

**PAGES**

**MISSING**





DRIVING A PAIR.

*From a Painting by G. B. O'Neill.*



# The Educational Review.

Devoted to Advanced Methods of Education and General Culture.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY, 1909.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

G. U. HAY,  
Editor for New Brunswick.

A. McKAY,  
Editor for Nova Scotia.

## THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

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

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

### CONTENTS:

Editorial Notes.....	217
The Wolfville Institutions, .....	218
Annuities for Teachers, .....	218
History and Geography.....	219
Teachers and Tuberculosis.....	219
The School House of the Future.....	220
The Woods in Winter, .....	220
Lessons in English Literature—V.....	222
Our Native Mammals, .....	224
Elementary Drawing and Art Education, .....	225
The Future of Latin, .....	226
The Reviews' Question Box.....	226
The Study Lesson, .....	227
Acrostic for Teachers, .....	227
Still Teaching at 85, .....	228
Little Red Riding Hood Dramatized.....	229
Timely Questions, .....	230
An Arithmetic Device, .....	230
Better Rural Schools, .....	230
A Language Exercise, .....	231
A Psalm of the Good Teacher, .....	231
The Influence of a Good Book, .....	232
For Friday Afternoons, .....	234
Current Events, .....	234
Manual Training Department, .....	236

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS—L'Academie DeBrisay, p. 214.

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

When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address should be given.

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

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

Address all correspondence to

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

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

WILL the friend to whom we lent Stenhouse's "Introduction to Nature-study," kindly return us this book at once, as it is needed?

SUBSCRIBERS will lighten the routine work of the REVIEW greatly if they give notice to the office of any wish to discontinue their subscriptions at the close of the year subscribed for. It is our rule to continue all subscriptions unless notice to the con-

trary is received. Nearly all our subscribers like the REVIEW well enough to keep on taking it while they teach; but if any wish to discontinue, they should notify us promptly.

After a period of eight years, *Acadiensis*, the quarterly historical magazine published by Mr. D. R. Jack, at St. John, has been forced for financial reasons to suspend publication. Mr. Jack has devoted his time, energy and means without stint to produce a magazine which for excellence in material and artistic make-up has had few superiors.

It is hoped that teachers will read and ponder over the article on "The Study Lesson" on another page, and then act upon it. If our examination system is to blame for the bad habits of study that now prevail in preparing lessons it were better to reform examinations or do without them altogether.

THE University of New Brunswick is asking from the local government an increase in the annual grant for maintenance. The request is so reasonable, in view of the increased efficiency of the University in late years, that there is no doubt the government will consider the request favourably. The grant since its foundation until recent years was but \$8,884. A few years ago \$5,000 was added to the annual allowance but the greater portion of this increase is being used in maintaining the new department of forestry. It is pointed out that the professors are receiving very meagre salaries in comparison with those doing similar work elsewhere; and that if the increase in students, increase in the population and revenue of the province were considered the University should now be receiving an annual grant of between \$30,000 and \$40,000. This is certainly not a large sum of money, added to other small sources of income, for the support of a modern seat of learning that is doing the excellent work of the University of New Brunswick.



### The Wolfville Institutions.

When the writer visited Wolfville one evening in November, the place was astir with pent-up excitement, and town and gown were quietly jubilant, for Acadia had met and vanquished Mt. Allison at football. The game had been played that afternoon on the campus in front of the University. The sturdy sons of Mount Allison accepted their defeat philosophically as became scholars and gentlemen, and equally becoming was the lack of any outward expression of triumph on the part of Acadia as they played the part of generous hosts. Fair ladies smiled alike on victor and vanquished at the reception held that evening in honour of the event. Even the bell on College Hill was silent. Months before some considerate student, probably fearing that a peal of triumph would mar an occasion like this (or was it because his morning slumbers were disturbed) had climbed into the belfry and deftly removed the clapper. The faculty have not yet decided that it were wise "to give it a tongue."

Charming for situation is Wolfville in the "Heart of Acadie." From the heights where the college and ladies' seminary stand there is unrolled a broad expanse of picturesque country, of marsh and tidal stream, and far away the muddy waters of Minas Basin and frowning Blomidon. The place is historic. It is in the midst of the land where long ago Acadians toiled to upbuild their long ramparts of dykes, and from which they were rudely expelled. Clustered round the old college and academy buildings and the newer and more pretentious ladies' seminary are memories dear to the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. Here for several generations many of their young men and women have been educated, and from these institutions has gone forth that wholesome influence which has quickened the Christian life of homes and communities.

Under the capable administration of Principal H. T. DeWolf aided by a strong staff of experienced teachers the Ladies' Seminary is gradually increasing in efficiency and numbers each year. At the present time over one hundred students are in attendance. The different courses prepare for college matriculation and for diplomas in music, elocution and art. The useful side of home life is kept in view in the excellent course in domestic economy that is provided, and there are courses preparing for business life.

What impressed the writer in a necessarily hurried visit to this institution was the admirable system that prevails in the management and in every department of work; that kindly personality and tact, the influence of which is so grateful to young people; the genial sympathy in the relations between teacher and pupil, and the interest which each one seemed to feel in the work of the day. An education under such conditions is indeed a great asset.

The day following the foot-ball match the collegians celebrated by a holiday, so that a visit to the college and Horton academy had to be deferred to another occasion.

### Government Annuities.

There is no annuity plan for teachers, or for any workers, that can compare with what one does for one's self,—namely, to lay by little amounts when in health and strength as a competence for old age. Such a plan has several advantages: It is self-respecting; it induces habits of economy and self-denial; it is entirely practical even to those in receipt of very moderate wages or salaries. The income of some teachers is exceedingly low, but these will probably not remain long in the service. It is gratifying to note that those who are fitting themselves for good work in teaching, and are doing it, are being more and more appreciated and are in the receipt of constantly increasing salaries.

These reflections are based on the scheme recently put forth by the Dominion government, which scheme is outlined in a small pamphlet which may be obtained from the superintendent of Canadian government annuities, Ottawa. We would urge our readers to get this pamphlet, study it thoroughly, and then act upon its suggestions. The plan is too full of details for publication here. The *St. John Daily Telegraph* of January 16th, published the statement in full. A few details may here be given to arouse interest in it. By paying twenty-five cents a week between the ages of twenty and sixty an annuity of \$129.91 will be paid for the rest of one's life. Corresponding increases in weekly payments will produce larger annuities, which range from \$50 to \$600—not less or more—according to the sums paid. These investments are absolutely safe, as the government is undertaking the scheme. The government does not propose to give something for nothing, except that its services are to be free. The earning power of the money paid in will be calculated at four per cent.



### History and Geography.

A correspondent asks if history and geography may not be taught together. In most cases they may, with the greatest advantage in increased interest and the saving of time.

Geography and history are related subjects. It could not well be otherwise. The facts of history are closely associated with geography; and few lessons in geography seem complete without being interwoven with something of historic or human interest.

Sometimes the lessons in geography cannot well be correlated with a history subject; and the same may be said of the history lesson. But on most occasions the combined history and geography lesson should be taught after the latest and most approved methods—so taught as to awaken in the child a desire to know more, to increase his interest in both subjects, and to lay a foundation for future growth and interest.

The reading and composition lessons will also form "pegs" upon which interesting facts of history and places in geography may be hung. The skilful teacher will find opportunity for correlation, not only in history and geography, but in other subjects; and thus find room for satisfying, vitalizing teaching instead of being harassed for "lack of time" to teach all the subjects in all their fulness.

Of what use is it to teach thousands of disconnected facts in geography, such as the location of unimportant capes, cities, etc., or the memorizing of pages of history or dates? The child acquainted with the location of a few capes or cities where important events have taken place, or those famous in exploration and discovery, is far better equipped in geography than if he had all the capes and cities of the world stored up in his memory. And the child who has the dates of battles or other events at his fingers' ends may be counted on as knowing very little of what is worth knowing in history.

---

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural-history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment." "The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—*Youth's Companion*.

### Teachers and Tuberculosis.

In an article in the January REVIEW, it was shown that teachers are subject to tuberculosis or consumption to a greater degree than are persons in other occupations. The cause is chiefly found in the close and often foul atmosphere and the dust of school rooms. This should lead teachers to be especially careful to have pure surroundings and to educate their pupils to clean, wholesome habits. To aid in this work the REVIEW will devote some space to make clear how important are cleanly habits and pure air in preventing the ravages of consumption. We hope teachers will enter heartily into this work.

There is a disposition among too many people to look upon disease and death as "visitations of providence." It would be wiser to put the blame on ourselves and our neglect to live right and observe a few simple laws of health.

Tuberculosis or consumption is caused by the growth and multiplication in the body of an exceedingly minute plant, so small that it can only be seen by the aid of a powerful microscope. This is called the consumption bacillus or germ. These germs are in the air, especially the air of crowded and ill ventilated rooms. When they are breathed into the body they lay siege to the cells, which are also so small that they cannot be seen by the naked eye. If the cells are poorly nourished with fresh air and proper food, and are flabby and weak, they yield to the attack, just as a fort poorly manned by a weak, half starved garrison yields to the attack of a persistent foe. But if the garrison is strong it drives back the foe time after time. So do the cells drive back the consumption germs. But there is this difference: The fort may be attacked once or twice or many times, but finally the enemy, discouraged by defeat, retires and leaves the garrison in peace. Not so the germs. They attack always, night and day—especially at night—year in and year out. Every breath brings reinforcements. If they secure an entrance and intrench themselves consumption develops, the body falls into decline and death results. But if the cells are active and strong—there are many millions of such in a healthy well nourished body—they come off victorious.

(The teacher may illustrate by blackboard and other illustrations of attacks on forts.)

What are the means by which we can keep these cells—the brave defenders of our bodies—strong,



healthy, vigilant and constantly active? We can nourish them with plain, wholesome food. We can keep our bodies in the open air and sunlight as much as possible; we can have fresh air come into our homes and school-rooms; we can be clean; get plenty of sleep; plenty of good food; avoid chills; avoid bad habits; avoid violent and long continued exercise.

The subject will be continued in next number.

### The School House of the Future.

Apropos of the suggestion in the January REVIEW—to make the school room the centre of education for the whole community—the Sydney *Daily Post* daws a picture of the ideal "school house" of the future:

..... Instead of the bare, lonely box-building, with its rows of little coops and odor of chalk, we see an attractive structure set in the midst of well-kept lawns and gardens. Inside we find a pleasant reading-room, with tables, easy-chairs and the home-like embellishments of culture and taste. Here also we find the farmers, their wives, their sons and daughters, all students in the little rural university, which will become the hot-house of progressive ideas and the portal to a higher plane of existence.

Following the thought we miss the lounging crowd at the cross-roads store, where once, on boxes and boards, sat the youth and yeomanry of the country-side, sucking briar roots and swapping yarns that were not taken from the epistles of St. Paul.

It is possible that such an institution might interfere with the lodge on Monday, the woman's missionary society on Tuesday, the prayer-meeting on Wednesday, and the dance on Thursday. Well, if it does, let it! The aggregate moral and intellectual loss will be infinitesimal. The boys will learn how to make good roads, sanitary houses and clean politics, and the girls will learn how to make good butter and good music.

All that is wanted is that some bright, progressive and brainy little community should take the lead. This done, the idea becomes a physical demonstration.

### February's Noted Days.

February 2nd.—Candlemas. (See Feb. REVIEW, 1907).

8th.—Opening of Russo-Japanese War, 1904.

9th.—Railway between Montreal and Quebec opened, 1879.

10th.—Canada ceded to England, 1763.

14th.—St. Valentine's Day. (See Feb. REVIEW, 1907).

21st.—Cardinal Newman born, 1801.

22nd.—Geo. Washington born, 1732.

27th.—Battle of Paardeburg, 1900.

28th.—Relief of Ladysmith, 1900.

### The Woods in Winter.

What more wholesome and refreshing exercise is there than a trip through our northern winter woods on snowshoes, especially after a light fall of snow? The fragrant spruces and firs with their tapering cones, snow laden to the ground, have caught and imprisoned in their meshes the myriads of white crystals that have fallen—"silent and soft and slow"—from the wintry sky. The bare, bud-laden birches and maples have scarcely enough of the fleecy mantle to cover their nakedness. Yet how beautiful is the tracery of each limb and twig against the wintry sky. How could those old Norse story-tellers help peopling the woods with fairies which sparkled with merriment in the sunlight or were ghostlike and awesome in the pale rays of the winter moon!

And you, excellent teacher, who have not forgotten how to enjoy yourself amid such scenes—have not forgotten the myths and nature stories and sports which delighted your own childhood—take your boys and girls out into this enchanted land. Let them imagine themselves to be brownies or elves and let them disport themselves to their hearts' content, and spend hours there, the recollection of which will refresh their spirits in the years to come. You will endear yourself to these young people, and become a happy youngster yourself, by entering into such sports and pastimes. And you will gain more insight into the character and disposition of each girl or boy on such a tramp than a month in the school room would give you.

These winter excursions need not be all noise and merriment. On every twig and bush, those little buds, encircled by snowy crystals, will in a few months burst forth into leaf and flower. The snow that covers the ground hides and keeps warm the plants which will bloom and again make a glad summer in these woods. Perhaps the chickadee with its cheerful song comes to greet you, darting from tree to tree and welcoming you to the winter woodlands with its gladsome cheery notes:

It is a comely fashion to be glad;

It is the grace we say to God.

Those tracks in the snow that mark successive leaps must be the telltale crooked way to Molly Cottontail's winter bower that Mr. Moore describes in this number, and those prints in the snow, are they not the tracks of woodmice and other little animals that he told us about in these pages last year? But though the chickadee is "at home" and



very glad to see you, and though perhaps some solitary woodpecker or moose-bird tolerates this glad company if the boys and girls have a few crumbs to scatter, it will be quite useless to attempt to call on Molly or the woodmice or any of the other little dwellers of the wood. They are sure to be "out," even to nimbler and fleet feet than your own. The reason is not far to seek.

If boys and girls, and woodsmen of an older growth, had been content for generations past to carry crumbs or nuts instead of guns they would long ago have made friends of these gentle woodland folk. How many persons who have passed through Boston Common have kept the recollection of the friendly gray squirrels who slide down from the trees on their approach and take nuts from the hand or seek them out of the pockets of the good-natured provider of dainties. How the humanity of man shines in this sympathy for the least of these woodland creatures. But in the neighborhood of most of our towns and cities the gentler of the wild animals have been almost exterminated or they flee at the approach of human beings, because they see enemies, who do not kill them for food but in sport (?). The times are changing. A wiser and more generous sympathy is growing every year under the influence of thoughtful and humane teachers.

But these woods that lie deep in snow have even now a promise of early spring. Here are the naked catkins of the alder and birch which await only the winds of March and the showers of April to make their stiffened forms pendulous, discharging their clouds of fruitful pollen. Here is an elder whose large rotund buds, full to bursting, seem to tell a story of spring, and you spread the news at home that welcome spring is near, because the buds show it. No; those buds were just as large last fall as now. Formed in the early summer, they kept on adding to their bulk until the donning of their last overcoat completed the outfit for winter. Open a large bud by carefully removing scale after scale and you will find the tender parts of a compound leaf and undeveloped flower with its masses of pollen, and, well within the others, the tender growth that is to produce the branch and next year's bud.

Notice how the buds of each tree or shrub differ in appearance from others,—from the bulb-like resinous form of the horse-chestnut to the slender

cones of the beech, the most graceful and symmetrical of all. The wild cherry and bilberry have their snow-white blossoms of spring snugly tucked away in buds; and beneath the print of your snowshoes lie the bulbs and buds of the spring-beauty, the fawn-lily, the violets and innumerable hosts that lie waiting the call of spring.

Gather a few of the twigs, take them home and put them in water, keep them in a warm steady temperature, if possible in the sunshine, and watch them unfold. Recall the incidents of this snow-shoe tramp and all that was seen and heard as the buds unfold and tell *their* story, and you will have one of the best of nature lessons.

---

The Commonwealth of Australia has recently decided upon the Yass-Canberra district as the site for its Federal capital. A new name will be given the city. This district lies 193 miles southwest of Sydney and 395 miles from Melbourne. It can be made accessible by a branch from the railway connecting these cities. The situation is mountainous, therefore healthy, and has a good water supply from the Merrumbidgee river. Nearby the projected city there are quarries of excellent building stone, including marble and sandstone of fine quality. New South Wales will cede the land to the Commonwealth, so that the question as to where the capital shall be situated may be considered settled.

---

The following is a device for History classes: When teaching the Early Explorations of this country I have an outline map placed on the blackboard, and as we study each explorer we draw lines on the map with coloured crayon following his line of travel, using a differently coloured crayon for the explorers of each country, until by the time we have finished, we can tell by looking at the map, exactly what land belongs to each country by right of exploration.

To fix the travels of explorers in the mind: After we have gone over them, I give one explorer to each child and have him look up all the outside knowledge he can of his explorer, then I call upon him in class and he tells the story as though he himself were the explorer; *i. e.*, "Cartier may tell us of his travels and privations." Then the child tells his story.—*Selected and adapted.*



**Lessons in English Literature.—V.**

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

**The Canterbury Tales.**

The Canterbury Tales are so called because they are supposed to be told by a number of people who were riding on a pilgrimage from London to Canterbury.

A pilgrimage is a journey made by pious persons to the place where some holy man or woman has lived or died, and in Chaucer's time such journeys were very common. A favourite pilgrimage was to the tomb of St. Thomas—that Thomas Becket who was murdered in the Cathedral at Canterbury by the knights of King Henry II.

Journeys were difficult and dangerous in those days. The roads were very bad and robbers were many. So for safety, as well as for companionship, people would travel in large parties. No doubt they often told stories and sang songs on the way to pass the time; and those who had made many pilgrimages, and been in distant countries, would have interesting adventures and tales to tell. As Scott makes Marmion say:

I love such holy rambles; still  
They know to charm a weary hill  
With song, romance, or lay;  
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,  
Some lying legend, at the least,  
They bring to cheer the way.

So Chaucer, instead of telling his stories in his own person, puts them into the mouths of some of these pilgrims. But first he tells us about the pilgrims themselves, and how he came to know them, in an introduction to the Tales called the Prologue.

This Prologue is perhaps the best thing that Chaucer ever wrote, and the most famous. It begins with a beautiful bit about spring, telling us how everything is stirred to life by the sun and the warm rain and wind, and how then, when the crops are beginning to grow and the birds to sing, people long to travel to new and strange places, and how especially they go from every part of England to Canterbury, to the tomb of the holy, blessed martyr.

Then it goes on: Chaucer was staying at an inn, called the Tabard, in Southwark, which is part of London, on his way to Canterbury, when he found that there were altogether twenty-nine people there that night, who were all going on the same pilgrimage. There was plenty of room for them and their horses at the inn; they were very comfortable and

very merry. Chaucer made friends with every one of them, and they agreed to ride to Canterbury all together, and to start early the next morning.

There were all sorts of people among the pilgrims, and Chaucer describes them so well that it is almost like seeing them for ourselves and hearing them talk. He begins with the knight.

The knight was a truly brave man, and had always loved feats of arms, and honour and truth and courtesy. He had fought stoutly for his lord and had been in war in many countries, heathen as well as Christian. He had fought in fifteen deadly battles, and everywhere had won great honour. But he was not only brave in battle; he was also wise in council. And with all this he was modest and gentle in his manners as a maiden, and had never in all his life said a rude or discourteous word to anyone. He was a very perfect, noble knight. He had just got home from a long journey and was hastening to go on the pilgrimage, with his coat (or gopoun, as it was called) of fustian, all stained by his armour.

The knight's son, who was yet only a squire, and about twenty years old, was very gay in a short gown with wide sleeves all embroidered with red and white flowers, "like a meadow." He was very strong and well made, and had curly hair. He was accomplished, for he could ride, dance, draw pictures, write, and make and sing songs. He had very good manners, too,—

Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,  
And carved before his father at the table.

He was always singing or whistling. Young though he was, he also had "followed knightly deeds of war," and had borne himself nobly in hopes of pleasing the lady whom he loved.

The wife of Bath was a very amusing person to read about, but not so pleasant to know, for she was a great scold. She had a bold red face and wore red stockings, fine new shoes, and a hat as broad as a target. She was so clever at weaving cloth that no one could equal her, and she had a very high opinion of herself. She was a great traveller, and had been at Jerusalem three times, in Italy, Spain and Germany, for she had plenty of money. She had had five husbands, who were all dead; but she was very cheerful and jolly although she was deaf.

The clerk of Oxenford was a great scholar, but very poor. He was very thin, and his horse was "as lean as is a rake." He spent all the money he



could get on books and learning, and he would pray for those who helped him. He was not proud of his learning, but always ready to learn from others or to teach them what he knew. He talked very little, and all that he did say was full of wisdom and goodness.

We have room for only one more description, and that is of the "good man of religion," the poor Parson. He was poor in money, but rich in holy thoughts and in learning. He taught the gospel truly to his people. He was kind, diligent and patient in time of trouble and poverty. Though his parish was very large and the houses far apart, he never failed to visit anyone who was sick or in trouble, whether they were rich or poor. He had to go on foot, too, for he had no horse. Though he was so good himself, he was not hard upon sinners, but tried to draw them on to heaven by gentle words and a good example. Yet if a man persisted in doing wrong, the parson would rebuke him sharply, whoever he might be. He was very different from some of the other clergy whom Chaucer describes, who thought only of their own ambition or pleasure. He was a true shepherd, and cared first of all for his sheep.

The lore of Christ and His apostles twelve,  
He taught, but first he followed it himself.

Besides these who have been described there were a Yeoman, who attended the Squire; a Prioress, who had with her another Nun, and three Priests; a Monk; a Friar; a Merchant; a Lawyer; a Frank-lain (or country gentleman); a Haberdasher; a Carpenter; a Weaver; a Dyer; and a Tapicer (or upholsterer); a Cook; a Shipman, who came from Dartmouth; a Doctor of Physic; a Ploughman, the brother of the poor Parson; a Reeve (or steward); a Miller; a Summoner, who was an officer employed to bring people who had done wrong before the church courts; a Pardoner, who sold indulgences from the Pope; a Manciple, whose business it was to buy provisions for a college; and Chaucer himself. That was all.

The Host of the Inn was a large stout man, fine looking, and very sensible and merry. He served the Pilgrims well, gave them a good supper and good wine to drink, and kept them laughing with his jokes. After supper he made a little speech to the company and said:

My masters, you are very welcome at my house; to tell the truth, I have not seen so large or so merry a company inside my inn this year. I would like to make it

pleasant for you if I could, and now I have just thought of a plan that will make you very merry on your journey. Whoever wants to hear it, hold up your hands.

Every man held up his hand and begged the Host to go on. So he told them his plan.

"Well, my masters," he said, "I propose that each one of you shall tell four stories, two on the way to Canterbury, and two on the way back. For you know there is not much fun in riding along as dumb as a stone. And whichever one of you tells the best story shall have a supper at this inn when you come back, and the others shall pay for it. I will ride to Canterbury with you, and I will be the judge of the stories. And if anyone contradicts me, he shall have to pay all our expenses. Now tell me if you all agree to this, and then I will get ready to start in the morning."

They all agreed gladly to the Host's plan. So the next morning, at daybreak, they set off; and when they had got to the place only a mile or two from Southwark, called the Watering of St. Thomas, they stopped and drew lots to see who should tell the first tale. Every one was very glad when the lot fell to the Knight; and so they rode on, and the Knight began with a merry countenance to tell his tale.

This is the end of the Prologue. We should all like to know who told the best story. But nobody knows, for Chaucer only left us twenty-four stories, and does not tell us about the return of the pilgrims at all.

for the Review.]

### Charity.

Judge not thy neighbour for his words or deeds,  
An idle tongue to many troubles leads.  
The critic casts full many stones away  
That may be flung upon himself some day.  
Broadcast sow not the gossip that you hear;  
Nor add unto a tale a covet sneer.  
Do not accuse, till sure you learn aright  
The causes of a sin; nor bring to light  
Forgotten faults when anger stirs the heart.  
Some time thou, too, may learn to know the smart  
Of idle tongues that often troubles make.  
Some time thy good name, too, may stand at stake,  
And burning round it fires of foul mischance,  
And ranged against thee force of circumstance.  
Then other tongues, as sharp clad as thine own,  
Send random shots, and leave thee not alone.  
So let thy mind grow broad with charity.  
If good thou cannot speak, then silent be.  
Be not afraid to speak a word of praise,  
But let kind thoughts beam forth like cheerful rays,  
That lighten up the weary path of life,  
And turn aside the cruel thrusts of strife.

MARY E. SCULLIN.

Greenock, N. B.



### Our Native Mammals.

W. H. MOORE, Scotch Lake, N. B.

The hare (*Lepus sylvaticus*) like the weasel is probably descended through several evolutionary periods from parents that must have experienced great climatic changes, or some other wonderful processes. One is led to this conclusion because these animals change the colour of their fur with the change of the seasons, white in winter and brownish in summer, so that their colour corresponds and blends with their surroundings. The hare is most harmless and inoffensive, so far as weapons of offence and defence are concerned. They however do some damage to the crops of the agriculturist. To some extent they feed upon and trample down clovers and oats; but it is only when they eat the bark from young fruit trees that they are regarded as really destructive. Their food consists of grasses and like tender plants in summer, but in winter they have to depend upon the twigs, buds and barks of many varieties of shrubs and trees. Their diet in summer has to be supplemented, it would appear, by such material as gravel. This has always been to me a mystery.

The young are reared during the summer months, and it is quite probable that two or three litters may be produced by one female in a single season. From two to five young comprise a litter. These are cared for by the female for a few weeks and then are left to shift for themselves.

They soon learn many tricks which serve as a means of protection to themselves and others that may be near when danger threatens. On different occasions when a hare has been startled while feeding they have been known to thump upon the ground with their hind feet for the first few jumps as they retreated to cover. When they have been known to make these thumps it was a sure sign that another hare was near and within hearing of this danger signal, which seems to be their only method of audible communication to their fellows. Their cry of distress or fear is a shrill squeak.

The hares are largely nocturnal in their movements, and when not feeding or sporting with their own kind, they sit in some well protected spot, where their colours blend well with surrounding objects. If undisturbed the same "form," the name given to the place or nest where hares sit, is occupied for years. In one instance which has come under

observation, the same "form" was occupied, evidently by the same animal, for two years, at the end of that time the occupant was gathered into the banquet-hall of a great horned owl. The "form" has never been occupied since that time; so we may conclude the same animal had its favourite place of rest in that spot for two years. When captured by the owl it was feeding upon twigs of a yellow birch within a few yards of its home.

To be a place of safety the "form" of the hare must be selected with some ingenuity. The number of its enemies is so great that many precautions to ensure safety must be considered. There should be sufficient cover overhead to serve as protection against the keen eyes of the hawks and owls. They must select a place where they can guard their back tracks, to observe any carnivorous animals that may be following them, and at the proper time slip noiselessly from their hiding-place and flee with great speed from the impending danger. If pursued by a fox or lynx their powers of speed are taxed to the utmost. It is only when they have a chance to dodge about in thick cover that they can escape these enemies.

A hare will often start out upon short migrations and travel several miles across country, perhaps to escape enemies, to seek pastures new, or in search of mates. In summer hares are often attacked by a parasite, locally known as the big blue louse, or rabbit louse. They are often killed by the attacks of these insects, which are so numerous that at times the hare is half covered with them. These same blue lice also prey upon squirrels and grouse. Three instances have come to my notice in this neighbourhood of children having these vermin upon them. The insects were discovered soon after beginning to bite, but so tenaciously did they cling to their victims that they had to be removed with a knife. This will serve to show how difficult a matter it would be for the smaller animals to rid themselves of these pests.

We have only one species of hare in the Maritime Provinces, and it is commonly known as the rabbit. Somewhere in an article written upon the lynxes, there is a statement that the "cotton-tail" rabbit is the chief food of these animals. This statement would cause many readers unacquainted with our fauna, to believe that the "cotton-tail" is native here, which is a great mistake, it being indigenous to the south and west of this country. Having



been strongly "sat upon" by an interested reader for making this statement, I take this opportunity of correcting this misprint for other readers of the nature clubs' columns.\*

Although there is a considerable amount of enmity existing between the domestic cat and the wild hare, we know of instances where the mother cat being deprived of her own young has gone to the woods and carried in a lot of young hares to take the place of her departed kittens. Such adoptions are usually ended in their early stages, by the cat's owners destroying the young hares. It would be very interesting if such step-children were left to the care of the cat, that we might know what the outcome would be.

\* [And yet on the authority of Webster's Dictionary the "cotton-tail," Molly Cotton-tail, is described as the American wood rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*.—EDITOR.]

His Majesty's inspector was testing the class in general knowledge.

"Now, lads," he said gravely, "your teacher, I expect, has explained to you the meanings of most of the mottoes which apply to the months of the year. Thus, 'If February gives much snow, a fine summer it doth foreshow,' and 'In January if sun appear, March and April pay full dear.' But I wonder which of you can remember what comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?"

There was an awestruck silence for a few moments and then a pale-looking boy said:

"Please, sir, it's our landlord when he gets his arrears paid up!"—*London Answers*.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough.  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;  
He sings his song, but it charms not now.  
For I did not bring home the river and sky;  
He sang to my ear; they sang to my eye.  
The delicate shells lay on the shore;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearl to their enamel gave;  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sea and the sand and the wild uproar.

—Selected.

### Elementary Drawing and Art Education.

From Professor Earl Barnes's very interesting article on Child Study in Relation to Elementary Art Education we quote the following suggestive extracts:

In drawing, we have a form of self-expression that yields itself to study better than any other except written speech. This is because it is self-recording, and so becomes a permanent photograph of the child's mind which the student can refer to, again and again, for purposes of comparison or generalization. It can even be claimed that drawing has one advantage over written speech, since it can be used with children some years before they begin to write.

Any thoughtful observer who watches a child's drawing, from the time he is two until he is six, must be deeply impressed with the great aid it furnishes to all of his processes of thought. It relates visual and motor impulses, thereby perfecting visual judgments, the great majority of which rest on motor experiences, and at the same time it directs and cultivates motor activity. By recording images and thus holding them before the mind for consideration, such drawing forms one of the most effective agencies in organizing a body of correct ideas or concepts on which all intelligent thinking must finally rest.

During the period from six to ten years old, life may still be described as pre-eminently motor, with wide intellectual curiosity, with little distinctly æsthetic interest, and with a growing interest in colour. It is still the so-called primary colours that attract, rather than neutral tints. In drawing, the interest is in larger wholes than formerly, and tends to narrative forms. There is little interest in perspective, ornament or decoration. Drawing is still distinctly a language of expression.

In the last part of the elementary school period, covering the ages from nine or ten to fourteen or fifteen, profound changes are taking place in both body and mind. On the physical side there is a final adjustment of functions. Childhood changes to youth, and skill in manual dexterity can be gained far more easily and surely than at a later age. If accurate and skilful use of pencil and brush is not acquired at this time, it is seldom secured in later life. In this period child study teaches us that drawing should be a constant accompaniment of all school work. All expression must spring from impression, and no impression can be clear and accurate and understood until it has been expressed. Speech, drawing and acting are the great means of expression, and each strengthens the other.

These are convincing arguments, if any were needed, in favour of a regular and systematic course in drawing in our public schools. The remarks above quoted are from the book entitled "Art Education in the Public Schools of the United States," a volume prepared as a contribution of the American schools to the Third International Congress for the Development of Art and Art Teaching, held in London, August 3-8, 1908.



### "The Future of Latin."

To the Editor of the Review:

SIR.—I was attracted by an article in the REVIEW bearing the above heading, for the reason that only a few days ago I had read the very same argument by another writer. The following is taken from the introduction of De Brisay's Analytical Latin Method, published in 1897:

After the "bread-and-butter sciences," there is perhaps no subject which we can study with more real profit than the Latin language. Whether we be English, French or German, a knowledge of Latin will be serviceable to us almost every day of our lives. Latin should never be classed with Greek when speaking of the educational value of these languages. A knowledge of Greek is an accomplishment—an ornament to a liberal education; a knowledge of Latin is a foundation stone on which to rest and to build our knowledge of so many other things. To know French scientifically, without a knowledge of Latin, is an impossibility—a fact now acknowledged and acted upon in France. German is much less dependent on Latin, but even that language has been embellished—the Germans would say disfigured—with Latin words. To the German a knowledge of Latin is at least desirable, to the Frenchman it is *extremely important*, but none will suffer so much as the Englishman from an unacquaintance with the subject. To be convinced of this, let the reader compare one or two words in English, French and German. The word for *tooth* in Latin is *dens*, in French *dent*, in German, *zahn*. A man who "repairs teeth" is called in French *dentiste*, in German, *zahnarzt* (tooth-doctor), but in English he is not called *toothist* or *toothman*, but is given the French or Latin name *dentist*. To the Frenchman, therefore, whether he knows Latin or not, the word *dentiste* is full of meaning—it means "a man who repairs the *dents*;" to the German the word *zahnarzt* is equally significant, and a knowledge of Latin is not necessary in order for him to see the full force of the word; but to the Englishman who is ignorant of Latin and French, the word *dentist* is a mere sound which tells him nothing about the individual to whom he applies the term.

It will be seen that Prof. Macnaghten is not alone in his opinion regarding the relative merits of Latin and Greek, nor in his opinion regarding the value of Latin in "all but the most elementary education." The method of "double-translation with little grammar," which Prof. Macnaghten suggests, is, however, not the method that will free the study of Latin from drudgery. There is another method far superior to this, which Prof. Macnaghten should learn of, and which the schools of this country would long ago have adopted, if Latin professors were awake to what is going on in the world.

Ottawa, Ont.

H. P. COULTHART,  
Principal Slater St. Public School.

[The poet Milton, himself a teacher, tells us in his "Tractate on Education," that the schools spend "seven or eight years in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year." This was written nearly three hundred years ago. Is it not equally true of schools to-day?—EDITOR.]

### The Review's Question Box.

A correspondent asks where can be obtained the Oral Lesson Book on Hygiene and the School Physiology Journal mentioned in the article on Scientific Temperance Instruction in the January REVIEW. The former may be obtained from the American Book Company, New York, price \$1.00, and the publication place of the latter is 23 Trull Street, Boston. The subscription price is 70 cents a year.

A teacher would like to know if mistakes in grammar and spelling should be marked for correction when facts in exercises on history or kindred subjects, written by very young children, are being corrected. She thinks that a page too "liberally adorned with red ink" would tend to confuse and discourage the child. That is true; but it is not well to leave any mistakes uncorrected, especially in such an important subject as language. Instead of marking the mistakes in the latter subject, suppose you try the following plan: Ask the "worst little sinner" in grammar and spelling to write his or her paper on the blackboard. Then with chalk in hand underline and correct the mistakes, while the children are correcting their own, or each other's mistakes at their seats under your direction. Such a plan, with as much time for explanation as you can possibly give, would be one of the best language lessons.

A subscriber asks for "some good authorities on method generally and on nature work in particular." There could be no better book of methods for the teacher than Sir Joshua Fitch's "Lectures on Teaching;" and "An Introduction to Nature-Study," by Ernest Stenhouse is an excellent work, in line with the best nature-teaching of to-day. Both books are published by Macmillan and Company, London.



### The Study Lesson.

Bad habits of study are a serious handicap to any one engaged in school work. In spite of this well-known truth, teachers generally have very crude ideas of the processes involved in logical study. And what is even worse, little is being done to train children in the acquisition of the proper habits of study. Assignments are too frequently by chapters, topics, or pages with no words of advice, of caution, or of assistance; and the children at their seats read what the book says in preparation for the recitation to follow. During the recitation, the teacher questions the pupils to see how well they remember the statements of the text. It would be untrue to affirm that no good results from such a procedure; for by it, children have, ever since the establishment of schools, learned,—that is, stored their memory with a great mass of unassimilated, or, at least, only partially assimilated facts.

The conventional methods of the ordinary school room have made for rote learning and verbatizing. Certainly in many cases time has not been taken to point out to the children the dangers of inattention and of a lack of concentration. Bad habits have necessarily resulted, and bad habits not only represent the line of least resistance but the line of least worth also. Dawdling through lessons must make all later school life, and life in general, a drudgery instead of an inspiration. Such habits are the marks of the vagabond and the criminal. They bar the road to intellectual pursuits.

It is not enough, however, simply to point out the dangers of inattention, of listless work. The child is entitled to definite help which provides a method of attack. To allow him to wander through his lesson with no ability to discriminate, to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, or to test results, means woeful ignorance or unpardonable shiftlessness on the part of the teacher. The manner in which one studies is really more important than the matter which he studies. The manner, the mode or method of attack, becomes one's permanent possession; the matter is transient, and likely soon forgotten.

It is significant to note that practically all the tests or examinations of the school are conducted to find out what the pupil knows about some subject. How he gained his knowledge is ignored. Teachers must not forget that the child who seems to be

getting nowhere in his study is really getting somewhere. He is making habits for himself which must forever close the door of studentship. Time must be taken and assistance must be given to show the child how to study or else energy will be wasted and opportunity lost.—*The School News.*

### Acrostic for Teachers.

Attention is the condition of memory.  
 Building moral character is the highest aim.  
 Children are doers rather than learners of book knowledge.  
 Do not expect the class to arouse the interest.  
 Effects are modified by controlling the causes.  
 Fault finding has no place in education.  
 Grant children their rights.  
 Happiness is a genuine, powerful tonic.  
 Intelligence and virtue are the uplifting forces in society.  
 Judgment is the most deficient faculty.  
 Keep the class thinking.  
 Lead the children to do what they ought to do as men and women.  
 Meanings of things are better than meanings of words.  
 Never "hear recitations."  
 Observe the operations of child mind.  
 Pupils are willing to let the teacher do the talking.  
 Quit wrong methods as soon as discovered.  
 Repetition forms habit.  
 School work ought to be in line with life work.  
 Training is leading to do, till the habit of doing is formed.  
 Union of natural history and natural science broadens culture.  
 Vary devices to suit the needs.  
 While insisting on truthfulness and self-control, set no example to the contrary.  
 "X" austive observation is an element in all great success.  
 Youthful instincts are more trustworthy as a guide to interest than our reasoning.  
 Zeal is born of ideas resulting from vivid and complete impressions.—*Alberta School Report.*

### The Snow Storm.

It was a frosty night,  
 I woke up in a fright,  
 And saw a lovely sight—  
 It was a snow storm bright.  
 "Oh, mother, mother, come and see!"  
 I cried with glee.  
 "Oh, what a pretty sight!" cried mother with delight;  
 That was the first I saw at night.

—*Heloise Neale, Age Ten, Chatham, N. B.*

(Prize Competition Woman's Home Companion).

He who is honest is noble,  
 Whatever his fortune or birth.

—*Cary.*



### Still Teaching at Eighty-five.

A record of continuous teaching for nearly fifty-seven years in one school can hardly be matched in the history of education in this country, says the *Boston Transcript*. Add to this long service the additional fact that in all that time, not a day, nor an hour, has been lost from regular duties and it will be seen that Charles J. Capen has a really remarkable life story. To be still teaching at the age of eighty-five is still another phase of which his friends and hundreds of former pupils are justly proud.

Mr. Capen is a singularly modest man and can hardly be induced to speak much of what all these years of activity have been to him. From his home in Dedham, near "the great bend of the Charles," he goes daily to the Boston Latin school where he has been a teacher since 1852. Patient, progressive, alert and painstaking as ever, his kindly personality permeates all his instruction, and seemingly difficult tasks are simplified by reason of his personal helpfulness and encouragement.

Born on a farm near Dorchester Heights he laid the foundation of rugged health by the outdoor work which he was called upon to do and which he performed with real love.

He entered Harvard at the age of seventeen and was graduated with the class of 1844, in which were Francis and George F. Parkham, and many others whose names are well known.

After teaching for a period of six years, Francis Gardner, headmaster of the Latin school, offered him a position, which he has filled with honour all these years.

An interesting phase of Mr. Capen's many-sided life is that which deals with his musical nature. With no instruction whatever he became a trained musician. The delight he has taken in this way, and what it has meant to others, cannot be expressed. Improvising is a special pleasure to Mr. Capen, and groups of young people are certain to welcome him to their good times because he is always willing to help entertain them with gay waltzes of his own composition or selections from the masters. To the youths who respect and admire him as a wise teacher and sympathetic friend and those who have been near him in close association for many years, he is a splendid example of one whose old age is "serene and bright," after sixty-five years in public service.

### The Snowbirds.

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,  
The thrush in the roses below;  
The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,  
But the snowbird sings in the snow.  
Ah me! Chickadee!  
The snowbird sings in the snow.

The blue marten trills in the gale,  
The wren in the yard below;  
In the elm chatters the bluejay,  
But the snowbird sings in the snow.  
Ah me! Chickadee!  
The snowbird sings in the snow.

High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,  
The wing of the sparrow drops low,  
In the midst dips the wing of the robin,  
And the snowbird's wing in the snow.  
Ah me! Chickadee!  
The snowbird sings in the snow.

I love the high heart of the osprey,  
The meek heart of the thrush below,  
The heart of the lark in the meadow,  
And the snowbird's heart in the snow.  
But dearer to me Chickadee!  
Is that true little heart in the snow.  
—Hezekiah Butterworth.

President David Starr Jordan in an article entitled "The Human Harvest," in *The Chautauquan* for January, analyzes in some detail the causes for the fall of Rome and the present decadence of France. In both cases the causes were purely biological—the wiping away of the best elements in the young manhood of the nation through destructive wars. Rome perished for want of men, not because of undue luxury or a low standard of morals. So, too, since the disastrous wars of the time of Napoleon—wars which destroyed two million of the best men of France—the French as a race have never been physically or morally what they were previous to the Napoleonic epoch. It is estimated that the average stature is two inches lower than it would otherwise have been had these wars been avoided.

The moral of Mr. Jordan's profoundly interesting discussion of these great problems is that any nation which becomes overimperialistic, becomes bent upon the conquest of other peoples, must inevitably succumb to this very spirit of domination. The best men will be destroyed in war and only the weaker ones will remain to be subject to the Cæsar or Napoleon who is sufficiently strong to command obedience.



**Little Red Riding Hood Dramatized.**

The children knew the story. Their imaginations supplied all the defects in properties and scenery incidental to an impromptu dramatization. A handkerchief tied capwise over the curls of a seven-year-old transformed her into "the mother." An old-fashioned golf cape of the required hue made a charming Red Riding Hood of small Rosie. His rough overcoat, with a collar drawn up over his mischievous face, together with doing his "turn" on all fours, made Dominic into a highly acceptable Wolf. The hunters or woodsmen who came to the rescue were armed with yard-sticks. The dialogue almost took care of itself, as follows:

## ACT I.

Mother (with covered basket, calling.—"Red Riding Hood! Red Riding Hood!")

Red Riding Hood (running in).—"Yes, mother dear! Do you want me?"

Mother.—"I wish you to take this basket of good things to your grandma. There is a bottle of milk; also, some butter and eggs, and a nice fresh loaf of bread."

Red Riding Hood (taking the basket).—"I'll go at once, mother dear!"

Mother.—"I'll go with you to the end of the lane" (Exeunt).

## ACT II.

Red Riding Hood enters alone, carrying her basket. She pretends to be gathering flowers. Enter the Wolf on all fours, growling.

Wolf.—"Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood. What are you doing?"

Red Riding Hood.—"Good morning, Mr. Wolf. I am gathering a bunch of flowers for my grandma."

Wolf.—"Where are you going this fine day?"

Red Riding Hood.—"I am going to my grandma's to take her this basket of goodies."

Wolf.—"Where does your grandma live, my dear?"

Red Riding Hood (pointing).—"My grandma lives over there in the little brown house."

Wolf.—"Well, you go that way and I'll go this, and we'll see who gets there first." (Exeunt in different directions).

## ACT III.

The Wolf is discovered lying down on a couch (two or three chairs placed together). Red Riding Hood raps outside.

Wolf (imitating grandma's voice).—"Is that you, little Red Riding Hood? Come right in, my dear."

Red Riding Hood enters and goes over to the couch.

Wolf.—"Set down your basket and come here, my child."

Red Riding Hood, putting down her basket, stands beside the Wolf.

Red Riding Hood.—"O grandma! What a big nose you have!"

Wolf.—"The better to smell with, my dear!"

Red Riding Hood.—"But, O grandma, what big eyes you have!"

Wolf.—"The better to see with, my dear!"

Red Riding Hood.—"O grandma! what a big mouth you have!"

Wolf (jumping up).—"The better to eat you up with, my dear!"

He runs after Red Riding Hood, who runs away screaming. Two small hunters armed with yard-sticks entered quietly just as the Wolf began the chase. They take aim. Hunters. Bang! Bang! Bang!

(Wolf drops dead).

The above bit of dramatization, with its simplicity of language and "staging," is a demonstration of what a live teacher can induce a class of young children to produce for itself. No two classes will reproduce the exact language; no two classes can be satisfied with the same "dress." Every class of grades one and two will alter it, make it according to their own visualization; but—and the but is an important one—every class will use good language and give strong expression in its use.—*The Teacher.*

O winter! if thy anger  
Affrights the poor of heart,  
Best humoured and most cheery  
Of playfellows thou art.  
E'en summer cannot rival  
Thy many-sided glee;  
For young and old, for maid and boy,  
Thou hast a store of healthy joy  
To bind our hearts to thee.

—John Reade.



**Timely Questions.**

1. What is the change in the length of days?
2. Do we have a larger or smaller amount of sunshine? How does the sunshine differ from that of December and January? (Warmer and lingers in afternoon).
3. At what time of the day do we have the most intense cold?
4. What is the effect of the warming sunshine upon the ground? Upon the snow? What becomes of water resulting from the thaws? What are the good effects of the February thaws?
5. What is the general appearance of the February sky? What is the colour of the clouds?
6. Are the air conditions the same as they were in the earlier months of winter? What is the effect of the quieter air upon the snowstorms?
7. Do the trees show any signs of life?
8. What can you notice upon the bushes and shrubs?
9. What do you find upon the ground? What caused the twigs to break and fall?
10. What birds do you see in the woods?
11. Can you find any seed or seed vessels yet remaining?
12. What signs of plant life do you see? Where do mosses grow?
13. What signs of animal life are to be found in the woods? Of bird life? (Footprints).
14. Name the three most common birds.
15. What do the squirrels and rabbits find to eat? (Buds and tender bark).
16. What change is coming over the willow tree? Can you discover any traces of the catkins?
17. Where is the bluejay commonly found? In the late afternoons? Where do we hear him in the early mornings? Where does the bluejay build his nest? What shape of tree is his favourite nesting place? What are the materials used in the bluejay's nest? Where is it placed? What is the number of the eggs?
18. What is the winter food of the crow? Of the snowbird?—*Selected.*

The Doctor—You are talking about useless noises. Give us a few true facts. What is a useless noise?

The Professor—Well, in the phrase, "true facts," for instance, "true" is a useless noise.

**Better Rural Schools**

It is true that the backbone of the nation lies in the rural districts, and for that reason the people who dwell there ought to have every advantage that looks to the upbuilding of character and intellect. Of course at the bottom of development lie the schools. C. I. Hudson, in discussing this subject in New York recently, said: "Back of every question that has to do with better farming, better homes and better lives, is the question of better rural schools. If we are to have better farming, we must begin with the boys and grow them. There is no other way. The problem that is now before our people is how to bring the best school to the boy or girl right where they are, on the farm, and to so revise its curriculum that valuable time shall not be wasted in teaching studies in which the average country boy has no interest and which he will never make good use of."

"There is need that even the elementary textbooks shall be revised, shortened and simplified so that more time can be given to elementary agriculture, nature studies and practical demonstrations in these subjects that will fit him for country life and make him see the value of this life rightly lived and to love it. It seems almost incredible that the farmers are asking for this reformation of the rural schools, and that they themselves are the greatest hindrance to the needed changes."—*The Pathfinder.*

**An Arithmetic Device**

So many untidy arithmetic papers have been passed in that I began to despair of ever arousing the pride of the class. Every method failed, until I hit upon the following, which has proved to be wonderfully effective:

First I made an attractive cover for each member of the class, in which to put all tidy, well-written papers that might be passed in. Nothing but the best would be accepted, and for a few days it seemed as if that best would never make its appearance. But the papers began to improve, and by and by they began to find their way into the covers. At the end of every week the best paper was selected from each cover and the others removed. During the following week each one tried to pass in papers surpassing the best of the preceding week, and the result was all I could have wished.—*Selected.*



**The Influence of a Good Book.**

Dr. Edward Brooks, of Philadelphia, who has been one of the distinguished educational leaders for half a century and more, relates this highly interesting experience, especially as judged from present experiences of boys of fourteen:

"When a boy of fourteen attending the 'district school,' I won the first prize for 'getting up head' in the spelling class the greatest number of times during the session. The prize awarded was a little book entitled, 'Watts on the Improvement of the Mind,' popularly known as 'Watts on the Mind.' That little book not only made me a teacher, but contributed largely to my success as an instructor and an educator. Young as I was I found the book full of interest, and I began to apply its statements to the improvement of my own mind, especially its suggestions for the improvement of the memory, in which faculty my mind seemed most defective. The impulse I received from this little book was deep and permanent. It turned my attention thus early to the study of the nature of the mind and the method of training its faculties."

**A Language Exercise.**

1. Write a telegraphic dispatch, not exceeding ten words, and containing three distinct statements.
2. You are shortly to move into a new store some distance from your present stand. Prepare a circular to be sent to customers, informing them of the change.
3. You have lost a gold watch. Prepare a notice of your loss to be put up in your village post-office.
4. Write five short reading notices of your goods, to be printed in the local column of your village paper.
5. You are in want of a situation as clerk in a grocery business. Prepare an advertisement for the paper, setting forth your desire.—*Teachers' Gazette.*

Scotch folk sometimes are very careful of their own ministers. Dr. Macleod was once sent for to visit a sick man. On arriving at the house, he inquired, "What church do you attend?" "Barry Kirk," replied the invalid. "Why, then, did you not sent for your own minister?" "Na, na," replied the sick man, "we would not risk him. Do you no ken it's a dangerous case of typhoid?"

**A Psalm of the Good Teacher.**

The Lord is my teacher:

I shall not lose the way to wisdom.

He leadeth me in the lowly path of learning,

He prepareth a lesson for me every day;

He findeth the clear fountains of instruction,

Little by little he showeth me the beauty of truth.

The world is a great book that he hath written,

He turneth the leaves for me slowly;

They are all inscribed with images and letters,

His face poureth light on the pictures and the words.

Then I am glad when I perceive his meaning,

He taketh me by the hand to the hill-top of vision;

In the valley also he walketh beside me,

And in the dark places he whispereth to my heart.

Yea, though the lesson be hard it is not hopeless,

For the Lord is very patient with his slow scholar;

He will wait a while for my weakness;

He will help me to read the truth through tears.

Surely thou wilt enlighten me daily by joy and by sorrow,

And lead me at last, O Lord, to the perfect knowledge of

thee.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

**Great Truths Greatly Won.**

Great truths are dearly bought; the common truth,

Such as men give and take from day to day,

Comes in the common walks of early life,

Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not formed by chance,

Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;

But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,

Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream;

Won in the day of conflict, fear and grief,

When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,

Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,

And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours

Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,

Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,

And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

There is a witchery in wintry winds

Which summer's balmy breezes do not hold:

A magic haze the eye by moonlight finds,

In snow-clad fields enlit by beams of gold;

'Neath summer skies the earth doth throb with life.

But winter brings to it a soothing rest,

Casts over it a robe of spotless white,

And calms the heaving of its troubled breast.

Still, 'neath the frost-bound soil the depths enfold

The powers that do assure a mightier birth,

A seeming death to life, and, then behold!

Rise from the tomb the fairest forms of earth.

So summer's joy shall follow winter's woe,

And flowers spring from fields now deep in snow.

—*John Boyd, in the Canadian Magazine for February.*



### For Friday Afternoons.

The following is the answer to the puzzle which appeared in this column in the January REVIEW:

1. Calves. 2. Hares (hairs). 3. Hart (heart).
4. Lashes (eyelashes). 5. Arms. 6. Inn Steps (insteps).
7. Ayes and noes (eyes and nose).
8. Ten dons (tendons). 9. Temples. 10. Pupils.
11. A crown. 12. Lids (eyelids). 13. Drums.
14. Feet and hands. 15. Caps (knee-caps).
16. Nails. 17. Soles. 18. Mussels (muscles).
19. Palms. 20. Tulips and iris.

#### Jim Parks's Store.

You know Jim Parks? He used to farm  
Out Hopkins Corner way.  
Well, he got tired of planting corn,  
And cutting oats and hay.  
It was too hard and dull a life—  
He said he could make more  
To move to town and open up  
A little grocery store.

The opening up was easy done,  
And things just 'peared to swim.  
You *work* a farm, but *keep* a store—  
It seemed like fun to Jim.  
His trade? Well, he had more or less—  
'Twas hardly ever more—  
But times would better in the fall,  
And—he liked keeping store.

One day last week I called around,  
And found him dreadful blue;  
He'd kept the store all right, but kept  
The things inside it, too.  
"The business suits me lots of ways,  
But tell me how," said Jim,  
"A man can keep on keeping store  
When it will not keep him!"

—*Woman's Home Companion for January.*

#### An Old Favourite.

One day there came to the court of a king a gray-haired professor, who amused the king greatly. He told the monarch a number of things he never knew before, and the king was delighted. But finally it came to a point where the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the king; "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth." Now, the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by two," said the king.

"Yes."

"Add five."

"Yes," answered the professor, doing so.

"Now multiply by 50."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Yes."

"Subtract 365."

"Yes."

"Add 115."

"Yes."

"And now," said the king, "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wonderingly.

"Thank you," was the king's response. "So you were born in December, 60 years ago, eh?"

"Why, how in the world do you know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the king, "from your answer—1260. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital I'll try it on the next person. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages."—*Watchman.*

#### The Window Breaker.

Little Tom Jones  
Would often throw stones,  
And often he had a good warning;  
And now I will tell  
What Tommy befell,  
From his rudeness, one fine summer's morning.

He was taking the air  
Upon Trinity Square,  
And, as usual, large stones he was jerking;  
Till at length a hard cinder  
Went plump through a window  
Where a party of ladies were working.

Tom's aunt when in town  
Had left half-a-crown  
For her nephew (her name was Miss Frazier),  
Which he thought to have spent,  
But now it all went  
(And it served him quite right) to the glazier.

—*English Exchange.*

The following list of questions will prove of educational value to boys and girls, as well as grown people.

What letter of the alphabet is—1, a vegetable? 2, an insect? 3, a clew? 4, a sheep? 5, part of a house? 6, a large body of water? 7, a bird? 8, a direction to oxen? 9, a beverage? 10, a verb of debt?

What author in literature is—1, A river in Italy? 2, A native of the British Isles? 3, An affliction of the feet? 4, The head of the Catholic church? 5, An English hedge shrub? 6, A domestic animal and the noise of another? 7, Not high, and part of a house. 8, A dark mineral and a low line of hills? 9, A very tall man? 10, Without moisture, and the lair of an animal?



**The Winter is Best of All.**

When tiny buds are waking  
 From their long, long sleep,  
 And from the soft green mosses  
 Pretty wild flowers peep;  
 When all the happy birdies  
 Once again are here,—  
 Then I think the Springtime  
 The best time of the year.

But when the Summer, with its days,  
 So long and bright, is here,  
 And little brooks seem dancing  
 With new life and cheer,  
 And all the woods and meadows  
 Are filled with blossoms gay,—  
 Then I wish the Summer  
 Would always, always stay.

\* \* \* \* \*

But now 'tis jolly Winter,  
 The cold winds shriek and roar;  
 The trees and fields are sparkling,  
 For Jack Frost's here once more.  
 And as I watch the snowflakes  
 That softly flutter and fall,  
 I think I like the Winter  
 The very best of all.

—*Mattie M. Renwick, in Child Garden.*

**The Talisman—A "Guess Story."**

Papa had little Robbie on his knee and Paul and Frank comfortably snuggled up on each side of him. Then Paul said:

"Now tell us a 'Guess Story,' please, papa."

Papa could tell the most interesting stories about common things, like bees or kites or marbles, but without telling what they were, and the boys would have to guess what they were about.

"Well," began papa, "you know that long ago, in the countries where they had kings, the king would sometimes send some man, whom he knew he could trust, on an important mission. The king would give his own signet-ring to the man, so that the one to whom he was sent would recognize it and would obey the commands of the king's messenger just as if they were the commands of the king himself.

"In some countries people have believed that there were certain magic things called talismans that had some wonderful power to make people obey them, if only they carried the talisman."

Papa stopped the "Guess Story" for a minute, and took a small box, not much over an inch in length from his pocket.

"When I was down town to-day," said papa, "I found a talisman that really has certain wonderful powers. It is inside this little box.

"If I gave it to one of you boys, you might send the talisman on a long journey, in care of some faithful man, and he would go for many miles, guarding the talisman

carefully, and then pass it on to some one else who was bound to obey it, and so it would pass from one to another, for thousands of miles.

"You would not even have to pay the railway fare of the men—the great steam engines would puff, and the wheels would revolve, and the train would travel on, day and night, carrying the talisman on the errand that you entrusted to it.

"When it left the train, there would be other men waiting to receive it and to carry out the commands you sent with it.

"Even away up in Alaska there are men waiting now who would tramp for miles over snow and ice for you, if you sent the talisman to them with your orders."

"Would it ever come back again?" asked Rob.

"Well, no—," said papa. "Oh, yes, there is a way you could have it come back to you."

But none of the boys could guess.

"Is it a penny?" asked Paul.

"No."

"A dime—any money?" asked Frank.

"No."

After the boys had thought and puzzled, papa thought it was time to help them a little, so he said, "Well, if you wanted to send it to some one you knew in—well, in California, and you were not quite sure where he lived, you could send a request that if the messengers failed to find him, they would send it back to you."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Paul. "You mean that they would send back what the talisman carried, papa?"

"Yes."

"Then, I know," and he whispered in papa's ear.

"Paul has guessed it, and I'll give him the talisman," announced papa. "If the others 'give it up,' he will show it to you."

As Frank and Robbie really couldn't guess, Paul opened the little box carefully and showed them—a postage stamp!—*Selected.*

Two little birdies, one wintry day,  
 Began to wonder and then to say,  
 "How about breakfast this wintry day?"  
 Two little maidens, that wintry day,  
 Into the garden wended their way,  
 When the snow was deep that wintry day.  
 One with a broom swept the snow away,  
 One scattered crumbs, then went to play,  
 And birdies had breakfast, that wintry day.

Francis Thompson, the English poet, tells a tale of how a swallow that nested in his garden carried greetings to and fro between England and Italy. Catching the bird in the early autumn he fastened the following message to its wings: "Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter." The next spring the swallow returned, and attached to its foot was the answer to his question, "Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North."



## CURRENT EVENTS.

The horrors of the great earthquake in Italy were not exaggerated by the first reports. On the contrary, the magnitude of the calamity grows more appalling as we learn more about it. It will be known to succeeding generations as one of the great events of history; and many years must pass before the beautiful provinces of southern Italy recover from its effects. The number of dead is now estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand; the distress and misery cannot be estimated. The Canadian government very promptly sent a contribution of \$100,000 in aid of the relief work, and other countries sent large sums. British and other foreign war ships hurried to the scene, to offer help, and the soldiers of the Italian army took charge of the work of rescue. The survivors from the stricken cities, towns and villages, and many from the surrounding country districts, were taken away as quickly as possible to other parts. The beautiful city of Messina may rise again from its ruins, but its loss as a commercial centre means the loss of the means of livelihood to most of those who were engaged in the fruit trade, which was the principal business of the people of Sicily and Calabria, and which will not quickly find new channels.

Sinister rumours are current in regard to the death of the late Emperor Kuang Hsu. It is said that the Chinese statesman, Yuan Shih Kai, and others, when they saw that the death of the Empress Dowager was near, feared the Emperor's vengeance if he should resume the throne, and caused his death. Yuan Shih Kai has been dismissed from office, but not publicly accused of the murder, excepting by the Chinese reformers, who looked upon the late Emperor as a prisoner in his palace. They loudly demand that his supposed murderer be brought to trial.

The third of February is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mendelssohn, and the twelfth of the month is the hundredth anniversary of Darwin's birth.

A conference to deal with questions relating to the natural resources of North America will meet at Washington on the 18th, at which the Canadian and Mexican governments will be represented.

Astronomers are watching for the re-appearance of Halley's comet, which is due some time this year. They are also searching for a planet which is believed to lie beyond the orbit of Neptune.

There are nine million acres of land in Great Britain and Ireland in need of re-forestation; and the royal commission inquiring into the problem of the unemployed recommends that men now out of work be set to planting trees. Forty years hence the new forests would be self-supporting.

All danger of war in the Balkans is thought to be averted. The Turkish government has accepted the Austro-Hungarian offer of an indemnity for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and these two provinces will no longer be claimed as Turkish territory.

Should the plan of Sir William Willcocks materialize, to irrigate the fertile plains of the Tigris and Euphrates and make them as productive as they were when Nineveh

and Babylon were at the height of their power, Turkey in Asia might become one of the great cotton producing countries of the world. In ancient times Mesopotamia had a population of six million; to-day it has only one-fourth of that number.

Lovers of the picturesque will be sorry to learn that gas engines are soon to take the place of windmills in Holland, where power is required in lifting the water out of ditches to keep the fields from being overflowed.

The value of the wireless telegraph was seen in a recent occurrence at sea, when two great ocean steamships came into collision in a fog near Long Island. Five other passenger ships and two government vessels caught the message calling for help, and hurried to the place, and hundreds of lives were saved.

A French chemist claims to have accidentally discovered how to make diamonds; but the method is a costly one, and it is doubtful whether it would pay.

The authorities in India are seriously considering the erection of the proposed bridge to connect Ceylon with the mainland. This bridge, which would be nearly forty miles in length, following the line of a coral reef, would be no more difficult to build than the line of railway that is built along the Florida keys. One of its principal uses would be to carry Indian labourers to work in the tea gardens of Ceylon, as men are carried by our harvest excursions to work in the wheat fields of western Canada.

The international commission appointed to settle disputes arising from lumber operations on the St. John river has a difficult work before it. The matter is one of considerable importance in international relations, involving rights under the Ashburton treaty in respect to the diversion of water and the use of the river where it forms a part of the boundary line.

The new rulers of Venezuela and Haiti are quietly established as the heads of their respective governments, and just at present there is no civil war going on in all the three Americas.

A valuable discovery of asbestos is reported in the Province of Quebec, at some distance from the workings that have heretofore been yielding most of the asbestos found on this continent.

In picture study have a definite number of good pictures to be studied during the year, and see that every child is provided with one. Help them to see wherein its beauty lies. Let them write about the picture and mount it. Give a little study to the artist, his biography, history of his time, conditions which led him to the painting of certain pictures, to distinguish certain artists' pictures by their style. Tell them where the original pictures are to be found in the great galleries—in fact, study pictures just as we do literature, getting all the fine thought possible out of them.—*School Report.*



Order Your  
School Supplies and Furniture  
from us and get

THE BEST

**E. N. MOYER COMPANY, Limited,**  
Canada's School Furnishers.

12 Louisa St.,  
**TORONTO, Ont.**



### Manual Training Department.

F. PEACOCK.

#### Utility in Manual Training.

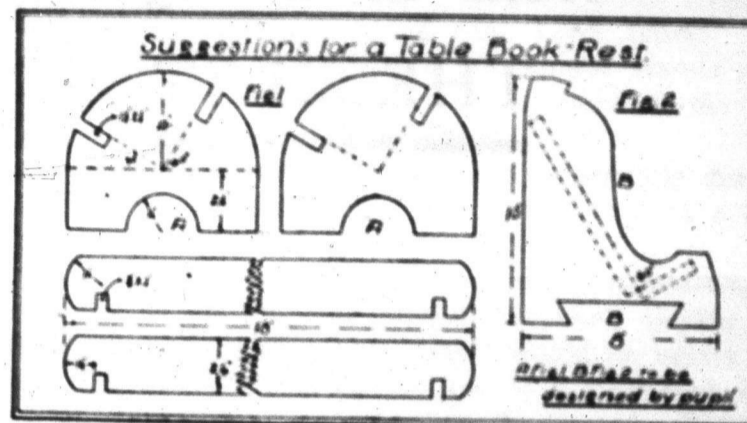
One phase in Manual Training that appeals strongly to the general public is its utilitarian value. This side of the subject can and should be made to supplement the purely educational side very substantially; and it certainly offers some of the greatest possibilities for popularizing and extending educational hand-work.

If there has been a word spoken against wood-work in the schools of this province, that word has been that the boys were kept working on "useless models." Probably we as teachers, having experienced the advantages of a well graded set of exercises, such as our course offers, can hardly appreciate this criticism; but we cannot afford to ignore it. We would do well to intersperse throughout the prescribed course as many as possible of the most useful articles available, such as—simple book stalls, stands, cabinets, magazine holders, book cases, etc. Every teacher should be on the watch for new work in this direction. The boy's own inclinations and necessities can usually be relied upon for suggestions. If he understands that he is to be permitted sometimes to choose his own model, the probabilities are that he will always be ready to do so; and it is beyond a peradventure that he will bring more industry and greater interest to this exercise than he will to a prescribed one.

I have found that picture framing can be successfully done after the pupils have had one term's woodwork, if they have access to a mitre or framing machine. The boys always have a supply of suitable pictures, and the finished product appeals very strongly to the home folk.

The equipment of a study would be a very interesting and fruitful exercise for any bright boy, after he has acquired an acquaintance with a few of the tools. In fact this equipment might be commenced early in the course with such simple furnishings as the ruler, tray, pen holder, book rest, stationery box, waste paper basket, dictionary stand, picture frames, etc.; gradually advancing to heavier and more complicated articles, such as book-cases, chairs, etc.; and finishing with a nice desk or table. Besides supplying the student with

some really useful articles of furniture, the working out of such a scheme as this, and the harmonizing of the different pieces would be of the greatest educational importance to him. He would learn lessons of economy and independence, in other words he would get some of the greatest lessons of living, to teach which should be the function of every school.



The accompanying cut offers some suggestions for book rests. The ideas for Fig. 1, were gathered from *Manual Training*—an English publication. The rack represented is made from  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch stock, and affords a good exercise in bow sawing and spoke shaving. The laths and ends can either be carved or left plain. This rack can be taken apart for travelling, and it has no corners to retain dust.

In Fig. 2, we have the end elevation of another rest. In this the ends should be  $\frac{3}{4}$  or  $\frac{7}{8}$  inches thick, and they offer a good chance for original designing. The boards forming the book supports are tenoned to ends, and they should finish to  $\frac{3}{8}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in thickness, and about 18 inches in length. The wider one should be 8 or 9 inches and the narrower one 2 or 3 inches in width.

Of course, you are crowded with work, but that is no excuse for your failure to have singing in your school. Five or ten minutes given to singing during the day will be time well spent. A good rousing song at the opening of school will arouse the pupils to take their work with enthusiasm and they will pursue it with greater energy. A song at the close of the day may remove any unpleasant thoughts of the day from the mind, and the child will go home contented and happy. Singing has a very wholesome effect upon discipline. Sing more, scold less.—*Pennsylvania School Journal*.