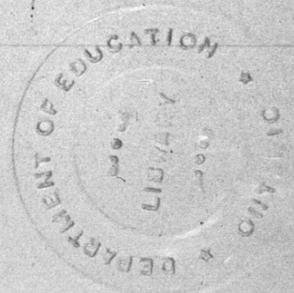


**PAGES**

**MISSING**



CHARLES DICKENS



**DICKENS CENTENNIAL NUMBER.**

# The Educational Review.

Devoted to Advanced Methods of Education and General Culture.

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## THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW,

St. John, N. B.

In homes where children are taught to read, the best literature is used. From the very beginning the children in the schools should learn to read by reading the best literature.

Cities and towns are planning for children's playgrounds. That is a wise move. Every country school should have its playground bordered by trees and shrubbery.

Longfellow, as well as Dickens, was a sunny-tempered, tender-hearted author who loved children. He, too, was born in February, five years before Dickens. He said of children:

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

See Dr. J. B. Hall's announcement on another page of a Trip to Europe. If any one can make such a trip interesting it is Dr. Hall.

Dr. Alexander Anderson has retired from the position of Superintendent of Education for Prince Edward Island, and Mr. R. H. Campbell, principal of West Kent school, Charlottetown, has been appointed in his place. Dr. Anderson has had a distinguished career as a scholar and teacher. A native of Aberdeen, Scotland, he was graduated with honours from the University of Edinburgh, and came to Prince Edward Island in 1862. As a capable and enthusiastic teacher, Dr. Anderson's name is a household word in that Province, and his name is inseparably connected with the intellectual progress of the Island for the past half century. His successor as Superintendent, Mr. R. H. Campbell, has had an experience of twenty-five years as teacher. He is progressive and has character and executive abilities of a high order.

### Charles Dickens in His Home Life.

The Supplement picture of this month's REVIEW is a fine portrait of Charles Dickens, which we hope teachers may frame and hang up in their school rooms, and use it in illustration of the material gathered in this number about that great and kindly author. There is, in these columns, much to please children in the selections from Dickens' works, in the story of his life, the many instances of his affection for children and what he has done to improve their condition, so well illustrated in Miss Robinson's essay.



We get glimpses of the unselfish and affectionate disposition of Dickens from the records of his biographers, especially that of John Forster. But to two of his own children we are indebted for recollections of Dickens that show us how happy he was in his home life, and how he made all about him happy. His daughter, Mamie, has left us a charming little book, dedicated to his memory, "My Father as I Recall Him," in which his love for children and family life are vividly recalled and shown with all the affection of a loving daughter. Unfortunately she was taken ill and died just as the book was ready for the public. She relates her father's fondness for animals, flowers and birds, his care of domestic pets, his love of walking and athletic sports, and tells many pretty stories of his kindness to those about him.

In a late magazine (*The Cosmopolitan* for January,) his son, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, writes a sketch of the "Life of Dickens," which is illustrated by many portraits showing him at different periods of his life. The son tells:

He was the kindest, most thoughtful, most considerate of fathers, and he was one of the most charming hosts it is possible to conceive. While he had a fund of anecdote and humour, he was never in the least pedantic or bookish in his talk; and if anyone referred to himself or his books, he invariably, in a very pleasant way, turned the conversation into another channel. As in his public and professional life he laid down for himself the golden rule that "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," so in his private life he was the most methodical and orderly of men. . . . He was wonderfully good and even-tempered, although, as may be easily imagined, of a nervous and excitable temperament. If he did allow his temper to get the better of him for a few moments, which, however, he very rarely ever did, then, like the sun after a passing summer shower, all the most lovable traits of his most lovable character shone out to great advantage afterwards.

### The Problem of the Rural School.

It is a good sign in our educational progress that the needs of the rural school are receiving more and more attention from those framing courses and those engaged in carrying out such courses in these schools. Much remains to be done to make the teaching in the rural school more helpful to the child in better acquainting him with his surroundings, especially in cultivating that love for country-life and home that is founded upon knowledge. The United States Bureau of Education has just

published, for free distribution, a monograph containing detailed outlines of a normal course for rural school teachers. The following paragraphs are brief extracts from this book, which is entitled "A Course of Study for the Preparation of Rural School Teachers."

The rural school has not the influence that it should have. One of the chief reasons lies in the fact that the course of study is ill adapted to rural life in all its relations. We are united in believing that a school should train its pupils for life and its work while these pupils are living and working. The course of study taught in the rural school today is entirely too much like the course that is taught in the city school. The country school will not reach the position of efficiency that belongs to it until a distinctive training is required of its teachers.

A State (or Provincial) normal school should prepare a large number of teachers to go out into the rural communities, there to be potent factors in bringing about the best rural life. The rural child is entitled to a course of study and to a course of instruction that will dignify and enrich his life, and make life for him in the rural environment, should he choose to remain there not simply tolerable, but glorious. It is possible and right, and indeed a duty, to dignify rural life and to save to it and its interests the best blood of the country.

To prepare teachers who can meet this demand, the following course of study and training is proposed: The first year is largely given to distinctively rural problems and interests; the two succeeding years turn more toward general scholarship, in order that those taking the entire course may be able not only to teach rural schools but to enter larger fields of usefulness.

After indicating the cultural branches which should be possessed by the rural school teacher, the authors continue:

It is now quite generally conceded that the following subjects are necessary for the proper training of rural school teachers: Nature study, elementary principles of practical agriculture, sanitary science and hygiene, domestic economy, and practical principles and problems in elementary chemistry and physics as applied in the study of these subjects. The formal training of most country boys and girls ends with the rural school course. A fundamental knowledge of the foregoing subjects is certainly a minimum to require of the teacher who trains them for the lives that they must lead.

The outlines of the special courses named are then discussed in detail, accompanied with detailed outlines of the ground to be covered, and the manner in which the several courses should be treated.

"A Course of Study for the Preparation of Rural School Teachers" will be sent free upon request to the United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C. This liberal offer should meet with a ready response from teachers and all who are interested in the betterment of our rural schools.

### Charles Dickens.

Charles John Huffam Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, February 7th, 1812. His father was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office. In childhood, Dickens was little and sickly, much given to reading and observation, and not strong enough for the games in which other boys delighted. He attended a private school, but when in his ninth year his father removed to London, his school-days came to an end. The family became involved in money difficulties. Their home was in Camden Town, one of the poorest districts in London. Here Charles made those sad little journeys to the pawnshop and the second-hand dealers which he describes in *David Copperfield*, and gained by painful experience that insight into the life of the London poor which he afterwards made use of in producing those lifelike pictures in his stories.

After many unsuccessful attempts to make a living for his family, his father, was thrown into the Marshalsea Prison for debt. After a time the family came to live with him, except Charles, who had obtained service in a blacking factory managed by a relative of his father. This was a period on which Dickens in after life could never bear to look back, not that he was ill-treated or overworked. On the contrary, he was respected in the place, and known as "the little gentleman." It was the humiliation of such work with such associates. He says: "I had no assistance from Monday morning to Saturday night, no advice, no counsel, no encouragement from anyone I can call to mind, so help me God."

He lodged in a house in Camden Town, kept by an old lady, the original of Mrs. Pipchin in *Dombey and Son*. He took his meals, for part of the time, with the family in the Marshalsea. An agreement was reached between the father and his creditors, and he was released from prison. The affairs of the family now began to improve. A legacy was left them by a relative, and Charles was taken from his mean employment and sent to school, on leaving which he became a clerk in an attorney's office in Gray's Inn. During his leisure he taught himself shorthand, and in 1831, at the age of nineteen, he left the law office and became a parliamentary reporter for the *London Morning Chronicle*. His fluency of expression and power of rapidly grasping the leading features of a speech, combined with his quick work as a shorthand writer, gained him

a leading position among parliamentary reporters of the day. In 1831 he made his first literary venture, dropping, with fear and trembling, a short article into the letter-box of the proprietors of the *Old Monthly Magazine*. It was accepted, to his great joy, and other articles followed. In 1836 these were collected and published under the title *Sketches by Boz*. In the same year *Pickwick Papers* was begun, and Dickens became the editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and left off his work as parliamentary reporter.

In the same year he married Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, a musical critic. Novel followed novel in quick succession, appearing in monthly parts, each of which was eagerly waited for and read. The sale of his works was extraordinary and his popularity increased in a marvellous manner. *Oliver Twist* was begun before *Pickwick* was completed, and was followed in 1838 by *Nicholas Nickleby*. Between 1839 and 1850 there was published *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Christmas Books* and *Dombey and Son*, besides descriptive notes on America and Italy, which countries he had visited in 1842 and 1845 respectively. He visited the United States again in 1868. In 1850 *David Copperfield* appeared, by many considered his best story. Between 1850 and 1870 Dickens wrote *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations* (one of his best) and commenced the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which he did not live to complete. His health had been declining for some years, and he died at his home, Gad's Hill, June 9th, 1870, and was buried at Westminster Abbey.

Dickens was an accomplished dramatic reader and his readings in Great Britain and the United States were very successful from an artistic and pecuniary point of view. His early death was probably largely due to the exertion and excitement entailed by these readings.

The humour of Dickens, a humour quite peculiar to himself, is concerned chiefly with the weaknesses and foibles of particular characters. It never passes into bitterness, though it is often closely allied to pathos. Taine, the eminent French critic, though he denies to Dickens all claims to real humour, says he is the most railing, the most comic, the most jovial of English authors, moving

"laughter akin to tears." Frederick Harrison says, "Charles Dickens was above all things a great humorist, doubtless the greatest of this century." Carlyle applied to him the words first spoken by Dr. Johnson with regard to Garrick the actor, "His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations."—*Adapted from the School Edition of Barnaby Rudge, published by A. & C. Black, London.*

### A Friend of Children.

ELEANOR ROBINSON.

This month we celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. He is one of the greatest of English novelists, and perhaps the very best beloved of them all. Wherever his books are read, and that is all over the world, people are talking and writing and reading about him at this time, with gratitude in their hearts for all the pleasure he has given them.

He had the gift of writing stories so that the characters in them seem alive, and we seem to know them just as we do people whom we have seen and talked with. Once, when he was walking in a crowded street, a lady whom he had never seen before came up and said: "Mr. Dickens, will you do me the honour of shaking hands with me? I should like to touch the hand that has filled my house with many friends." That was a pleasant thing for a writer to hear, was it not? It is no small thing to have given pleasure to a great many people.

Then he had the gift of making people laugh. His first book, "Pickwick Papers," is one of the funniest books that was ever written, and in nearly all his stories, even the sad ones, there are ridiculous people, funny scenes and speeches that we never forget.

He had a very warm, kind heart, and he liked to see everyone about him comfortable and happy. When he saw misery and trouble, and especially when he saw or heard of cruelty or injustice, it made him angry. But he did not stop there. He used his gifts as a writer to try to stop the evil. He knew that people would read his books, because they were so interesting and amusing, so he made use of them to tell his readers about the wrong things that were going on. For instance, he heard that in a certain part of England there were schools where the children were half starved, cruelly punished, and taught nothing; and in "Nicholas Nickleby," he painted such a sad picture of the sufferings of these poor children, and of the wicked-

ness of the masters, that in a few years a great many of these schools had to close up, because no one would send their children to them.

He was very fond of children, and wrote a great deal about them. He loved to make his own children happy, and he used to write little stories and plays, and drew pictures for them, even when he was busiest. His own childhood had been very unhappy. His father was poor, and neither of his parents seem to have cared much for the little boy. He was very quick and intelligent, but they took no pains to have him taught, and when he was only ten, and a delicate little fellow, they moved to London, and he was sent to work in a blacking warehouse, among rough men and big boys. He never could bear to talk of that time, but no doubt the memory of it made him feel more anxious that other children should be happy. One great pleasure he had, even then. In the house at Rochester, where they lived before they came to London, his father had a number of novels, and the child would hide himself away and read and re-read these books, until he almost knew them by heart. During the dreary days in London, he used to go over and over the stories in his head, sometimes pretending to be Robinson Crusoe, or Don Quixote, or some other hero, and so partly forgetting his hardships. He has told us all about this in the early chapters of "David Copperfield," for it is no secret that David is telling what is partly the story of Dickens's own life. If you have never read any of his books, I advise you to begin with this one, even if you read only as far as David's school life in Canterbury. You cannot fail to like the account of his happy days at Yarmouth, in the house that was made of a boat set up on end; his rides in the cart with Mr. Barkis, and his story-telling at night in the dormitory at Mr. Creakles' academy; and best of all, his adventures when he ran away to Dover, and found his queer, kind aunt, Miss Betsy Trotwood, and Mr. Dick, who made the big kites which David helped to fly.

Dickens often wrote of boys at school. David was first at a bad school and then at a good one. It was at the good one, by the way, that he learned to fight properly, and fought with the young butcher. Dotheboy's Hall, in "Nicholas Nickleby," is too horrible a place to call a school. But Paul Dombey was not unhappy at Mr. Blimber's, though he had a tremendous number of hard lessons. Paul never seems to be a very real little boy, to me, nor is "Little Nell," in "The Old Curiosity Shop," like a

real little girl, but some people love to read about them; they both die young. But "Pip," in "Great Expectations," is a very live boy indeed, and he grows up to be a not-too-good young man—very selfish and conceited. If you want to read a true description of a thoroughly frightened child, read in the first chapters of "Great Expectations," how Pip stole the pie and the brandy for the escaped convict, and how he felt when the soldiers came in at the door after him, as he thought. For the only way to know about Dickens is to read for yourself. His books can be read over and over again.

I wish more children agreed with Thackeray's little daughter, of whom her father said: "All children ought to love Dickens. I know two who do. I know a little girl who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; when she is unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; when she is tired, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby"; and when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again." "Have not you, have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful," Thackeray goes on to say, "to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes, made such multitudes of children happy?"

#### The World of Dickens.

People may or may not like Dickens's books, and there are plenty of both classes, but no one can escape him. The countless characters he created have become part of the make-up of our minds and expression, and he is incorporated in the language. Who is there that has not heard of "Little Nell," of "Traddles," of "Scrooge" or "Squeers," of "Bill Sykes" and "Mr. Micawber," and "Uriah Heep"? Why, we know them as well as we know the people whom we meet every day; better, for that matter, since they have become types by which we measure the living world. To call a man a "Pecksniff" is to label him pretty clearly, and even inanimate things, like the "Old Curiosity Shop," have given their name and character to numberless followers. No, we can't escape from Dickens, even if we want to. The world he made has come to be a part of the world we all live in; we use the names he used, and speak the phrases in our everyday intercourse; in fact, it is hard to think of a world with all the Dickens characters left out of it.  
—February St. Nicholas,

#### Dickens and Jolly Living.

Life was inexpressibly sweet to him (Dickens), and he had a veritable zest for it. He loved the streets of London because they were filled with crowds of men, women and children. His zest for life is shown in the way he describes a frosty winter morning, the pleasant excitement of the departure of a coach, and the naive delight he takes in the enormous meals his characters devour. He fills the hungry with good things. . . . Some novelists never give us anything to eat and drink, others give us too much. . . . Hawthorne seldom places his characters about the dinner table, and when he does, the food lacks both variety, and abundance. In Dickens, there is a vast amount of beef, mutton, vegetables, pudding, and beer. No sooner do two characters meet on the street, than they adjourn to a restaurant, where every article in the long bill of fare is portrayed with realistic relish. Dickens discusses gravy as a Frenchman discusses love or a pedant an old text. Think of the stupendous meals consumed by Homeric heroes, with their "rage of hunger," and then read the "Faerie Queene," where no meals are served except to one of the seven deadly sins! No dyspeptic should ever read Dickens, for the vicarious diet of the characters might kill him.  
—Professor Wm. Lyon Phelps, in the Century.

#### Dickens and Children.

Every child in England and America today should be grateful to Dickens, for the present happy condition of children is due in no small degree to his unremitting efforts in their behalf. . . . This is the golden age for children, and I suppose they are making the most of it, and will continue to do so, while the kindergarten and nature-study take the place of discipline. . . . Our novelist must have suffered continual mortification as a child, to write about the bad manners of elders toward children, with such mordant bitterness. What he emphasized was not so much the material discomfort constantly suffered by children, as the daily insults to their dignity. They were repressed, they were beaten, they were starved; but worse than that, they were treated with a grinning condescension, more odious than deliberate insult. Dickens, with all the force of his genius, insisted on the inherent dignity of childhood. I confess I cannot read without squirming those passages in "Great Expectations," where every visitor greeted the small boy by

ruffling his hair, and I think most of us can remember with a flush of joy those extremely rare cases in our own childhood when some grown-up visitor treated us with real, instead of with mock, respect. It is, perhaps, the final test of a gentleman—his attitude towards children.—*Professor Wm. Lyon Phelps, in the Century.*

### Read "Pickwick Papers."

Every one of you ought to know the "*Pickwick Papers*," even though you should never turn another page of Dickens, which would be a vast pity. But this book, at least, you should read, for the love, and the fun, and the pathos, and the make-believe, the reality and the adventuring spirit of Dickens, are crowded into its pages, which are as cramful of everlasting youth as the sun is of shining. You can't forget it, any more than you can forget you have hands and feet; and in a way you aren't really complete unless you do know it. Something is missing out of your mind that ought to be there.—*St. Nicholas.*

The absolute plainness of Shakespeare was beautifully illustrated by an incident that happened to me. When I was the editor of a country paper in Ohio, there was wont to come to my office a very wealthy farmer whose specialty was horses. He could neither read nor write. He was a famous horseman and loved horses as other men loved first mortgages, and he knew horses through and through. One day I read to Loflin—that was his name—that description of a horse in *Venus and Adonis*:—

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostrils wide,  
High chest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
Thick mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide,  
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

"Sol," said I, "what do you think of that?"

"You kin buy a hoss on that description ef you didn't know one from a mule. Who writ it?"

"Shakespeare."

"Who wuz Shakespeare?"

"An English poet."

"Wall, I don't know who Shakespeare wuz, and don't go much on poetry, but ef you ever see Shakespeare, jist tell him fur Sol Loflin that he know'd hoss."—*Nasby.*

### An Afternoon With Dickens.

In order that the younger children may enjoy the Dickens Centenary, there should not be too much premeditation about the programme nor too much preparation beforehand. There is a great deal in Dickens that little children will enjoy even if the selections are too difficult for them to read. In rural schools, the older children may be assigned such readings or the teacher may do it herself. In graded schools, classes may be combined and the difficulty overcome in this way.

#### Programme.

SONG—*School.*

READING—"The Boyhood of Dickens." (From the "Story of Dickens." Educational Publishing Company, Boston.)

The village of Chatham seemed the most beautiful place in the whole world to the little boy, and so wonderful was the town-hall, with its clock and bell, to his childish eyes, that for a long time he believed it to be a part of Aladdin's palace. He often went out walking through the woods and green fields around Chatham, or went with his father for a sail upon the Medway among the gay ships and barges. Here, too, he saw the soldiers drilling, their gay banners waving and muskets shining in the bright sunshine, as they marched through the streets or paraded upon the common.

But the time soon came when little Charles was obliged to leave the pleasant village he loved so well; and the cool, quiet woods and green fields around Chatham were exchanged for the noise and confusion, the dust, dirt, and smoke of the great city of London. It was a dark, rainy morning when the rumbling old coach stopped at the door, ready to carry the timid little nine-year-old boy to his new home in the great busy city. Very soon the green fields where the daisies and buttercups grew, and the dear old trees under whose branches he had often rested in the pleasant shade, were left far behind; and the little boy felt very sad all alone in the old coach, with the dreary rain-drops beating against the windows and the great tear-drops blinding his own eyes.

His father had become very poor indeed and their home was in the poorest part of the great city of London. Have you ever been in the poorest, shabbiest part of a large city? If you have, perhaps you can imagine what a change it must have been to this little boy who had always lived in a pleasant village, with plenty of room for play, and pleasant woods and fields nearby when he wanted to take a walk to them. Here he had no books, no school, no play-mates; and his only comfort was to creep up into this lonely garret-room and think over all the bright stories he had read and the good times he had enjoyed with his little friends in Chatham.

His sister Fannie was sent away to school, but he could not go with her, though he longed so much for an opportunity to improve himself and learn something of

the great world around him. Thinking of these things and weaving dreams and stories for himself, the lonely child wandered about the streets of London, unnoticed and almost uncared for.

At last, a relative seeing him wandering about the streets, told his parents they ought to set him to work, and offered to give him employment in his blacking factory and pay him six shillings a week, if the boy would try to make himself useful. So one Monday morning, he entered the factory, and was set to work tying up bottles of blacking and trimming off the covers neatly.

It was a terrible place for a sensitive, delicate child, for his companions were coarse, rough men and boys, and all the beautiful dreams he had woven of being and doing something useful and good in the great world died in his sad little heart. He had no home, for his father was shut up in the Marshalsea prison for debt, and his mother and the younger children were with him, that he might not be alone and that rent might be saved.

If little Charles had money enough, he would go out at noon and buy a piece of bread and butter and a cup of coffee for his dinner; but if he had no money, which was quite as often the case, he wandered about the streets looking into the shop windows, or at the market with its fruits and flowers. When Saturday night came, he would tuck the six shillings he had earned through the week safely into a corner of his pocket; then early Sunday morning, accompanied by his dear sister Fannie, he would walk out to the Marshalsea, to spend the day with his parents and little brothers and sisters.

Poor little fellow! he was very lonely and disheartened, and the days were long and dreary, yet he would not give up, but worked bravely on, doing his best to make himself useful, until one day the terrible pain in his side, which made him ill so many times when a very small child, came back, and he could not work. He was always so kind and gentle that even the rough boys in the factory loved him, and one of them made him a bed upon some straw, and placed bottles of hot water against his side to relieve the terrible pain, and tried, in his rough, homely way, to be kind to the poor child.

"I will go home with you tonight," he said to little Charles; "you are too sick to be goin' alone."

"No, no! thank you," said Charles, his thin little face burning with shame; "I shall get along very well, I think."

Poor child, he was ashamed to have even the rude, rough boys in the factory know that his only home was in a prison. But brighter times were coming for the Dickens family. Some money fell to Mr. Dickens, and soon they all left the prison and took lodgings in Little College Street, London.

But the sad days of little Charles's life were nearly over and happier times were coming to him. When he was about twelve years old, his father and his employer quarreled over some business matters, and Mr. Dickens said Charles should leave the blacking business forever and attend school. How delighted he was then! The room swam before his tear-dimmed eyes, there was a strange roaring sound in his ears, and he grew faint from joy.

He had not been ashamed of toil, for honest work degraded no one; but he was ashamed of his ignorance and

afraid of becoming a coarse, rude man like those who worked around him, and such a man he was determined never to be. But he could never look back to that period of his life without great sorrow.

READING—"Mr. Winkle on Skates." (Stories from Dickens," Page 23. Educational Publishing Company.)

SONG—*School.*

READING—"Christmas at Bob Cratchit's." ("A Christmas Carol," Page 84. Educational Publishing Company.)

RECITATION—"Tom Pinch Goes to London."

When the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn, that he was half disposed to run away. But he didn't do it; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four grays, felt as if he were another gray himself, or, at all events, a part of the turnout, and was quite confused by the novelty and splendour of his situation.

And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next to that coachman; for of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat, which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in.

Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into this hat, and stuck it on again; as if the laws of gravity did not admit of its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it.

It was a charming evening, mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass-work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho, past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey chaises drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road.

Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial grounds about them, where the

gravés are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead.

Yoho, past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho, down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!

Yoho, among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the lights of London, fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night.

See the bright moon! High up before we know it, making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. . . . The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on. Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hillside and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-hunter.

Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light, airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before. Yoho! Why now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers.

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho, past market gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past wagons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve.

Yoho, down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London!

LIVING PICTURES—"A Group of Dickens's Children."

(As each tableau is displayed, the teacher or an older child should read the following selections.)

I "Caleb and His Daughter."

Read "Caleb's Home." ("Stories from Dickens," page 142.)

II "The Little Kenwigses."

Nicholas accepted the offer to teach French to the little Kenwigses for five shillings a week, and betook himself to the first floor with all convenient speed.

Here he was received by Mrs. Kenwigs with a genteel air, kindly intended to assure him of her protection and support; and here, too, he found Mr. Tillyvick and Miss Petowka; the four Miss Kenwigses on their form of audience; and the baby in a dwarf porter's chair with a deal tray before it, amusing himself with a toy horse without a head.

"Mr. Johnson is engaged as private master to the children, uncle," said Mrs. Kenwigs.

"But I hope," said Mrs. Kenwigs, drawing herself up, "that that will not make them proud; but that they will bless their own good fortune, which has borne them superior to common people's children. Do you hear, Morleena?"

"Yes, ma," replied Miss Kenwigs.

"And when you go out into the streets, or elsewhere, I desire that you don't boast of it to other children," said Mrs. Kenwigs; "and that if you must say anything about it, you don't say no more than, 'We've got a private master come to teach us at home, but we ain't proud, because ma says it's sinful.' Do you hear, Morleena?"

"Yes, ma," replied Miss Kenwigs again.

The four Miss Kenwigses sat in a row, with their tails all one way; and Morleena at the top; while Nicholas, taking the book, began his preliminary explanations. Miss Petowka and Mrs. Kenwigs looked on, in silent admiration, broken only by the whispered assurances of the latter, that Morleena could learn it all by heart in no time.

III "Oliver Asking for More."

Read "A General Start." ("Stories from Dickens," page 63.)

IV "Little Nell."

Read Chapter I from "Little Nell." (Educational Publishing Company.)

READING—"A Child's Dream of a Star." (See page 192 of this REVIEW.)

—Primary Education.

Up to this date fifty-two scholarships have been offered for competition to students in the Summer School of Science, which meets at Yarmouth in July next. And still the Benefactors' List is not full.

I am enclosing my subscription for the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, which is too old and valuable a friend to part with. "Alice in Wonderland" (December) interested us so much that Santa Claus brought us two copies, and I read its delightful nonsense to the boys for the first time during the Christmas holidays. I am sure your pretty Supplement will remind many that the book should be read and re-read.

A. M. P.

Moncton, N. B.

**The Death of Little Dora.**MEMORABLE LETTER AND PRAYER OF  
CHAS. DICKENS.

Neither Forster's biography of Dickens, the subsequently published three volumes of his letters, nor any other work relating to England's great and popular author, contains, says *Dickensian*, the letter and prayer which Charles Dickens wrote to his wife in 1851, the day after his infant girl, Dora Annie, died. The child was the ninth of his family of ten, the third of his daughters, and the only one of their children to die in infancy.

The singular thing about this touching relic of Dickens is that it first appeared in the far-off Island of Ceylon, in the *Observer* of July 11, 1874, the contributor being Mr. John Suddaby, who said that the copy of the letter and prayer came into his possession shortly after the death of Dickens, in a way which he does not feel himself called on to explain. The time is the spring of 1851. The previous year had been a very busy one with Dickens; he had finished *David Copperfield* and embarked upon *Household Words*, to be followed by *All the Year Round*, thus entering upon that twenty years of weekly serial writing which only terminated on his death. His residence at Devonshire Terrace, where he had lived since 1839, was about drawing to a close. It was in August, 1850, that in writing *David Copperfield* he "ended" the character of Dora, and on the 15th of that month his third daughter was born and given the name of Dora Annie. Early in the following year both Mrs. Dickens and the infant were stricken with illness, and in March, whilst the latter had apparently recovered, Mrs. Dickens was still unwell, and it was decided that she should go to Great Malvern for a while with her sister, leaving Dickens in London with the children, he going to Great Malvern occasionally. At the end of the month Dickens's father died, so that the author was in the midst of trouble.

On Monday, April 13th, Dickens was to take the chair at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner; he bravely came from Malvern to fulfil an engagement so dear to his heart. He made an eloquent and forcible speech on behalf of the charity, and it was whilst he was at dinner that the child Dora died suddenly. Forster, in his biography, states that the servant from Devonshire Terrace brought the news of the child's death to the dinner room, but he

went out and received it, keeping it from Dickens until after he made his speech.

Forster records that it was with great anguish he heard Dickens "speak of actors having to come from scenes of sickness, of suffering, aye, even of death itself, to play their parts before us. Yet how often it is with all of us that in our several spheres we have to do violence to our feelings, and to hide our hearts in carrying on this fight for life, if we would bravely discharge in it our duties and responsibilities." Forster, a little later, assisted by Mr. Lemon, disclosed to Dickens the death of little Dora; and the next morning, whilst Lemon was left with Dickens, Forster proceeded to Malvern to fetch Mrs. Dickens home; and a letter and a prayer sent by the bereaved novelist to his wife are as follow:—

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

Tuesday morning, 15th April, 1851.

*My dearest Kate*,—Now observe, you must read this letter very slowly and carefully. If you have hurried on thus far without quite understanding (apprehending some bad news) I rely on your turning back and reading again. Little Dora, without being in the least pain, is suddenly stricken ill. There is nothing in her appearance but perfect rest—you would suppose her quietly asleep—but I am sure she is very ill, and I cannot encourage myself with much hope of her recovery. I do not (and why should I say I do to you, my dear?) I do not think her recovery at all likely. I do not like to leave home. I can do no good here, but I think it right to stay. You will not like to be away, I know, and I cannot reconcile it to myself to keep you away. Forster, with his usual affection for us, comes down to bring you this letter, and to bring you home, but I cannot close it without putting the strongest entreaty and injunction upon you to come with perfect composure—to remember what I have often told you, that we never can expect to be exempt, as to our many children, from the afflictions of other parents, and that if—if when you come I should even have to say to you, "Our little baby is dead," you are to do your duty to the rest, and to show yourself worthy of the great trust you hold in them. If you will only read this steadily I have a perfect confidence in your doing what is right.

Ever affectionately,

(Signed) CHARLES DICKENS.

**Prayer at Night.**

Oh Lord, our Heavenly Father, Almighty and Everlasting God, who in Thy inestimable goodness has directed and preserved us during the past day, and brought us to another night surrounded by such great blessings and instances of Thy mercy, we beseech Thee to hear our heartfelt thanks for all the benefits which we enjoy, and our humble prayers that we may cheerfully endeavour every day of

our lives to be in some degree more worthy of their possession. Sanctify and improve us to any good thought that has been presented to us in any form during this day. Forgive us the sins we have committed during its progress, and in our past lives all the wrong we have done, and all the negligences and ignorances of which we have been guilty, and enable us to find in any trials we have undergone, or sorrows we have known or have yet to experience, blessed instruction for our future happiness. We humbly pray, Almighty Father, for our dear children, that Thou wilt vouchsafe to watch over and preserve them from all danger and evil, for ourselves that Thou wilt prolong our lives, health and energies for many years for their dear sakes and for them and us that Thou wilt grant us cheerfulness of spirit, tranquillity and content, that we may be honest and true in all our dealings, and gentle and merciful to the faults of others, remembering of how much gentleness and mercy we stand in need ourselves, that we may earnestly try to live in Thy true faith, honour and love, and in charity and goodwill with our fellow creatures, that we may worship Thee in every beautiful and wonderful thing Thou hast made, and sympathize with the whole world of Thy glorious creation. Grant that in the contemplation of Thy wisdom and goodness, and in reverence for our Lord Jesus Christ, we may endeavour to do our duty in those stations of life to which it pleases Thee to call us, and be held together in a bond of affection and mutual love which no change or lapse of time can weaken, which shall sustain and teach us to do right in all reverses of good or evil, and which shall comfort and console us most when we most require support, by filling us in the hour of sickness and death with a firm reliance on Thee, and the assurance that through Thy great mercy we shall meet again in another and happy state of existence beyond the grave, where care and grief and parting are unknown, and where we shall be once again united to the dear friends lost to us on this earth. Pardon, Gracious God, the imperfections of our prayers and thanks, and read them in our hearts, rather than in these feeble and imperfect words. Hear our supplications in behalf of the poor, the sick the destitute and the guilty, and grant Thy blessing on the diffusion of increased happiness and knowledge among the great mass of mankind, that they may not be tempted to the commission of crimes which in want and man's neglect it is hard to resist. Bless and keep our dear children and those who are nearest and dearest to us, and by Thy help and our Saviour's teaching enable us to lay our heads on our pillows every night at peace with all the world, and may His grace and Thy love and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

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Lake Superior was nearly, if not quite, frozen over during the late cold spell in January, the severity of which was greatly felt in the West. This was the first time in the memory of the white man that this great body of fresh water has had a covering of ice.

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I have found the REVIEW a great help, especially in Current Events.  
A. S. M.

### A Child's Dream of a Star.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Like Scott, Dickens preferred the long story to the short. He unrolled the panorama of life as he saw it, with its contrasts of broad humour and of pathetic sentiment. Although he took great pains with the plots of his novels, they are ill-shaped for the most part, sprawling and invertebrate. He had not the power of building a story boldly yet simply. The brief tales which he inserted in the early *Pickwick Papers* lack distinction; and the short-stories written long after are often marred by the hard artificiality which characterized much of his later work. But this little tale, written in 1850 on a sudden impulse, is simple and unpretending; and it gains its beauty from this unpretentious simplicity.

#### A Child's Dream of a Star.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed;

and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried: "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:—

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried: "O mother, sister,

and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among these three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:—

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said: "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And, O my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

NOTE.—Dickens told one of his biographers that as a child he used to wander at night about a churchyard, near their home, with his sister. This sister died only two years before this poetic fantasy was written. Perhaps it was the sincerity of his grief for his lost sister which keeps this story as simple as it is in its sentiment. It is a fable, a lovely apologue, slight in substance and yet adequate in itself. This story of Dickens's may be compared profitably with Lamb's "Dream-Children" and with Andersen's "Steadfast Tin Soldier." All three are fantasies; all three deal with childhood; all three are poetic, each in its own fashion. They all fall well within the frame of the true short-story because the several authors sought to present a single theme with the clearest simplicity.

The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation. To the children he said, "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board." Some child said, "Thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three. He asked for another number, and seventy-six was given. He wrote sixty-seven. When a third number was asked, a child who apparently had paid no attention called out:

"Theventy-theven. Change that, now, will you?"

**Botany For Public Schools—VII.**

L. A. DEWOLFE.

During the winter, while out-door plant growth is at a standstill, one can do some interesting experimental work in the schoolroom or at home. If the schoolhouse has no furnace, it would be safer to have the pupils carry on experiments at home where freezing would not interfere.

Let us first inquire what conditions are necessary for germination? Some requirements are matters of common knowledge; and, therefore, do not need proving by experiment. For example, if we ask any child why beans do not sprout when kept for a year in the pantry or in the grocery store, he will tell you they won't sprout without water. Therefore, one requirement is water.

Then, if a handful of beans were put in a pitcher of water, how long would it take them to germinate? The child is not very sure of the answer to this. Try it. Try, say, two pickle-bottles with a few dozen beans in each, covered with water. Keep one in a warm place, and one in a cold place. Which will germinate first? Doubtless, some reader mentally says the one in the warm place will grow first. Such is not the case. Neither will germinate, no matter how long they are left. But they have had abundance of moisture; and one of them had warmth. What else is needed? Try this experiment again, but have them only *partly* covered with water. This time, if kept warm, those at the water level will sprout; but those beneath the water will not. Both got moisture; but those that germinated got *air* also.

Apparently, therefore, seeds, in order to germinate, require moisture, warmth and air. Do they need light? Try it.

Where would seeds germinate more quickly, in sand or clay soil? In the spring, either is likely to have sufficient moisture and warmth; but which has freer air circulation? Try these and other soils now in the school room. Try the seeds in saw-dust. Is saw-dust a plant food? No. But seeds germinate there as readily as in a good soil. How is that explained? Try some seeds in saw-dust and others in good soil, allowing them to grow two or three months. Is there any difference in results? Why?

We say the farmer's seeds need moisture, warmth and air in order to grow. Can he supply any of these? For the first two he has to trust to the

weather. But drainage and cultivation will give him an ample supply of the last. When water is drained from the soil, air takes its place. And, as air in the growing season is usually warmer than soil-water, incidentally, draining supplies warmth. While cultivation and drainage do not supply moisture, they keep the soil in right condition for vegetation to make best use of the moisture already there.

The conditions necessary for germination are also necessary for future growth; but, in the latter case, light is an additional necessity. Why do farm crops die where water stands on the ground for some time? Could one plant seeds too deep in the ground? Why is it well to press the earth about seeds or roots when they are planted?

Try germinating peas and corn in a cold basement, say, where the temperature is about 40° F. What is the result? Would it be wise to plant both peas and corn in April if one were sure there would be no more frost that spring? Why? Germinate some corn in the school room. When a few inches high, let one flower-pot stand in its own depth of water. After a few days compare the appearance of the corn in this pot with that that was not in water. Notice, next summer, the same yellow appearance of corn growing in wet land. What is the cure?

The foregoing are only a few of the many school experiments that have a direct bearing on farm operations. Many farmers know facts and methods, without knowing their reason. If, by experiment, the reason can be discovered, surely farm work becomes more intelligent. The farmers of the near future are in school now. Can we not help them?

A few experiments with soil in relation to farm operations would not be out of place here. For example, take four large flower-pots. Fill each to within three inches of the top with moist soil well packed. Leave one unchanged. Fill a second to the top with dry loose soil. On the third put moss, or grass or saw-dust; and in the fourth plant a few common weed seeds or grain. Weigh each one. Then weigh again a few days later, to see which loses water most rapidly. Continue observations until the weeds have grown a week or two.

Does each flower-pot represent a portion of some farm you have seen? The first is a miniature uncultivated field; the second, one that has been well harrowed or hoed to give a layer of loose soil; the third, ground that is mulched, as is often the case

with strawberries or potatoes; and the fourth, a neglected field, where the weeds use moisture that should have been available for useful plants. Which of these was the most wasteful? Why?

Again, take two flower-pots filled with soil—one loose and the other compact. Be sure that they are completely filled. From a watering can, sprinkle water on the soil in each. In which case is the water retained by the soil? Then, does a well cultivated field—if it be on a slope—get more or less good from a shower of rain than the neglected field?

These experiments are not valuable in themselves; but, if the teacher applies the results to farm and garden operations, she is doing much more good than if she hears her pupils recite that a certain king of England ate too many lampreys.

It may be claimed that this is Physics instead of Botany. But one valuable truth is that Botany cannot be taught without reference to Physics and to many other useful sciences. This is one point in its favour.

### February Birthdays.

- Feb. 3, 1809—Bartholdy Mendelssohn.
- Feb. 3, 1811—Horace Greeley.
- Feb. 5, 1837—Dwight L. Moody.
- Feb. 5, 1810—Ole Bull.
- Feb. 7, 1812—Charles Dickens.
- Feb. 8, 1819—John Ruskin.
- Feb. 11, 1847—Thomas A. Edison.
- Feb. 12, 1809—Charles Darwin.
- Feb. 12, 1809—Abraham Lincoln.
- Feb. 18, 1775—Charles Lamb.
- Feb. 19, 1809—Edgar A. Poe.
- Feb. 22, 1819—James R. Lowell.
- Feb. 22, 1732—George Washington.
- Feb. 23, 1635—George Handel.
- Feb. 26, 1802—Victor Hugo.
- Feb. 27, 1807—H. W. Longfellow.

“What’s little Willie crying about?”

“Because he doesn’t get a holiday on Saturday and his brother does.”

“But why doesn’t Willie get a holiday on Saturday?”

“Because he isn’t old enough to go to school yet.”

Although I have changed my profession as well as my name, I look forward to the coming of the REVIEW as eagerly as ever, and find it just as helpful.

H. B. F.

### Questions on Scott’s “Lady of the Lake.”

M. WINIFRED McGRAY, Yarmouth, N. S.

1. When does the linnet sing best? Quote, “The ptarmigan in snow could spy.” Explain. Why hooded falcon? Ever unhooded? What does Scott say about falcons in his “Abbot”? What part does a hawk play in hunting? Collect other bird passages and explain their particular meaning.

2. “Men from memory erase  
The benefits of former days.”

Give instances from history, fiction, or real life.

3. Collect evidences that the isle is near the mainland.

4. From “Tweed to Spey.” Show on the map; also, Menteith, Silver Teviot, Stirling.

5. What rank and honours had Ellen lost? What was her birthright place? Why Lady of the Bleeding Heart?

6. Describe and compare Malcolm Graeme and Roderick Dhu. Why Dhu? Which of the two men do you prefer? Ellen? Why? What was each to Ellen? What relation was Ellen to Lady Margaret?

7. Any families descended from Clan Alpine? What is their emblem?

8. For what and why did Sir Roderick expect a dispensation from Rome?

9. What debts did Ellen owe to Roderick’s house? How was she willing to pay them? How did Roderick want them paid?

10. What did Ellen think of the stranger guest? At his departure how was Ellen’s fidelity to Malcolm put to a severe test?

11. Describe Roderick’s approach and compare with that of the Douglas.

12. What had Roderick been doing during his absence? The Douglas? “’Tis mimicry of noble war.” What is? Why?

13. Describe the music of the pipers. Why is so much said about the pine-tree?

14. Scott’s use of *mellow*. Quote. Find at least a dozen examples of Tennyson’s use of *mellow*.

15. Who went to the shore to meet Roderick? Why didn’t Ellen go? Did Roderick expect her to be there? How do you know? What did Lady Margaret think about it?

16. “Oh, it out-beggars all I lost!” Who lost what? How did he lose it? What were the Douglas wrongs?

17. If you were an artist, how would you paint Ellen as (a) “Guardian Naiad of the strand”? (b) “Lady of the Bleeding Heart”? (c) “Fabled Goddess of the Wood”?

18. How did Roderick ask for Ellen’s hand in marriage? What does he say himself of his speech? Did he ask Ellen or her father? Who were present? Is this customary?

19. How did Ellen receive this marriage proposal? Who gave Roderick his answer? Why? What was the answer? Of what was Malcolm afraid as he watched and listened?

20. Give the cause of the quarrel between Roderick and Malcolm. Who or what stopped it?

21. "Pageant pomp." Explain. Where have there lately been scenes of pageant pomp?
22. How did Malcolm get to the mainland? Why did he choose that way? Why was haste necessary?
23. What message was brought to Roderick? How did he receive it? How did he answer it?
24. Tell in your own words the story of the second canto.
25. What new characters are introduced? Has the story increased, or not, in interest? Give reasons for your answer. How many characters altogether, not counting maids and men-servants?
26. What new complications have arisen at the end of Canto II?
27. Are there any passages in this canto worth memorizing? If so, quote. Wherein lies their excellence?
28. Find and explain: Meed, hap, Saint Modan, Bothwell's bannered hall, fraught, weal, reave, strathspey, a Lennox foray, guerdon, a votaress in Maronnan's cell, Bracklinn, Tine-man, Hotspur, Beltane game, pibroch, bourgeon, slogan, raid, Breadalbane, vassals, Percy's Norman, pennon, Blantyre, royal ward, Holy-rood, canna's hoary beard, claymore, parley, glozing, Yarrow's braes, Meggat's mead, streight, Links of Forth, bootless.
29. Is news singular or plural? Quote from Scott, and also from Shakespeare.

### A Vacation For Teachers.

How many teachers wish to take a vacation this summer? If you wish a profitable one, go to the Summer School of Science. Last year was my first term there, and I am going this year. I advise all teachers, who are striving to produce a better quality of work each year, to make a point of being in attendance.

Instead of visiting your teacher friend, bring her along and come to the Summer School. You will enjoy the session at Yarmouth in July next. You will be greatly benefited by the helpful work of the school. One learns a thousand and one things (to use an old-time saying) that are of use during the year, besides being refreshed and invigorated for new duties.

We want to register five hundred this summer. Why not be one of the number?

ALICE E. THORNE,

*Associate Secretary S. S. of S.*

Clementsvalle, Annapolis Co., N. S.

The Over-sea Railway to Key West has been opened for traffic. It runs from island to island over the Florida Keys, and is about one hundred and fifty miles in length; steel or concrete bridges extending in the aggregate for more than one-tenth of the distance.

### The New Geometry.

B. C. FOSTER, LL. D.,

Principal Collegiate School, Fredericton, N. B.

(Read before the York-Queens-Sunbury Teachers' Institute, Dec. 22nd.)

The text-book in Geometry prescribed for New Brunswick, Hall & Stevens, was selected from a large number of publications on this subject; because, while it introduces those modern methods which are characteristic of all, it still retains in a greater degree than the others that severe Euclidean method of demonstration which gives this subject its greatest value in education.

Hall & Stevens' work is a great advance from the antiquated text-book previously in use. By the use of "Hypothetical Constructions," and by placing the subject on the basis of "Commensurable Magnitudes," the fundamental theorems have been simplified and reduced in number, and the conclusions reached are rendered more real and practical to the student by the introduction of numerous well selected numerical and graphical exercises. While in some minor points every teacher would probably find something to criticize, yet if our work in this subject is not up to the standard, the cause must be sought elsewhere than in the inferiority of the text-book.

In introducing Geometry, or, indeed, any other subject, try to get your pupils to understand and appreciate fully the importance of the subject, and the objects to be attained by the diligent study of it: Make them co-workers with you. The idea is still abroad that Geometry is not a practical subject, as Arithmetic is. Show your pupils that without Geometry they probably would not have been able to enjoy those delightful cups of coffee or tea they had for breakfast that very morning; that ships must traverse oceans and railways cross continents, and bridges span rivers to give them this very practical enjoyment, and that these things could not possibly have been accomplished without this very practical science they are about to study. Do not, of course, forget to impress upon them the educational value of the subject, the most important reason for pursuing it, but one which will, perhaps, appeal less to them than the other.

It should be regarded as an offence under the criminal code of Canada for a class in Geometry to be conducted without each pupil having a proper set of instruments for seat work, and the teacher a similar set for working on the blackboard. The

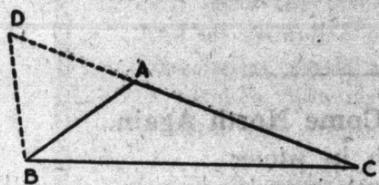
instruments required for the pupil are described on page 69 of the text-book, and can be obtained for from 25 to 75 cents. A set for blackboard work, consisting of graduated ruler, compasses and protractor, can be purchased for a few dollars, but in this era of manual training can, doubtless, be readily improvised.

In beginning any subject, the teacher's motto should be: "*Festina lente*," "Hasten slowly;" but this is especially appropriate in Geometry. Before taking up a proposition, the preceding work must not only be swallowed, but chewed and digested.

However, as an ounce of illustration is worth a pound of generalization, and as my object is to be of some assistance to the younger teachers in presenting the subject, I shall proceed to illustrate my method by teaching a theorem and a problem.

As an example of the former, take theorem 11. First, ask your pupils to draw triangles of all the various shapes given previously; then ask them to measure any two of the sides and compare the sum of their length with the third side. If you think it necessary to illustrate further, ask them to draw triangles of the following dimensions. (1)  $a = 5$  cm.,  $b = 3$  cm.,  $c = 8$  cm.; (2)  $a = 7$  cm.,  $b = 4$  cm.,  $c = 2$  cm.; (3)  $a = 6$  cm.,  $b = 5$  cm.,  $c = 4$  cm.

Your pupils will now be able to write the general enunciation: Any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side.



Now, all the pupils in their books, and the teacher on the board, draw a triangle ABC. *Teacher:* Now, what do you wish to prove?

*Pupil:* That  $AB + AC$  is greater than  $BC$ ; or,  $AC + CB$  is greater than  $AB$ ; or,  $AB + BC$  is greater than  $AC$ .

*Teacher:* Let us try to prove the first statement. Have you ever before proved two lines together greater than another?

*Pupil:* No.

*Teacher:* Have you, in any of the previous propositions, proved one line greater than another?

*Pupil:* Yes, in the last proposition, theorem 10. The side of a triangle opposite a greater angle is greater than the side opposite a less.

*Teacher:* Now, referring to your triangle ABC, what construction could you make so as to get one line which would be equal to the two  $AB$  and  $AC$ ?

*Pupil:* Produce  $CA$  to  $D$ , making  $AD = AB$ .

*Teacher:* Any other way?

*Pupil:* Produce  $BA$  to  $D$ , making  $AD = AC$ .

(Some pupils will probably tell you to produce  $AB$  and  $AC$  in the wrong direction; but some will tell you right. Take the right way, and afterwards investigate the other way, showing that it will not be correct.)

*Teacher:* Let us produce  $CA$  to  $D$ , making  $AD = AB$ . What line, then, is equal to  $AB$  and  $AC$  together?

*Pupil:* The line  $DC$ .

*Teacher:* Then we are to prove  $DC$  greater than  $BC$  by what proposition?

*Pupil:* By theorem 10.

*Teacher:* What further construction is necessary to get the triangle?

*Pupil:* Join  $D, B$ .

*Teacher:* Now, on what condition will  $DC$  be greater than  $BC$ , by theorem 10?

*Pupil:* If the angle  $DBC$  can be shown to be greater than the angle  $BDC$ .

*Teacher:* In triangle  $DAB$ , what have you by construction?

*Pupil:* The side  $DA = DB$ .

*Teacher:* What follows by theorem 5?

*Pupil:* That angle  $DBA =$  angle  $ADB$ .

*Teacher:* What angle is greater than  $DBA$ , and why?

*Pupil:* Angle  $DBC$  is greater than  $DBA$ ; because "the whole is greater than one of its parts."

*Teacher:* Angle  $DBC$  is greater than what other angle and why?

*Pupil:* Angle  $DBC$  is greater than angle  $ADB$ , *i. e.*, angle  $CDB$ ; because angle  $ADB =$  angle  $DBA$ .

*Teacher:* What follows by theorem 10 in triangle  $DBC$ ?

*Pupil:*  $DC$  is greater than  $BC$ ; *i. e.*,  $DA + AC$  is greater than  $BC$ ; *i. e.*,  $AB + AC$  is greater than  $BC$ .

Then, in other lessons, take the other two cases in a similar way.

Again, take the following problem:

"To divide a line into two parts so that the square on one part shall be equal to twice the square on the other."

Let  $AB$  be a straight line.

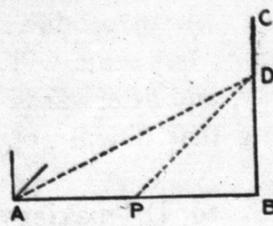
Suppose  $P$  to be the required point.

*Teacher:* Now, what would be true if  $P$  is the required point,  $AP$  being the longer segment.

*Pupil:* Then  $AP$  squared  $= 2$   $PB$  squared.

*Teacher:* How could you get a straight line the

square upon which would be twice the square on PB? Have you had an exercise to do it?



*Pupil:* Yes, in the last exercise but one, we learned how to do this.

*Teacher:* What would you do then?

*Pupil:* From B, draw BC perpendicular to AB and cut BD off equal to PB. Join PD, then PD squared = 2PB squared (theor. 29).

*Teacher:* Then as AP squared was supposed to be equal to 2 PB squared, and you have shown PD squared = 2 PB squared, what follows?

*Pupil:* That AP squared = PD squared; therefore, AP = PD.

*Teacher:* What construction would we now make, so as to get any connection between AP and PD?

*Pupil:* Join A, D.

*Teacher:* Now, since BD = BP in triangle DBP and angle DBP is a right angle, what is the size of angle DPB?

*Pupil:* The angle DPB is  $\frac{1}{2}$  a right angle by theors. 5 and 16.

*Teacher:* And since AP = PD, and exterior angle DPB =  $\frac{1}{2}$  a right angle, what is the size of angle DAB?

*Pupil:* The angle DAB must be  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a right angle.

*Teacher:* Now, having a straight line AB given, can you give me the necessary construction to divide it as required?

*Pupil:* Yes. At A make the angle BAD equal to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a right angle. From B draw BC perpendicular to AB and let AD meet it in D. From BA cut off BP = BD. Join D, P.

*Teacher:* Now can you prove AP squared = 2 PB squared?

*Pupil:* Yes, it is an easy exercise.

In order to work intelligently the "Exercises for Squared Paper" given on page 132 and in subsequent exercises, the pupils must be provided with paper ruled in squares. This can be obtained at any bookstore. The teacher must have a blackboard striped in inch squares. But if this is not convenient, a couple of yards of blackboard cloth can easily be procured, and any painter will do the necessary striping. Indeed, the teacher might do it himself.

### For the Little Folk.

#### St. Valentine's Day, February 14th.

If it seems to interrupt the regular work and you are tempted to overlook it, go back into your own childhood for a minute and think whether it is the "regular" days that you remember, or the days in which something a little out of the ordinary happened. Tell the legend of St. Valentine, and that it is love that makes the tokens valuable. Nobody wishes to send his love with anything that is not pretty, of course, so the question of comic valentines is easily disposed of.

Now we will make some valentines to take home, and mamma shall be the recipient of these favours. Sketch a dainty flower on a small card and have the children colour it with coloured pencils or with water colour. A bird with a letter in his mouth is a pretty design to be perforated or sewed, while a heart sewed in red worsted, or cut from red paper and pasted on a white card, is effective with an appropriate motto. Always choose some simple design. The result will be much more satisfactory when completed than an elaborate affair, for the latter will be only half done, and so soiled that neither giver nor receiver will find much pleasure in it, except as an expression of love.

Let envelopes be made and the "love tokens" taken home to be put at mamma's plate or to be left at the door with a loud ringing of the door bell.—Selected.

#### When the Birds Come North Again.

Oh, every year hath its winter  
And every year hath its rain—  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds come North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,  
And grass springs green on the plain,  
And the alder's vein turns crimson—  
And the birds come North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,  
And every heart hath its pain—  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds come North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,  
If courage be on the wane,  
When the cold, dark days are over—  
Why, the birds come North again.  
—Ella Higginson, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

**The Stars.**

Little stars that shine so bright,  
I love to look at you each night,  
You seem to me like angels' eyes  
Watching o'er me from the skies.

**Pussy Willows.**

Dear little pussies, in gray coats of fur,  
I'm listening hard to hear if you purr;  
When my kitty's cosy and warm in my lap,  
She purrs, and she purrs, till she falls in a nap.

**A Busy Worker.**

The trees are hung with spangles bright,  
With diamonds sparkling in the light;  
Whose work is this? we all guess right,  
Jack Frost was busy all last night.

**Earth's Winter Dress.**

Dear Mother Earth looks so dainty and bright  
In her pretty new dress, so pure and so white;  
The dear little flakes have been busy all day  
Working so hard in their own quiet way.

—Primary Education.

**The Wind.**

The wind is blowing very hard  
Everywhere tonight;  
I really fear for the little stars,  
I hope they'll hold on tight.

I saw you toss the kites on high,  
And blow the birds about the sky,  
And all around I heard you pass  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.  
O wind, a blowing all day long!  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did  
But always you yourself you hid,  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all.  
O wind, ablowing all day long!  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Robert L. Stevenson.

**A Riddle For the Little Ones.**

I bloom among the roses,  
And I kiss the violet's cheek;  
I am heard in every echo,  
But I'm sure I never speak.

In childhood I see double,  
But not at all in age;  
I'm always found in trouble  
By the poet and the sage.

In the storm and in the morning,  
In the ocean, in its roar,  
In fair woman, her adorning,  
In the now and evermore.

I'm with the good and holy,  
But ne'er with rich and fair;  
Abiding with the lowly,  
I give the poor a double share.

Pray search and find me, children,  
I'm in both north and south;  
I am ever very near you,  
In your tongue and in your mouth.

—The Western Teacher.

**A Story in Two Parts.**

There was an old man,  
And he had a calf,  
And that's half.  
He took him out of the stall  
And put him on the wall;  
And that's all.

**A Good Night Song.**

Good night,  
Sleep tight,  
Wake up bright  
In the morning light,  
To do what's right,  
With all your might.

**A Very Late Scholar.**

A diller, a dollar;  
A ten o'clock scholar;  
What makes you come so soon?  
You used to come at ten o'clock,  
But now you come at noon.

**The Chickadee.**

Amid the sleet and cold and snow,  
This black-capped bird will fearless go  
On tireless wing to hunt for seeds  
That may be left on worthless weeds.  
He swings and sways, poor little bird!  
But utters no complaining word.  
Though storms may rage, he'll cheery be  
For warm his coat—and he is free!  
So small is he, so dull his coat,  
We'd pass him by but for his note;  
His name he calls to you and me—  
'Tis chick-a-dee, brave chick-a-dee!

—Sarah E. Sprague...

### Review's Question Box.

A. J. H.—What book or other means would you recommend by which knowledge in regard to insects may be obtained?

The best means is to go and watch them and study their habits. Then, when your interest is aroused, you will need books, if you have no one who knows them intimately to instruct you. The best book that we have seen for beginners is "Morley's Insect Folk," published by Ginn and Company, Boston, in two small volumes. Another very good book for beginners is "Stories of Insect Life," in two parts, by the same publishers.

M. E. F.—(1) In answer to a question of mine in the REVIEW of last November, you refer me to Volumes XXI and XXII of the REVIEW. Where can I see these two volumes?

(2) Please give a complete analysis of the following lines:

"Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;"

(3) If a princess married below her rank, would her daughter be a princess?

(4) Can you give me a list of nouns in Latin of the Fifth Declension that have Nominative and Accusative plural?

1. The Education Departments of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have the REVIEW on file since its first issue, June, 1887. Many teachers have full sets of the REVIEW. We have separate numbers containing the articles you ask for, price, \$1.00.

2. "Whatever the theme" is connected with "maiden" as a sort of adjective phrase, as we may see by reading it "regardless of the theme the maiden sang." This is the principal clause, with the second line as a subordinate clause—adverbial of manner.

3. No.

4. Acies, effigies, facies, series and spes.

A. M. G.—What is the name given to a person, who composes words, that are not in the language: *e. g.*, Gramalkin means a cat; and by leaving (Gra) off the word "malkin" is left meaning kitten.

Your question is faulty both in spelling and sense.

W. K.—1. Can you name this bird from the following description? About as large as a robin, but not quite so long; brown on top of head and tail; wings, black, crossed with bars of white; under-parts, grayish-white; feathers look very soft and fluffy. About two dozen of these birds were seen in the snow underneath an old apple-tree, in company with a robin, on the morning of January 22nd.

2. Can you tell me why the name "cowslip" was given to the flower of that name; does the shape of the flower have any connection with its name?

1.—Probably Pine Grosbeak.

2.—The origin of this name is in doubt, says an English authority.

### Civil Service Examinations.

For the Qualifying Examinations the fee is four dollars. These may be taken at the same time as the Preliminary, the subjects of which were published in the December REVIEW. There are six subjects for the Qualifying Examination,—writing and copying manuscripts, spelling (including dictation), arithmetic, geography, history, composition. The successful competitors at this Examination are eligible for appointment to the offices of landing waiters and lockers in the outside division of the Customs Service; the office of exciseman in the outside division of the Inland Revenue Service; railway and marine mail clerkships, and the offices in the outside division of the Post Office Service. Candidates must be eighteen years of age.

### Qualifying Examination—Outside Service.

SPELLING.—Time: 30 minutes.

NOTE.—Copy the following, correcting the errors in spelling; 5 marks will be deducted for every misspelled word in your copy. Value, 50.

The construcion of the Suez canal, though a vast and emportent undertakeing, presented almost no enjinerig difficulties to be overcome. At Port Said, the Mediterranean entrence to the canal, two great peers, to serve as brakewaters, were built of artefishal stone, projecting into the sea, thus provideing a safe and commoddious harbour. At Suez, the Red Sea turminus of the canal, a less formidable defence was needed, but the necessary docks and buildings called for a considerable outlay.

From Port Said to Suez the land is almost a dead level, the few sand dunes that break the monotonous uniformaty of the istmus nowhere reached a greater height than fifty or sixty feet. Along the middle line of the istmus there was a series of depressions, some shallow, and others the bottem of which were lower than the level of the sea. Although these depressions were at all times dry, yet they were called lakes, and as such figger on the maps. They were found to be thickley incrusted with salt on the bottem and sides, indecating that at one time they had been filled with sea-water, it is indeed most probable that the hole istmus was at a very remoat period entirely submriged. In the construcion of the canal these depressions were made to play a very emportent part. The line of the canal was carried directly through them; the shallower were made a sufficent depth by dredging, the deeper were simply filled with water and required nothing more for safe navegation than an indecation of the channel by buoys.

# STANDARD Floor Dressing

## Prevents Circulation of Dust and Germs

**W**HEREVER many persons come together, there are quantities of dust floating in the air stirred up by the movement of many feet.

Science has proved dust is a favorite nesting place for disease germs.

It follows that at every breath there is danger of infection from the germs inhaled with the floating dust.

STANDARD FLOOR DRESSING catches all dust the instant it settles on the floor and holds it there. At the end of the day dust and germs are easily swept away without again rising into the air.

The premises are kept clean and healthy—a matter of special importance where there are children.



*Not Intended for Household Use*

Our Free Illustrated Booklet contains information of special value to all who are in a position to promote hygienic conditions. Write for it to-day to any agency of the



**The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.**

DICTION.—Time: 30 minutes.

NOTE.—This paper should not be seen by the candidates. The Examiner will read over the whole extract once, and then reread it slowly and distinctly, indicating to the candidates the occurrence of each full stop. A third reading of the whole extract may be given if sufficient time remains. The whole time occupied should not be more than half an hour.

Value, 50.

In actual value to man, and influence upon his life, the first rank among insects belongs to the silk-moth. No human labour has a history so ancient, so varied, and so interesting as the silk industry. The search for the "Golden Fleece" has been thought to be the legend of Europe's long and eager quest for the mystery of silk-culture. The product appears to have reached Greece from India by way of Persia. India received it from that swarming hive of ingenious industry, China. As far back as eight centuries before Christ we have credible notices of the culture of the mulberry tree and the manufacture of silk cloth. But Chinese tradition carries the art back eighteen centuries further; it attributes the rearing of silk-worms and utilizing their cocoons to an ancient Chinese empress, an invention which raised her to the rank of a divinity.

This Chinese discovery has largely influenced civilization. Consider the multitudes engaged in cultivating the mulberry, which is the food-plant of the silk-worm, in rearing

the worms, and in the task of reeling the raw silk from the cocoons. Think of the hosts engaged in dyeing and in weaving the silk, and in devising and making machinery employed therein. Picture the part silk has played in the social life of men and women. What high functions of ancient and modern times, in state and church and society, have not owed a chief accessory in their brilliancy and beauty to the silk-worm's humble industry as developed by man?

TRANSCRIPTION AND WRITING.—Time: 1 hour.

The candidate is required to make a neat, clean and correct copy of the manuscript handed to him with this slip, writing out all abbreviations at full length, and correcting any misspellings. The words scored through are to be omitted, and the interlineations and the marginal and other additions are to be inserted in their proper places as indicated. All changes or corrections, other than these, *will be counted as errors*. This paper will be taken as a test of writing also.

ARITHMETIC.—2½ hours.

NOTE.—Candidates will take the first three and any seven of the remaining eight questions. The details of the work of each question must be given.

## Values.

- 6 1. (a) Add 42678954; 89376547; 58790674; 35789547;  
87629547; 38759689; 48769874; 76894957; 23957689.
- 4 (b) Subtract 497689576245 from 943200540231.
- 4 2. (a) Multiply 426.158 by 942.56.
- 4 (b) Divide 4.3046721 by .0729.
- 12 3. Divide the sum of
- $$\frac{16}{\frac{7}{15} \times 2(2\frac{8}{11}) \times \frac{11}{15}}$$
- and  $\frac{4\frac{1}{2} \text{ of } 5\frac{1}{4} + 2\frac{3}{8}}{4\frac{1}{2} \text{ of } 5\frac{1}{4} - 10\frac{5}{8}}$  by the difference
- between  $\frac{2\frac{1}{2} \text{ of } 2\frac{1}{2}}{\frac{8}{14} \text{ of } 3}$  and  $\frac{3\frac{1}{4} + 1\frac{1}{8}}{6\frac{1}{2} + 1\frac{1}{2}}$
- 5 4. (a) Find the interest on \$591.30 for 146 days at 6% per annum.
- 5 (b) What principal will amount to \$742.00 in 120 days at 5% per annum?
- 10 5. A jeweller bought watches to the amount of \$2,790, he sold some of them for \$1,120 and lost \$140 on those sold. For what sum should he sell the remainder in order to make a total gain of \$200?
- 10 6. Find the proceeds of the following note, discounted at Ottawa on the 14th of September, 1910:—  
\$560.00. OTTAWA, May 23rd, 1910.  
Six months after date, I promise to pay to the order of H. P. Boyer, five hundred and sixty dollars, value received. S. J. SMALL.
- 10 7. What quantity of tea at 45c. lb. should be mixed with 56 lbs. at 35c. lb. to make a mixture worth 37½c. a lb?
- 10 8. A merchant sold 600 yards of cloth for \$828.00, part at \$1.50 a yard and the rest at \$1.30 a yard. How many yards were sold at each price?
- 10 9. At what selling price should goods which cost \$72.00 be marked in order to make a gain of 25% on cost after giving a discount of 20% from the marked price?
- 10 10. Divide \$222.00 between 10 men, 12 women and 15 children so that 2 men get as much as 3 women, and 4 women as much as 6 children.
- 10 11. Goods were marked at 10% loss. How much % should the marked price be raised in order to make a gain of 17% on cost?

(To be continued.)

On a dark, cold night, not long ago,  
Came a little child all clad in snow;  
Small was he as he hurried along,  
Singing to himself this funny little song:  
"Ho! ho! ho! does everyone know  
I am little February, from the land of snow."

The REVIEW has received handsome calendars, reproducing pretty country views, from Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B., and from the Maritime Business College, Halifax, N. S.

I am enclosing my annual subscription for the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, and I do so with great pleasure. I thoroughly enjoy its monthly appearance and so does my good wife, who considers it one of the brightest magazines which comes to the house. I sincerely hope it is meeting with all the success its merits deserve.

M.

## Current Events.

King George and Queen Mary have safely returned from their visit to India. The magnificent display at the great Durbar, and the manifestations of loyalty which greeted them everywhere, from the time of their arrival to the day of their departure, made the visit a great success. It has shown, as nothing else could show, that the princes and people of India are loyal to the Empire.

The Duke of Fife, the King's brother-in-law, died in Egypt, while the King and Queen were on the return voyage; and the great welcome which was to have greeted their Majesties in England was saddened by this event. The Duke and his wife, the Princess Royal, had suffered shipwreck on the coast of Africa, and his death was, perhaps, indirectly due to the shock and exposure, though a chill taken in Upper Egypt was the direct cause.

Baron Stanmore has died in London. He was Governor of New Brunswick fifty years ago, when he was known as Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon.

For the first time the people of the Magdalene Islands have received mails in mid-winter. The government steamer Stanley succeeded in reaching Amherst Island from Cape Breton, though the ice in the gulf was nearly two feet thick.

The proposed new railway across Australia, which is to be completed within three years, will be one thousand and sixty miles in length. It will connect Western Australia with the eastern coast.

There are strong threats of an armed uprising of loyalists in Ireland in opposition to Home Rule; but, perhaps nowhere but in Ireland, would the rebels call themselves loyal.

The political situation in China is hard to understand. Yuan Shi Kai, the premier, seems to be the strongest man in that vast country which was formerly the Chinese Empire; but neither the Imperialists nor the Republicans seem to trust him. Negotiations for peace are being carried on between the two parties. But, meanwhile, there is much fighting, and in some of the provinces anarchy prevails. Whether the people of different provinces, who differ in race and speech, though they have the same written language, can ever live together under a republican government, though it were the best one under the sun, is doubted by some of our republican neighbours to the south of us. Whether the Manchu dynasty can ever regain its power is equally doubtful.

The famine in China is, if possible, worse than the war; and the war, of course, prevents both parties from sending relief to the sufferers. The river floods and crop failures

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**New Brunswick School Calendar**

1912

- Apl. 4th Schools close for Easter vacation.
- Apl. 10th Schools open after Easter Vacation.
- May 18th Loyalist Day. (Holiday in St. John City.)
- May 23rd Examinations for Teachers' Licenses (III Class).
- May 24th Victoria Day.
- June 1st Last day on which Inspectors are authorized to receive applications for Departmental Examinations.
- June 3rd King's Birthday.
- June 7th Normal School Closing.
- June 11th Final Examinations for License begin.
- June 28th Schools close for the year.

EDUCATION OFFICE, Fredericton, N. B.,  
May 18th, 1911.

1912

- Mar. 1 Preliminary intimation University Graduate Exam.
- Mar. 4 March Annual Meeting of School Sections.
- Mar. 6 Class A [Reg. VII. (c)] admitted to Normal.
- April 5 Good Friday holiday.
- April 15 Fourth Quarter begins.
- May 1 Applications for University Graduate Examination due
- May 3 Arbor Day.
- May 23 Empire Day.
- May 24 Victoria Day (holiday).
- May 25 Applications for High School Examinations to be in.
- June 24 Regular Annual Meeting of School Sections.
- June 26 Normal College closes.
- June 27 County Academy Entrance Examinations begin.
- June 28 Last teaching day of school year.
- July 1 Dominion Day (holiday).
- July 1 High School and University Graduate Examinations begin.

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of last year were unprecedented, and extended over many thousand square miles. Millions of people are suffering for food. The Red Cross Society has taken up the work of relief.

The war between Italians and Turks has extended to the Red Sea; yet there has been no decisive engagement since the seizure of Tripoli. The Turks have no army in Africa to suffer defeat, save the scattered tribes of the desert, and no ships to engage the Italian fleet.

In Mexico, in Paraguay, in Ecuador and in Persia disturbances continue. There has been some serious disorder in Brazil, and a serious uprising against American rule in the Philippines. The Cretans are taking advantage of the opportunity to try once more to sever their connection with Turkey. There are more than the usual

threats of trouble in the West Indies and Central America; and the presence of German war vessels in the West Indies is by no means an omen of peace.

A buried city has been discovered in Mexico, which, apparently, like Pompeii, was overwhelmed by a volcanic eruption. Rich decorations and objects of art have been discovered; in style unlike those of the ancient civilization of Mexico with which we are familiar, and bearing more resemblance to those of ancient Egypt.

Flint implements of an earlier age than any hitherto known have been found in England. They are supposed to have been made by a race of men who inhabited the country before the glacial period.

The United States now claims to be the second naval power in the world, having one more battleship than

Germany. Our naval strength is greater than the two combined; yet, to avoid a very pressing danger which our statesmen foresee, there are more British battleships building now than ever before.

New Mexico has been admitted as the forty-seventh state in the American Union.

Though nothing has been heard from him as yet, it is believed that Captain Scott must have reached the South Pole.

### School and College.

Harvey T. Reid, of the senior class of Acadia University, has been awarded the Rhodes Scholarship for Nova Scotia for 1912. Mr. Reid is a native of Hartland, N. B. From the beginning of his college course he has had a very high standing in all subjects, and has also found time to take part in athletic contests. He was undoubtedly the best full-back in the Intercollegiate Football League, and has also been a regular member of the Acadia baseball team, and the basket-ball team. He is very popular with his fellow students, who are all congratulating him on his appointment.

Principal E. J. Lay, of the Amherst Academy, has been appointed supervisor of schools for that town. He will, in addition to his new duties, teach some of the advanced classes in the Academy, including a new grade A which is to be formed. Mr. Lay's long experience as school inspector and teacher, and his excellent executive ability well qualify him for his responsible position.

The attendance at Dalhousie University this year in all departments is a little over 400; an increase of twenty per cent. in the last ten years.

Teachers' salaries in Quebec are too low, and the injustice of allowing the present mean figures to exist has been brought to the attention of the Legislature. In twelve counties of the province, teachers are paid \$3 a week, and less. The average annual salary for a season of ten months in some of the counties is: Bellechasse, \$119; Charlevoix, \$194; Chicoutimi, \$124; Joliette, \$116; Kamouraska, \$108; L'Islet, \$110; Montgomery, \$120; Nicolet, \$110; Champlain, \$122; Port Neuf, \$121; Rimouski, \$115; Temiscouata, \$112, and Yamaska, \$117.

### Recent Books.

Miss Florence Holbrook is an attractive story writer for children. In her latest book, *Cave, Mound and Lake Dwellers and Other Primitive People*, she tells of our very early ancestors and their life. The story of their modes of life shows us the beginnings of civilization. The book also describes primitive industries, such as pottery making, spinning, weaving, the making of leather and clothing, etc. It also treats of the taming of animals, the kindling of fire, the primitive family life, and of the beginnings of trade and of the use of money. The illustrations are excellent, and these, with the clear, bright story running through the text opens a new world of interest to young people. (Cloth; 138 pages; price, 40 cents. D. C. Heath & Company, Boston.)

*The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, with the text of the Authorized Version, and with a good map, a full introduction and notes should be found an excellent help to students of the New Testament. (Cloth; pages, 122; price, 1s 6d. University Tutorial Press, London.)

Whatever a business man or student would like to know about Canada he can learn from *Heaton's Annual*, of which the 1912 edition has been ready for distribution during the past month. It contains an insurance directory, giving in alphabetical order the various kinds of insurance effected in Canada, and the companies licensed to carry on business here. Heaton's is the standard authority on the customs tariff, law and regulations. There is also much useful information about towns, agricultural and fruit districts, and the special opportunities awaiting manufacturers and investors. Altogether it is a valuable book of reference. (Cloth; pages, 562; price, one dollar. Heaton's Agency, 32 Church street, Toronto.)

*A Senior Course of English Composition*, by E. W. Edmunds M. A. (Lond.), is adapted for pupils between the ages of fifteen and eighteen who have had some preliminary training. It contains a great many selections from English literature, subjects for compositions and essays, and a number of models for pupils. The author's experience as a teacher has enabled him to give emphasis to the more important points in teaching this subject. The beauty and excellence of the printing and binding are a characteristic feature of the University Tutorial Press publications. (Cloth; pages, 284; price, 2s 6d. University Tutorial Press, London.)

*The Senior French Course*, by Ernest Weekley, M. A. (Lond. and Camb.), and C. Gilli, B. A. (Lond.), covers in broad outline the whole ground of elementary French syntax. Continuous passages of varying difficulty for translation are provided, and there are notes for the student on the most abstruse passages. There is a complete vocabulary appended to the volume. (Cloth; pages, 355; price, 3s 6d. The University Tutorial Press, London.)

Book six, of Black's *Literary Readers* completes a series, the greater portion of which shows how Britain came by her world-wide Empire. This volume deals with the rise of British rule in India, a theme of particular interest at the present time. The pictures, with several illustrations in colour are very attractive. (Cloth; pages, 268; price, 1s 9d. Adam and Chas. Black, Soho Square, London, W.)

*A Senior Latin Course*, by A. J. F. Collins, M. A. (Oxon.), and A. Robinson, B. A. (Cantab.), contains much useful matter for class work. Part I, containing a graduated course of Latin grammar and composition, is divided into forty-eight lessons, roughly covering a year's work. The accidence is tabulated and collected in Part II, and Part III contains a summary of the syntax dealt with in Part I. Following these is a collection of passages for translation into continuous Latin prose, graduated in order of difficulty. The clear type and textual arrangement are a distinctive advantage. (Cloth; pages, 340; price, 3s 6d. The University Tutorial Press, London.)

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## Recent Magazines.

Few writers are so competent to treat that highly timely subject "Europe and the Muhammadan World" as Sir Harry H. Johnston, whose article on that subject is reprinted in *The Living Age* for January 13th, from *The Nineteenth Century*. Just at present, with Russia making war upon Persia without provocation, and Italy making war upon Turkey, and a very considerable unrest pervading India, this is a subject of great moment.

The February *Century*, and the January number of that magazine have several excellent and appreciative articles on Dickens. The February number has the first chapters on a new serial—"Stella Maris."

*St. Nicholas* maintains its steady reputation as the best magazine for children. The February number is especially a fine number for the children.

*The Canadian Magazine* for February has a very readable illustrated article on "St. John's (Nfld.); the Impossible Possible," by W. Lacey Curry. The descriptive matter is enlivened by touches of racy humour.

## OFFICIAL NOTICES.

The new Manual of the School Laws of Nova Scotia can now be had at booksellers for twenty cents, by mail for twenty-seven cents.

A. H. MCKAY,  
Superintendent Education.

Halifax, January 8, 1912.

The following has been ordered by the Board of Education:—

"The school flag shall be flown on every fine day while school is in session, except in the winter and more inclement seasons of the year, and may be displayed on any day."

It has also been ordered that a text-book in Civics be prescribed for teachers' use, and that hereafter a knowledge of that subject be a general requirement for all classes of license.

Text prescribed—"Canadian Civics," The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Teachers, school officers and pupils are requested to cooperate with the agricultural authorities in the work of extirpating the brown-tail moth.

Any inquiries made to Wm. McIntosh, St. John, will receive attention.

The Board of Education has ordered that a text-book in Music be prescribed; the text selected will be announced later.

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