

P. E. ISLAND MAGAZINE

PHOTO BY CUMMING, MONTAQUE

"Pollidale," P. E. I. (See page 262)

.. THE ..
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE
AND EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

Sixth Year

JULY, 1904

Number 5

Our Island's Geology.

By John T. Clarkin, B. A.

WHEN we glance at a map of the world we find Prince Edward Island represented by an ugly little crook floundering in the lowest corner of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Considering its long and aristocratic name, the mighty machinery of government with which it is blessed, and the still more important fact that it is "The Island" its appearance on the map does not correspond to its dignity. It is shaped like a young moon with the horns pointing upward, and lunar prophets would consider it a presage of wet weather. Seeing that it is sinking into the sea we may judge the forecast correct, though it will take at least 20,000 years before the blue gulf rolls above its highest hills. Perhaps after 10,000 years it may take an upward tendency and so keep up the value of real estate.

Strange as it may seem, the green hills which give impressions of stability as powerful as any nature can con-

vey have been hid more than once beneath the dark waters of ancient seas.

"There rolls the deep, where grew the tree;

Oh, earth what changes hast thou seen!

There where the long street roars has been

The stillness of the central sea."

When we consider the order in which the sedimentary systems of the earth have been deposited, the lowest rocks of our island lie about midway in the series. They directly outlie the coal bearing strata of the mainland but we have no proof that the coal bearing or carboniferous formation has been deposited to any extent beneath this province.

The land surface, as is evident to anyone who has visited the different sections, offers little contrast; wherever the soil shows through the green it is of the same red hue. It is said that an Islander is known all over the

continent by the red clay on his boots. We need not be ashamed of this same red clay, for its color is due to oxide of iron and wherever we find a native of the soil we may depend that we have a person with lots of iron and oxygen in his system. It is only in sections where decaying organic remains have removed the iron that we find the red tinge replaced by white or grey. In such places we are likely to find the iron deposited, in depressions, in the form of bog iron ore.

Taken as a whole the Island is Permian, overlaid in places by deposits of Trias and Quaternary. Anticlinals have brought small tracts of upper carboniferous to the surface—Gallas Point, Governor's Island and the South side of St. Peters Island are instances. Interesting fossils of plants long vanished from the earth may be obtained in these localities.

When we say that the Island is Permian, every teacher understands the term, but there may be a few young students, who will puzzle over the word. For a time let us divest ourselves of ideas of the earth as it now exists, and revert, in imagination, to the time when the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved over the waters.

The first rocks resulted from the cooling of matter from its fluid state. When the earth became cool enough to retain water on its surface a lifeless

ocean rolled its tide around the world, grinding the igneous cliffs and scattering their sands into the depths. This was the beginning of the great Laurentian system, the backbone of our own Canadian land. Shellfish, the *Eozoön Canadense* are the earliest remains of animal life which the earth has preserved to excite the wonder of its most highly organized inhabitants, countless millions of years later.

We may believe that the first rays of light which pierced the canopy of primeval gloom in answer to the mandate "Be light made" decked the land with a wondrous vegetation.

After the Laurentian came the Cambrian, a system which gets its name from the ancient name of Wales. This formation has traces of zoophytes and primitive crustacea, but scarcely any trace of plant life has survived. The Silurian, named after a tribe familiar to those who care to delve into ancient history, comes next and bears many fossils of corals, shellfish, worms and other low forms of life. Next comes the old Red Sandstone of Hugh Miller, containing shellfish and wonderful fishes, armour clad and prodigious such as small boys dream of after playing truant to go fishing. The next system brings us near home. It is the Carboniferous such as exists in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and likely under our own Island, perhaps not so very deep at Gallas Point, Wood Islands or Miminigash.

Some formations were laid down in deep seas, others in shallows. The carboniferous, or coal-bearing was one of silent swamps where enormous tree ferns, horsetails, and other cryptogams grew rank in an atmosphere laden with moisture and having in it an amount of carbonic acid far in excess of what exists in our most sultry tropic swamps. Our peat bogs represent the first stages of coal formation, but the conditions of to-day are not at all favorable to the laying down of such deposits of coal as exist in the carboniferous.

In examining the fossil remains of plants preserved in the Carboniferous and the Permian we are at once struck with the dissimilarity to our existing flora. The *dadoxyl* on a fossil pine is perhaps the only plant which, in the light of modern days we might consider normal. The two species which have been found have no relatives, now existing, in North America, and the Araucarian pines of the Southern hemisphere are somewhat removed. An account of our most common fossil plants might be interesting but most people have not the time or the opportunity to collect and examine them. To anyone interested Dawson's report of 1871 is helpful though as might be expected from the short time taken in the survey, some of the judgments arrived at were based on very limited observations and will be modified by more careful examination. For instance *knorria* was supposed to be the branches of *dadoxylon* but I have found it in numberless instances in a position which proves it to be a tissue surrounding the pith of that plant.

To be Continued.



Look Afar.

By Pastor J. Clarke.

A traveller, hasting on his tourist way,
 Gazed on the various sights and scenes around,
 But missed the grandeur that around him lay,
 Because he did not take the highest ground;
 Alas! how much of joy, of good, we all forego,
 Because, to tell the truth, we stand too low.
 TRVON, P. E. I.

Governor Sir John Harvey.

HERE are two interesting letters, taken from the "McCreevey Papers," which have been recently published, and kindly sent to us by Mr. G. Frank Beer, a former citizen of Charlottetown, now living in Toronto.

The personage here alluded to—Colonel Sir John Harvey—was appointed Governor of Pince Edward Island in February, 1836. He arrived in August of that year, but history records little of his short period of rule, save that he made an official tour of the Island. In March, 1837, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and appointed Governor of New Brunswick, being succeeded, as Governor of Prince Edward Island, by Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy.

Marquess Wellesley to Mr. Creevey.

Hurlingham House, Fulham,
Oct. 28th 1837.

My dear Mr. Creevey,

In returning my grateful thanks for your very kind congratulations, (the East India Company, with whom Wellesley had been at sore issue in the early years of the century, had just voted £20,000 to purchase an annuity for him. ED.) I trust you will believe that I fully appreciate their value. You are not of that sect of philologists who hold the use of language to be concealment of thought, nor of that tribe of thinkers whose thoughts require concealment. You would not congratulate

me on the accession of any false honor, the result of prejudice or error or of the passionate caprice of party, or of idle vanity, or of any transient effusion of the folly of the present hour, but you think the deliberate approbation of my Government in India declared by the Court of Directors (after the lapse of thirty years full experience of consequences and results, and after full knowledge of all my motives, objects and principles) a just cause of satisfaction to me. . . .

In truth they have awarded to me an inestimable meed of honor, which has healed much deep sorrow, and which will render the close of a long public life not only tranquil and happy, but bright and glorious. . . . Our friend Sir John Harvey most appropriately has been dubbed a Governor, what wisdom in those who made the appointment! "*Il est du bois dont on fait les gouverneurs.*" He was certainly born "your Excellency." I think I see him strutting up to his petty throne, preceded by Harry Gray, Ellice, Shaw, Carnac &c. with his stomach doubly embroidered, condescending to let an occasional foul pun now and then with majestic benignity."

Mr. Creevey to Miss Ord,

Jernyn St., Nov. 3.

Both Melbourne and Lord and Lady John Russell wanted much to know from the Seftons how it was that I had amused the Duchess of Kent. The only solution I can offer is this. By common consent, the Royal evenings are the dullest possible, and no one presumes to attempt to make them livelier. The Duchess of Kent is supposed to play at cards to keep herself awake—scarcely ever with success. I can imagine, therefore a little running fire of a wag tickling her ears

at the time, and leaving a little deposit on their memory. I know no other ground on which I can build my fame Just let me mention that the Sir John Harvey, mentioned in Wellesley's letter as the new Governor of Prince Edward Island, was at the head of the police when I was in Dublin,

and I met him at dinner at the Lord Lieut.'s (Wellesley)--a large handsome man, but by far the most vulgar would-be gentleman you ever beheld, extremely dressy withal, and my lord always remembered my asking-- 'who was the gentleman with the embroidered stomach?'



When General Williams Visited Charlottetown.

IN 1859, General Williams, the hero of Kars, visited Charlottetown, and received a most enthusiastic welcome. The following list, which has been kindly placed at our disposal, may be of interest:—

Charlottetown
June, 23rd, 1859.

WE the undersigned, do hereby agree to subscribe and pay the sum of money set opposite to our names respectively, to meet the expense incident to a "Banquet" in honor of the hero of Kars,

The Mayor,	£5 0 0
Dr. Young	5 0 0
C. R. Coker	3 0 0
G. W. DeBlois	3 0 0
Admiral Bayfield	5 0 0
Daniel Davies	3 0 0
D. Hodgson	2 0 0
Edward J. Hodgson	1 0 0
H. Haszard	1 0 0
Geo. Wright	2 0 0
John Robins	1 0 0
Patrick Walker	1 0 0
Donald McIsaac	1 0 0
C. C. Vaws	1 0 0
James Reddin	1 0 0
Daniel Brennan	3 0 0
M. Lowden	1 0 0
Frederick Brecken	3 0 0
W. B. Dean	1 0 0
The Recorder	1 0 0
J. Hensley	2 0 0

Charles Wright	1 0 0
W. Pethick	1 0 0
Geo. Beer	1 0 0
D. Hammond Johnson	1 0 0
H. A. Johnson	1 0 0
M. R. Smith	2 0 0
J. T. Jenkins	2 0 0
W. Swabey	2 0 0
John Barrow	1 0 0
H. P. Welsh	1 0 0
Geo. Birnie	2 0 0
James Duncan	1 0 0
P. W. Hyndman	1 0 0
W. McGill	1 0 0
R. Longworth	1 0 0
J. Lea	1 0 0
W. Cundall	1 0 0
A Friend	1 0 0
Charles McNutt	1 0 0
James DesBrisay	1 0 0
J. Brecken	1 0 0
Henry Palmer	2 0 0
W. H. Hobkirk	1 0 0
Stephen Swabey	3 0 0
W. Forgan	2 0 0
J. Mackieson	1 0 0
W. Heard	1 0 0
D. J. Roberts	2 0 0
Major Beete	1 0 0
John Morris	1 0 0
Geo. F. C. Lowden	1 0 0
James Anderson	1 0 0
N. Rankin	1 0 0
John Ings	1 0 0
Francis Longworth	1 0 0
John W. Morrison	1 0 0
A Friend	1 0 0
Alex McKinnon	1 0 0
James D. Mason	1 0 0
A. Swabey	1 0 0

A Friend	1 0 0	J. Wilson	1 0 0
W. H. Pope	3 0 0	J. Longworth	1 0 0
J. C. Pope	3 0 0	Thomas Scott	3 0 0
E. Palmer	1 0 0	Thos. Leeming	1 0 0
T. Heath Haviland	1 0 0	W. R. Watson	1 0 0
W. Murphy	1 0 0	Robert Stewart	1 0 0
Richard Hartz	1 0 0	Parker Merrill	1 0 0
Charles Bell	1 0 0	W. W. Lord	1 0 0
James D. Haszard	1 10 0	James Purdie	1 0 0
Ceo. J. Haszard	1 0 0	Robt. Hutchinson	1 0 0
Geo. Davies	1 5 0	Rev. D. Fitzgerald	1 0 0
Theoph. DesBrisay	1 0 0	C. Palmer	1 0 0
Robt. Hyndman	1 0 0	H. Longworth	1 0 0
Benj. Davies	1 0 0	Charles DesBrisay	1 0 0
William E. Dawson	1 0 0	Arthur Penny	1 0 0
Robert Fellows	1 0 0	W. Dodd	1 0 0
W. W. Irving	1 0 0	Benj. Wright	1 0 0
Hon. Mr. Goodman	1 0 0		



Great Epochs in English Literature and their Causes. A Sketch — VII.

By Hon. A. B. Warburton, D. C. L.

BUT to arrive at the great causes of the Chaucerian epoch, we must go further afield than we wandered in my last article. Causes, deep and infinitely far-reaching, there were, which, in a sense, were the causes of those already referred to. These causes not only affected the English Literature of the Middle Ages, but affect that of the present day. They affected, and still affect, the literature of all western lands.

I have already pointed out that the 14th century was a hollow, unreal time, possessed of a meretricious brilliancy which throws it more prominently into the light of history, than the greater solidity and worth of the two preceding centuries do for them.

As this view of these centuries is not brought out with sufficient clearness (as I think it should be) in the ordinarily read histories of these periods, I wish to emphasize it, because, if not borne in mind, it will be most difficult, if not impossible, to grasp the real depth and meaning of the wide and deep causes of literary greatness to which I wish to call attention. I may best express this view in the words of one of the greatest constitutional historians of recent times (Stubbs), who, speaking more particularly of the 13th century, says:—

“The 13th century, was a period, unparalleled in mediæval history, for brilliancy and fertility. It abounded

with great men—kings, statesmen and scholars. Coming between the hard-headed, hard-handed industry of the 12th, and the cruel, unreal splendor of the 14th, it unites all that is noble in the former, all that is romantic in the latter. A period more productive in every department of culture, the world has never seen."

It was a period of restless intellectual and physical energy. Great deeds were accomplished during this time; great wars were carried on; great battles were fought and won. It was the era of the Crusades, those marvellous illustrations of the effect of religious zeal upon men. The spirit of theological enquiry was abroad, paving the way for the teachings of Wycliffe and the Lollards, for the Reformation of a later day. It was an age of statesmanlike reform, of vast constitutional changes. It was the period, I may say, when the reign of law began.

This was the time when the great struggle for supremacy, between the Papacy and the Emperors, was going on. At one time the Supreme Pontiff seemed crushed beneath the feet of his opponent; again the Emperor was beaten down and compelled to do homage at the Pontifical throne.

The piratical galleys of the African Corsairs were sweeping the Mediterranean and ranging the coasts of Spain, bearing away the spoils of the Christian to adorn their Barbary homes.

In Spain, the Moors had now, for five centuries, held sway over the fair-

est provinces, and, from the kingly palace of the Alhambra, were still diffusing the superior light of their refinement. And it must not be forgotten that, for the age, these Moors were a very cultured race. There were yet some centuries to roll by, ere they would be driven back across the Straits, stript of all their proud possessions. In the meantime, from "Fair Granada" their arts and sciences, their music and poetry, their generous chivalry and regal splendor were making their influence felt. Their magnificent civilization was tending, by example, to soften the manners of the Western world. Their martial exploits were the themes of romance; the luxurious indolence of their rulers was become a proverb. But, with all their luxury, they were a wonderful race. Their works are yet the wonder and admiration of those who travel in the Spanish Provinces, which formerly owned the rule of the Moor. The long protracted struggles of the Christians against these Mahometan conquerors, the feats of adventurous daring performed in their desperate contests, furnished goodly material while the polish of the Moor modulated and gave refinement to the verse of the Christian bards.

In Germany, the Robber Counts of the Rhine were ruling with despotic sway, over their little territories of a mile square. Theirs would not seem the state of society favorable for liter-

ary growth, yet even to their lawless castles the Moorish and Eastern influence was reaching, and the lays of the wandering minstrels were being heard and their bards were telling the marvellous stories of the olden time.

Italy, cut up into a number of small republics, was in a chronic state of anarchy and confusion. Her small, but jealous democracies kept up a continual warfare. Hordes of German adventurers, not yet formed into regular armies of freebooters, held the land in terror. Nevertheless, the commercial activity of her maritime cities, their trade with the Levant, their intercourse with the Moors and the East brought them a refinement, which more northern regions did not yet possess, but which was beginning to reach them.

About a century before the time, of which I am now treating, the crusading zeal had seized upon the nations of Christendom. The celebrated Peter the Hermit, his mind fired by the treatment he and his fellow Christians had endured on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem, resolved to preach an expedition to recover the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. Having obtained the sanction and the blessing of the Pope he began his mission.

Soon, loud above all else, was the voice of the Crusades heard. Throughout the length and breadth of Italy it called the people to arms. It crossed

the Alps, and, in its passage, its clarion notes were heard in mountain, dell and valley. It sounded over the German Empire. O'er the fertile plains of France was that mighty voice heard, summoning noble and peasant alike to the succor of the Cross. The mail-clad chivalry of Normandy took up the cry and turned their lance points towards the East. The voice was heard at the foot of the Pyrenees, whence it was wafted back over the face of Europe. It echoed and re-echoed through the lands. It ceased not till the forces of Christendom were on the march for the redemption of our Saviour's Tomb.

It is not my intention to speak of their exploits in the East, nor to tell of the disasters that befell them. A few of the warrior pilgrims returned, surrounded by a halo of religious glory. Their deeds of daring were magnified, and, in the hearts of their countrymen, the flame of religious enthusiasm was fanned into fiercer life.

These Crusaders brought back with them, and diffused over Europe, some of the refinement and culture of the East. This was but the beginning of these holy wars. A second Crusade went out under the banners of the Cross and shared the fortunes of the first. Yet the martial ardor of Christianity had not yet reached its zenith.

In the age of the Troubadours, the religious zeal of the Latin and Western world burst forth afresh. St. Bernard,

taking the place of the hermit, Peter, bore forth the fiery Cross, and with still greater eloquence preached the third Crusade. Again Europe was moved and the mighty heart of Christendom throbbed, with a giant throb, and was roused for the recovery of the Holy City. The Western world girded up its loins for another Crusade. The Republics of the South manned their ships and turned their prows towards the East; the adventurous Dane, true to his warlike instincts, sought his barque and bent his course in the same direction. The peasant population of France forsook their homes; the ripening grape was left hanging on the vine; the wine-press to women's care. The Western Isles furnished their hardy contingent and the English nobles mortgaged or sold their lands to fit themselves out for the enterprise; the English husbandman left his grain in the fields to don the emblem of the Cross and follow its banners against the infidel. In every town, in every village, in every tower, the war-fever raged. The sound of the armourer's hammer was heard in the old castles as breastplate and helmet were wrought, spear and sword forged or repaired for use against the Saracen. Then there was a mighty furbishing of old weapons. Everyone was arming. The tramp of armed men sounded on the march; the neigh of the war-horses was heard as they gathered to the rendezvous; the clank of steel awakened the echoes in valley and glen, as the squadrons assembled. The whole Western world was in motion. As the traveller in Eastern lands, to this day, is often dazzled by the mirage that nature offers to his view, so, at that age, the mental vision of Christians was dazzled by the sight of the followers of Mahomet in possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

Yet, while the strokes of the hammer rang out through the quiet valley, as sword and spear were fashioned; while the tramp of the war-steed and the tread of armed men were heard far and near; while the wine was left without the vintner's care; while the olives hung unplucked; while the din of warlike preparation resounded through the lands; in the midst of all the turmoil, the voice of the Troubadour, fore-runner of the coming literary renaissance, found delighted listeners, as in strains of lofty exultation, born of the excitement of the time, he sang heroic deeds; or in tones loud and deep hymned the triumphs of that religion for which all the Western world was fighting. Through all the busy scenes, amid all the tumult and din, his voice, pitched in notes sweet and low, attuned to the master-passion, love, was to be heard giving forth the praises or proclaiming the beauty and gentle ways of the lady of his choice. In reality the Troubadour was an outcome of the institution of chivalry, which so affected the life of this time.

This third Crusade is the most celebrated of these expeditions. It was the one in which our own king, Richard—the Lion-hearted—himself a minstrel of no mean repute—performed those prodigies of valour, long spoken of, which made his name a sound of terror in the East, and which, even to this day, make us look back, with a species of awe, on the story of his life. He, himself was a minstrel. The hand, that so often struck dread into the hearts of the brave followers of Saladin, was trained to sweep the strings of the harp; that voice, so terrible in wrath, was used, in its manly tones, to troll forth the lays and madrigals of melodious verse. A modern poet, in what to me seems felicitous verse, brings home to our mind this feature of the King's character, as he thus sings of this, the most to be admired side of Richard's nature, of his fondness for minstrelsy and its effect upon him:—

I saw him in the banquet hour
 Forsake the festive throng,
 To seek his favorites minstrel's haunt
 And give his soul to song;
 For dearly as he loved renown,
 He loved that spell-wrought strain
 Which bade the brave of perished days.
 Light Conquest's torch again.

Then seemed the bard to cope with time
 And triumph o'er his doom—
 Another world in freshness burst
 Oblivion's mighty toomb;
 Again the hardy Britons rushed
 Like lions to the fight; lance,—
 While horse and foot—helm, shield and
 Swept by his visioned sight.

Other, though less important, crusades followed, of which it is unnecessary to write at length. Suffice it, for my purpose, to say that all had, to a greater or less extent, the effect of bringing the culture and learning of the East to Western Europe.

The causes, which I have sought to indicate, in the foregoing pages, may, as a general term, be defined, as the Eastern influence, and were of vast effect. It is difficult, nay impossible, to estimate the extent to which the Saracenic, the Moorish Civilization, influenced the West. That it was far reaching and of profound effect cannot be doubted. Though this is an influence, which so permeates our literature, to my mind, it does not usually receive from students the attention its importance demands. Acting upon England directly from the East, or indirectly through European channels, as indicated above, this influence profoundly affected our English Literature. It still affects that literature, although it has become so ingrained into the Western world of letters, as to become part of it, and it is difficult, at this time, to realize how great it is or even whence it came.

Then again the veteran barons, who had gone through the stormy scenes of late conflict, were now forced into unwelcome inaction. What more pleasing to such men, next to living the old life o'er again, than that the familiar incidents of tournament and battle, of

romantic love and knightly gallantry, should be celebrated and perpetuated in poet's lay or Chronicler's prose. Such, I think, were some of the causes of the Chaucerian epoch in our English Literature.



Arrow Points.

By Pastor J. Clark, M. A.

○ NE sin, many sorrows.
The better the Christian, the better the citizen.

Whom God saves he keeps saved.

It takes more than paint to make a picture.

They love Christ little who serve Him little.

Without holiness heaven would not be heaven.

First the shuddering sense of sin,

Then the heart made clean within ;

First the cry for pardoning grace,

Then the child's exalted place ;

First the dread of God's displeasure,

Then the peace which none can measure.

TRYON, P. E. I.

The Later Days of the Charlottetown Y. M. C. Association.

By W. S. Louson.

FOR the carefully-written record of the early days of the Young Men's Christian Association of Charlottetown, which appeared in the June number of this magazine, we are indebted to Mr. H. J. Cundall, of Charlottetown.

Mr. Cundall has been for forty-eight years an active member of the Y. M. C. A. of his native city, forty years of which were spent in the office of Treasurer. Truly, this is a record of faithful service. About two years ago, on the occasion of his retirement as Treasurer, the Board of Directors presented Mr. Cundall with an address and a gold headed cane, as a small token of appreciation of his services.

Unfortunately, some of the books and records of the Association are missing, and it is not possible to give an account of the very many persons, who from time to time have nobly assisted, through bright and dark days, to keep the work alive.

About four years ago matters looked very blue and the building was about to be sold. But there were generous-hearted people in Charlottetown, and these took up the mortgage for three thousand dollars held on the building,

and, assisted by the Maritime Association, the institution has been saved for the young men of our community.

In less than one year and a half—January the 1st 1906—the fiftieth anniversary of the Y. M. C. A. of Charlottetown, shall have been celebrated. Is it not possible, by that time, for the people of this Island to present the building—free of debt—to the young men of the Province.

One gentleman has promised to give one hundred dollars with this end in view. If fifteen others will also subscribe one hundred dollars each, and fifteen hundred people will give one dollar each, the grand result will be accomplished. No one will appreciate such an act of benevolence more than the Board of Directors, who have worked faithfully together for the lads and men of P. E. Island.

To the Ladies' Auxiliary, the Board of Directors (and the members of the Association in general) are deeply grateful for support, financial and social. It may truly be said that without The Ladies' Auxiliary the institution could not have been relieved from its embarrassments.

Though the earnest and active



Bible Class.

[Photo by Cook.]

efforts of Mr. A. W. Robb, ex Secretary, the physical, the spiritual and the membership departments of the institution, were well provided for, and became strong forces in the Institution.

The photographed groups which illustrate this article speak of the advance in this direction, much more forcibly than can any words of the writer.

Church union seems to be in the air. Has the great influence the Y. M. C. Associations throughout the world have exerted in bringing together different denominations never

dawned upon the reader's mind? They have brought together upon one common Evangelistic platform all over the civilized world all classes of business men, railway officials, and professors of universities, who all realize the educational, physical, moral, and spiritual influence of Young Men's Christian Associations. These men contribute largely to the general work, and claim that the money and time given are well invested.



**Mr. Herbert Moule,
Secretary.**

Worthy of note is the direction of the Y. M. C. A. One of our own young men



Board of Directors, Charlotte Y. M. C. A.

From left to right—upper row: A. G. Putnam, J. A. Messervey, Isaac Carter, J. T. McKenzie, J. A. Webster, G. F. Hutcheson, E. T. Higgs, Dr. J. H. Avers, W. B. Robertson. In centre: W. S. Lounson (President). Lower row: W. A. Hawley, J. D. Seaman, A. W. Robb, (former Secretary), H. H. Hamilton (Assistant Secretary), A. C. Dychemin, W. C. Turner, J. K. Ross.



Boys Gymnasium Group, 1903-04—See key page 226.

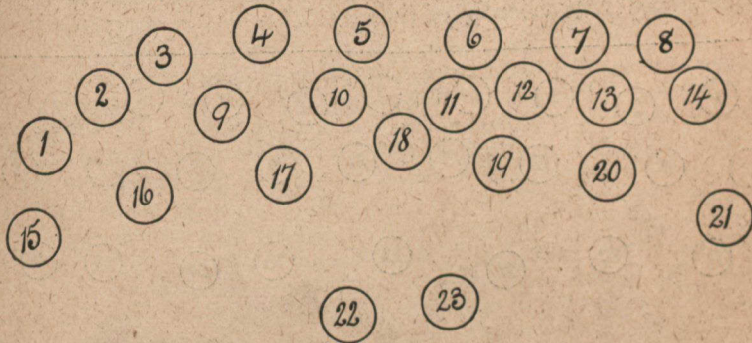


Students Gymnasium Group, 1903-04.

[Photo by Gauvin & Gentzel

has decided to leave, with several of last year for the corresponding other young men, for India, to carry on the work there. This shows the world that the association movement is reaching out to other lands, and anxious to help all sorts and conditions of men. We would like to be able to help Mr. Irving in some

period. With the renewal of the present membership tickets, and the generous donations towards the sustaining fund, made by the citizens, the Board of Directors fully expect to present their report to the public, without showing any deficit by the



KEY TO STUDENTS CLASS, 1903-04.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 J. S. Lodge, | 12 T. E. Murchison, |
| 2 J. M. McLeod, | 13 C. McIntyre, |
| 3 L. Clark, | 14 Wm. Scott, |
| 4 P. W. Turner, | 15 G. Brown, |
| 5 J. W. Bears, | 16 W. Matheson, |
| 6 A. H. Machon, | 17 A. W. Robb, P. D. |
| 7 W. F. Bowlen. | 18 W. S. Louson, Pres. |
| 8 R. C. Clements, | 19 E. E. Jordan, Asst. P. D. |
| 9 M. Matheson, | 20 J. T. Bostain, |
| 10 G. Ross, | 21 F. W. Balderston, |
| 11 R. B. Stewart, | 22 L. Crosby, |
| | 23 H. Gordon, |

tangible way for his noble self-sacrificing effort, for there is a blessing, from such effort, to any association.

The work in our own City is encouraging. The directors have sailed "close to the wind" in order to keep down expences, and the collections and subscriptions are much ahead

end of this year. Among the many improvements effected during the past two or three years, may be mentioned the establishment of the very popular lending library in connection with the institution. Members show their appreciation of this innovation by an eager

patronage, and there is no doubt but that the books furnish their readers with much recreation and valuable instruction.

The present secretary is Mr. Herbert Houle, who succeeds Mr. A. W. Robb. He enters upon his work with the generally expressed sympathy of the community at large, and it is to be hoped that friends of the

institution will not be backward in their efforts to assist the good work now being done by all who are actively identified with the progress of the

Charlottetown Y. M. C. A. It may not be amiss to quote here the following, which to the thinking mind will furnish matter for instructive study:—



Y. M. C. A. GYM. CLASS, 1903-04

1. R. Boundy,
- 2 W. W. Pierce,
- 3 W. Brown,
- 4 J. S. McLeod,
- 5 F. Rice,
- 6 J. Bithell,
- 7 R. Lowther,
- 8 E. McInnis,
- 9 F. Coyle,
- 10 W. M. Wilson,
- 11 A. Haszard,
- 12 D. J. Bonnell,
- 13 I. Carter,
- 14 F. Ross,
- 15 G. F. Hutcheson,
- 16 Dr. J. H. Ayers,

- 17 James Towan,
- 18 H. C. Ballem,
- 19 A. G. Putnam.
- 20 Benj. Simpson,
- 21 H. H. Hamilton,
- 22 W. S. Louson, Pres.
- 23 A. W. Robb, P. D.
- 24 A. S. McLeod,
- 25 W. A. Hawley,
- 26 W. McCaldar,
- 27 G. L. Prowse,
- 28 W. Phillips,
- 29 C. W. McNevin,
- 30 Josiah McLeod,
- 31 W. Halpenny, (Champion pole vaulter of Maritime Provinces.)

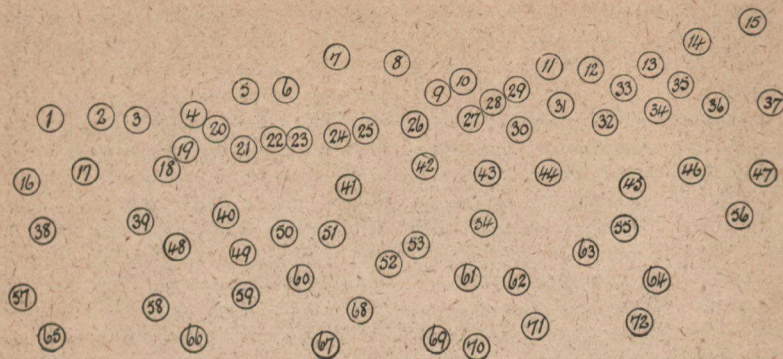
"The Year Book of the Young Men's Christian Associations, which was issued on August 10th, shewed an increase in most of its figures.

There is an increase in four years of 118,030 members and 374 associations. The active membership of the association remains about the same. The chief growth has been through employed boys and men not affiliated with churches. The number of men giving volunteer service on committees and as directors is 47,787. A notable increase has been made in the amount of property owned, so that now 475 associations own buildings and other property worth nearly \$30,000,000, an increase of about \$2,000,000 in the past year. A new building has been opened every five days. There is over \$2,000,000 pledged for new buildings and 120 such enterprises are on foot. The current expenses amount to nearly \$4,000,000 a year, or nearly double those of ten years ago. The number of men employed as general secretaries, physical directors, educational directors, religious work directors and boys' work directors have increased from 1,729 to 1,893, while there are nearly 200 such positions seeking properly qualified officers, the two association training schools being unable to supply the demand. The associations have over 500 gymnasiums with nearly 130,000 men and boys, constituting the largest athletic organization in the world. The number of men in evening educational classes was 32,821—a number larger than that in the eight largest universities. The number of men and boys in Bible-classes has been 56,301, an increase of about 10,000 over the previous year, while the shop meetings held chiefly at noon for skilled workingmen, number 5,096. The daily attendance at association buildings rose to over 120,000. The Railway Associations numbering 197, have 69,426 members, having more than doubled in membership in five years. The religious meetings report a

total attendance of over 4,000,000 men and boys last year. In many of the large cities a theatre is secured during the season and crowded each Sunday afternoon with men. There are now 578 associations doing special work for boys, a special increase being made in the department for working boys. The colored men's department has opened a building in a mining town in Iowa, backed by a mining company, and has associations in colleges and towns. Mill towns in the South, new lumber towns and other manufacturing centres have shown notable development in industrial associations. The North American Associations have expended \$887,000 for the past year for extending the organization in foreign lands and this year have entered Havana. The college associations, numbering over 700, have 45,000 members and this year had 1,691 men in their summer conferences from 401 institutions. Associations are being extended into the country towns under the direction of a county secretary, and there are now 23 county associations."

Reports of the past year's work, and a printed prospectus for the ensuing year, will shortly be issued by the Y. M. C. A. to the public. We have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Herbert Moule, of London Ontario, as our General Secretary, and on behalf of the Association I would ask all to assist Mr. Moule in any way possible - his duties as Secretary and Physical Instructor are many and exacting.

One word more. Ever since associating myself with the Y. M. C. A. of Charlottetown, I have found the Board of Directors self-depending, pains-taking, hard-working, Christian



JUNIOR CLASS, 1903 - 1904

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 George Toombs, | 38 Arthur Dufort, |
| 2 Keith Rogers, | 39 Arthur Warburton, |
| 3 Frank Walker, | 40 Roy Fitzgerald. |
| 4 Jack Haszard, | 41 H. H. Hamilton, Boy's Sec. |
| 5 Edison Sterns, | 42 W. S. Louson, Pres. |
| 6 Spurgeon McKenzie, | 43 A. W. Robb, P. D. |
| 7 Chester Pratt, | 44 A. G. Putman, Ch'man Boy's Work |
| 8 Gordon Robertson, | Committee. |
| 9 Horace Jury, | 45 Cyril Hughes, |
| 10 Russell Jury, | 46 Willie Gordon, |
| 11 Jack McNair, | 47 Willie McFarlane, |
| 12 Cuyler McKenzie, | 48 Rupert Seaman, |
| 13 Fred Nash, | 49 Walter Beer, |
| 14 Harold Robertson, | 50 Clyde Auld, |
| 15 Alfred Seaman, | 51 Roland McMillan, |
| 16 Carl Milford, | 52 Herbert Davison, |
| 17 Wendell McKenzie, | 53 Ed. Nicholson, |
| 18 Russell Sterns, | 54 Hector McMillan, |
| 19 Weston Lowe, | 55 Tobie McQuaid, |
| 20 Leith Coombs, | 56 Ashley Craswell, |
| 21 Frank Allan., | 57 Percy Younker, |
| 22 Ernest Welch, | 58 Walter Lantz, |
| 23 Lewis Wright, | 59 Gibson Taylor, |
| 24 George McLeod, | 60 Charlie Toombs, |
| 25 Sydney Miller, | 61 Heber Seller, |
| 26 George Prowse, | 62 James Gillis, |
| 27 George Stanway. | 63 R. McLaughlin, |
| 28 Harold Palmer, | 64 Cedric Balderston, |
| 29 Roy Hughes, | 65 Harold Collings, |
| 30 Percy Peardon, | 66 Eric Dennis, |
| 31 Rankin McLean. | 67 Lloyd Wellner, |
| 32 Casley McMillan, | 68 Thornton Stearns, |
| 33 Edgar Allan, | 69 Eric Warburton, |
| 34 Douglas Sutherland, | 70 Hammond Johnson, |
| 35 Wm. Dewar, | 71 John McLeod, |
| 36 Ken Finalyson, | 72 Harry Smith, |
| 37 Harold Stanley, | |



Gymnasium Group, 1903-04.

gentlemen. All the time which they have given to govern the Association has been snatched from very busy lives, and counts far more in the way of example than their liberal subscriptions to the general work.

In a month or thereabouts, the Annual Meeting will be held when reports shall be submitted and officers elected. I bespeak for the Association and its officers the Christian support and sympathy both of the



Y. M. C. A. Building. Charlottetown.

citizens of Charlottetown and the people of your beautiful little Province of the sea.

A portrait of Mr. J. T. McKenzie, a former President, and still a Director of the institution is given on this page. Another ex-President, who also is on the present Board of Directors, is Mr. J. D. Seaman, a portrait and sketch of whom is

given on page 235. Lack of space prevents mention of many other sincere friends of the institution.



J. T. McKENZIE, President 1902-03.

The Educational Outlook

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

MANAGING EDITOR : George J. McCormac, F. G. S. A., I. P. S.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS : James Landrigan ; P. M. Grant ; J. A. Ready, B. A. ; W. V. Newson, B. A., M. Sc. ; J. E. Gillis ; S. T. Peters ; B. L. Cahill, Henry B. McLean ; P. F. Hughes.

Articles, books for review, and all communications for the Editors should be addressed to the Editor of THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK, Box 106, Charlottetown.

Subscriptions from teachers, and all business communications should be sent to James Landrigan, Secretary-Treasurer of the Teachers' Association of P. E. I., Charlottetown.

EDITORIAL.

The Halifax School for the Blind.

PERHAPS no institution in the Maritime Provinces of Canada is more worthy of our appreciation and support than the Halifax School for the Blind. Yet this institution has not, in the past, received from the government and people of this province, the support and encouragement which it deserves. Twenty-one years ago the Legislature of Nova Scotia adopted an act making education free to the blind children of that province, and ten years later New Brunswick passed a similar act ; but P. E. Island, although it boasts of a free Education Act, has not, as yet, made education free to the blind of our province. Why should not the blind of this province be placed on the same footing as those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick ? We trust

that the time is not far distant when our Legislature will awake to a sense of its duty in this particular, and provide free education for our blind. It seems niggardly as well as unfair to have the neighboring provinces pay half the tuition fees for every child from this province who attends the School for the Blind.

Book Review Department.

KNOWING that every wide-awake teacher is interested in new books issued from time to time, we have decided to open a Book Review Department in which we shall give each month short reviews of the latest published books in which members of the teaching profession would most likely be interested. "A reading teacher soon becomes a thinking teacher, and a

thinking teacher soon becomes a great teacher."



The Teachers' Association of P. E. I.

AT the urgent request of a number of our teachers, the date for the holding of the next annual convention of this Association has been postponed from July 11th and 12th to September 28th, 29th and 30th. Programme and full particulars will be given in our next issue.



The Reward of Industry.

THE late Philip D. Armour, who died one of the wealthiest men in America, was asked a few years before his death why he thought his life had been successful. He replied:

"I have never cared for more than enough money to give me and my family a comfortable living. I have had to have a great deal of money, because my business interests needed it. Money never made me successful—work did. From the time I was a boy on the old Stockbridge farm to the present hour, I have always worked, worked hard, and not suffered from it. I would not advise any young person to make the getting of money his sole ambition in life, but I think the world

would be better if every person in it would work and work hard. Idleness of any kind does not pay."

John J. Sloan, Superintendent of the House of Correction of Chicago, for the last seven years, says:

"Of the more than a thousand prisoners that I care for every month, not one in fifty understands how to work, and I should add not one in fifty wishes to work. If boys and men could be inspired to work, Houses of Correction would soon go out of existence."

From these two men of modern times, we can turn back to Lord Beacon, of old English days, who wrote:

"An active mind and an active body, usefully employed, will never suffer from mischief."

The world is moving on. Times are changing. Events are transpiring which at the same time are carving out work for the boys of to-day. China, Japan, Siberia, South America, Africa, and our own great North-West are opening golden opportunities for the to-morrow of the boy who is willing to work, and in working, to think. John Ruskin, writes: "Hard work and clean work produces the world's greatest heroes." Let every boy who reads this strive to be a hard and a clean worker.

Editorial Chat.

AN earnest effort should be made to get pupils to read understandingly at as early an age as possible.

Have as few classes as possible, if you are teaching in an ungraded school.

Never at any time give a pupil information without expecting him to give it back at some future time.

The true teacher makes study a pleasure, but never a punishment.

Write every morning, in a conspicuous place on the blackboard, a memory gem or motto.

An hour every Friday afternoon could be very profitably employed in considering current events.

Have a place for everything and have everything in its place.

"Those who school others," says Shakespeare, "oft should school themselves." How many books treating on your profession do you read every year?

Have the school well ventilated. Impure air enervates both teachers and pupils, and sows the seed of disease.

Keep your school-grounds neat and clean.

Do not discourage your pupils by

expecting too much from them.

Individual recitation is the safeguard to thoroughness.

Unless a teacher has self-respect he cannot command the respect of his pupils.

For the school to do the best work it must be held in high esteem, the attendance must be regular, and hearty co-operation be accorded the teacher.

Have you a professional library?

Good discipline is impossible with children unemployed. Be sure to keep the lower classes busy.

Sheridan was successful as a general because he used to say, "come, boys," not "go, boys"; and so it should be with the teacher in the school.

Children should be told as little as possible and induced to discover as much as possible.

You may gain knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

Never step over one duty to perform another. Take them as they come.

Many children if they learn good manners at all must learn it in the school, so endeavor to make the school the centre of politeness.

Endeavor to cultivate the pupils' power of observation. Teach him to see and think for himself.

Do not waste time trying to explain to pupils what is entirely beyond their comprehension.

Teachers should remember that all severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil is useless.

"Whoever goes wrong himself leads an army astray." Teachers, ponder over this; your influence with your pupils is great.

The teacher whose aim in life is simply to earn a living, with little or no pride in his work and no care for the welfare of his pupils, has a great responsibility to account for.

The supreme test of school training

In teaching distinguish carefully between the means and the end.

There must be a deep sympathy between the teacher and the pupil. A lack of sympathy is fatal in all subjects which are human in their tendencies—as literature and history.

Teach things, not mere words.

Do you have your pupils "speak pieces" in your school? If you do, see that they learn something that is worth learning and recite it in such a manner that it will be worth listening to. Do not permit them to commit to memory poetry that is mere doggerel or prose that does not mean anything.

Do to-day's work to-day.



Book Reviews.

Britain and the Empire by J. Harold Putman, B. A. Headmaster Provincial Model School, Ottawa, 398 pages, price 60 cents. Morang & Co Ltd, Publishers, Toronto, Canada.

This is an elementary text-book of English History, treated from the Imperial standpoint, special stress being laid on the building of the Empire. The book is written in a very interesting style. It is not, like many historical text-books, a succession of names and dates, but touches upon those events which are of primary importance and especially upon those which could be investigated with some degree of interest. In treating the subject, the biographical method has been adopted, the events being grouped about the great men. The illustrations have been well chosen and should prove of much interest and assistance to the student.

The Human Body, by H. Newell Martin, D. Sc., M. A., F. R. S., 261 pages, W. J. Gage & Co. Ltd. Publishers, Toronto, Canada. This is a beginners text-book of Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene with directions for illustrating important facts of man's anatomy from that of the lower animals, and with special reference to the effects of alcoholic and other stimulants and of narcotics. The subject is presented in an interesting manner, and so simply that children can easily understand it. It is essentially a school-book of personal hygiene, and expresses those facts concerning the structure and action of the human body which it is desirable for practical purposes, that every one should know. Particular attention is given to the action on the body of the more commonly abused stimulants and narcotics, especially alcohol.



Lucky Ted

THAT was the nickname they called him by—
The boys of his school—and this was why :
He was bound to win from the start, they said ;
It was always the way with lucky Ted !

The earliest flowers in his garden grew ;
The sums on his slate came soonest true ;
He could sail a boat, or throw a ball,
Or guess a riddle, the best of all.

You wondered what could his secret be,
But watch him awhile and you would see.
He thought it out till the thing was plain,
And then went at it with might and main.

Trusting but little to chance or guess,
He learned the letters that spell Success.
A ready hand and a thoughtful head—
So much for the "luck" of Lucky Ted !

—*Youth's Companion*

Twenty-five Composition Subjects

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. The ideal school-house. | 14. The best book I ever read. |
| 2. My favourite study. | 15. The picnic. |
| 3. My favourite hero in history. | 16. The old homestead. |
| 4. Famous women of history. | 17. Our school. |
| 5. Progress of civilization. | 18. What I saw in the Arctic Ocean. |
| 6. Building a house. | 19. The wonders of Australia. |
| 7. How to make home happy. | 20. Sunset. |
| 8. A day in the kitchen. | 21. The ship of the desert. |
| 9. What makes a lady? | 22. Modern inventions. |
| 10. My friends. | 23. My favourite poem. |
| 11. The great West. | 24. New Year's Day, past and present. |
| 12. Influence of money. | 25. The Spanish Armada. |
| 13. The holidays. | |



Boys Wanted.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will,
 Boys of muscle, brain and power
 Fit to cope with anything,
 These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
 Who all troubles magnify ;
 Not the watchword of "I can't,"
 But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
 With a true and earnest zeal ;
 Bend your sinews to the task,
 "Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
 Look not on it as an ill ;
 If it be an honest task,
 Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
 At the desk, where'er you be,
 From your future efforts, boys,
 Comes a nation's destiny.

Thomas Mole, Pedagogue.

MR. Thomas Mole was one of those exceedingly clever men who cannot make both ends meet—a dark, spectacled gentleman apparently living in an ocean of bile, and who, as a teacher, forced the old Greeks and Romans down the throats of youth much more eager for dinner than the classics. Everything about him was dingy and melancholy, from his ninety-year-old father, slowly dying in the attic, down to the grimy general servant struggling for existence in the kitchen. The only oasis in the Sahara of the Moles was Lucretia, the eldest of their six daughters. To this eminently practical girl, her father appeared to be a dreamer on a slow but sure journey to the poor-house, while his wife looked upon him as a man possessing real ability and an imaginary income. His children, in general, regarded him as a man of mystery woefully deficient in small change. The world in which the Master of Arts lived was surrounded by creditors who merely knew him as a debtor having to be perpetually carried forward in their books.

Lucretia was one day talking to her father. She said: "I have been thinking about our position; and it seems to me that unless something is done at once we shall starve. There are six of us girls, and not one earning a cent. I have had an offer of marriage from the baker, Yes, papa, our baker. Of course, he's not a literary man, but he has a good business. If I marry, you will lose a daughter and a creditor, and I think it would be a good thing if my five sisters could marry grocers or butchers; or mechanics of some kind, not out on strike of course. You see, papa, if your family is connected with trade, you and mamma will be proof against starvation. No ordinary butcher

will sue his father-in-law. We have never been overfed, but we have been overeducated, and I for one, will never marry anyone connected with either education or literature. If I marry Mr. Harris, I can if I choose, read Plato by a good warm stove, but if I married some one like you, pa, I should perhaps see my husband either shovelling snow or trying to sell tea to a credulous public. What do you say, papa?"

"There is some truth in what you advance, Lucretia Socrates."

"Bother him and all his tribes! You know that those old Greeks would be arrested in these days as vagrants. Fancy poor old Socrates stopping people on the street and asking their opinions on Prohibition in Charlottetown or the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Scheme! Mamma is quite agreeable for me to marry the baker, for it means unlimited breakfast rolls and shortcake. Look at poor, old grandpa! He may die any day, and how are we to bury him?"

"That has bothered me a good deal," said her father, "It would not be a bad idea if Lucilla were to become engaged to an undertaker, and we could perhaps bury the poor, old man on credit. We want some coal badly, too." "That will be all right," replied Lucretia. "Jennie has been introduced to young Hart, the new coal merchant at Water Street."

* * * * *

Lucretia was married to the baker, and a great deal of the family gloom was dispersed. Three of her sisters also married within a short time—one gave her hand to the undertaker, and the other two both married butchers. The old grandfather died, and the teachers household included his wife, and two unmarried daughters, one of

whom soon afterwards married a wholesale grocer. Mr. Mole, M. A. seemed to get brighter, and in discussing the change for the better, which had taken place, remarked to his wife :

"You see, dear, this is all owing to Lucretia's practical mind. My father would have been wiser had he made me a shoemaker or a blacksmith. Look at the years I have spent in trying to lead the youth of this town around the moss-covered Parthenon, getting for my labors but little money and less thanks. The honest bricklayer, when not on strike or short of tobacco, has little to worry him. We are now connected with the baking, meat, grocery, and undertaking industries, and although I am no politician, I appreciate a free breakfast table. One unmarried daughter remains, and as she will shortly wed a coal merchant, our kindling and anthracite are sure. "You see my dear," he continued, "with what headlong strides we were hastening to the poor-house when pulled up by Lucretia. This is a practical age, Alice. The ancients seemed to have satisfied their hunger with dialogues, but such airy nutriment as that is not suited to this part of the globe. We cannot live as did Diogenes, in a tub, for the simple reason that it would be too much inflammable, and the taxes would exceed its value. I was speaking to an ex-literary man who subsists by selling clothes - pins, and while he can talk about the Roman fathers as though they were his relatives, he has not the remotest knowledge of a modern who could give him a job. He will probably—poor man—end his days in the poor-house instead of dying

as a painter or barber in affluence. That poor fellow selling shoe-laces, I find, was a 'double first' at Oxford, and yet he has to pay cash for his goods. Then remember, dear, the old philosophers all lived in warm climates, where clothing was superfluous, and the jail system incomplete. They could talk by the hour in their shirt sleeves, and help themselves to their neighbor's fruit without consent. But Pythagoras and Aristotle would cut sorry figures in this country, shovelling snow with old and parti-colored mitts, and no amount of eloquence on the part of Demosthenes would move one of our coal dealers. Our daughters have done well in in connecting themselves with commerce. If I had six more daughters, they should all marry tradesmen or mechanics." "Certainly!" answered the wife of the Master of Arts. "I could have cried yesterday, when I bought some combs from a Harvard University man. Of course I could tell from his ragged appearance that he was a scholar; he told me there was little money in combs, and, as he was not tall enough to be a policeman, was too afraid in the dark to work for the electric light company, knew too much about medicine to be made a coroner, and was much too bilious to teach school, unless he could sell the combs he had by four o'clock, he should kill himself. I bought twenty-six combs of him, and he was here again this morning with more."

"Sad, my dear; very sad," said her husband. "Listen to this little poem of mine, beginning—

'All I have, I owe to trade.' "

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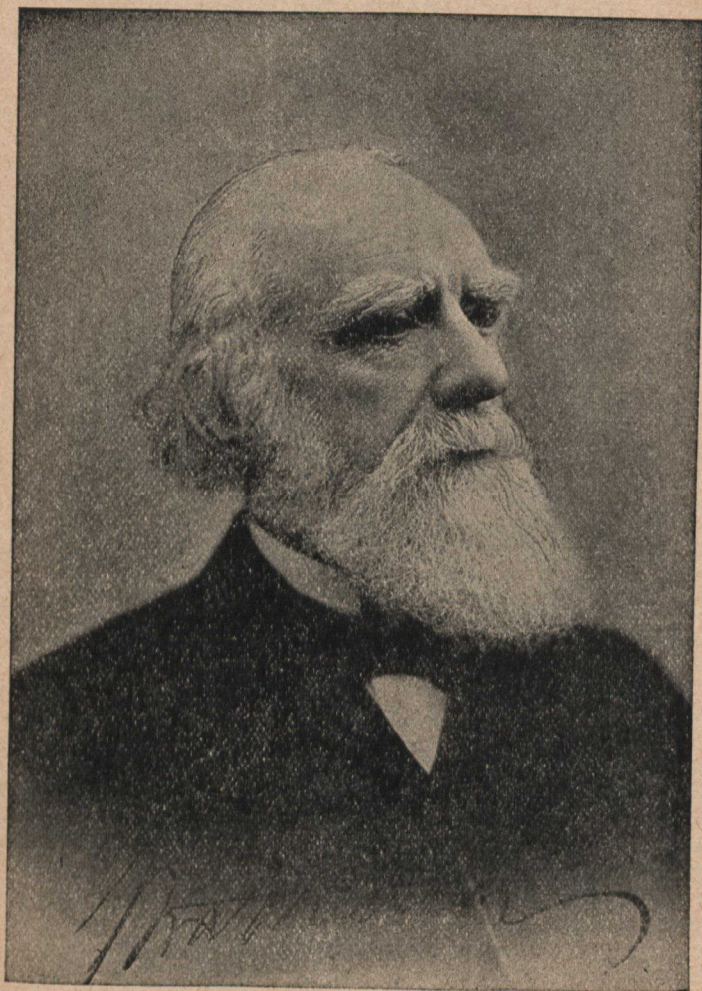




J. D. Seaman, Esq.

J. D. Seaman received his early education in a common rural school. Under the tutorship of Mr. Lawson he secured a 3rd class teacher's licence from the Provincial Normal School, and as a result of private study he shortly advanced to 2nd class and afterwards to 1st class. Mr. Seaman has conducted schools of all classes, and has for some years past been Principal of Prince Street School, Charlottetown. He has always taken a leading part in our educational organizations, having been the first Secretary of the Charlottetown Teachers' Association and afterwards its President. He was Secretary of the Summer School of Science for eleven years, and at the last session was elected its President.

Mr. Seaman's ability and popularity as a teacher, as well as the tact and executive ability he always displays in conducting institutes, conventions, summer schools and other gatherings of teachers are admired by those who at all keep in touch with educational affairs in the Island Province.



The Rt. Hon. Baron Strathcona.

Canada's Grand Old Man

THE Right Honorable Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, High Commissioner for Canada in London, is the son of the late Alexander Smith of Archiestan, Morayshire, Scotland, was born there in 1820 and received his education at a local school. In 1838 he entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company. He spent thirteen years of his life on the Labrador coast and was afterwards stationed in the great North West, with whose after history and development he had much to do.

Promoted step by step through various positions, he became at length a Chief Factor. Subsequently, he was named Resident Governor and Chief Commissioner in Canada, a position he still holds.

As a public man he first came into prominence in connection with the insurrection at the Red River settlement in 1869, being in December of that year appointed a Special Commissioner of the Dominion Government to enquire into the circumstances thereof. He manifested great tact, prudence and ability in the discharge of the duties of his mission, and for his services received the thanks of the Governor General in Council. In the following year after the organization of the Province of Manitoba, he was returned to the legislature for Winnipeg and St. John. He was also called to the North West Territorial Council, and was returned for Selkirk to the House of Commons. In 1874 he resigned his seat in the Legislature, but remained a representative of the Province at Ottawa up to 1880, when he suffered defeat at a bye-election. Mr. Smith re-entered the political arena at the general election, 1887, being then returned to the House of Commons for Montreal West by a majority of 1450. He was re-elected at the general elec-

tion 1891 by a majority of 3706. In March, 1896, during the last days of the Bowell administration he served as a delegate to the Manitoba Government along with Messrs Dickey and Desjardines, in reference to the School question. In April of the same year he retired altogether from political life in Canada, being then appointed to represent the Dominion in London, as High Commissioner. He was at the same time sworn a Queen's Privy Councillor of Canada. He was a Commissioner to the Pacific Cable Conference in London, November 1896, and also attended the sittings of the Commercial Congress, held there in 1892 and 1896. At the outset of his public career he was a supporter of Sir John McDonald, but went over to the Liberals at the time of the Pacific Scandal, 1873. After Sir John McDonald's return to power, 1878, he gave him an independent support, principally in connection with his fiscal and railway policy. Although a Free Trader in England and a Protectionist in Canada he has always sought to free himself from mere partyism. During the existence of the Imperial Federation League he served as Vice-President of that organization for Quebec. He is now President of the British Empire League. His Lordship's name is indissolubly associated with the history of railway development in Canada; and Sir Charles Tupper has placed on record his opinion that "the Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the Government did to support that undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck and energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect of Sir Donald Smith" Mr. J. J. Smith the great railway promoter, has also said that the one person to whose efforts an

to whose confidence in the growth of our country our success in early railway development is due is Sir D. A. Smith." In acknowledgement of his services in this regard Her Majesty Queen Victoria was pleased, in 1886, to create Mr. Smith a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George; ten years later he was advanced to a Knight Grand Cross in the same Order, and in 1897, on the completion of the sixtieth year of Her reign, Queen Victoria bestowed a further mark of favor upon him by raising him to the Peerage as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, of Glencoe, in County of Argyll, and of Montreal in the Province of Quebec and Dominion of Canada. He took the oath of office and his seat in the House of Lords Feb. 11th 1898. One of the largest shareholders in the Bank of Montreal, Lord Strathcona became Vice-President in 1882 and President in 1887. He was early chosen a governor of the Fraser Institute and of McGill University, and was elected Chancellor of the last named institution in 1889. Of the bodies with which he remains connected may be mentioned the Trafalgar Institute of which he is a Trustee, the Sailor's Institute, and the Highland Society, for which he is a director; the Royal Collegiate Institute of which he is a member of the Council; the local branch of the St. John Ambulance Assoc.; the Montreal Natural History Society, and the British Association for the advance of Science, of all of which he is a Vice-President; the Dominion Sanitarium Assoc. of which he was a founder and is now President; and the Player's Club, the Christopher Columbus Assoc. the Canadian Natural League and the Canadian Banker's Association of which he is an Honorary President. Of industrial, commercial, railway and other similar undertakings with which he has or has had to do, they are almost without number. In December 1897 he was elected Chief of the Camanachd Club, of

Grantown-on-Spey, Morayshire, and at the same time he accepted the presidency of the London Art Club for 1898. His Lordship has been a most generous patron of art. Together with Lord Mount Stephen, he endowed a Canadian Scholarship in the Royal College of Music, London, and subsequently endowed a second scholarship on his own account. He paid \$45,000 for Brenton's painting "The First Communion," the highest price ever paid for a modern picture sold at auction. He has in his collection examples of Raphael, Titian, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Millais, Rosa Bonheur, Constable, Constant, Alma Tadema &c. Apart from other considerations Lord Strathcona will always be gratefully remembered in Canada for his unostentatious private charities for the relief of the distressed, and his princely munificence in other respects. In 1887 he with Lord Mount Stephen, gave a million dollars for the building and endowment of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, which sum was supplemented in 1896 with a further donation of \$800,000 for maintenance. To the McGill University he at different times given large sums of money. To the Trafalgar Institute he gave \$30,000. In 1896 he added to his benefactions by erecting and endowing in Montreal an institution to be known as the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women. In 1895 he purchased the Highland estate of Glencoe for a private residence. He received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the University of Cambridge, 1887, and the same from Yale in 1898.

During the late war between Britain and the South African Boers, Lord Strathcona fitted out at his own expense the famous body of mounted troops known as the Strathcona Horse. No greater example of practical patriotism has ever been shown by a citizen of any nation. Here in little P. E. Island, we have an example of his patriotic

generosity. In 1901 he donated a flag to every school in the Eastern Inspectorate where now, the second Tuesday in June, the regular Flag Day of the year is celebrated as "Strathcona Day" in honor of the donor. Lord Strathcona is acknowledged by all as the most eminent personage that Canada can boast of. He is a man of untiring industry and dauntless enterprize, a statesman of known ability and experience. As a leading periodical says, "From Ocean to Ocean Canadians marvel at his abilities, take pride in his successes and feel the glow of gratitude at his benefactions."



The Lass o' Coshogle

COSHOGLE on the hill sits bonnie,
 And a bonnie burn rins by ;
 But the bonniest thing at Coshogle Mains
 Is the lass that milks the kye.

The mavis haunts Coshogle wuds
 In simmer when they're green,
 And sweetly sings he on the braes
 As I gae by at e'en ;
 But ne'er a bird wad tempt my fit
 That weary hill to try
 Gin it didna lead to the bonnie lass
 That milks Coshogle's kye.

Week oot, week in ; by mune or mirk,
 Whene'er my darg is dune,
 I bask mysel' as weel's I dow
 In Sunday sark and shoon ;
 And up the lang and lonesome glen
 Richt joyfully I hie
 To haud my tryst wi' the bonnie lass
 That milks Coshogle's kye.

And aiblins at the yett we'll meet,
 And aiblains doon the brae ;
 But gin I've spier'd her for her health
 It's little else I say ;
 For though I'm gleg eneuch at times,
 A muckle coof am I
 When I look i' the e'en o' the bonnie lass
 That milks Coshogle's kye.

Syne i' the bien and heartsome byre
 Wi' lauchin' lip and e'e
 Upturn'd frae crummie's gancy flank
 She fairly dauntons me :
 But just afore I leave for hame
 She puts her daffin' by,
 And kisses me richt afore my face,
 And a' Coshogle's kye.

Then doon the hill I rin in speed
 As canty as a king ;
 And though the lown and listenin' nicht
 Gar a' the echoes ring :
 Or mim and still as ony lord
 I haud my heid fu' high,
 And vow that never anither nicht
 She'll milk Coshogle's kye.

She's no nineteen till Martinmas,
 And I'm but twenty-three ;
 But we're auld eneuch to hae some wit,
 Although sae young we be ;
 And we've made a paction 'tween us two
 To pit the siller by
 That the road may be redd for anither lass
 To milk Coshogle's kye.

—Robert Reid.

For the above song, Mr. Reid, who is a citizen of Montreal, was awarded the Kinnear wreath, a prize offered through the North American United Caledonian Society by Mr. Peter Kinnear, of Albany, N. Y., for the best Scottish poem or song.



Extracts For Dictation.

THE brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions, cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

II. For general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclinations prompt him to; though, to be sure if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a strange impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but half to be employed in what we read. If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may perhaps not feel again the inclination.

III. When Dr. Johnson asked the Widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he had no money,

and his uncle had been hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself; and that, though she had no relations hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

IV. Let not the grandeur of any man's station render him proud and wilful; but let him remember, when he is surrounded with a crowd of suppliants, that death shall level him with the meanest of mankind.

V. A sure friend is best known in an adverse state. We know not whom to trust till after trial. There are some that will keep us company while it is clear and fair, who will be gone when the clouds gather. That is the only friendship which is stronger than death; and those the friends whose fortunes are embarked in the same bottom, who are resolved to sink or swim together.

VI. As an agriculturist, he that can produce the best crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense; so in society he is not the most valuable member who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomitant ill.



Good Manners.

CCOURTESY, politeness or good manners means kindly and thoughtful consideration for others. A celebrated writer has said that a boy who is courteous and pure is an honour to his country. Brave and noble men and women are always courteous. Three of the bravest and greatest men who ever lived, the Duke of Wellington, General Gordon and General Washington were distinguished for their courteous behaviour.

Courteous boys and girls will always be careful to observe the following rules.

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

At Home. Help your parents as much as you can, and do your best to please them. Be kind to your brothers and sisters. Do not be selfish, but share all your good things.

At School Be respectful to your teachers, and help them as much as you can; their work is very difficult and trying. Observe the School rules. Do not copy as this is *cheating*. Do not cut the desks, or write in the reading books, etc. Never let another

be punished in mistake for yourself; this is cowardly and mean.

At Play Do not cheat at games. Do not bully; only cowards do this. Be pleasant and not quarrelsome. Do not jeer at your schoolmates, or call them names which they do not like.

In the Street Salute your clergy, teachers and acquaintances when you meet them; they will salute you in return. Do not push or run against people. Do not chalk on doors, walls or gates. Do not throw stones or destroy property. Do not annoy storekeepers by loitering at their doors or windows. Do not make fun of old or crippled people, but be particularly polite to them, as well as to foreigners and strangers.

At Table Always wash your hands and face before coming to table. Do not put your knife to your mouth. Look after other people, do not help yourself only. Do not be greedy. Do not speak or drink with food in your mouth. Turn your head away from the table and put your hand before your mouth when you sneeze or cough. Do not sit with your elbows on the table.

Everywhere Never be rude to anybody whether older or younger, richer or poorer than yourself. Re-

member to say "please" and "thank you"; "yes, sir" or "yes ma'am"; "no, sir" or "no ma'am." Before entering a room it is often courteous to knock at the door; do not forget to close the door quietly after you. Always show attention to older people and strangers by opening the door for them, bringing what they may require (hat, chair, etc.) giving up your seat them if necessary, and in every possible way saving them trouble. Never interrupt when a person is speaking. Always mind your own business. Be

punctual. Be tidy.

Remember

All these rules, respecting your conduct towards others are included in the one *Golden Rule* "Always do to others as you would wish them to do to you if you were in their place." Whenever, therefore, you are in doubt as to how you should act towards others ask yourself the question: "How should I like them to act towards me if I were in their place?" and then do what your conscience tells you is right.



School Humor.

Advice from Headquarters:

A New Brunswick teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:—"Dear Madam: Georgy says he dident pas in geerography. What was the matir? I tole you to bete learnin intu him fer he wouldn't git it no othir way. Nex' yere pleze bete him plum ful uf geerography so's he'll no where he's living at. Yures, Mrs. Biggs.

Historical Accuracy.

Teacher—"Where was the declaration of independence signed?"

Tommy—"At the bottom, sir."

A Genus Homo, Species Man.

Here is a bright little school girl's composition on men: "Men are what women marry: They drink and smoke and swear and have ever so many

pockets, but they won't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women and always were zoological. Both men and women have sprung from monkeys, but the women certainly sprung further than the men."

A Message From Home:

A school teacher in Kansas recently received this note from the mother of one of her pupils: "Dear Teacher: On last dav skul you jerked my boy by the necke till you busted his suspenders and he had to come hom holdin' his clothes unto hissself with his hands which I don't like it. If he don mind lik him all he needs but don't tare his clothes. We don dress him up fur no foot-ball game. And so no more for the present. Mrs. Kent."

Friends in Need.

A DOUBLE house was recently moved from Powell Street, San Francisco, concerning which an old California settler tells an interesting story. He says that two young men from New York State, who had been to school together, arrived in San Francisco early in the "Fifties." Black went to the mines, and Gray remained in the city, and, with a small sum, fitted out a little store. He prospered, married, had children. Then came a big reverse. He found himself in a tight place, from which nothing but \$15,000 would extricate him. He went among his friends to raise the money, but they had none to give him. And then, as he turned a street corner sharply, he ran into Black's arms. He told him his trouble and gave him all his history during the ten years they had been separated.

"I have the money," said Black, "but \$15,000 just sizes my pile. I am tired of mining, and hoped to settle down here and get into some business, but you can have it, my dear fellow, and I'll take a whack at pick and rocker again." Gray took the money, and Black returned to the mountain. In the course of that year the merchant made a lucky turn and sent the miner his money with ample interest. Then they ceased to correspond, and the last the merchant heard of his

friend was that he was about to marry and move into a new mining district.

Five years afterwards the miner and his family returned to San Francisco. Black was dead broke. Everything had gone wrong with him. His mining speculations had failed, the mines he had discovered petered out, the men he had trusted deceived him, and he had about \$50 remaining of a once ample fortune. He hunted up his friend Gray, who was, of course, delighted to see him. "And I don't see anything for me to do, old man," said the despondent miner, except to get a job shovelling sand, if you can help me to one." "I have just moved into a handsome house on Powell street," said Black, "and I want you to come and dine with me to morrow evening. It is a double house, finished about a week ago."

The miner was on time, with his shabbily dressed wife and little ones.

"You did well sticking to the town," he remarked to his old school-fellow. "Here you are way up as a merchant, living in a fine house, all your own, with a bank account as long as my arm, I suppose."

Before dinner they visited the adjoining house, which was furnished in precisely the same style as the merchant's dwelling. Then they sat down, chatted over old times until the late-

ness of the hour warned the miner and his wife that it was time to return to their lodging house.

"All right, my boy," said Gray, "but just step next door, there is something I wish to show you which I neglected on our first visit." When they entered the hall Black halted, "Here," he said, "that looks like my trunk."

"Nonsense," said Gray, "come up stairs to this bedroom." "Why," said the miner, looking about him, "confound you, you have moved all my traps up here from that lodging house."

"Aye, have I, my friend?" shouted the other, slapping him on the shoulder. "Where should a man keep his

things but in his own house, and what part of the house better than his own bedroom?"

Black was bewildered, and began to have doubts of his friend's sanity, but when his friend thrust a deed of this very house into his hand, and followed with a deed of co-partnership in his business, he broke down and cried like a child.

"And now we are moving this old house, sir, to another quarter," said the narrator of this remarkable tale of gratitude and friendship, "but I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for it."

It was Black himself who told the story, now a most successful merchant.



What Shall Our Boys Do?

WITH the closing of the school year and especially with graduation comes the problem, what shall our boys do? In their valedictory they told us that they "stood on the threshold of life," that "the world was waiting to receive them," but now that they have crossed the threshold and stepped into the world, that world does not seem to be particularly concerned about them, but it becomes a matter of serious concern for them or their parents to know what they are going to do with the life and the world which is theirs.

We want to put in here a word for a business or a trade career in preference to a professional one for the great majority of our boys.

Heretofore it seems to be the universal ambition of all our boys who finish at the high school or college to prepare themselves for one of the professions. Often they have no further notion of the profession they would follow than a certain vague idea that it is a little more respectable than one which demands skill of the

hands or which involves hard work.

But consider for a moment what all this means for people in moderate circumstances, what sacrifice it entails on the part of the parents, what time and labour on the part of the young men themselves. When a boy finishes at the high school, to fit himself for a profession he should have three or four years of an academic course. Three or four more years are required for the study of law or medicine before any return can be had. All this time the old folks save and spare, even denying themselves the very comforts of life to meet his increasing demands. And what return is there in the end? To the great majority very little. It is more than likely during the first years of his professional career he will still have to look to his parents for maintenance. Success comes slowly, if at all, and in the end even this for the greatest number means only the merest competence.

Business, on the other hand, does not require such a preparation, and the returns though small at the beginning, are sure and immediate. There is always demand for skilled labour, but indifferent professional men are a drug in the market. In great manufacturing centres, such as our own New England cities, with the daily demands for scientific skill in its hundred departments, with liberal salaries attached, it is a source of wonder and surprise that so few of

our boys equip themselves with a textile education that would open this avenue of successful business career to them. Perhaps the great obstacle in their way is that our half educated boys are loath to begin at the bottom. They are afraid of hard work, and have a positive abhorrence of overalls and a dinner pail. They would prefer to take a place on the ribbon counter in a dry goods store at six dollars a week for their life long than to put in the few years hard work an apprenticeship demands. But they are foolish. We recall meeting a young man whom we knew in college as one of the brightest and most promising of his class. He was returning from work with his dinner pail, and so begrimed with soot to be unrecognized. His pleasant salutation and cheery smile told who he was, and in answer to our anxious inquiry how he ever came to this condition, he laughingly replied he was learning the foundry business. He owns the foundry now.

The business man has this satisfaction. He is a producer and not a consumer only, and so acquits himself of his duty toward the community. He may not figure in ward politics or cut much of a swath in the the social swim, but for comfort in life and appreciation in the eyes of his fellow-citizens he need yield to no man in the community. When the day is ended his work is done, and he can enjoy the peace and comforts of home, which

is denied to many a man whom the world admires and envies. With rest and contentment that follow labour comes that immense satisfaction of producing something. Carlyle used to say "In God's name, Produce," and he never gave a better advice. If the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his race, how much more so is he who undertakes and carries out successfully vast projects for the human good, the inventor, the manufacturer, the en-

gineer? How God, too, can be glorified by the work of our hands the "poet of labour" has well described where he sings in praise of steam.

"Fra skylight lift to furnace-bars, backed,
bolted, braced an' stayed.

An singin' like the mornin' stars for joy that
they are made;

While out o' touch o' vanity sweatin' thrust-
block says:

'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto
us the praise!

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson
—theirs an' mine:

'Law, Order, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedi-
ence Discipline!'"

—*The Guidon.*



Culled From Exchanges.

THE nation has no greater asset than the teachers. They sow the seeds of the empire. The nation that would prosper must recognize and appreciate her teachers. She must pay them well enough to command the permanent services of the best.—*The Education Journal.*

Perhaps by and by some benefactor of his kind may establish a college of manners where youths and maidens shall be taught to honor their mothers and grandmothers, to consider their maiden aunts and decrepit poor relations, where lessons shall be given in the treatment of inferiors, where they shall receive diplomas and medals for gentle courtesy and beautiful behavior.

—*The Christian Register.*

Read one new book that is worth while to you as a teacher each term, and re-read some noble book that you have read in the past.

—*American Primary Teacher.*

The teacher is the school. The reason the children of one school make greater progress, and are more dutiful and obedient than those of neighboring schools, is because the teacher of their school has found her vocation. The teachers of the others have not.

—*Public School Journal.*

Except in cases of urgent necessity, don't write notes to parents concerning their children's shortcomings. In such cases cold "black on white" is sure to misinterpreted. See the parent. But first ask the offender if he thinks his

father or mother would approve his conduct if they knew of it. Get the boy to take the parent into his calculations and you may thus change his point of view.

—*Texas School Journal.*

Don't worry. Worry is destroying the happiness of hearts, homes, schools. Nerves, however strong, will at last yield to the strain of worry, and a physical wreck will be the result. Worry breaks down more teachers than anything else; 'tis not the work, but the worry that hurts.

—*Northwest Journal of Education.*

The practical teacher inculcates and develops kindness, honesty, truthfulness, purity, obedience and reverence. The failure of the home and of the church to accomplish all that might be expected of them in those directions, renders it still more important that the school should employ the best methods attainable in order to secure the greatest and most important aims of a practical education.

—*Arkansas School Journal.*

It is a wise provision that gives us one day at a time. 'Tis all we can use. To-morrow's work cannot be done to-day; neither should to-day's work be left for to-morrow lest some

important duty must be crowded from our to-morrow. We have to-day, to-morrow is to-morrow and the only reasonable way we may hope to be ready to use its minutes when they come into our grasp is to perform faithfully to-day's duties in these minutes we now have. He was a wonderfully wise philosopher who bade us 'learn to labor and to wait.'

—*The School Independent.*

There is something wrong in our system of rating and paying teachers, when those who have toiled long without proper recognition; who have faithfully and industriously prepared themselves for their work have little more salary than the novice in teaching.

—*The Educational Review.*

An efficient teacher will be well-informed. He will know what has occurred in the world, and what is happening every day. If he knows only a little about numbers and geography and the like, and does little but go over the routine of these things year after year, he will shrivel up and ought to blow away. He must read the newspapers and magazines and the best books, and he must travel and see things if he would be of use to a school.

The Canadian Teacher.



School Feeds.

AY, there they sit! a merry rout
 As village green can show,
 That were such woful little wights
 An hour or two ago!
 Such woful, weary little wights!
 And precious hungry too—
 And now they look like sausages
 All smiling in a row.
 For they have fed on dainty meat,
 This jolly summer's day,
 And ate—as only people eat
 When *other* people pay!
 A pyramid of roasted ox,
 Has vanished like a shot;
 Plum puddings brobdignag have gone,
 A second time, to pot.
 Deluded fowls have come to grief,
 With persecuted geese;
 And ducks (it is a wicked world!)
 Departed life in peas
 My Lord and Lady bountiful
 Have done the civil thing;
 The lovely patrons of the "turf"
 Have wasted in the "ring";
 The great Controller of the cake
 Can hardly hold the knife;
 The milk-and-water Ganymede
 Is weary of her life;
 Yet still the conflict rages round!
 But now there comes a lull—
 The edge of youthful appetite
 Is waxing somewhat dull—
 And fat Fenetta bobs, and says,
 "No, thank ye, mum—I'm full!"
 Alone amid the festive throng
 One infant brow is sad!
 One cherub face is wet with grief—
 What ails you, little lad?
 Why still with scarifying sleeve,
 That woful visage scrub?
 Ah, much I fear, my gentle boy,
 You don't enjoy your grub.
 It's clear you're sadly off your feed;
 You're laughing looks have fled;
 Perhaps some little faithful friend
 Has punched your little head?
 You miss some well-remembered face
 The merry rout among?
 The lips that blest, the arms that prest,
 The neck to which you clung?—
 A brother's voice? a sister's smile?—
 Perhaps—you've burnt your tongue?
 Here on a sympathetic breast,
 Your tale of suff'ring pour.
 Come darling! tell me all—"Boo-boo;—
I can't eat any more!
 —H. C. Pennell.



The Village School.

See toward yon dome where village science dwells,
 Where the church-clock its warning summons swells,
 What tiny feet the well-known path explore,
 And gayly gather from each rustic door.
 Light-hearted group!—who carol wild and high,
 The daisy cull, or chase the butterfly,
 Or by some traveller's wheels aroused from play,
 The stiff salute, with deep demureness, pay,
 Bare the curled brow, and stretch the sunburnt hand,
 The home-taught homage of an artless land.
 The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,
 The little baskets, whence they hope to dine,
 And larger books, as if their dexterous art
 Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part!—
 Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame
 To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

—Mrs. Sigourney.



Pat's Reply

As Pat, an old joker, and Yankee more sly,
 Once riding together a gallows passed by;
 Said the Yankee to Pat "If I don't make too free,
 Give that gallows its due, and pray where would you be?"
 "Why, honey," said Pat, "faith, that's easily known;
 I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."



Kindness.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
 Let no harsh term be heard;
 They have enough they must endure
 Without an unkind word.

—David Bates.