in bill and feet, the one difficulty will be in distinguishing Plover from Snipe, both of which have several representatives among our birds. Short descriptions of the common Snipes were given in the May number of this Magazine.

The five Plovers which are known to visit our shores will be enumerated in this paper. The descriptions will be short, and will contain no more than is sufficient for their identification.

PLOVERS.

The Beetle-head is the largest of our Plovers. Its migration extends far north, for it has been found breeding within the Arctic Circle. In its breeding plumage it is black underneath. This color is assumed in its northern haunts and is rarely seen elsewhere. We see the Beetle-head in its winter plumage, for before it has reached us on its southward journey, the black is again exchanged for lighter hues, which gives it a color beneath almost white.

It is eleven to twelve inches in length, and has a short or imperfect hind toe, which distinguishes it clearly in all seasons from the Golden Plover.

The American Golden Plover is not quite so large as the Beetle-head. The change of plumage noted as occurring in the Beetle-head, takes place also in the Golden Plover. The bright yellow speckling of the back indicates the source of its name. Its length does not exceed eleven inches. The golden speckles and the absence of the hind toe in this bird, will enable any one to separate it from the Beetle-head with certainty.

The Kildeer is somewhat smaller than the Golden Plover. Its length is from nine to ten inches. It is distinct in its markings, being a dark olive above with a black bar across the crown, and two bands of the same color on neck and breast. The forehead and underparts are white, with the exception of the band on the breast.

This is a noisy bird which, on account of its nocturnal habits and the infrequency of its visits, is not often seen here.

The Piping Plover is not so common as the Ringneck. It is lighter in color and has no web between inner and middle toes, and a very small one between the middle and outer toes.

The black bands, so distinct in the coloring of the Ringneck, are narrow and imperfect.

The Semipalmated Plover, or Ringneck is a still smaller bird ; dark above, white below. It has two broad black bands, one on the crown, the other on the breast. Its toes are half-webbed. By the black bands and the half-webbed toes, it is quite easily known. It is the most abundant of our Plovers, and is found on almost every part of our seacoast, and along our river courses. I have seen it on the sand courses along the Hillsborough in June, July and August, and from this it may be concluded that it is a summer resident, and that it breeds here.

The Piping Plover, the last of these birds, is about the same size as the Ringneck, and resembles it much in color. But the general color is lighter and the dark band on the breast is narrow and imperfect. The feet are not webbed, though there is a small membrane between middle and outer toes. It is not common.

SUMMARY OF DESCRIPTIONS.

Name	Length	Length of Bill	Color of Feet	Special marks
Beetle-head	11½ in	1¼	Bluish	Hind toe present
Golden Plover	10½ in	1	Black	No hind toe
Kildeer	9½ in	1	Pale	Two bands on neck and breast
Ringneck	7 in	⅞	Yellowish	Toes half-webbed
Piping Plover	7 in	¾	"	Toes not webbed.

The Princes in the Tower.

By Rachel M. H. Owen. (*Aged 9 years*)

PROLOGUE.

ONCE upon a time there was a king, who ruled over England and he was called King Edward the Fourth, because England had three kings of that name.

He had two sons. One was called Edward after his father, and the other prince was called Richard, after their uncle, Richard, the Duke of Gloucester.

Prince Edward was five years old, and Prince Richard was three.

Now it was the custom then that children, especially princes, and dukes, should be betrothed or married when they were little,so that they could have their wife or husband when they grew up and became king or queen. The fathers and mothers almost always had their children betrothed when they were little, so that when they grew up they wonld not get married to a bad wife or a bad husband.

But it was'nt very nice for the children who were married or betrothed when they were little, because, when they grew up, they sometimes didn't like the wives or the husbands they had been betrothed or married to.

Well, now Richard, the youngest of the princes was going to be married to a little girl, about his age and now I am going to tell you about their wedding.

The only people that came to Richard's marriage was his father and mother , the people of the court. the Lord High Bishop, some grand dukes and princes, lords, and barons, his brother Prince Edward, and the chancellors.

Prince Richard wore at his marriage a white satin suit all sparkling with silver and gold jewels, and over his shoulders was an azure blue velvet cape, embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis, and the little girl wore a lovely long white satin train.

Lady Mary (that was the little girl's name) died a few years after her marriage.

She did not live to grow up. Perhaps it was fortunate for her that she did not, as those were unhappy times.

CHAPTER I

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCES.

Let us skip eight years. Prince Edward was to become the king.

Perhaps you have forgotten the prince's uncle the Duke of Gloucester spoken of on the first page. He was bad and wanted to be king in little Edward's place. If the king is weak, as Princc Edward was, somebody else is very apt to get his place and the kingly crown.

So their uncle pretended that the princes were not the sons of the late king, and many people to please him, pretended they believed him; or they were afraid to do otherwise for fear they shonld lose their heads.

Then the uncle had them put in the Tower of London, telling their mother that it was much safer for them there until Edward was crowned.

Poor little princes. How sad they felt when they were separated from their mother, and left in the tower.

Before I proceed with my story I must tell you why Prince Richard was sent to the tower.

He was sent there because if Edward had only been killed he would have been king.

I think, now, I will begin and tell you about the night the princes were killed.

The princes climbed up stairs. They stood a moment on the stairway; they were frightened, and hastened to their room, and after saying their prayers, got into bed and were soon fast asleep.

By and by two murderers came up the stairway. They listened to see if the princes were awake, but on opening the door they found the little fellows fast asleep.

They seized a pillow from under each of the princes' heads, and held it down on their faces. In a few minutes they were smothered.

They then were buried under an old stairway, so no one would know what had become of them.

Now, two hundred years after this happened, when Charles the First was king, some men were working at those stairs, and found the bodies of the little princes.

King Charles then had them buried in Westminister Abbey, which stands in London to this very day.

THE END.

The Life of a Mission Teacher.

By J. E. Rendle.

WE arrived here on April 1st and landed at day-break at a poverty stricken wharf some two and a half miles from this village. The steamer just deposited us, with our few belongings at the end of the structure, and then we were left "alone in our glory." I struck a trail that led to a portable saw-mill, and there found a man who owned a small tug lying at the wharf; he, for the sum of four dollars conveyed us to the Indian village called *Wīwekī*, where is situated our mission. This Island (*Valdez*) is in the Gulf of Georgia, being separated from the mainland of British Columbia by Malaspina Strait, and from Vancouver Island by Discovery Passage; it lies long 50°—lat. 126° N. W.; the length of the Island is about 30 miles, averaging 6 to 8 miles in width. We are living at the extreme southern point of it. The northern portion of it is very mountainous; there are no rivers or even creeks to be seen, but many old river-beds exist. The Indian village at this place is built right at the water's edge, on the shores of a small bay with a long name (*Līkwīlldakw*) right at the bottom of a mountain slope. I think by the shells, stones and fossil remains of large fish, that at one time the sea entirely covered it. Our house lies back from the village some 600 or 800 yards; it is built right into the mountain on an elevation some thirty feet above the level of the village; it is very comfortable, a large garden and orchard, in which grow peaches, pears, plums and apples of many varieties, also many small fruits surround the house. As soon as we got here I started tilling the ground; we are now, and have been for some time, using our own potatoes, early turnips, carrots, beets, peas, beans, etc. Garden truck grows at a rapid pace here; it is a semi-tropical climate. The Indians at this place are of the Kuagiutl family, and bear a strong resemblance to the Japs. They fish, hunt and make canoes (when they have to). They are veteran loafers, having that art down to a nicety. They live in houses, made of slabs, old sails and other flotsam and jetsam; the insides of these houses look like old junk shops; babies, dogs and fleas all huddled together with fish, berries, deer and bear meat, old iron, old women, canoes, blankets, and hundreds of other articles. Some bear the sobriquet of Skookun Sam, Long Tom, Clutus Charlie, Jim Secgate, (chief), Stinking Charlie, Jim Harry, John Dick, Charlie Short, Hurry Moon, Billy Sheep; with such family names as Assui, Kopoi, Manakakin, Quokquistor, Peterson, Coleman, and even Mackenzie (a half-breed logger) have their abode in the village. I teach a school five days in the week from 10.30 to 12.30, to Indian, Jap, and Chinese children, — teaching them English. They take on quickly. On Sunday we have two services, one at 11 a. m., and the other at 7.30 in the evening. I speak to them in Chinook, a standard jargon known by all the coast Indians. I am also making fair progress in their own language, the *Quāgulth*. They all arrive at church in a body, making a fair "horrible" display for a New Year's celebration. They keep good order, sing well, and wish the service could last till night, (to which I object.)

We are having good health here, the children and all being out from morn to night. I have to fell trees, chop all the wood, fish and shoot for the pot, teach school, preach to Indians and white ranchers and loggers, act as Indian agent, medical man, Justice of the Peace, supposed to know and do everything. One has to foot it almost everywhere here, and I have not forgotten how to walk.

Last Sunday I preached to my own people in the morning, and after lunch, took an alpenstock and climbed the mountain back of the house, struck a trail through the table-land above for four and a half miles, then a skid-road two miles till I found a clearing, on which was a log school house. Here were gathered the white settlers of the Island for preaching service loggers, canners, ranchers; all fine healthy men, mostly English and Scotch immigrants. Several were Oxford men; one man was senior wrangler at Cambridge six years ago, two P. E. Islanders, Billy McLean (Wood Islands) and Harry Urquhart (Dundas). I stood at the threshold speaking both to those in and out — a grand service. The men and their families were very kind to me (I could have carried away with me over $100 in collection if I had taken one up. They made me promise to address them once a month, if I could arrange it.

Yesterday I drove to their settlement at Herriot Bay. Here I struck a regular logging camp, saloon in the middle of it, the men all wanted to show me around, have a drink, smoke or something. I stayed till after dinner. The dinner was surprisingly good. I don't know where they got the food, but there it was,—game pies, quail on toast, venison, broiled salmon, strawberries, green vegetables of all sorts, pudding and pies. All had been prepared, and was served by Chinamen. I came home loaded with gifts of all kinds, meat, furs, milk, (genuine cow's product) toys for the children; each man wanting me to take something from his pack. These loggers and canners were the finest class of men I ever met.

Mission House, Cape Nudge, July 17, 1904.

Captain Sleigh's Book: "Pine Forests."

REFERENCE has been made from time to time in recent issues of this Magazine to Captain Sleigh's book "Pine Forests and Hackmatack Clearings." Some correspondence has been elicited, and we are led to believe that the interest shown by readers warrants us in laying before them the preface to the volume which is explanatory both of the book itself, and of its author:—

"The prevailing features of the northern division of the British North American Continent, are vast successions of PINE FORESTS, which stretch along the shores of the Atlantic, and timber the bays and rivers which disembogue themselves into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The same genus, Pinus, including every variety of resinous evergreens, grows within the regions bounded by the 43rd and 50th parallels of latitude. Proceeding inland are to be found the white pine (*Pinus Strobus*), the red pine (*Pinus rubra*), the black pine (*Pinus nigra*), hemlock (*Pinus Canadensis*), the spruce (*Pinus nigra et alba*), the balsam or fir (*Pinus balsamea*), the tamarack (*Pinus pendula*), and the cedar (*Thuya occidentalis*). These species are most generally in the intervals, forming what are termed "soft woodlands."

Where the progress of man has not as yet swept away the timber of those solitudes, they cannot be more appropriately designated than PINE FORESTS.

The trees next in frequency to be

met by the traveller as the Larix Americana—the Hacmatack of the Indians, and Tamarack of the Dutch. Botanists state that the Hacmatack grows in profusion in the North-eastern States and British America; but it prevails to a much greater extent in New Brunswick, Nova Scota and Prince Edward Island. It is more frequently used in ship-building of Colonial vessels, as it is a "wood, hard, strong, and very durable," while the house of the settlers are almost entirely contructed of it. It is "not so easily ignited as most of the Pine tribe, but when once blazing, it burns with great briskness, giving out a fervent heat; it is therefore in great request for steamboats and engines in Canada and the States.

It is the most durable wood to be found in British North America, equalling English oak or the far-famed teak. There is "no record of a vessel built of Hacmatack having been destroyed by dry-rot;" whilst in several cases, the oak, and other timber surrounding and immediately contiguous to it, has been found decayed. The tree attains a great age: Linnaeus states that species have been found more than four hundred years old. "Tiberius caused the Naumachiarian Bridge, constructed by Augustus, and afterwards burnt, to be rebuilt of larch-planks brought from Rhætia. painters, from the time of Pliny to that of Raphael, trusted their works to this wood, which the Roman naturalists style '*immortale, lignum*.' The Romans, when first acquainted with the larch (the hacmatack of the American continent), lost no time in bringing it from the Alps. Vitruvius bears evidence of its value as a building timber. Pliny says, 'This tree is the best of its kind that bears resin; it rots not but endures a long time.' And this assertion of Pliny is well borne out by the fact, that the immense floating palace, or ship, built of cypress and larch by the Emperor Trajan, as a summer residence on Lake Nesni, having been weighed up, the timber was found sound after fourteen years' immersion." The colonists are fortunate in having in such abundance the favourite timber of the Romans.

Where the forests have been felled by the axe of the pioneer, these places are called, in Provincial phraseology, 'Clearing;' and as the locations where now are to be found the great cities and cultivated lands of the British North American Provinces, were formerly timbered with the *Larix Americana*. I considered it as appropriate, and conveying the meaning I wished it to be understood by the title of this work, to refer to those places as 'Hacmatack Clearings.' Hence the combination of these woods has suggested to the Author "Pine Forest and Hacmatack Clearings."

Of "Travel, Life, and Adventure"—the former will be found blended with the latter in those chapters which are descriptive, historical, and statistic.

I consider the word "Life" to apply to all that relates to the Social and Political condition of the Provincials. Their social peculiarities will be best judged of after persuing the chapters that contain Travel and Adventure. while in refering to their Political state, I do not mean by that expression what has so happily been designated by the late lamented Earl of Durham as "the petty objects of Colonial faction," but their political views, as they affect the governmental policy of the British Empire, and have a tendency to the permanent retention or the dismemberment of those Provinces from Great Britain,

I have introduced a lengthy chapter on travel in the United States, and the "impressions" made on my mind, as to the progress of the people of the American Union in wealth and all that constitutes a high state of civilization. It will be seen that this chapter is important, as affording a means of comparing the state of the British Provinces adjoining.

The military incidents narrated occurred during my service in Canada and the Maritime Provinces in 1846: and incidents of travel over the same country in 1852 are added, thereby exhibiting both the present state of the Provinces, and the progress made by them in the interval. So much for the title of this Volume.

It is but natural, when a new Work is announced on a Colonial or other topic of general interest, to inquire what sources the information is derived which an author professes to convey to the public. The opinions I have expressed in the following pages, and the conclusions I have arrived at, are the result of personal observation, made after a rather lengthened sojourn at different periods on the American continent. During two separate epochs of early life I have resided in the British American Provinces. For four years, on that continent, I was the school-fellow and college chum of many men who have since achieved a position and standing in their country. My first breath was drawn on the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence. I may perhaps, therefore, claim the right of feeling and expressing a deep interest in Canadian affairs.

During my service in the military profession, I was quartered as an officer in the army, in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Lower Canada. I then had many opportunities of hearing the political sentiments of all classes in the different Provinces. The extended circle of society presented, and the well-known hospitality of the Colonists to military men, likewise rendered me familiar with their social state. Afterwards, and at a comparatively recent period, I again resided in the British North American Provinces, and during that time I travelled over a large extent of country in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and the Canadas as well as in the United States. In this instance, I served Her Majesty as a Field-Officer of militia, as Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a regiment and as a Justice of the Peace.

My numerous avocations gave me fresh opportunities of examining and forming my observations upon the political system now operating in those Provinces. I have exercised an influence as a Proprietor over forty-five miles of country, and hence have had the best means of obtaining information from the tenantry and yeomen. Entering extensively as a Colonist into public affairs, I connected the British North American Provinces, during last summer, by a steam communication: as a ship owner, I derived much important information on the Maritime Colonies.

Having thus participated, during my ten years of residence, in military, landed, and commercial pursuits, I hope the experience thus acquired, the result of which will be found in the following pages, may entitle my remarks to some small amount of consideration.

Should my work excite, in the most remote degree a stronger interest than has been heretofore shown on the part of the English reader, in the destinies of Her Majesty's magnificent Colonial possessions in British North America, I should be satisfied.

But should these pages attract the attention of Her Majesty's Ministers to the danger which threatens those Provinces, and should the facts stated and the conclusions drawn be considered of sufficient importance to cause inquiries to be made, which may lead to the permanent retention of the British North American Colonies as appendages of the British Crown, through the introduction of institutions more suited to their advanced state of progress, then indeed will the object which I have in view be more than achieved.''

London, May 1853.

The Words That Cheer.

ARE you ever discouraged, O fellow man?
  Do you ever feel puny and poor and small?
Do you ever, while doing the best you can,
  Get to wondering what is the use of it all?
Oh, isn't it pleasant in such an hour
  To be met by one who has cheerful ways,
Who approves of your work and admires your power,
  Oh, isn't it bracing to hear his praise?

Does doubt ever lodge in your heart, O friend?
  Doubt of your worth and doubt of your wit?
Does it ever appear that you've come to the end?
  Do you feel sometimes a longing to quit,
To give up the hope, to accept defeat,
  To sink into rest and pass out of sight?
In such a dark hour, oh, isn't it sweet
  To be praised for your worth, your work or might?

Perhaps you met some one a moment ago
  Who felt, oh friend, as you often do,
Who, had you paused a fair word to bestow,
  Would have gained new strength and courage, too.
The words of cheer and the words of praise
  That cost so little may have such worth ;
Oh, I wonder why, in our selfish ways,
  We let each other be crushed to earth.

—S. E. Kiser, in 'Chicago-Herald.'

Where the Polly Landed. (See Frontispiece)

BY the kindness of Mr. D. A. McDonald, of Eldon, we are enabled to give some particulars of the landing place of the passengers by the famous ship Polly, which brought out many of the Lord Selkirk settlers to Belfast, P. E. I. in 1803. The land where the settlers stepped ashore was first acquired by a Captain McMillan who procured it from Lord Selkirk in 1823. It came into the possession of Captain McMillan's son in 1825. His son, Alexander McMillan, now of Eldon, informs us that the property was disposed of to Mr. D. A. McDonald's father, the late John S. McDonald. A small portion of the land near the shore was owned for a time by a man named Gillis. The late Mr. McDonald purchased this also, and his heirs, at present, possess all the land contiguous to the landing-place.

The Mr. Gillis referred to was an uncle of the Rev. John Gillis, who some time ago lived in Dundas, King's Co. The grandparents of the reverend gentleman lived quite close to the old French graveyard — which formerly occupied a site near the landing place —up to the time of their grandfather's death when they all moved away.

A building was erected by the settlers, near to this old French burial ground, which was used for divine service. The late Charles McKinnon, the grandfather of the present Judge McDonald was the first local preacher.

A number of the immigrants are buried in the old French graveyard : the McTavishes, Martins, McPhees, Nicholsons, Dochertys, and many others.

Caught in a Blizzard--A True Narrative.

By G. C.

IT snowed, and snowed, and snowed, until the very heavens had exhausted themselves of their supply of frozen vapor, and the vast, illimitable expanse of prairie was covered as with a great white pall.

It was Friday. I was at *P*,—and the following Sabbath must see me at C.—for my regular Sabbath appointments. I had waited, waited long, for a lull, a cessation, in the silent yet steadfast and irresistible falling of the great snow-flakes. It had come. The storm was apparently over.

On all sides, bounded only by the horizon, there stretched a great white sheet, over which hung a stillness of death—nature reigned in the vastness of the solitude of prairies—the falling of the snow had given place to the tranquility of the spheres, broken only by their music. It was my opportunity. I must hit the trail for C.—, and hit it immediately. As I stepped out into the cool, exhilarating life-filling air, I shouted for very joy. For I was free, free from all the cramped quarters, and the stuffy atmosphere of a western log cabin, that had been my humble, though in many ways my regal abode, for three days. For under the sail roof of that humble cabin there reposed an unbounded hospitality, a large heartedness, a kindness, highly indicative of the best and truest of womanhood and of manhood. I reached the stable. My noble horse stood, expectant of a long dash through the light and fleecy snow. Little did he expect, however, that a short time hence he would be playing an important part in a thrilling drama, even tragical; a drama not dealing with things bearing the mere appearance of reality, but with hard, stern, inexorable reality itself.

A drama having for a stage a hard white plain; for an auditory the vast expanse of ethereal space; for stage-characters, myself and horse, a bitter, relentless cold, a whirling moving blinding mass of snow an irresistible and merciless wind. But such was to be the case.

I un-saddled, mounted, bid a hasty farewell, and was off through the white and glistening snow. My horse, responding to my every movement, was soon far away upon the illimitable vastness—shaking the trail behind him with an almost marvelous rapidity as he plunged forward on a swift lope.

The air was clear, brisk, and cold; the heavens above unbroken; not a breath of wind moved, the stillness being perfect, save for the dull, heavy thud of the iron-clad hoofs of my horse as he struck the hard-frozen ground, or the dismal, weird howling of the hungry coyote away in the distance. On, on, on, and still on. But halt, what is that? A dark spot appears upon the northern horizon. A faint, low, sad sighing comes stealing across the prairie—that serene, white surface is agitated.

I draw rein. One glance, one thought, are sufficent. A blizzard, a blizzard, and with all the necessary accessories for its full development into one merciless, heart-rending, death-dealing. Even now, within the short space of a few seconds, the hoarse, dark, distant rumbling of the the wind is heard; a seething heavy, blustering, whirling mass of snow is seen, approaching with the velocity of an express train.

Caught in a blizzard, and miles from human habitation!

I draw my cap well down, make a

hasty examination of my saddle girths, take my bearings, and await the onset. My waiting is infinitesimally brief. In less than it takes to tell it, the storm has struck in all its rage and fury.

A marvellous transformation has occurred. A few minutes before, the broad, expansive bosom of the prairie was restful—without a single agency to disturb its slumber-like tranquillity—wrapped in the purity and beauty of its mantle of white—innocent, sweet, and loving, it appeared; like a maiden resting in the innocence and beauty of sweet girlhood. But what a change. Instead of a sleeping, tender beauty, there now is a raging, awful demon. Instead of beautiful tranquility, the hell-like agitation and ferocity of pandemonium, a cauldron of fiercely churned snow—penetrating, choking, and death-dealing.

One course, and one only, is open, which, if successful, will bring succor. That course necessitates the charging, in its very teeth, of that relentless storm. Can I do it? My mainstay lies in the strength and courage of my horse. Well for me was it that he was of almost inexhaustible endurance—unflinching, intelligent, and trained to obey, even when obedience might mean death. I turned him, and driving my spurs deep into his flanks gave him the command: "Eagle, forward." He hesitated not for one moment, but, bending low, plunged square into the teeth of the storm.

Onward, onward, onward. Would it ever end? The minutes seemed like hours, my eyes were almost closed. The snow hung in frozen masses from my cheeks. My ears, neck, and even throat were palled in the same white but merciless matter. I felt the cold penetrating to the very marrow of my bones. My courage and my strength were fast waning under the awful ordeal. My horse, my noble horse: even at that critical moment, when life itself hung in the balance, when a most awful death stared me in the face, even at that time, I felt like sounding his praises loud and long, if may be I had the strength. Not for one moment had he failed to respond to the rein, not for one instant had his courage failed him. But his strength was slowly but perceptibly diminishing. I could, as I hung to his neck, feel his great body quiver, his speed slowly, but surely, falling, little by little. "Eagle, my God, Eagle," I cried, fail me not; a little while, and it will be over. He seemed to understand, and, cruel as it may seem, I rose in the saddle, my brain on fire, ungirthed my spurs, and, once more, drove the rowels deep into his quivering flanks. As from the action of a stimulant, he plunged madly forward with increased velocity. On, on, on, through the fierce mælstrom of angry elements in furious agitation and dissension. On, on, on, even when the very spirit of destruction seems abroad and manifesting himself in the most awful exhibitions of his evil power. How long! Oh, how long! Would it ever end? Would those developments come? Developments I had been awaiting during a period of the most terrific suspense and agony—a period such as sends the iron deep into a man's soul, and bends him low in his strength.

Suddenly my horse brought himself up with a tremendous rebound, almost unseating me.

Could it be? Were my weary, bloodshot eyes deceiving me? Was it the hallucination of a disordered brain? No, a fence, a fence, saved! saved!

My calculations had carried. To the right one mile, through a gate, half a mile farther, and then, O, my God, there would be safety, there would be a roof, there would be loving hands—hands to support the storm-rocked, to care for the frozen, to gently touch the wearied and fevered brow, and bring back once more to its normal condition a mind torn by an awful experience.

That blessed and merciful port was reached — those angelic dispensations were realized.

With a silent prayer upon my lips I stumbled from my horse, stabled him, and staggered to the house—staggered into the arms of mercy, saved, saved, from the jaws of an awful death.

Sixty Years Ago — Continued

Compiled from old P. E. Island Newspaper Fyles.

THE *Islander* of July 6, 1844, contains the following awe-inspiring and specific announcement, published under the heading of "Land Assessment."

"In pursuance of the Act of the General Assembly of this Island, made and passed in the seventh year of his late Majesty King William the Fourth, entitled an Act for levying an Assessment on all lands in this Island, I do hereby publicly notify the Owners or Occupiers of lands, within the Island for which the annual assessment charged thereon by the said enacted Act, of Four Shillings, lawful money of this Island, for every hundred acres of wilderness or unimproved lands contained in the several Townships, and the several islands belonging thereto; and the sum of Two Shillings for every hundred acres of cultivated or improved lands in the said several Townships and Islands as aforesaid; and the sum of Four Shillings for each and every uncultivated or unimproved Town Lot, Pasture Lot, Common Lot, and Water Lot, granted in the Town and Royalty of Charlottetown; and the sum of Two Shillings for each and every cultivated or improved Town, Pasture, Common and Water Lot as aforesaid (and so on down to the sum of One Penny per acre on each and every acre of cultivated or improved land in the Royalty of Georgetown) that unless the Assessment for the current year be paid into my hands, (etc., etc.) I shall on the last day of next Hilary Term, at Charlottetown make Proclamation of all such lands as shall then be in arrears for non-payment of the sums charged thereon agreeably to the direction of the said Act. T. Spencer Smith, Treasurer."

In those days Charlottetown was garrisoned by a detachment of Imperial troops, and the officers and soldiers took a prominent part in all proceedings affecting the community. Especially was this the case in relation to sport as this paragraph shows:—

"Yesterday evening a six-oared rowing match took place between the "*Mayflower*" belonging to the officers of the garrison, and the "*True Love*" owned by some gentlemen of the town. On starting the officers took the lead, which they maintained throughout, but, owing to the coxswain changing places, as well as returning to the wrong side of the river, the race was declared by the umpires in favor of the town boat. A challenge was given by the gentlemen of the latter boat to pull with the crew of the *Mayflower* against time, which, we believe, will be accepted."

And here are two more paragraphs showing that a variety of sports were indulged in by the gentlemen of the town and the officers of the garrison:

"A Match of Cricket was played on Friday, the 5th inst, (July, 1844) between the Officers and Men of the Rifle Brigade lately quartered here, and Eleven gentlemen of the Club established in this town. Two games were played—the first was won by the Officers and Men, and the second by the Club. On Tuesday last the Third game was played, which was won easily by the gentlemen of the Club."

"A sweepstakes hurdle race took place, on Monday last in Cantelo's field. Six leaps over 3½ foot hurdles; Heats: Gentlemen riders."

Among the items under the heading of "Ship News" is this paragraph:—

"The following is a list of the cargo of the Brig *Idas*, Harris, Master, which sailed for Barbadoes a few days since: 231 Oars, 4200 Staves, 15 tons Scantling, 6713 feet Boards and Plank, 2 tons Hardwood Timber, 5 Ship's Pumps, 137 Belaying Pins, 43 Spars, 168 barrels Potatoes, 183 bundles Laths, 1850 Trennails, 14 bundles Short Shingles, 16 sets Truss Hoops, 28 bundles Barrel Hoops, 40 Ship's Knees, 14 dozen Mast Hoops, 20 dozen Hanks (for jibs), 94 Handspikes, 22 Ladders, 60 Rickers, 10 barrels Oat meal, 15 kegs Butter, 9400 feet Pine and Spruce Boards, 18 Puncheons, and 1959 bushels Oats (in bags), 3 boxes Hams, 2 cases Indian Boxes and Baskets, 2 boxes fancy work, 15 Sheep, 9 Pigs, 2 Bears, 131 Barrels Herrings, 5 do Alewives, 17 boxes Smoked Herrings."

(*To be Continued.*)

The Educational Outlook

The Official Organ of The Teachers' Association of P. E. Island

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EDITORIAL.

Reading Aloud.

READING aloud to the children and in the family circle—how fast it is becoming one of the lost arts. What multitudes of children of former days were entertained and instructed by this practice, and how few there are so entertained and instructed now-a-days. Children now, after being taught to read, join that great army which takes in the printed word swiftly and silently. Most parents, doubtless, are too busy to spare time to educate their sons and daughters by reading to them, and as the children grow older they find their hours too crowded to devote any of them simply to listening. "What is the use?" they would say, if asked, "tastes differ, and we can read what we want in a fraction of the time that would be consumed if we had to sit still and hear it."

This is all true enough, but is there not something lost in having the custom of reading aloud lapse so entirely? As a sign of the times, the change is another proof of the rush and hurry of life, and, in the family, it is more or less to be considered an evidence of the tendency to "independence" on the part of the younger members. Common interest in a good book read aloud by a father or mother, is a factor in the home that is important enough to have some attention paid to it. The opposite of "skimming" a book, it develops certain mental faculties, that it is well to have developed, and as an exercise in elocution for the reader it has a distinct advantage. Books so read are remembered, and the influence on character far exceeds that of many a volume whose pages are turned in a desperate effort to reach the last. Reading aloud is a salutary check on the habit of reading too much and reading too fast.

It would certainly be worth while to take up the practice in families, when the conditions favor it, as an experiment. The fall and winter evenings are long, and as one looks back over those long evenings of past years he can find many hours wasted that could have been profitably devoted to reading or to listening. Reading aloud is a quiet enjoyment, to be sure, but it is an enjoyment.

Punctuation.

PUNCTUATION often leads to the detection of grammatical and of rhetorical errors, and, for this reason, if for no other, should not be neglected. The object of punctuation is to show the relationship of words and of clauses, and to make their meaning to be understood clearly. The notion that punctuation points are employed for the purposes of elocution is an entirely erroneous one. The primal object of the points is to make the grammatical divisions. Unless this object is kept in view and is acted upon, grave errors are liable to ensue ; and not only will the principles of elocution be violated constantly, but the meanings of the sentences used will be frequently lost or misunderstood. Remember that punctuation is entirely independent of elocution, and act upon the remembrance. Teach your pupils to properly punctuate all their written work.

There are many cases in which a change of points completely alters the sentiment. In proof of this, the story is told of an English statesman that freed himself from an embarassing position by taking advantage of this fact. Having charged an officer of the government with dishonesty the statesman was required, by Parliament, under a heavy penalty, publicly to retract the accusation in the House of Commons. At the appointed time, he appeared with a written recantation which he read aloud as follows . "I said he was dishonest, it is true; and I am sorry for it." This was satisfactory; but what was the surprise of Parliament, the following day, to see the recantation printed in the papers thus : "I said he was dishonest; it is true, and I am sorry for it."

By a single transposition of the comma and the semi-colon, the ingenious slanderer represented himself to the county not only as not having made any recantation, but even as having repeated the charge in the very teeth of Parliament.

Spelling.

TEACHERS would do well by giving their pupils frequent exercises in both oral and written spelling. The importance of the subject need not be urged ; it may be said, however, that although spelling is only a small part of complete education, one who cannot spell is regarded as an ignoramus. Some learn spelling with much more difficulty than others, but it must be learned in either case. Notoriously poor spellers almost invariably claim that it is not natural for them to spell, and this very idea is the principal cause of their deficiency, for they offer this as an excuse for all errors, and therefore, never correct their mistakes.

Attention is directed to a series of spelling lessons which we have prepared and which will appear for some months in *The Outlook.* The words have been selected with great care, two considerations having been constantly kept in view; first, that the word be in common use, and second, that it be one liable to be misspelled. No word has been selected simply because it is difficult. The spelling of English words is, at best, so arbitrary and inconsistent, that learning to spell only those words which occur in everyday life is a task of sufficient difficulty, without studying the curiosities of the language. Words of unsettled orthography have been omitted, except those of special importance. The first of this series of spelling lessons appears in another column.

An accurate understanding of the meaning of words and the ability to use the right word readily at all times, is one of the rarest of accomplishments. To assist in attaining this desired end, it is evident that advanced pupils at least, should study not only the spelling or forms of words, but also the words themselves, their real significance and application. It is certainly an absurd waste of time and labor for advanced pupils to study the spelling of words, without having any knowledge of their meaning or use. The importance of understanding the meaning of every word read should be impressed on the mind of the pupil.

Another very important branch of the study of words is pronunciation. Many words are misunderstood, misapplied and misspelled through a lack of knowledge of their proper pronounciation. The saying that "he who never makes a mistake the second time never makes a mistake," is particularly applicable to the object of spelling; for one who makes it a rule never to misspell a word but once, will soon never misspell a word. Even the poorest spellers do not misspell every difficult word, but usually only a certain limited class of words; and the chief end and aim of spelling exercises should be the permanent correction of these errors.

When anything funny occurs in the schoolroom do not deem it beneath your dignity to smile or even laugh. Let your pupils enjoy a good laugh when there is occasion for it.

"Laughter," says Horace Smith, "is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and one which there is, therefore, a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can." We may say with Titus that we have lost a day if it has passed without laughing. The pilgrims to Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Ah !" cried Rabelias, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh." It is neither criminal nor "a waste of sweetness on the desert air" to smile or look pleasant in the school-room. Too many schools are borne down by too much profundity—administered with too much solemnity. Read "The Magic of a Smile" which appears in another column.

The following sentences spoken by Dr. Benjamin Wheeler in an informal talk to the students of the University of California, are just as applicable to pupils in common schools and, therefore, worth repeating here : "It is what goes over into spinal marrow, into real life, that makes us ; and what we are going to get out of our university life is not bits of knowledge, not maxims or rules for getting this or that ; but, after all it is this one thing which we talk so much about and understand so imperfectfy—it is character. As I grew older I came less and less to respect men of brilliancy, and to look to men for their character. In a university, or elsewhere in the world, heart is more than head and love is more than reason."

Every school should have a set of the smaller weights and measures, the pound, ounce, quarter, the foot, inch yard, the pint, quart, gallon, etc., and those should be constantly employed in teaching the tables. Children will thus see the relations between the different multiples and acquire some definite idea of each. For lack of concrete teaching it is common enough to find young people who can repeat their tables correctly, but who yet cannot tell whether the play-ground is a pole or a furlong long and whether a scuttle of coal weighs a pound or a quarter. The dimensions of the room, and its doors and windows, should be obtained by actual measurements in which the pupils take part, and the distances to certain well known spots should be familiar, and constantly employed as standards of comparison.

Educate yourself broadly and thoroughly. Broaden your thought and life so that your ability may take a wider range, and in order to do this it is necessary to empty your mind and heart of self, for nothing in all the garment of sin or shame is as dwarfing and demoralizing as selfishness. Try to think what you can do to help others to a higher, broader outlook on life. Remember that the cup of water that is never emptied grows stale and of unsavory odor, so freshen your thoughts and feelings by renewing them. Get in touch with the people of your school district, and become informed as to matters that occupy them.

The Prince of Wales College and Manul School opens for its forty-fifth session on Tuesday, September 6th.

At the last convention of the Eastern Teachers' Association held at Georgetown on June 29th and 30th, Dr. Fraser, dentist, of Montague, kindly offered a silver medal for competition among the school children of the Eastern Inspectorate, to be awarded to the pupil writing the best essay on Hygiene. The competition closes on May 1st, 1905, and all essays must be forwarded to Inspector McCormac before that date.

The twenty-ninth convention of the Western Teacher's Association was held in the Forester's Hall at Summerside, on June 29th and 30th, this year, and was an unqualified success. The different papers read were replete with valuable information and timely suggestions. Dr. Gauthier's address was a treat in itself, and was most favorably received by the teachers. At the close the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

President—B. L. Cahill, Alberton.
Vice-President — Miss Ethel Tanton, St. Eleanors.
Sec'y-Treasurer — Garfield Bennett, St. Eleanor's.
Rec-Sec'y.—W. P. McBride, Bedeque.
Exec Committee—Inspector McIntyre, Miss Agnes Ramsay, Miss L. Noonan, P. F. Hughes, and J. H. Blanchard.

The Magic of a Smile.

By J. L. McDougall, Strathcona, C. B.

'TIS commonly supposed that the school-going period is the happiest portion of existence. That depends much on how we use the school, and how we are used at school. It is in the schoolroom we actually come face to face with the first worries of our lives. Here we are plunged all at once into the mazes and mysteries of letters. There is no royal road to the goal set before us. When we enter the precincts of this place we are given to know that all the raw material of our nature and being is now to be sculptured into shape, and that we must do the chief part of the work ourselves.

Without our own intelligent participation and co-operation in the work, it cannot be done. Never before, in all probability, did we fall into such a lonely sense of our own utter helplessness. At this interesting moment how welcome, how encouraging, how grandly inspiring is the cheerfnl smile of a sympathizing tutor. On the other hand, how fatal, at this delicate juncture. may be the imprudent or extreme severity of a teacher who fails to enter into the spirit of the taught.

I believe in order and discipline at school (there is no school without them); but I believe also that both can better be secured by love than by fear. What is done through fear is seldom done right, and never done with the proper end in view. The teacher's smile, if he knows when to use it, is a much better disciplinarian than the rod. Watch a pupil go to his next task who has been the recipient of an approving smile, or the subject of kindly praise from the teacher for having performed his previous task well. That pupil goes to his future work with double courage and application. The very reverse is the case when a child has unnecessarily been frowned upon or scolded. The smile of a teacher cheers the child, and the child wants to be cheered. If a teacher can help it at all he should never make his pupils, or any one of them, sad. Sadness disables a man; it destroys a child. Soon enough these sprightly creatures of the morning will, for themselves, be able to say, with the gifted poetess :

"Laugh and the world laughs with
you,
Weep, and you weep alone ;
For the sad old earth must borrow
its mirth
But has sorrows enough of its own."

To our teachers, all and sundry, then may I be permitted to say, be cheerlul and cheer your pupils. This will sweeten your calling and make your own work and that of those under your charge much lighter. It will, moreover, draw to yourselves the eternal sympathy and gratitude of hosts of spotless souls whose possible power no man can measure. When these felicitous relations are established between you, you will find that, when you wish your words to maintain particular silence in the room, your own well-merited smile will exercise on them a spell like the cosmic harmony of the ancients.

School Humor.

An Easy Plan.

A young man once wrote to Beecher saying "I am an honest young man and I would like an easy place. "Beecher replied, "Don't be an editor, don't be a minister, don't be a lawyer, a mechanic or a civil engineer, don't be a teacher, in fact don't be anything, for the only easy place is in Greenwood Cemetery."

The Reason Why.

Mrs. Wackum.—How did that naughty boy of yours hurt himself?

Mrs. Snapper.—That good little boy o yours hit him on the head with a brick.

Well Answered.

Teacher.—"What's the meaning of "elocution?"

Harold.—"It's the way people are put to death in some states.

His Grace.

A school teacher spelled out the word 'g r a c e' and asked a scholar to pronounce it. He gave it up, when the teacher, to refresh his memory, asked him: "What did your father say this morning before eating his breakfast?" The boy thought a minute, and then cried: "Pa said, 'Hang those eggs, they're all bad'"

Essay on Man.

The following is an extract from a real composition written by a small schoolboy in New Jersey. The subject given by the teacher was the extensive one of "Man.' Here's what the small boy wrote: "Man is a wonderful animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth. His ears are mostly for catching cold in and having the earache. The nose is to get snuffles with. A man's body is spllt half way up and he walks on the split ends."

Sixty Percent Discount.

Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day and a gentleman was their patron. Willie's sign read, "Five cents a glass," Johnny's modest announcement was "Two cents a glass." The patron remembering that a penny saved is a penny earned bought a glass of Johnnie's lemonade paid two cents for it and casually inquired: "Why is your lemonade cheaper than your brother's?"

"Cos mine is the lemonade the puppy fell into," replied Johnny.

In Full Dress.

Little Alice, three years old, was dressed by her Auntie, in low neck and short sleeves. She stood for a moment looking at her bare arms, then she exclaimed, "Auntie, my mamma don't love my arms to go barefooted.

Geographical Bacteriology.

'Pat, kin you tell me about the little animals that get into our bodies and give us disease?"

"Sure, Mike, its meself that kin tell you about em,"

"What ye call em depends on where ye git em. If yes git em in France they are Pansets; if yes git em in Germany, they are germs, and if yes git em in ould Ireland, they are called Mickerobes.

Tommy's Worry.

Four year-old Tommy had listened with great attention to his monther's story of how Eve had been created from one of Adam's ribs. "And didn't it hurt, mamma;" asked Tommy, with a grave far-away look.

"Well, it may have hurt, some; was

mamma's answer, " but Adam never murmured."

The next day Tommy complained of a pian.

"Where is the pain dear? asked his mother,

Its in my side, mamma said Tommy, tearfully, "and I jest spects I'm going to have a wife.

On the Sea

Out on the sea, with the sun at rise,
With the billows leaping to the skies,
That has rocked at play
Till the dawn of day,
And the rule of all creatures defies.

Out on the sea in the glaring noon,
On the glassy brine sing a sailor's tune
Of the wonders below
We'd like to know,
And the breeze may reach us soon.

Out on the sea in the evening mild,
While the mermaid sings like a mirthful child,
To the naiads' ride,
As they go astride
Of the waves that are running wild.

Out on the sea at dead of night
With the stars and moon a-shining bright,
Then we go asleep
O'er the surges deep,
And dream of home till the morning light.

Out on the sea of our mortal woes
In calm we are near the tempest that blows,
Still in rain or fine
The sun may shine,
If we truly love all friends and foes.

(Written By S. B. Peters for the Educational Outlook.)

The Death of Brock

UPON the heights of Queenston
One dark October day,
nvading foes were marshalled
In battle's dark array.
Brave Brock looked up the rugged steep,
And planned a bold attack;
"No foreign flag must float, "said he,
"Above the Union Jack."

His loyal-hearted soldiers
Were ready every one,
Their foes were thrice their number.
But duty must be done.
They started up the fire-swept hill,
With loud-resounding cheers,
While Brock's inspiring voice rang out,
"Push on, York Volunteers"

But soon a fatal bullet
Pierced through his manly breast.
And loving friends to help him
Around the hero pressed.
"Push on," he said, "don't mind me,"
And ere the day was done
Canadians held the Queenston Heights,
And victory was won.

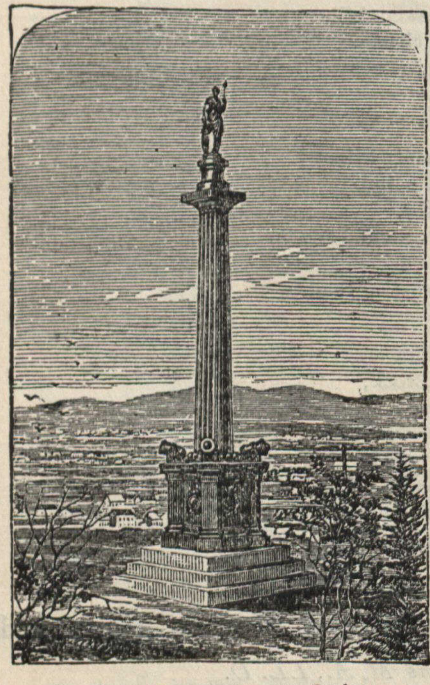
Each true Canadian patriot
Laments the death of Brock;
Our country told its sorrow
In monumental rock;
And if a foe should e'er invade
Our land in future years,
His dying words will guide us still—
"Push on, brave volunteers,"

School Room Decorations, Historical and Patriotic, (Illustrated)

By J. George Hodgins, M. A., LL. D.

IT has been often asked, why so many boys and so many girls leave the farm and seek employment in the cities and towns? It is alleged, in reply, that the monotony of ordinary school life in the country, with the unvarying sameness of its surroundings,—compared with the state of things elsewhere—becomes distasteful to the older scholars, and is the principal cause of the youthful exodus from the country to the city. It is, no doubt, to a certain extent true ; but it is more largely due to the fact, that there is so little that is attractive in the schools, or in most rural homes, calculated to waken an interest in anything beyond usual routine of school and home life. Rarely is there anything in either that would create an active desire for the beautiful, or artistic, or which would produce a refining and elevating influence upon the minds of the young.

Joseph Brant.



Ste. Foye, Monument, near Quebec.

Great improvement is, no doubt, discernible of late years in the character and surroundings of the rural school houses, and, in many cases, in their well-kept grounds. But, as a general rule, beyond the ordinary appliances for teaching, the school-room walls, in most cases, are bare of everything that would excite any special interest in the young, or call forth either patriotic feeling, or enthusiasm in our national affairs, or even in our local Canadian History.

During a recent visit to New England I was greatly impressed, as well as interested, in finding that this state of affairs was not permitted to exist among our neighbors. There, every effort, of late years, has been made to interest chidren—through their senses

—in regard to the most notable events, illustrative of the early history of the United States. Arrangements have been made largely in Boston, but also in New York, and elsewhere, for the production of striking lithographs, engraved prints and large photographs, designed to emphasize momentous and memorable events in the national his-

Brock's Mouument—Cenotaph, showing spot where he fell

tory of the American people on the minds of the larger scholars, especially in regard to their military history and the Revolutionary War, and also in regard to the War of 1812.

It has occurred to me that, with the aid of our now numerous local historical societies, the subject of School-Room Decoration, with national and patriotic pictures, might be most effectively brought before the people of Canada, so that we too might have our school-rooms decorated with patriotic pictures, illustrative of our national and provincial histories.

For instance, instead of the portrait of General George Washington (as in the American schools), we might have in our schools that of His Majesty the King; instead of the Declaration of Independence, we might have our Magna Charta, printed in clear type; instead of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, we might have a fine picture of King John signing the Charter, in presence of his Barons; instead of Paul Revere's famous ride, we might have a picture of Mrs. Secord's notable walk through the woods and past the sentries toward Col. Fitzgibbon of the coming enemy; for the "surrender of Burgoyne" and Cornwallis, we might have a picture of the surrender of Hull at Detroit; and pictures of the Holding of the Palisaded Fort by the "Heroes of the Longue Sault," or of the Defence of St. John, N. B., by Madame la Tour, etc., etc. Such national and patriotic pictures might be multiplied indefinitely if there was a demand for them. Such pictures, too, with those of the many statues in the Provinces, would excite the interest, and stimulate the curiosity of the larger scholars in the schools, to know something about the matters which the pictures represent.

Among the many publications issued in the United States, relating to "School Room Decoration," and "Art in the School Room," are several which discuss these subjects at length. From one or two of them I give the substance of the remarks made by the writers.

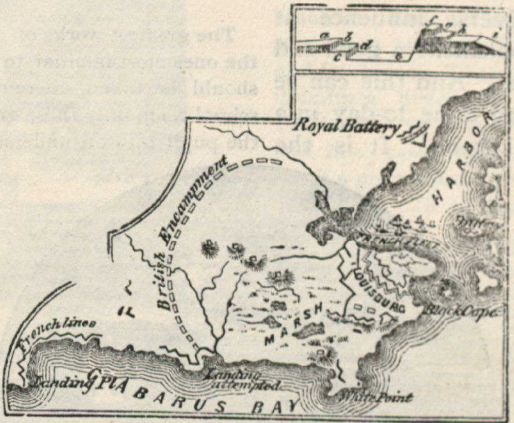
One of the writers says: It is now some time since American educators began to consider the value of School Room Decorations. They came to realize that there should be interest and individuality to the room where children of impressionable age were gathered. With the extension of School Room Decoration came a fuller appreciation of its importance as a factor in education. The picture was in itself an object lesson and an inspiration. School children became acquainted with pictures, by seeing notable ones on the school-wall a more or less permanent feature of their daily environment. In the special class-room, where the child does most of his daily work, a single picture, carefully chosen, may exert a deeper and more abiding influence on him than a number selected with less care. Only the best pictures—as Ruskin says—should be given a place on the home walls, for they are things to live with, and to carry permanently in heart and mind.

If, in the education of our children, we strive to improve the whole, and not a part of the child, have we a right to ignore that part of the child's nature which is artistic, imaginative and poetic? Certainly not. The "practical" and "materialistic" side of education often excludes, or wholly ignores, the existence of a high and noble instinct, which, in so many cases is simply dormant, because it has never been stimulated, or called into life or being.

Children are generally kept in a schoolroom for six hours a day. If one finds it desirable to have pictures of domestic life in one's rooms at home how much more important is it to have national and historical pictures in the places of instruction, and in the rooms of a school, where the children sit for so many hours in the day,—day after day,—and year after year. Then, there is the reflex influence of good schoolroom pictures on the decorations of the home, which should not be overlooked. For, when the children

Lord Amherst.

find good examples of art and history on their school-room walls, they come home more or less disatisfied with the taste, or want of taste, often displayed



Capture of Louisburg in 1745.

in pictures there. Thus the children insensibly lead their parents in the matter or art and pictute decorations. There is then a chance to elevate parents and children alike, by decorating school-rooms, and keeping them nice. It often leads children, as one writer quaintly observes, into orderly manners. Besides, let children have a glimpse into the ideals of beauty, embodied in things visible, or visibly pourtrayed, and it will react upon their daily lives and their surroundings. The influence of pictures in a school-room is such, that they give children correct ideas of the beautiful, and will be sure to open their eyes to their surrounding conditions, so that they will at once begin to improve them.

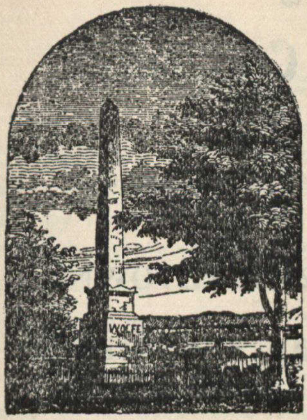
The children of all classes spend, during the most plastic period of their lives, nearly one-half of their working hours in the school-room; and it is there that we must seek to surround them with refining influences, and instil into their very souls the desire for culture and refinement that shall counteract an adverse influence at home, or will supplement a good and pleasant one there. And this can be done; and is being done to-day in a vast number of schools. It is the movement, now on foot, that will have a strong reflex influence for good on the home, and its surroundings. It means a new and intelligent and interesting interpretation of our history as a people. And the bringing of such a spirit into public education is not a fanciful theory; it is a great and potent reality.

Interior of Fort Missasauga.

The Hon. Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, at Washington, referring to the influence of pictures on taste and imagination, says:

The greatest works of art should become the ones most familiar to the people. Care should be taken, therefore, to select for a school-room only those great works, to lead the pupil into an understanding of the motives of their conception, and then to point out the artistic means and devices for the expression of thought or idea conveyed. . . . The photographic art has made possible school-room instruction in the great works of architecture, sculpture and painting. The greatest and best works should be selected rather than the third, or fourth rate ones.

Mr. Goodnough, Supervisor of Drawing in the Brooklyn Schools, N. Y., in

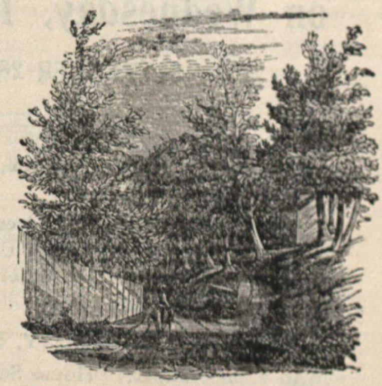


Wolfe's Monument.

a report on Art Education, of which I only give the substance, says :—

"It is important that a high standard be maintained. Pictures or other works of art, on the school-room wall exert a silent but constant influence on those who see them, either in the formation of good taste, or in vitiating it. . . . Pictures for the school room walls should be entirely those from an art standpoint. They should be large and sufficiently bold (and spirited) in subject, and in treatment, so as to be seen by the children from their seats. They should be such good and appropriate pictures, that will appeal strongly to children and to their latent childish instinct for the good and beautiful. Such pictures should aid in the cultivation of a love for nature, for country and for home. They should portray and illumiuate history in its national form. Persons and plans should not be overlooked; and, in all cases, school-room pictures should reach a proper standard as works of art.

(*To be Continued.*)



Wolfe's Ravine.

(Half way up the Heights.

PROGRAMME *of*

The Twenty-Fifth Convention

of

The Teachers' Association of P. E. Island

TO BE HELD IN

Y. M. C. A. HALL, CHARLOTTETOWN

on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

SEPTEMBER 28, 29 AND 30th, 1904

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1904

10.00 a. m.—Enrolment
10.30 " —President's Address, Inspector McCormac
11.00 " —Appointment of Committees
11.15 " —Paper, "Our Chief Duties," B. L. Cahill
11.45 " —Question Box

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1904.

9.30 a. m.—Paper, "Home School Work," Stanislaus B. Peters
10·30 " —Paper, "Something We Lack," R. H. Campbell
11.30 " —Question Box
8.00 p. m.—Public Meeting :—
Address by Rev. P. C. Gauthier, Hon. Arthur Peters,
J. A. Mathieson, Esq., M. L. A., and others

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1904

9.30 a. m.—Paper, "Some of Our Opportunities," Albert Taylor
10.30 " —Address, Dr. Anderson.
11.30 " —Question Box
1.00 p. m.—Report of Committees
1.30 " —Question Box
2.00 " —Election of officers

JAS. LANDRIGAN, Secretary.

G. J. McCORMAC, President.

It is expected that teachers attending Convention and who lodge returns for quarter at Education Office on forenoon of 28th, will be paid on 29th or 30th.

Daily Conduct Rules.

CHARACTER shows what you are. You *form* or *build up* your character by learning what is right and wrong, by imitating good examples, and by shunning bad ones.

Habits make *Character*, and *Conduct* shows what *Character* is.

To Build up a Good Character you must:—

Be Obedient Honour thy father and thy mother. "Children, obey your parents." To be obedient means to do cheerfully and promptly what you are told to do. Be respectful to your teachers, and help them as much as you can.

Be Honest and Truthful "Be true and just in all your dealings." "Thou shalt not steal." To borrow what you cannot repay is not honest. To use what belongs to others, without their leave, is not honest. Do not "copy" iu school, nor deceive your teacher. Do not cheat in any way, nor do anything mean or unfair. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" tells us to be truthful. Any *word* or *act* that deceives, or misleads in purpose is as bad as a direct lie. Do not keep back *part* of the truth, do not say more than is true. Never break a promise. Be sincere. Be truthful and accurate in little things.

Be Industrious and Painstaking "Be not slothful in business." "The head of the dilligent maketh rich." To work steady and regularly is to be industrious. Industry makes you self-reliant. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." It is perseverance that wins. "Never say "I can't," but let your motto be "I will." Idleness leads to careless work. Always do your *best* work. Never be idle. Idleness is a curse, and idle hands soon get into mischief. Be a profitable servant; do not waste your master's time or property, nor neglect his interests.

Be Patient "Be patient towards all men." When provoked, forgive readily; remember that we all need forgiviness. Be patient when sick or in trouble. Even try to be good tempered and cheerful. Do not think always of self. Help others instead of looking for them to help you. Do not be discontented nor long for what you cannot get honestly. Do not grumble. "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."

Be Kind "Be kind to each other." Be kind in word and deed. "Kind words are worth much and cost little." Do not bear malice against any one. Never tell tales of each other. Do not give way to passion, nor be sulky or quarrelsome. Be courteous to all men and show respect where respect is due. Help those who need help. Try to be of use. Treat all dumb animals well.

Be Respected "Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good." Respect yourself and others will respect you. Be temperate in eating and drinking, and cleanly in habits and person. Be modest in your behavior, especially in the street, and simple in your dress. "Keep your tongue from evil speaking." No swearing. No bad language. Never lead anyone into evil, but help the weak when they are tempted. Be courageous in times of danger and trouble. Be prudent in all you say and do. Keep good company ; a man is known by his companions. Be obedient to the laws, patriotic to your country, and just to all men. Always endeavor to set a good exampie, and never be ashamed to do what is right.

The Summer School of Science.

THE Summer School of Science met in its eighteenth session in the Prince of Wales College on the 12th of July and continued in session until the 29th.

This session in point of numbers, interest in work and enjoyment ranks among the best in the history of the school. With an enrollment of one hundred and eighty-three earnest students, a staff of eleven of the foremost educationalists of the Maritime Provinces, a term of almost three weeks it is not surprising that a vast majority left the school with the feeling that they had been very greatly benefited by their attendance thereat.

In Botany Theodore Ross, Esq. and James Vroom, Esq. led the classes, assisted by John McSwain, Esq. Plant and plant study will have a new interest for the members of this class in the future. Dr. Andrews of Sackville, N. B., will long be remembered by the Chemistry class for the exceedingly lucid instruction given, the many interesting chemical experiments made especially for the work in Blow Pipe Analysis. Manual Training and drawing were taught by Mr. Barlow. So absorbed did the class become in the work that it was with difficulty that they could be induced to discontinue their work when the lesson term had expired. Dr. Bailey, of Fredericton whose knowledge of his subject—Geology—is encyclopedic, always had an interested and well instructed class.

Teachers of primary classes were always to be found from eleven to twelve o'clock each day enjoying the instruction given by Mrs Paterson of Truro in Kindergarten work. From twelve to one o'clock each day was to be found the largest class of the school listening with rapt attention to Miss Robinson of St. John as she developed the thought in Shakespeare's Julius Ceasar, George Elliot's Silas Marner. Interesting exceedingly was the discussion of the physical properties of matter led by Mr. Campbell of Truro in the physics class. Mr. Staratt of Cambridge had always an alert, interested, and enquiring class to greet him in Physiology and Hygiene. In Zoology Mr. Oulten of Moncton and Mr. Bailey of Fredericton had large and enthusiastic classes.

An excellent series of lectures had been arranged for the evenings which were well attended by the students of the school, but very poorly by the general public of Charlottetown. The following was the course of the evening lectures. Japan's Position among the Nations of the World, by President Ian C. Hannah of Kings College, Windsor, N. S. The Human Telephone or Our Heads and What They Contain, by Prof. L. W. Bailey LL. D., of the University of New Brunswick. What is Life by Prof. W. W. Andrews, LL. D., of Mount Allison University, The Camera and Microscope in Biology by Rev. W. A. Watson, M. A. of Furman University, South Carolina. The Natural History of the Oyster by Prof. R. Ramsay Wright M. A. of Toronto University. Some Geographical aspects of Canada and there relation to Imperial Connection, by W Albert Hickman of Pictou. Evolution and Faith by Prof W. W. Andrews, LL. D. of Mount Allison University. Music for the Public Schools, by Prof. Watts of Ch'town. A study of the Holy Grail by Miss Eleanor Robinson of St. John.

Among the most enjoyable features of the school were the outings. Favored with fine weather every excursion as planned was carried out. Usually some of the many excursions to be taken during the session of the school are interfered with by unfavorable weather. Not so this year. The hospitality shown the visitors was creditable to the citizens. By the Government they were given the free use of the Legislative Library and government ferry. By the Y. M. C. A. free use of Reading Room, and free admittance to the Garden Party. By the Athletic Association free use of their grounds. The Tourist Association gave complimentary tickets to an excursion to Orwell and Vernon River Bridge. The Charlottetown teachers gave a moonlight excursion and provided refreshments, and the citizens treated the visitors to a delightful drive in the suburbs visiting the Asylum, Sherwood Cemetery and the Pumping

Station. The courtesies were highly appreciated by the visiting members of the school and left with them a most favorable impression of our City and citizens.

The next session of the school will be held at Yarmouth, N. S. July 11 to 29, 1905.

The following are the officers for ensuing year.

President J. D. Seaman, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Vice President for N. S., N. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S. Vice President for N. B. Thos. Stothart, St. John N. B. Vice President for P. E. I. Theodore Ross, Ross Corner, P. E. I. Secretary Treasurer, W. R. Campbell, M. A. Truro, N. S.

Mr. Cahill Throws Down the Birch.

WE understand that Mr. B. L. Cahill has relinquished the teaching profession and is to enter St. Dunstan's College to further prosecute his studies there. Mr. Cahill took charge of his first school in 1900, and had the honor of being placed upon the Honor List of the teachers of Prince County in the same year, a distinction only obtained by one of his fellow professionals. He taught three years in the primary schools, and in 1903 was chosen as Vice-Principal of the Alberton High School, which position he creditably filled. Mr. Cahill is a member of the Executive Committee of the Provincial Teachers' Convention, and was this year elected President of the Western Teacher's Association. While at Alberton he conducted a branch office for the Examiner. The profession loses in Mr. Cahill a good up to date teacher who either through the press or at public meetings and conventions was not afraid to vindicate our rights and stand by a righteous movement. We, however, hope to have his valuable assistance from time to time, and wish him every success in whatever profession he may enter.—Com.

Spelling Lesson—No 1.

abbot	acquitted	allotment
abridgment	additional	almond
abscess	adept	alpaca
absence	adieu	alphabet
abstract	adjacent	alto
abyss	adjective	amateur
accede	adjoining	amethyst
acceptance	adjacent	ammunition
accomodate	aeronaut	analyse
achieve	aggravate	analysis
acid	agitated	ancestor
acknowledge	aide-de-camp	anchovy
acme	aisle	anemone
acquaint	alcoholic	annex
acquiesce	allegiance	annually
acquittal	alleviate	anonymous.