

THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW

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ST. JOHN, N. B. DECEMBER, 1907.

WHOLE NUMBER, 247.

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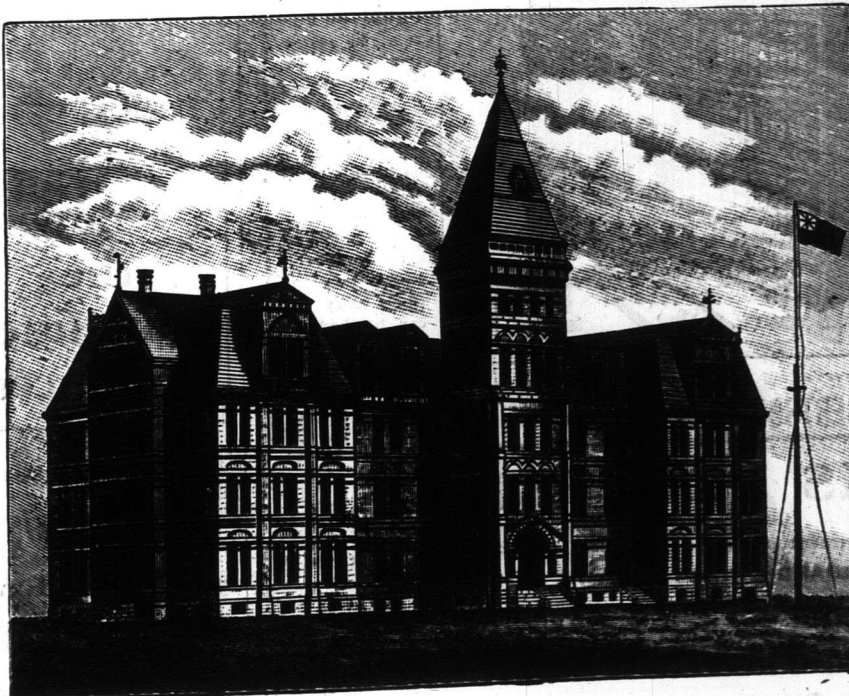
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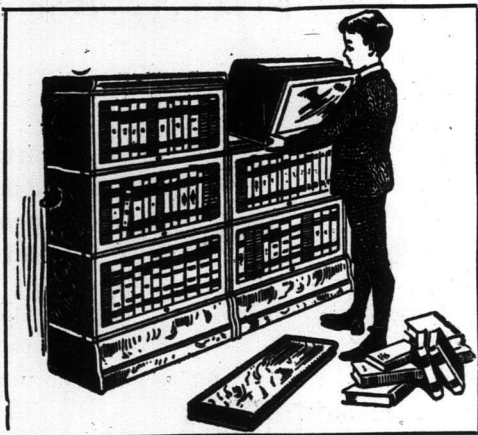
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A file of this paper can be seen at the office of E. & J. Hardy & Co., 30, 31 and 32, Fleet Street, London, England, free of charge; and that firm will be glad to receive news, subscriptions, and advertisements on our behalf.

To all our readers—and they are more numerous now than ever before—the best wishes of the REVIEW are extended for a Happy Christmas and New Year. May the new year bring to all of you, by greater effort and study, greater gifts in teaching. To those who have contributed of their best to make the columns of the REVIEW more helpful, and to the many whose kindly messages have always been an inspiration, our grateful thanks are returned.

NEXT month the REVIEW will begin a series of articles on Canadian Literature which will extend throughout the year. Miss Robinson, who has been

so pleasantly known to the readers of the REVIEW for several years by her literary work, has undertaken the preparation of this series, which she will make useful and attractive for school purposes and reading clubs.

Rev. Hunter Boyd in his article in this number on The Federation of Rural Forces, offers some problems that await solution. He directs public attention to some great needs in our educational service.

Citizens, teachers, boys and girls of Halifax, have united to do honour to Mr. Alexander McKay, after an honorable educational service of fifty years, of which a large portion has been spent as supervisor of the Halifax schools. He was recently presented with an address and a valuable gold watch and chain.

THE *Journal of Education*, published by the Superintendent of Education of Nova Scotia, is more than usually important to trustees and teachers in its October number. In addition to the usual information and official notices given through this medium, it has useful expressions of public educational opinion, nature study information, and encloses to teachers leaflets on local nature observations. If the REVIEW and *Journal* were to combine their forces, the union might prove satisfactory as well as economical.

OUR picture this month represents King Alfred, surrounded by his family, bestowing half a loaf on a needy pilgrim. The king was hiding from the Danes at the time, and was in great straits to provide enough food for his family. The picture serves to illustrate that the giving at the Christmas season should not be confined to our immediate friends and relatives, but should extend to those in real need.

DURING this and the next month our subscribers will receive statements of their accounts. These are sent out at least once a year, and are not necessarily "duns," but serve as reminders, which will

be met with that prompt business courtesy which has been characteristic of the great majority of our subscribers in our dealings with them for nearly twenty-one years. It is a great pleasure to be in daily communication with people who are prompt, courteous and pleasant in their business correspondence.

MR. E. J. LAY, principal of the Amherst, N. S., academy, is, to use his own words, "the self-appointed statistician" of that progressive town. For more than twelve years he has made a careful census of its population, and published the returns in the local papers. In 1884, according to the report in a late number of the *News-Sentinel*, the population was 3,390; in 1907 it is 8,427. It is not to Mr. Lay's figures that attention is here called, but to the fact that he is yearly doing a useful work outside of his school, making a record of progress which is of interest to every member of the community, his only reward being the "congratulations of his fellow-citizens." How many teachers are doing something for the community in which they live outside of their daily round of teaching? We notice that some teachers are interesting parents and others in their schools by items in local newspapers. Others are forming reading circles and library societies for the improvement of young and old; others are concerning themselves in the village societies for making better roads, improvement of public places, etc.; some in a quieter way read at regular hours to sick or aged people, and some are collecting what is valuable and should be preserved of the past history of the place. These teachers may find that the work they do outside gives them greater influence in the schoolroom, but it all depends on how the work is done. The first duty of the teacher is to make a school of which every member of the community will be proud.

To choose an appropriate gift,—one to be received with genuine pleasure,—is truly an accomplishment. Perhaps a suggestion will be of assistance to you before making your purchase for the holiday season. Have you ever considered that an up-to-date unabridged dictionary is a gift to be longer enjoyed, longer treasured, and of more constant service to the recipient than any other selection you may make? The one great standard authority is Webster's International Dictionary, published by G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

The Influence of the Season.

At this season of the year, more than at any other time, there is a feeling of hope and joyousness, a desire to impart our joys to others and make them partakers of our happiness. When we think of the sacrifice made for us by Him who came to the world nearly twenty centuries ago, and the mighty influences for good that have since been at work as a result of that coming, it should make us more hopeful that each season is bringing more happiness and good to mankind. There is better teaching now than in years past; the influence of example counts for much; words that mean nothing count for very little; there is a growing tendency to examine character and deeds rather than words. There is the unflinching integrity of business men who would count a smirch on their honour as more disastrous than financial ruin. There is in the fierce competition that prevails in the business and professional world an honesty of purpose that does not vaunt itself, but that is too apt to be lost sight of in the host of examples of greed and dishonesty that so frequently come to the surface. We should accustom ourselves to dwell more on the good than on the evil, to cherish a good example, to emulate a good deed. Then would each Christmas bring us nearer to the ideal of Him who suffered for mankind.

A shock ran through the Christian world a few days ago when it was announced that the New York City board of education had decided to eliminate all mention of Christ from the text-books and from the songs and literature to be used in the coming Christmas celebrations in the schools. This order was made at the request and in deference to the feelings of the Jews, who now number about one-fourth of the city's population, and who are powerful in business and commercial circles. It is a great pity that such a question has arisen, for while the constitution of the United States guarantees religious liberty to all people who live in the country, the sentiment of the nation is Christian and will not tolerate that the name of Christ be cut out from the music and literature of the schools.

At the same time it is not wise to stir up religious dissension and the rancour of fanaticism, especially at a time when love, peace and good-will should prevail in our dealings with our fellows. It is a question that the common sense and moderation of

the wisest Christian and Jew will deem it advisable to settle without arousing passion and prejudice. It is gratifying to learn that the New York board has withdrawn its obnoxious order.

A lady whose long and useful life has been filled with thoughts of doing good to others and how she may best render service to them, writes as follows:

What a happy world this would be if the people would only be kind to and thoughtful of each other. Those disgraceful conflicts between labour and capital would then cease, and instead of heated and often venomous discussions reasonable statement of grievances and amicable adjustment of differences would follow. We often see the evil results of this war—for it is nothing else. In London, a few years ago, the dockers' labour strike drove away to Antwerp and other places an immense amount of business which has never returned. I never realized till of late years how little capable of reasoning correctly and calmly weighing the great mass of any community show themselves. I believe that a sound teaching of history, general as well as British and Canadian, would be of the greatest possible value; and it ought to begin in the lowest grades, and of course be taught orally at first. Even in the upper grades the *viva voce* method should obtain. But the teachers must know history themselves, take an interest in it, and be able to point out at least a few of its great lessons, so that the future citizen may value his privilege and know how to use and not abuse it.

Nailing it Fast.

Once, when I was a little schoolgirl, a teacher said something in a speech he made which I shall never forget.

"Suppose," he said, "you were building a house, and instead of putting the shingles and weatherboards on with nails, you fastened them in place with tacks. It would be a foolish way to work, would it not? For the first high wind would send them flying off in all directions. None of you would do so silly a thing as that, I am sure. But how are you doing your school work day by day? Are you just tacking the lessons on so they will stay long enough for the recitation and then drop off your memory, or are you nailing them fast so that they will stay on for life and become a good, sound part of your education?—*King's Own*.

If you think a good magazine will be preferred, what better one could be had than *Littell's Living Age*, which comes every week with the choicest matter from the best English magazines; or the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the best current literature of America in its pages; or the *Canadian Magazine*, which so well represents the prosperity and growing culture of Canada.

Visits to English Schools.—V.

By G. U. HAY.

Before leaving London I wished to visit one or more training colleges for teachers, and by the advice of Chief Inspector Barnett, to whose kindness in directing me to other educational institutions I have before referred, I crossed the Thames to Battersea, which lies two or three miles south-west of Westminster Abbey. Here are situated St. John's College and Southlands, the former being a Church of England training college for men, and the latter, under Wesleyan supervision, for women teachers.

This portion of London (Battersea) was formerly occupied by market gardeners, who supplied London with vegetables, but the expansion of the modern city has driven these further afield. Beautiful villas and many educational and charitable institutions now adorn the "preserves" of ancient costermongers. It has a fine wooded park extending for some distance along the south bank of the Thames. It was a relief to get among the quieter walks and gardens after threading our way through the babel of din and traffic which led thither. But "quiet" is merely a relative term in London; the din is less appalling only as one turns aside from its great thoroughfares.

We were ushered into the grounds of St. John's College after passing through a typical English lawn and garden. Here was a mound known as "Pope's Mound;" and the beautiful sitting room in which we were received by Principal Rev. Mr. Dennis, and his wife, we were told, was the one in which Pope wrote his "Essay on Man." Here in imagination one could see the elegant and polished Lord Bolingbroke (Henry St. John), the "guide, philosopher and friend," entertaining the poet in his family place at Battersea. In this very room they probably talked over the plan of that wonderful essay, much of the matter of which has been attributed to Bolingbroke, though the poetical imagery and style are Pope's own.

Truly the ground that one treads on in England is sacred ground. He scarcely enters a place where there is not the vestige of some event in history, or some memento of literature, art, or of a former civilization.

As the principal of St. John's was just about leaving for the city, he turned us over to a deputy who conducted us through the different departments—rather too much so, for we wanted to see students and their work rather than rooms. There seemed to be little doing on this particular morn-

ing. Some students were working quietly in the library, or talking in groups, others were engaged in drawing. Some of the specimens shown us were as excellent as those we had seen elsewhere. We were ushered into one room used for games and smoking, for many of the teachers and student teachers in England use tobacco. Imagine a smoking-room attached to a normal school in Canada!

We next visited Southlands, the Wesleyan training school for women teachers. The men's Wesleyan training school is at Westminster. We were introduced to Rev. Dr. Chapman, the head of the institution. The lady principal, Miss Sarah Walker, conducted us to several classes in quick succession, for it lacked but a half hour to the time of dismissal. In the nature-study class all were so intent on their study of the earthworm that they seemed scarcely aware of our entrance, and altogether showed an enthusiasm and an utter lack of self-consciousness that was delightful to see. In another room a class was studying English poetry, and a young lady read a passage with beautifully clear enunciation and with an evident appreciation of its meaning. Another class was engaged in English composition, and a young lady read a thoughtful descriptive essay on the delights of each season as it comes in turn, with special reference to the winter. My companion remarked on the evident sympathy of the essayist with Robert Jefferies, a writer on English scenery for whom we had taken a strong liking. "Yes," said the teacher, "this young lady lives near the home of Mr. Jefferies." Then we talked freely of the characteristics of English and Canadian winters, the members of the class modestly expressing their opinions when called upon, and showing a remarkably intelligent and appreciative interest in the conditions of life in the two countries.

We were next shown through the "cubes" (cubicles or dormitories), the library, study and general recreation rooms. A drawing room was pointed out as the room in which lived the Duchess d'Anjou, daughter of King Louis XVI of France and his queen, Marie Antoinette, during her exile in England at the time of the French Revolution. The grounds, rooms and people of this model institution were in every way attractive.

I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fall, yet keeps unflinching trust
That God is God; and somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

October Plants' Competition.

Sixteen schools have competed for the prize offered by the REVIEW of October for the best collection of autumn flowers found in bloom on the 18th and a few following days of that month. It has been a great pleasure to look over these, for the most part, excellent collections. The great majority of them have the plants pressed and mounted on cardboard or paper, with labels showing the name of the plant (usually its common name), and the place and date of collecting. With a few exceptions, the work has been neatly done. In several instances, where the collections have been made by individual students, it has resulted in a thoroughness and system that is very gratifying to observe; and the schools represented are to be congratulated on the work done by their students. In a few cases the scholars acting in concert have made collections, but the results are not so uniform nor the work so neatly done as in individual cases.

The following list shows the names, given in the order they were received, of the schools or single pupils sending in collections:

1. Fitzpatrick school, Northumberland Co., N. B.
2. Mamie E. Shannon, Lower Greenfield, Carleton Co., N. B.
3. Scott's Road, Westmorland Co., N. B.
4. Edith Wilson, High School, Sherbrooke, Quebec.
5. Chris. L. Armstrong, High School, St. John, N. B.
6. Shediac School, N. B.
7. Ewart G. Shields, Hantsport School, N. S.
8. Gladys A. Kilburn, Macinac School, York Co., N. B.
9. Port Medway School, Queens Co., N. S.
10. New Canaan School, Queens Co., N. B.
11. West Leicester School, Cumberland Co., N. S.
12. Montague Mines, Halifax Co., N. S.
13. Ada M. Colwell, Kingston, N. B., Consolidated School.
14. Forest Glen School, Westmorland Co., N. B.
15. Duhamel School, Alberta.
16. North Grand Pre, Kings Co., N. S.

No. 13, the collection by Miss Ada M. Colwell, numbering 81 plants carefully pressed, mounted and named, wins the first prize, a beautifully illustrated book on "Plant Studies in Canada."

No. 7, the collection of Ewart G. Shields, numbering 37 plants, wins the second prize, a finely illustrated book on "Moths and Butterflies."

No. 11, the West Leicester, N. S., collection, is the best made by scholars working in unison, and is entitled to a third prize.

The schools and students represented by numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, 9 (containing 44 specimens), 10 (very neat in arrangement), 14, 15, are deserving of honourable mention.



KING ALFRED DIVIDING HIS LOAF WITH A PILGRIM.

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The best of these collections will be placed on exhibition in the rooms of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, St. John, for the next few weeks.

Federation of Rural Forces.

I.—THE CHARACTER OF OUR NEEDS.

It is very confidently asserted that the educational system in operation in these provinces is one of the best that can be devised, and that other sections of the empire have confirmed this opinion. This is gratifying in the extreme, and there is no disposition to discount the statement. Granted that it is possible to go by a continuous ascent from primary grades to the respective universities, it may be asked if equal concern has been exercised to make the length and breadth of the system as adequate as the height of it. The articulation may be perfect as a vertical column, but what of the radius? It would be interesting to know how many scholars in the whole of the maritime provinces enter colleges or universities from year to year. All are doubtless welcome, and thousands are in daily contact with those who are striving for these goals, and this factor doubtless has a stimulating effect upon many remote schoolhouses; but are there any consolation prizes offered for the multitudes who have neither aptitude nor means to continue to the end? What facilities are there for those who will need neither university, "normal," or technical colleges? Is the state quite fair towards the rank-and-file who, not infrequently, for filial reasons, will remain in the province? So far as New Brunswick is concerned, it is true that evening schools are contemplated for town schools; but it would be interesting to know how many scholars have attended such schools during the past ten years. And except for technical schools, could Nova Scotia show better results? Of course we may be pointed to the opportunities offered by Y. M. C. A. in a few centres, and to private classes in connection with clubs or churches. Correspondence schools also are increasingly used; and in the town of Amherst alone there are probably 500 students connected with one of these schools. But how many scholars are in attendance in evening schools under the direction of the government departments of any of the provinces this winter? And further, are there any such schools open in rural sections? The consolidated schools will probably effect something in this way ere long; but, on the whole, it may be said that, however good the institutions have been on

the part of either governments or scholars, the lads and lasses who, after an all-too-brief acquaintance with school life, have *quit*,—have not been found any more within these seats of learning except at a "pie social."

Indeed the clause in the N. B. School Act, which refers to evening work, appears to discourage the employment of the teacher who has been engaged during the day. Surely it is not only in cities that supplementary teachers could be secured. In effect there has been no "continuation" work in the rural sections. The boys and girls have been told they ought to have stayed at school when they had the chance, and the government has made no further provision for their enlightenment, unless they happened to live in sections where their fathers cooperated in agricultural institutes, and then on one evening in the year they enjoyed the all-too-rare privilege of hearing something about the better methods to be employed by over sixty per cent of the population of the provinces. The farmers' institute work is excellent as far as it goes. Let it be distinctly understood that this is not intended as a reflection on the governments of any particular colour. The education boards will probably effect as much as the people clamour for, and there has been no clamouring by partizans of any shade of politics. A cry is sometimes raised about vacant schoolhouses, but there has been no articulate and prolonged cry for the opening of schoolhouses in the evenings for many whose work or "chores" has prevented attendance by day. The result has been that in not a few instances the sharp regret experienced on leaving school becomes less and less acute. In many instances parents try in vain to induce such of their family as can be spared during the winter to return for a little more education; but it requires considerable courage for a backward boy or girl to resume work in the presence of young children. It is not for a moment suggested that persons who can neither read nor write are of necessity unintelligent, but surely it is deplorable that in the twentieth century there were at the last census one hundred thousand persons over five years of age in that condition in the maritime provinces alone. We are told that no true patriot cares to dwell on these things; of course not, unless the patriot is prepared to help in their removal. If these figures do not mean what they appear to do, the case is serious enough after making the most extensive deductions for special circumstances. Something may be expected from the operation of the Com-

pulsory Education Act, but it will not affect the thousands who are already beyond what is known as school age, and who are likely to continue in our midst and become our future ratepayers and school trustees.

Moreover, the Act will effect little in rural sections for some time to come, except where schools are centralized, because there is deep prejudice against summary action on the part of neighbours, not to say relatives. It is surprising that in towns and cities in New Brunswick truants who are refractory are to be sent to jail. Surely the law, if invoked at all, can only be of service by securing *education*, not punishment. Nova Scotia contemplates an industrial school, where a boy will be compelled to learn the rudiments of a trade, or get some acquaintance with agriculture; at any rate, such delinquents are to be cared for, and not demoralized by the stigma of the common jail.

We wish, however, to see something done for those who desire to remain in the common school, but are compelled to be content with short terms, and those who have become conscious of inadequate training, but can never go to high schools or colleges. Every country that is progressive has its rural problem, and some, notably Denmark, have afforded good solutions; but before venturing on suggestions in this direction it is well, perhaps, to bring our needs into clearer prominence.

In the Month of December.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

All the other days of this month must give place to Christmas Day. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called the month itself *Heilig Monat*, that is, Holy Month, and a German name for December is *Christmonat*, because it is the month when we celebrate the Birth of Christ.

Ever since the fourth century, the festival of the Nativity has been kept on the 25th of December. It matters little whether this is the actual date of our Lord's birth or not. In all Christian lands and times men have felt that it is right and fitting to set apart one day in the year in special memory of the coming of Christ to earth, and to celebrate it by rest from labour, thanksgiving and adoration to God, and general rejoicing. The opening words of an ancient prayer express this feeling: "Oh, God, which makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of Thy only Son, Jesus Christ." The holy angels were the first to give words to their adoration and rejoicing, when, as the tidings of

great joy were told, the heavenly host broke forth in the hymn, "Glory to God in the highest;" the shepherds returned from the manger at Bethlehem glorifying and praising God; and so down the ages the angelic song has still been echoed.

"The whole world," says a modern writer, "has recognized this event as the single point of history in which every age, every country, every living man, has an interest. It is to the Nativity of our Lord that all the pages of the Bible point as the centre on which everything there recorded turns. Kings have lived and died; empires have arisen and crumbled away; great cities have been built and destroyed; countries peopled and again laid desert; and all this is to us almost as if it had never been. Great as past events of history were to the generations in which they occurred, to us they are of less practical importance than the every-day circumstances of our common life. But the event which gives us the festival of Christmas was one whose interest is universal and unfading; one with which we are as much concerned as were the shepherds of Bethlehem; and which will be of no less importance to the last generation of men than it is to us. For it was in the birth of Christ that earth was reunited to heaven, and both made one kingdom of God above and below—as they were at the first creation. In it separation of man from God was done away, for one appeared who, in His own single person, was God, belonging to heaven, and Man, belonging to earth. It was not only the beginning of a new era, but it was the centre of all human history, the point of time to which the ages that were gone had looked forward, and to which the ages that were to come after must all look back; the one day of days which gathered all other times into itself, and stretching its influence through every hour of human existence, from the fall to the judgment, makes for itself a history, by connection with which only can other histories have an eternal interest. And so even beyond the immediate influence of the church it is found that the Christmas gladness of the church is reflected in the world around; and a common instinct of regenerated human nature teaches that world to recognize in Christmas a season of unity and fellowship and good-will, of happiness and peace."

Immediately after Christmas Day come the three days on which are commemorated, respectively, St. Stephen, the first martyr, St. John the Evangelist, and the Holy Innocents. It has been observed that there are three kinds of martyrs remembered by the

church: those who willingly give up their lives for Christ's sake, as St. Stephen did; those who, like St. John, are willing to suffer, but are not called upon to die for Him; and those who, like the Innocents, suffered, but had no wills to offer to God; martyrs both in will and in deed; martyrs in will, but not in deed; and martyrs in deed, but not in will.

The circumstances of St. Stephen's death are given with much fulness in the seventh chapter of the Acts, and we see his eloquence, his dauntless courage, and his close following of his Master in the prayer for his enemies. It has been beautifully suggested that the custom of remembering the days on which holy men died for their Lord must have begun with the remembrance of the death of the first martyr. How natural for those who saw him die, and especially for one—the great apostle—at whose feet the witnesses "laid down their clothes," he who was consenting unto his death, to say, as year by year the day came round, "This was the day on which Stephen fell asleep."

We know more of the life of St. John, whose day has been kept from very early times—on the 27th of December—than of the other evangelists. He was the son of Zebedee and brother of St. James the Great. He and St. Andrew were the first two disciples who were called by our Lord. He was the constant companion of his Master, and one of the three who witnessed the transfiguration and were present in the garden of Gethsemane. He stood by the cross and received from Christ the care of His mother. He was honoured by the distinction of "the disciple whom Jesus loved." He was the latest living apostle, dying a natural death at Ephesus at the age of one hundred. During the persecution of Domitian he was summoned to Rome, and is said to have been cast into a caldron of boiling oil, but to have escaped unhurt. After this he was banished to the Isle of Patmos, and it is thought that the book of the Revelation was written during this banishment. On the Emperor's death, A. D. 96, he was allowed to return to Ephesus, where, as is generally agreed, he wrote the fourth gospel and his three epistles. There was a tradition that St. John should not die, founded upon our Lord's words, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" But the Evangelist guards against this interpretation in his gospel, chapter xxi, 23. St. John is sometimes represented in art holding a cup, from which a serpent is escaping. This is in reference to the legend which says, that either at

Rome or at Ephesus, a cup of poisoned wine was given him, but the poison came forth in the form of a serpent; St. John drank the wine unhurt, and the poisoner fell dead at his feet. The symbol of St. John is the eagle, indicating, by the keenness of its vision and the strength of its flight, the insight of the apostle, and his power of apprehending the highest and holiest truths.

The story of the slaughter of the children of Bethlehem by Herod the Great is told in secular history as well as by St. Matthew. Their number has been variously stated by different writers, but modern authorities say that it was probably not above twenty. These little children, who died for the holy child Jesus, have always been held in very tender memory; with the story of their death is associated not only the words of the prophet telling of the sad mourning of a mother for her children (Jeremiah xxxi, 15), but also the triumphant vision of St. John in the fourteenth chapter of the Revelation, "These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God, and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile; for they are without fault before the throne of God." An ancient writer, himself a martyr, in writing to a community of Christians about a fearful persecution which he saw about to come upon them, said, "The Nativity of Christ commenced forthwith with the martyrdom of infants, so that they who were two years old and under were put to death for His name's sake."

This shows how closely the memorial of the Holy Innocents was associated with Christmas Day. And there are different reasons why the thoughts that have lately been all joyful should so soon be turned toward scenes of suffering. The memory of the sorrows and sufferings of our Lord's life on earth must follow quickly on the thought of His coming; but, also, may we not think of the martyrs laying down their lives for Him as an expression of the desire to give of our best in return for the great gift on Christmas Day?

St. Thomas the Apostle is remembered on December 21st. The gospels tell us very little about him, except the story of his disbelief in the resurrection and his conviction by Christ's own words and touch. After the ascension he is said to have gone to the east, and preached the gospel to Parthians, Medes and Persians, and in India. He was martyred in Sumatra, being first stoned and then pierced with a spear.

There is one saint whose name has come to be connected with Christmas, more especially with Christmas Eve, and the hanging of stockings, whose name must not be forgotten. He is St. Nicholas of Myra, the patron saint of school boys, poor girls and sailors. St. Nicholas was Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor in the fourth century. Very little more than this is positively known about him, but a great deal of striking legend has gathered about his name, and from the great veneration which both the eastern and western churches showed him in early times we may infer that he was a good and great man. One of the stories told about him is as follows: "A certain nobleman of Panthera, Nicholas' native place, lost all his money; he had three daughters, and they had nothing before them but want and misery. Nicholas had inherited great wealth from his parents, and was always seeking to do good; so when he heard of the trouble of the three maidens, he took a large sum of gold and tied it in a handkerchief, and went by night to the house to see how he might give it without being seen. He found an open window and threw in the gold, then hastened away. The eldest daughter had this money for a dowry, and was married. Then Nicholas, in the same secret way, left the same sum of money for the second daughter, who was married also. But when it came to the third daughter's turn, the father watched to see who their benefactor was, and when Nicholas came the third time, he caught him by the robe, and said, 'O, Nicholas, servant of God, why seekest thou to hide thyself?' But St. Nicholas made him promise to tell no one. This legend may account for the secrecy which the saint always observes in his Christmas Eve visits, and for the necessity laid upon all boys and girls to be sound asleep before he comes."

There is another story which shows his care for boys: "Once when he was travelling he stayed at an inn kept by a wicked man, who used to kill children and serve their bodies up as meat. St. Nicholas discovered his horrible wickedness, and went to a tub where the bodies of three boys were preserved. The saint restored the boys to life, and sent them home to their mother, who was a widow."

In the eleventh century the remains of the saint were taken from Myra and carried to Bari, in Italy, and there great festivities are held in his honour on his day, the 6th of December. St. Nicholas is also the patron saint of Russia.

The seven days immediately before and the seven immediately after the shortest day in the year were

called Halcyon Days. A Greek myth tells how Halycone, the wife of Cyx, mourned so for her husband, who was drowned at sea, that she was changed into a bird, the halcyon. This bird brooded over her nest, on the top of the waves, for these fourteen days, and during this time Jove did not permit the winds to blow. So at that time the sea was always calm and safe to seafarers. Milton speaks of this belief in his "Hymn on the Nativity:"

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

A Flag Salute.

A subscriber who is convinced of the usefulness of such exercises as a "Flag Salute" asks the REVIEW to give a ceremonial that would do for certain occasions, adding, "We look to the REVIEW to keep us informed of the best ways of making and keeping our schools progressive, and so far we have not been disappointed."

Two correspondents who are conversant with such matters recommend the following plans:

ORDINARY SALUTE.

If the "salute" is to be a daily affair, it should be simple, and consist merely of the pupils standing in line to see the flag go up; then lifting their caps and singing the first stanza of the national anthem. To prevent this becoming stale by too frequent repetition, the following may be substituted as often as the teacher may deem advisable, certainly often enough to keep the pupils in good practice.

OCCASIONAL SALUTE.

The pupil selected to hold the flag during the salute is preferably the one making the highest marks in the school or department since the last flag salute—a day, a week, or a month before, as the case may be. He takes his place on the platform facing the school with the flag held at "the shoulder," that is, with the right hand grasping the flag staff by the thumb and first two fingers from behind, and the upper part of the staff pressed tightly to the hollow of the shoulder, head erect, but not thrown back, knees straight, hips drawn in and chest advanced, left hand dropped to the side at the

full extent of the arm, the pupils taking their directions from strokes of the bell.

1. Pupils prepare to stand.
2. Pupils stand and come to "attention," facing the flag.
3. Commence salute as follows: Extend right hand, fingers straight and close together, thumb close to forefinger, back of the hand up, towards the flag, and repeat together, "We give our heads (bring right hand towards a circular motion to the head) and our hearts (bring right hand to heart, and, after slight pause, drop hand to side) to God and our Country—one King, one Empire (raising right hand again and pointing towards flag as before, and bowing towards the flag) one Flag." After bowing the hand is dropped to the side and the pupils come to "attention" as before. While practising, this salute may be repeated several times a day at first, and indeed must be, to enable the pupils to do it well. After it is once learned well, once or twice a week, at public oral examinations, and during the visits of the inspectors or other school officers will be sufficient.

N. B. "Attention" is heels together, toes turned out so that the feet form an angle of 45 degrees, knees straight, hips drawn in, chest advanced, shoulders back, head erect but not thrown back, eyes looking straight to the front, arms hanging loosely and easily from the shoulders, most of the weight on the ball of the foot and the whole position *without constraint*.

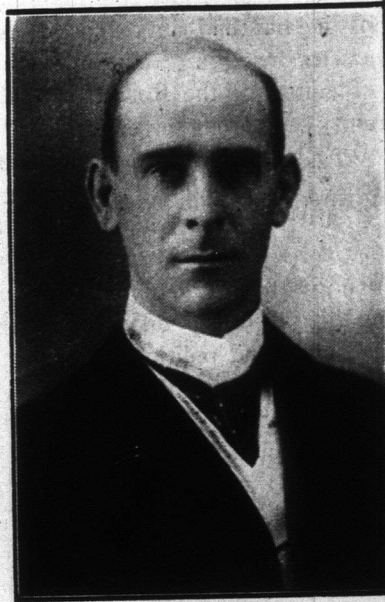
FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

For special occasions, as the presentation of a new flag, the dedication of a school building, or on Empire or Arbor Day, the ceremony might include:

- (1) Assembling of officials, military, and schools.
- (2) Hoisting either Canadian flag or Union Jack.
- (3) National anthem by band or voices.
- (4) Saluting the flag (as above).
- (5) Address on duties and responsibilities of British citizenship.
- (6) Lecture on the Empire or the Dominion.
- (7) Recitation of some poem, or singing of some patriotic song.
- (8) National anthem and final salute (as above).

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in the cloud of dust.

"Thim chug wagons must cost a heap av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."
 "An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."—*Success*.



A. S. Barnstead, B. A. LL. D.

(Retiring Chairman Halifax School Board).

Mr. Barnstead has just completed his term of three years as a member of the Halifax School Board. During that time he was one of the most active, efficient and useful school commissioners that Halifax ever had. It happened that during his term of office many important measures were under consideration—the establishment of a teachers' pension scheme; the framing of a scale of salaries that would recognize in their relative importance the value of successful experience, of professional preparation, of scholarly attainments and of natural aptitudes; the encouragement of evening schools and of technical education, supervised play-grounds, and children's home gardens; and the introduction of a system of medical inspection. It has seldom fallen to the lot of any chairman of the school board to have had so many important reforms made in his term of office, or of having been personally so largely instrumental in initiating and directing them.

Mr. Barnstead is a native of Halifax, born in 1873. He was educated at Morris Street school, the Halifax Academy and Dalhousie College, where he held a Munro bursary for his entire term. He was admitted as a barrister of Nova Scotia in 1895. As a clerk in the education department for six years and in the Legislative Council for ten years, he was brought into very close touch with education and educational legislation, and was thus enabled to

acquire a practical knowledge, which later on he used to advantage as a school commissioner.

Since 1891 he has had an extended experience in newspaper reporting and editing. In 1901 he became chief editor of the *Recorder*, and utilized his opportunity to promote educational reform. This position he has just resigned to accept an appointment from the Provincial Government as Secretary of Industries and Immigration. As an officer in Fort Massey Presbyterian church, manager in civic campaigns, archivist of the Canadian Club, and a strong Liberal, he has taken an active part in church, social, civic and political matters. In 1903 he was married to Louise, the third daughter of the late Alfred Putnam, who represented Hants County in the Canadian Parliament.

Judging by Mr. Barnstead's ability as a ready writer, his untiring industry, his well-balanced judgment, and the amount of useful work that he has already accomplished before reaching middle age, it is safe to predict for him still greater achievements in the future; and the hope may be expressed that in helping to build up the industries of his native province, and in his efforts to secure desirable immigrants, he may retain his interest in our educational system, still further improve it industrially, and utilize it as the most efficient instrument for the accomplishment of his purposes.

New Year Song.

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His little soft feet all bare and rosy?—
Open the door, though the wild winds blow;
Take the child in and make him cozy.
Take him in, and hold him dear;
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart, be it sad or gay,
Welcome him there and use him kindly;
For you must carry him, yea or nay,
Carry him with shut eyes so blindly.
But whether he bringeth joy or fear,
Take him! God sends him—this good New Year.
—Mrs. Mulock Craik.

Secrets, secrets everywhere,
Swarms of secrets in the air!
Something's hid from papa's eyes,
May and Slyboots look so wise,
Even baby's lips are close,
Folded like a crimson rose;
Wee, sweet secrets everywhere,
I can feel them in the air!

—E. H. T., in *Youth's Companion*.

Recitation For Nine Pupils.

WHO TRIMMED THE CHRISTMAS TREE?

First Pupil:

"Why, I!" wheezed the piny old wood;
"My beautiful darlings! who should
If not I? tell me that," snapped the wood;
"I trim the trees."

Second Pupil:

"Oh, no!" sobbed the rain-drops; "oh, no!
'Tis wrong, very wrong, to talk so.
We make all the pretty cories grow;
We trim the trees."

Third Pupil:

"Dear me!" blazed the sun, "it's quite plain
Of credit I'll get not a grain;
Allow me to rise and explain:
I trim the trees."

Fourth Pupil:

"Wa-al, now," chuckled Lige, with a grin,
"I lops 'em considerbul thin;
I 'lows, though it ain't no great sin,
I trim the trees!"

Fifth Pupil:

"Not I!" flashed a frost fairy. "I
Must pass every Christmas tree by,
Though to paint them I'm longing to try;
I touch not a tree."

Sixth Pupil:

"'Tis we," mocked the wind sprites; "we creep
From eyrie and cave while you sleep,
And dead leaves all over them sweep;
We trim the trees."

Seventh Pupil:

"But we," breathed the snowflakes so white,
"Come softly and wreath them at night.
Ah! 'tis such a heavenly sight.
We trim the trees."

Eighth Pupil:

"Ho! Ho!" cried the moonbeams; "ho! ho!
They are heavy and dull with your snow;
We hang all the jewels, you know.
We trim the trees."

Ninth Pupil:

"But we," sang the stars, "bring the joy
From Bethlehem's manger—the joy
That halos each gift and each toy,
Whoso'er decks the trees."

All in Concert:

"Ha! ha!" laughed a voice. "Oh, what fun!
Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Have you done?
I suppose you all know—every one—
Who trims the trees."

—Linnie Hawley Drake, in *Herald and Presbyterian*.

The very best schools of the future will be based on the plan of alternate work and study.

A Thought From Leonardo.

DR. J. D. LOGAN, TORONTO.

("La Gioconda" : In The Louvre.)

Alluring antique image, potent now
 As in the days when thy first regency
 Compelled a wistful world to gaze on thee,
 What boots thy master's art thus to endow
 These folded hands, this smile, these eyes and brow
 With their serene, elusive mystery,
 Which Leonardo wrought in Italy
 For Mona Lisa long ago? Art thou
 A Sibyl, or a Sphinx with naught to tell,
 Or Lady Beauty, whose eyes reflect the gleams
 From starriest spheres? Nay, nay, we know thee
 well:

Thou'rt that Ideal which ever haunts our dreams—
 Truth unattained and unattainable!

—*The Presbyterian.*

MONA LISA, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The Christmas Tree.

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree.

Being now at home again, and alone, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my old childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, a shadowy tree arises; and looking up into the dreamy brightness of its tops—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it seems to grow downward towards the earth—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections.

All toys, at first, I find. But upon the branches of the trees lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books at first, but many of them, with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green.

"A was an archer and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe; like Y, who was always confined to a yacht or a yew-tree; and Z condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany.

But how the very tree itself changes and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvellous bean-stalk by which

Jack climbed up to the giant's house. Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas-time is the ruddy colour of the cloak in which, the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas Eve, to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood, I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be, and there was nothing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's ark, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

Oh, the wonderful Noah's ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even then; and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it?

Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than

the elephant; the lady bird, the butterfly—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation.

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf—I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders without mention—but an Eastern King with a glittering scimitar and a turban. It is the setting in of the Arabian Nights.

O, now all common things become enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful! All rings are talismans! Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in. On every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas tree I see this fairy sight!

But hark! The waits* are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree. Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple talking with grave men; a solemn figure with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the waters; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children around; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon the cross, watched by armed soldiers, a darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Enriched by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian world!—*Charles Dickens.*

**Waits.* Musicians who go from house to house on Christmas Eve or on Christmas morning, singing carols.

Christmas Carol.

O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy and faith,
O clear and shining light.

O star which led to Him, whose love,
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou? 'midst the hosts above,
May we still gaze on thee?—
In heaven thou art not set;
Thy rays earth might not dim;—
Send them to guide us yet!
O star which led to Him! —*Felicia Hemans.*

The Christmas Tree.

I
Gather round the Christmas tree:
Ever green
Have its branches been,
It is king of all the woodland scene;
For Christ, our King, is born today!
His reign shall never pass away.
Hosanna in the highest.

II
Gather round the Christmas tree!
Every bough,
Bears a burden now,—
They are gifts of love for us, we know:
For Christ is born, His love to show
And give good gifts to us below.
Hosanna in the highest!

III
Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree!
Thy part is done,
And thy gifts are gone
And thy lights are dying one by one:
For earthly pleasures die today,
But heavenly joys shall last alway.
Hosanna in the highest!

IV
Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree!
Twelve months o'er
We shall meet once more,
Merry welcome singing, as of yore:
For Christ now reigns, our Saviour dear,
And gives us Christmas every year.
Hosanna in the highest.

—*Revd. J. H. Hopkins.*

(Verses one and two may be sung or recited before the distribution of gifts, and verses two and four afterwards).

'Tis Christmas, and the north wind blows;
 Today our hearts are one,
 Though you are 'mid Canadian snows, and
 I in Austral sun.
 You, when you hear the northern blast, pile high a mightier
 fire,
 Our ladies cower till it's past in lawn and lace attire.
 This morning when I woke and knew 'twas Christmas
 come again,
 I almost fancied I could see white rime upon the pane.
 I daresay you'll be on the lake, or sliding on the snow,
 And breathing on your hands to make the circulation flow.
 It is not quite a Christmas here with this unclouded sky;
 This pure transparent atmosphere, this sun mid heaven
 high;
 To see the rose upon the bush, young leaves upon the trees,
 And hear the forests' summer hush or the low hum of bees.
 But cold winds bring not Christmas tide nor budding roses
 June,
 And when it's night upon your side we're basking in the
 moon.
 Kind hearts make Christmas— June can bring blue sky or
 clouds above,
 The only universal spring is that which comes of love.
 —Adapted from Douglas Sladen's *Christmas Letter from
 Australia*.

A Little Child's Hymn.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
 Wast a little one like me,
 When I wake or go to bed
 Lay Thy hands about my head;
 Let me feel Thee very near
 Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
 Close by me through all the night;
 Make me gentle, kind and true,
 Do what mother bids me do;
 Help and cheer me when I fret,
 And forgive when I forget.

Once wast Thou in cradle laid,
 Baby bright in manger-shade,
 With the oxen and the cows,
 And the lambs outside the house;
 Now Thou art above the sky:
 Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
 Since Thou art so far away;
 Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
 Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
 Thou that once, on mother's knee,
 Wast a little one like me.

—Francis Turner Palgrave.

An Unprejudiced Observer.

Mrs. Maynard's seven-year-old daughter has not yet started to school, but she visited one of the rooms with a little friend the other day. When she came home, her mother naturally asked her how she liked school. I overheard her answer, and it threw an interesting side light on the room she visited. She is a child that has had exceptionally fine training, and has been surrounded by people of good breeding.

"I liked it pretty well," she said, "only I shouldn't like to have that teacher if I went all the time. Why, mamma, she wasn't a bit polite. When we went in, she said to Eva, 'Whose little girl is this?' And when Eva said, 'This is Mary Maynard,' she never shook hands, or said, 'How do you do,' or anything. She just went on talking to some other children. And when she wanted a boy to open the window, she said, 'Willis, open the window.' And she forgot to say, 'Please' and 'Thank you.' And she was rude to a girl, too. She said, 'No, that isn't what you told me,' and she might have said, 'I beg your pardon.' I didn't like it because she said such cross, impolite things to the children."

The child went on to tell about the pupils' work in the school, and the mother made no comment on her criticism. But we both thought more of it. We often hear teachers accused of bad manners, and here was an unspoiled observer who saw the same view.

It is to be feared that there are times in most schoolrooms when the flower of perfect courtesy gets sadly wilted, to say the least. Of course all of us can point to some teacher who is an example of that fine breeding that is never shaken into haste or petty anger. But I am speaking of the fallible majority of us. The conditions of the schoolroom naturally tend to wear hard on the garment of self-control in which the ideal teacher is clothed. Every fault that we have failed to get rid of will slip into view sooner or later in this life. The passionate teacher may have learned to control himself everywhere else, but some Friday afternoon, when the burdens of the whole week are pressing hard, some child will indulge in a bit of mischief that will be the last straw, and the irresponsible anger will break out. I fancy this explains many of the whipping cases that get into the courts. And so it is with other faults: insincerity, selfishness, inaccuracy, cruelty, and others. The wear of the exacting work goes through the good resolutions and conventions, and shows every ugly thing underneath. The only

courtesy that will stand the test of the schoolroom is the kind that goes clear through; the kind that is founded in love and sympathy for the child.

Is it not true that most of the nagging and injustice on the teacher's part comes near the close of the session, when the nerves are quivering? It is also true that the children are at their worst then. If we would stop to think of it, our sense of humour would come to our aid, and the children would be more justly dealt with. Some unfortunate children have to learn to "lie low" during mother's attack of nerves, and some schoolrooms are perilously near to this condition.

Have you ever heard the children say, "She's cross to-day; we'll have to be careful." And if it was you they spoke of, haven't you been ashamed to think that these little creatures, whose happiness depends so largely on you, should think it necessary to watch your moods?

There is one more reason for merely superficial slips into discourtesy. Shakespeare has noticed "the insolence of office" as one of the things that vexes humanity sorely. The teacher's position of authority inclines him toward dictatorial manners, which can never be good manners. It is commonly asserted that many teachers carry this manner with them everywhere, that it is, indeed, the distinguishing mark of the teacher. We do not admit this to be true of the modern teacher. The person who is worthy of authority is the one who can bear his honors modestly, and who does not carry the assertion of his own dignity to the point of absurdity. As soon as one tends towards tyranny, no matter how small the sphere of his influence, he is no longer fit for authority.

Let the teacher who would set an example of fine manners before her charges, keep alive a sympathetic understanding of the children, and bring her own good sense to bear on the relative importance of her power.—*Popular Educator.*

The northern gust may howl,
The rolling storm-cloud scowl,
King Frost may make a slave
Of the river's rapid-wave;
The snow-drift choke the path,
Or the hail-shower spend its wrath,
But the sternest blast right bravely is defied,
Mirth, friendship, love and light
Shall crown the winter night,
And every glad voice welcome Christmas tide.

—*Eliza Cook.*

The Story of St. Christopher.

On the banks of the Moselle River stands the castle of Cochem. Inside the castle is a wonderful picture. It is made entirely of bits of coloured stone, put carefully together and showing the great St. Christopher. This is the story.

There was once a giant named Offero. He was strong and powerful. So large was he that beside him a tall man seemed to be but a little child.

Offero made a vow. "I will use my great strength," he said, "only in the service of the mightiest king to be found." He set out to look for this king. From place to place he went. At last he came to a splendid kingdom, where ruled, he was told, the greatest and most powerful of all kings.

Offero offered himself to serve the king. The king was pleased. Among all his courtiers there was none like Offero.

So for awhile all went well.

One day the king sat on his throne. He wore purple robes and flashing gems. All heads were bowed before him. Suddenly one of the courtiers spoke Satan's name. The court grew silent. The great king shuddered. Offero was surprised.

"Who is this Satan?" he asked.

"He is King of the lower regions, was the answer.

"Is he mightier, O King, than yourself?" said Offero gravely.

"Alas!" replied the king, "he is mightier than any."

"Then I leave you," said Offero, "for I have vowed to serve only the mightiest."

Offero went away. He soon found the realm of Satan. One day, as they walked together, Offero saw his mighty master tremble.

"Of what are you afraid?" he asked.

"Of that," said Satan, in a low voice.

Offero looked where Satan pointed. There at the side of the road was a rude wooden cross.

"Of that?" repeated the giant in wonder, "a cross?"

"Upon such a cross Christ died," said Satan. He is more powerful than I. I am afraid."

"I serve only the mightiest," said Offero proudly; "hence I leave you and seek Christ the King."

Long Offero searched before he could find any to tell him of Christ. At last he came up with a band of weary pilgrims. From them, Offero learned that Christ's kingdom lay across a deep, wide

river. No one could cross the stream until bidden to do so by the King himself.

"I will go with you," said Offero. "Perhaps he will send for me."

By and by they came to the stream. It was dark and deep and swift and strong. There was no bridge. There was no boat.

Even as they gazed, across the dark waters, came a beautiful messenger in glistening white robes. To a tired old woman of the band, he spoke gently. "Come," he said, "the King has sent for you."

The woman went bravely to the edge of the river. She stooped down. The current was swift. The water was cold as ice. She shivered and drew back.

Offero heard her cry of distress. He strode to the water's edge. As if she had been a child he raised her in his strong arms. He carried her safely across the river and set her down upon the shore.

"Go," he said, "tell Christ the King that Offero waits to serve him. Until he sends for me, I will use my strength in helping the weak and timid across this stream to his kingdom."

Then Offero went back. Day after day, he helped pilgrims across the river. That he might always be near when needed, he built a little hut close to the water's edge and lived there.

One night there rose a terrible storm. Above the swift rush of the water and the roar of the wind, Offero heard a piteous cry. He took his stout staff and his lantern and went out into the storm and darkness. On the bank of the river he found a little frightened child, who said that he must cross the stream at once.

The great giant lifted the little one to his strong shoulder. With his staff he stepped down into the water.

Under the heaviest burdens the giant had never faltered. But now, under the light weight of the child, he stumbled. He nearly fell. At each step the child grew heavier. It was all Offero could do to carry him. Every bit of his great strength was taxed before he reached the opposite shore and set the child safely down.

He turned to look—lo! the child was gone. In his place stood the tall, kingly figure of a man. His face was one of rare beauty. His voice was sweet beyond any words.

"Offero," he said, "thou hast brought me safely across the dark river of death. Be not surprised at my great weight. For always with me I carry the sins and sorrows of all the great world. It is

not strange, then, that thou shouldst stagger under the burden. Be of good cheer. Thou art no longer Offero. Henceforth art thou St. Christopher—the bearer of Christ. For—I am the Christ."

Thus, it is said, the giant Offero became the great and good St. Christopher.—*Primary Education.*

A Star Fancy For A Child.

When summer nights are warm and dry,
The Scorpion with his flaming eye,
Down in the South as twilight grows,
Watches the lily and the rose.

He sees the poppies and the stocks,
The sunflowers and the hollyhocks.
Though all the trees are thick and green,
With his red eye he looks between.

But when the nights begin to freeze,
Eastwards behind the naked trees
Orion lifts his head to spy
Those stars that in the garden lie.

The Scorpion told him how they grew,
Purple and pink and white and blue;
So night by night Orion goes
To find the lily and the rose.

Night after night you see him stride
Across the South at Christmastide:
Though all the fields are white with snow
He watches for those stars to blow.

But when 'tis near his time to rest,
Leaning his head towards the west,
When April nights are sharp and clear,
He sees those garden-stars appear.

For just before he sinks from sight,
He sees the borders strown with light,
And looking back across the hills
Beholds the shining daffodils.

—G. Forrester Scott, in *The Spectator.*

Teddy had never seen a cow, being a city boy. While on a visit to the country he walked out across the fields with his grandpa. There they saw a cow, and Teddy's curiosity was greatly excited.

"What is that, grandpa?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why, that's only a cow," was the reply.

"And what are those things on her head?" was the next question.

"Horns, Teddy."

The two walked on. Presently the cow mooed loud and long. Teddy was amazed. Looking back, he exclaimed:

"Which horn did she blow, grandpa?"—*Washington Star.*

Hand Work for Christmas-tide.

BY T. B. KIDNER,

Director of Manual Training for New Brunswick.

On numerous occasions, when showing the collections of school hand-work in the normal school to visiting teachers, the writer has heard the remark, "Oh! how nice this work would be for Christmas," and it is probably a fact that even the most unprogressive teachers attempt some constructive work at that season, although at other times they may be quite oblivious of the value, both to the pupils and themselves, of educational hand-work in the schools.

The progressive teacher, who keeps in touch with the newer developments is, of course, fully alive to the necessity of cultivating the pupils' tastes and abilities by means of work in the manual arts, and is sure to mark the festive season by a little additional effort in that direction. The editor's request for "something on hand-work for the December number" was, therefore, doubtless made with the knowledge that almost all teachers are looking for ideas for simple and attractive manual work at this season of the year. With the view, then, of helping the seekers, the following remarks and instructions are offered:

For primary grades there is probably no more attractive field for Christmas work than in the making of boxes, baskets and similar receptacles for holding candies, fruit and other small articles.

Fig. 1 shows the working diagram and a view of the finished articles in the form of a very easy little hanging basket. It is made from one of the 8 inch squares of "cover" paper, which can be obtained in packets of pleasing colours at the school supply houses. As an open basket, it may be suspended by fancy cord, yarn or ribbon, or will form a covered box by turning the flap up to meet over the candies or other contents.

Fig. 2 is a square box made from the same material, and pasted or glued together at the corners. By changing the dimension D, the size and shape of the box may be varied from a broad, flat one to a narrow, deep one. When filled, it may be tied with coloured cord in parcel fashion or sealed by gumming a fancy Christmas label on the four corners of the cover flaps where they meet in the centre.

Figs. 3, 4 and 5 show some open trays or dishes, the general principle of construction being the same in each. The 8 inch cover papers are very suitable for them, or thin coloured cardboard (Bristol board) may be used instead. Whatever material is

chosen, the pieces should be given to the younger pupils already cut square. The details can then be readily placed upon the squares by the aid of a common ruler alone; the working diagram being first drawn upon the blackboard by the teacher. A hard pencil, properly sharpened, should be used for drawing the lines on the cardboard or cover paper. The dotted lines should be scored with a needle to allow of the paper being bent with a neat angle. Always bend *away* from the score lines.

Fig. 6 has appeared in the REVIEW once before, but is always pleasing. Thin cardboard is best for it; the corners being tied with suitable coloured yarn or ribbon.

Fig. 7 is a small picture frame made from the 8 inch cover papers, and is within the power of very young pupils. Draw the diagonals in pencil to obtain the centre of the square; fold corners of square to centre; turn back each corner to meet the edge; tie as shown, (after the picture has been inserted) with cord, yarn or ribbon. Larger frames may, of course, be made by using larger squares of paper.

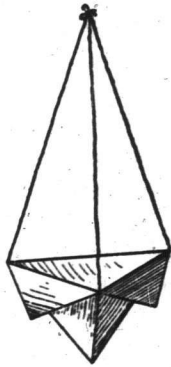
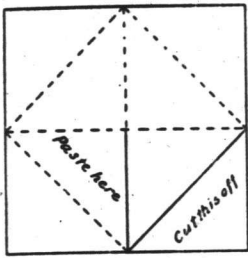
Fig. 8 shows another way of using the 8 inch squares by folding in half, glueing a calendar pad on one side and tying at the side with ribbon to keep it from spreading. The margin about the pad may be decorated with crayon or water-colour drawings.

Fig. 9 shows yet another use for the 8 inch squares in a wall-pocket or toilet-tidy. It may be plain as shown, or ornamented by curves at the top.

For the middle grades there is nothing more suitable for a pupil's gift to parent or friend than a nice picture frame and nothing better can be found for simple frames than that charming material, raffia. Raffia is to be obtained from most of the school supply houses and is the prepared fibre of the gigantic leaves of a Madagascar palm. It is exceedingly tough and strong and is much used in Madagascar for mat-making and in other countries for tie bands in horticultural work. Of late years it has become very popular as a medium for school hand-work, and is now obtainable dyed in various art tones, as well as in its natural colour, a pale yellow.

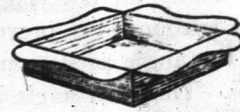
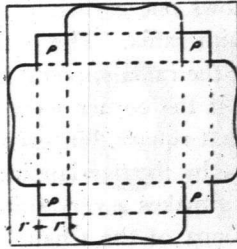
Figs. 10, 11 and 12 show three frames made by winding strands of raffia round common cardboard. Fig. 10, an elliptical frame (often mis-called an "ova!") is appropriate for framing a portrait or head. The drawing of the ellipse by means of a cord and pins (Fig. 13) is always interesting to the pupils, and the winding of the raffia so as to bring the laps even and regular, calls for much nicety of manipulation and careful work. Fig. 11 shows a frame that has been made in many New

Fig 1. A Hanging Basket



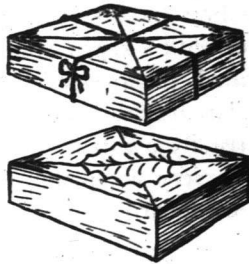
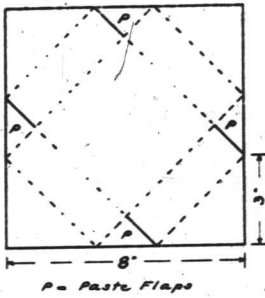
Score and fold on dotted lines

Fig 5. Tray with fancy edges



Patterns of edges may be varied by pupils

Fig 2. A Candy Box



P = Paste Flaps

Fig 6. A Candy Basket

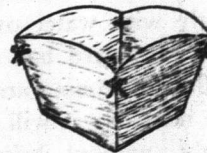
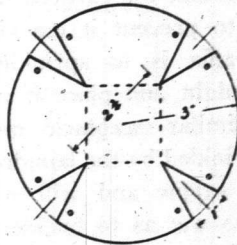


Fig 7. A Picture Frame

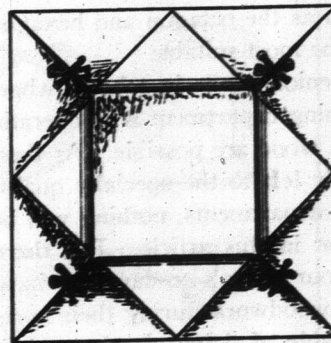
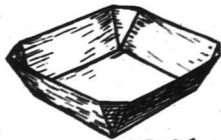
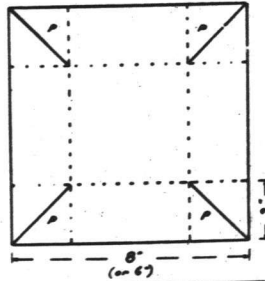
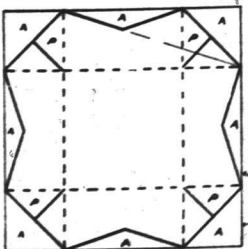


Fig 3. A Bonbon Tray



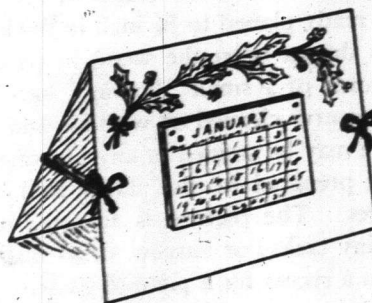
Cut off after pasting

Fig 4. Tray with scalloped edges



AA to be cut off

Fig 8. A Calendar



Brunswick schools for some of the REVIEW pictures. It may be of one piece of card or of stripes joined at the corners. Fig. 14 shows one corner of the frame ready for covering with raffia. The outside corner is rounded to prevent the raffia slipping back from the angle as it would if the corner were left square. The inner angle is left square, but becomes rounded in the finished frame by the overlapping of the strands of raffia. Fig. 12 makes a very suitable frame for Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," or any other circular picture.

In all these frames, the raffia strands are joined by knotting on the back side of frame. Before the raffia can be wound evenly round the cardboard, it must be moistened slightly to prevent it cracking. The best way to moisten raffia is to sprinkle it sparingly with water over night and place it in a covered cardboard box or similar receptacle, much as clothes for ironing are sprinkled by the laundress. By the next day it will be supple and will wind smoothly, without being so wet as to buckle the cardboard. After the winding is completed, the frame should be placed in a book and pressed until dry, when the picture may be attached to the back by means of a little liquid glue.

Other shapes may be adopted for raffia wound frames, such as the octagon and hexagon, but those shown are the most suitable.

For the senior pupils in schools where a regular manual training department is in operation, all sorts of frames in wood are possible. As these, however, may be safely left to the specially qualified instructors in such departments, nothing will be offered in that direction in this article. But there are many teachers in our schools to-day who have had some insight into woodwork during their normal training and are capable of doing simple work in that line.

Fig. 15 represents a number of frames, made from white pine, or American whitewood, which can be constructed with very few tools and appliances in the ordinary schoolroom. The wood should be obtained from the mill in widths of six inches and upwards, ready planed to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness. The pattern is drawn upon the wood in pencil and cut out by means of a small "coping" saw; the edges being afterwards cleaned up with file and sandpaper. The frame may be stained in any pleasing colour by one of the prepared varnish stains, sold in all hardware stores. The picture is fastened against the back by tiny tacks; or narrow strips may be tacked on to form a recess for a piece of glass.

The tools necessary are (1) a 6 inch coping saw frame with a dozen spare blades, to be had at

a small cost; (2) an 8 inch half-round cabinet file; (3) a small gimlet or bradawl for making a hole to insert the saw-blade for cutting out the openings; and (4) a few sheets of Nos. 1 and $1\frac{1}{2}$ sandpaper. A small iron clamp vice for holding the work while sawing out the shape is also very useful and well worth its cost, which would be from 75 cents to \$1.25.

A simple variation of the frame idea is shown in the calendar back, match scratcher and memorandum tablet in Fig. 16, in which the more difficult sawing, etc., involved in cutting out the opening for the picture is avoided. The pads for the calendars can be obtained from any bookseller's or stationer's store, where also the pads of plain paper for the memorandum tablets can usually be purchased. The pads are attached to the backs by means of brass paper fasteners passing through pad and back in holes made with a sharp bradawl.

Small photo easels, match scratchers and other similar articles which will suggest themselves, can be readily constructed from the thin wood and will prove very acceptable to pupils who may consider the cardboard and raffia beneath their notice.

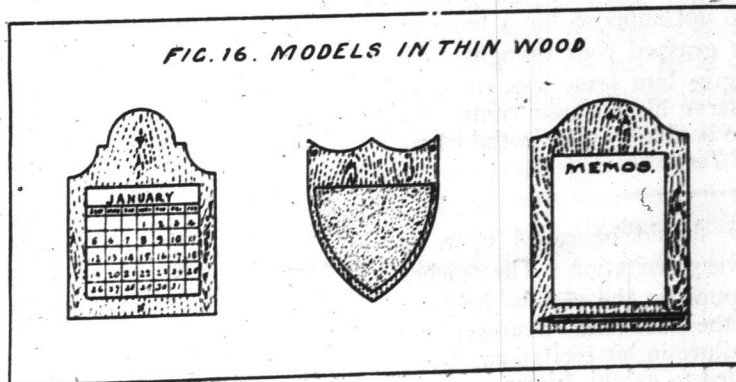
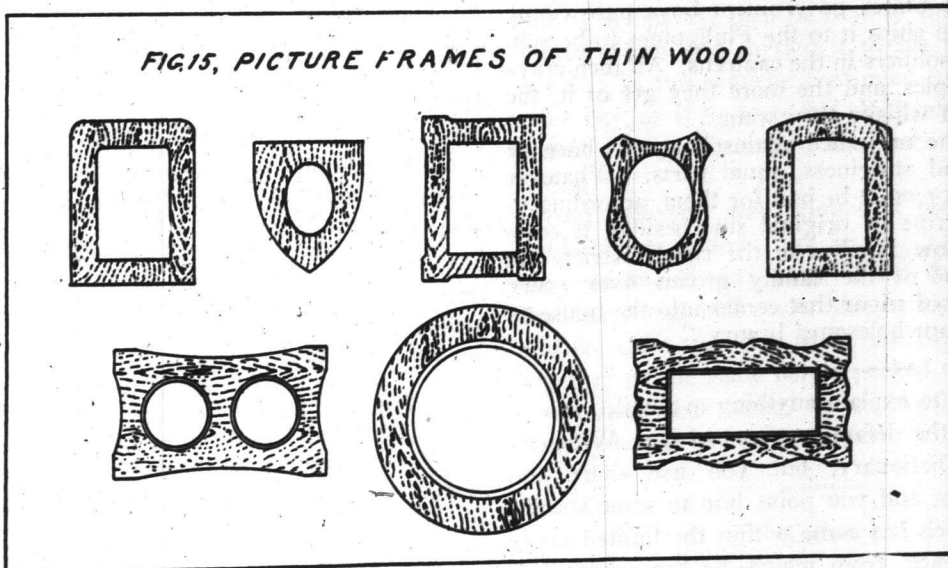
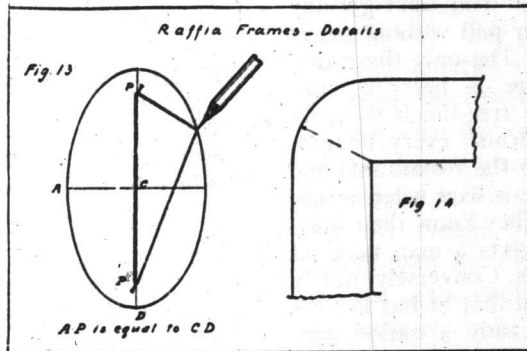
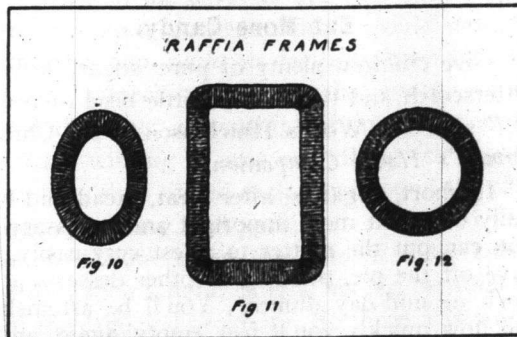
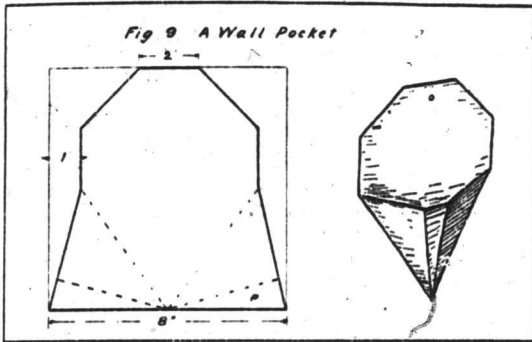
"It was the calm and silent night!—
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was Queen of land and sea!
 No sound was heard of clashing wars;
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

"It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay new-born
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago."

—Alfred Dommert, in *Chautauquan*.

A very pretty calendar has been issued by the St. John Business College (Messrs. S. Kerr & Son), being a colour sketch illustrating a November twilight scene.

Teachers will find in Mr. Kidner's excellent article on School Handicraft at Christmas tide, some interesting working material for December lessons.



Eat More Candy.

"Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butterscotch and they'll have little need of cod-liver oil," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the Christmas *Woman's Home Companion*.

"In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter, easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put the matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding or other desserts at your lunch or mid-day dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel 'empty' again, and how 'unfinished' the meal will seem. You can't get any working man to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free-lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing *except sweets*. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business! The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal, the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, nearly every drinking man will tell you that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol.

The United States government buys pure candy by the ton and ships it to the Philippines to be sold at cost to the soldiers in the canteens. All men crave it in the tropics, and the more they get of it, the less 'vino' and whisky they want.

"In fine, the prejudice against sugar is born of puritanism and stinginess, equal parts. Whatever children cry for *must* be bad for them, according to the pure doctrine of original sin; besides, it costs money. I know families in the rural districts yet where the head of the family groans over every dollar's worth of sugar that comes into the house as a sinful and 'unwholesome' luxury."

If you wish to explain anything to a child, you do not read him the definition given of it in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, but you use short and familiar words, and you point him to some specific examples, which has come within the limited range of his experience, from which he can grasp your idea. Even so, you do not suppose for a moment that the child has fully grasped your thought. All you hope to do is to give him some idea of what you mean which will serve his purpose until his mind has grown and he is able to take in the whole truth.—*Sunday School Times*.

Each pupil of a class should be called upon as often as possible in every recitation. The teacher should see that every pupil in the class is held responsible for a part of the class task—that each one makes a success or a failure in his recitation. Each pupil should be compelled to exhibit himself.—*Ex.*

The North-West — Canada.

Oh, would ye hear, and would ye hear
Of the windy, wide North-West?
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh, could ye see, and could ye see
The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark,
The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark,
So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel
How fresh is a Western night!
When the long land-breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
When the dark blue skies are clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and forever know
The word of the young North-West!
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word misknown to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold,
But the one that knows is blest.
—*Moria O'Neill, Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Bird Song.

A little bird whispered so light and low—
"Cheerily! cheerily! greet the day.
Summer is coming, I know, I know,
Nobody ventures to say me nay!
Hark! Hark! my brightest song,
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!"

A little bird whispered so light and low—
"Look at me! look at me! look and learn:
Winds in the larches may blow and blow,
All that I think of is Love's return!
Hark! hark! the earth is glad,
Cheer up! ah, cheer up! no longer sad."

A little bird whispered so light and low—
"What is it? what is it makes thee mourn?
Pansies and daisies are all aglow,
Poppies will color the rising corn;
Sing! sing! thy brightest song,
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!"
—*Frederick G. Bowles, Pall Mall Magazine.*

What is so welcome as a good book for a Christmas present? It will last for years and be a constant reminder of the giver's good taste and judgment. Our advertising and book review columns contain many references to new books from which an excellent choice may be made. Examine for yourselves,

Stories From Natural History.**The Sheep.**

A sheep loves to live in company with its fellows, and that is why the shepherd keeps them in large flocks of a hundred or more. One sheep or wether runs in front of the flock, and all the others follow their leader. A sheep never troubles to think what is good for him, nor what he had better do or not do; but whatever the leader does the whole flock of sheep imitate, and this they find to be much the easiest plan.

Early in the morning the leader walks out of the fold to the pasture, the other sheep after him. At mid-day he lies down and rests, and the whole flock lies down round about him. In the evening he marches home again, and the others all follow. It is the wisest plan for the sheep to follow their leader, for then they are sure of finding good food and shelter in bad weather. If they all keep well together they will not easily come to grief, at least as long as nothing out of the ordinary happens.

In the case of an accident, however, the whole flock may perish by thoughtlessly doing just as their leader does. Should fire break out in the sheep fold and the leader will not move, the other sheep will not run out of the open door; and if the shepherd drags them by force into the open, they run back into the fire as soon as he lets go of them, there to die miserably. If the leader is startled by lightning or a storm, and in his panic jumps down a steep rock, the whole flock jumps after him and perishes. If a terrified leader runs into deep water, the others follow to drown in company. Therefore even for a sheep it is foolish always to follow another's lead without thinking for oneself.

Although the sheep has little sense, never learns anything, and therefore never grows any wiser, people value it, and feed many thousands of them, because the sheep carries such beautiful wool on its back, and patiently lets herself be shorn every year, so that we may have woollen stockings and frocks and warm coats to wear.

Two Robins.

There were once two robins which had been caught by a bird fancier, and who lived together in a large cage. Hanging to the cage was a little bowl, in which they received their food every day, ant-cocoons, meal-worms, and other delicacies beloved by robins.

But these two redbreasts were quarrelsome fellows, and did not live at peace with each other for

half an hour in the day. If one flew to the feed-bowl to pick up a morsel, the other would straight-way fly after him, ruffle his feathers, open his beak wide, and screech as loud as he could. Each grudged the other a mouthful of food or a sip of water, each wishing to keep everything for himself. All day long they chased each other round the cage, tousling, screeching, and pecking.

And so it came about that one of these robins, engaged in such a fight, caught his leg between the bars of the cage and broke it. So there was an end to his hopping, to his arrogance, to his quarrels and to his fights. The poor little bird sat moping in one spot and suffered great pain, and because he could not reach the food-bowl he cried most pitifully.

Now, what do you think the other robin did when he saw his companion in such a plight? He did not rejoice in his misfortune, and still less did he seek to revenge himself. He could have pecked and ill-used his old enemy to his heart's content, and the other could not have defended himself or even have escaped. But the robin did no such thing. At first he looked at him pitifully, and hopped about full of sympathy, then he flew to the food, fetched a meal-worm and carried it to his poor wounded friend. In this way he continued to feed him day after day, as if he were his child, until the leg was healed and the little bird was once more well and strong.

And now you may think that the quarrels and fights began again? Not at all. The robin whose leg was healed was grateful for the faithful help that his friend had given him in his hour of need: and so, from that day forth, the two sat peaceably together on the same perch, pecked out of the same bowl, sang their songs to each other, and lived happily to the end of their days.

Cotton.

The cotton frock you wear is made of cotton yarn, which is spun from cotton fibres. The fibre comes from the hot parts of the world, and grows on the cotton plant, which springs from a little black seed planted in swampy ground.

A seed is a wonderful thing, for though it may sleep a very long time, it may not be dead, and if it is put into the damp, warm earth it wakes up and begins its life's work. Downwards it sends long roots with which it sucks up water and a little earth contained in the water, and with this it grows big and strong, sending up a stalk with branches and

leaves. These drink the sunshine and the air, and spread in all directions, with pretty, jagged leaves, somewhat like ivy. The cotton grower nips off the point of the middle shoot, that the plant may not grow up too slender and tall. He wishes it to grow bushy and low, which is more convenient for him.

It bears many large, yellow-white blossoms, resembling the mallow, and these presently turn into brown capsules. When they are ripe they burst open, and a ball of snow-white wool, as large as a small apple, wells out of it. In this wool lie new seeds as in a little bed. If the wind blows, the wool is drifted far away in all directions, carrying the seed with it.

As soon as the capsules are ripening, the planter must be at hand to collect the cotton, to separate it from the seeds, and pack it into bales. The sailors load these on their ships and bear them away to the cotton mills in England, where the wool is woven into cotton.

There are many other plants that form white wool in which their seed lies embedded, such as thistles and willows, but none have their wool fibres as strong and durable, as long and as soft as the cotton plant. How it manages to fashion them out of water, air and earth is more than we can understand. Even the cleverest of men could not work such a wonder, and very little cotton fibre, however small and fine, is a mighty mystery to us.

Light.

The light comes to us from the sun, travelling so fast, that while you count three a flash of light can pass round the whole world, and it only takes a few minutes to reach us all the way from the sun. If a railway engine were to do the same journey it would take several hundred years to come that distance.

The sun rises, and lo and behold, there is light over all the earth. All the flowers in the meadow and field, all the trees in the forest and garden, have been waiting for it. All day long each of them drinks a little of the warm sunshine into its green leaves, and the light, sinking into the blossoms and leaves, colours them with all the colours of the rainbow—green, yellow, blue, or red.

When the evening comes and darkness falls, no one can see the sunshine hidden in the plants, and if you knew no better you would suppose that it was lost. But you would be very much mistaken.

For the light never dies, it only sleeps in the green plants, and slumbers in the trees. Oil for the lamp is pressed from the rape seed, and from the tree-

trunk logs of fire-wood are chopped, besides sticks to set light to them. When, in the morning, the fire is lighted, and in the evening the lamp burns on the table, the sunshine awakes from its long sleep and re-appears. It could tell you, on a cosy winter's night, of all the pretty things that were out in the field and wood in the bright summer days when the light sank into the yellow field of rape seed and into the green-wood tree.—*Richard Wagner.*

Arithmetic.

The following is a plan for a drill in arithmetic computation which I have never heard of failing in interest. Its two purposes are rapidity and accuracy. Place the pupils' names on the blackboard. Let the pupils take slates or paper. Let each pupil write his or her name on the slate or paper. The teacher then reads out numbers, which she also, at the same time, writes upon the board. The pupils write these numbers on their slates, and then perform the computation, whatever it may be. write the answer, and place their slates in a pile, work downward, upon a table which has been placed conveniently for this purpose. When all the slates are in, the teacher writes the correct answer upon the blackboard, then reverses the pile of slates. The first slate in, if the answer is correct, counts 100 for the pupil whose name is on the slate. If not correct, it is thrown out without credit, and the next slate, if correct, gets 100. If the first be correct and the second also correct, the second receives a credit of 95; the third, if correct, 90; if not, it is thrown out without credit, etc. The credits are written on the board, and when the drills are over the credits are added and the pupil which has the most wins. The pupil will invariably endeavour to secure a high standard. Try it and see.—*Exchange.*

The news of the sudden death of Mr. Ernest W. Lewis, principal of the Campbellton, N. B., high school was heard with sincere regret by many friends throughout the province. He was seized with peritonitis in his class room on Monday, Nov. 25th, and was, removed as speedily as possible to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, to undergo an operation, which proved fatal on the following Thursday afternoon. Mr. Lewis leaves a wife and three children who have the sympathy of many friends in their sudden affliction. Mr. Lewis was a graduate in arts of Dalhousie College, Halifax, and was an earnest student and capable teacher. He was forty-three years of age and had been principal of the Campbellton schools for the past ten or twelve years.

Review's Question Box.

J. D. K.—I. I have been trying to obtain a book on the general geography of Asia—one which would contain something about each of the countries of this continent, dealing with their history, government, exports, etc. I do not know whether a book such as this has ever been published; but I trust the REVIEW can aid me in this matter.

2. Has the capital of the Australian Commonwealth been decided upon? If so, what is it?

3. What is Earl Grey's surname?

4. Who is the present viceroy of India?

1. Blackie's Continental Geography Reader on Asia will give you the desired information. It is one of a series dealing with the five continents. Price 1s. each; with pictures, 1s. 6d. Blackie & Son, Limited, 50 Old Bailey, London, E. C.

2. Dalgety is marked on the latest maps as the capital, but there is some doubt as to the final choice. It lies further south and nearer the coast than Tumut, the place at first chosen by the house of representatives, but not accepted by the upper house; and is near Bombala, the place chosen by the senate.

3. Earl Grey's surname is Grey. His official designation is His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Albert Henry George, Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada.

4. The Earl of Minto is Governor-General of India.

D.—Be good enough to answer in the following question, which is found on page 94, Health Reader No. 2, viz.: "Why is a child's face plump and an old man's wrinkled?"

As a person advances in age the action of the heart becomes weaker and the tissues of the surface of the body, especially in the exposed parts, such as the hands and face, shrink up, forming the hollows and wrinkles so apparent in the faces of some aged people. Care and anxiety also do their part in making wrinkles. Some aged people, who do not allow care to weigh upon them, and whose heart action remains strong, frequently have faces almost as plump and ruddy as those of children. The writer sat near a gentleman a few evenings ago whose hair—what there was of it—was snowy white, but whose face was as rosy and plump as a child's. Our correspondent will doubtless recall among his acquaintances many rosy-cheeked "old children."

The pension scheme for New Brunswick teachers is being steadily pushed forward. A committee will shortly wait on the government for the purpose of explaining its features and urging the claims of the teachers.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The great cave region in the national park at the summit of the Selkirks is to be opened to tourists. The caverns, which were discovered in 1904, are only six miles distant from the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

In these days when we are celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of events in the first settlement of our country, it is interesting to note that the University of Lima, Peru, is more than three hundred and fifty years old. Its charter was granted by the Emperor Charles V, in 1551, nearly a hundred years before the founding of Harvard College.

Photographs and official data obtained by the surveyors in their work of delimiting the Alaskan boundary during the last summer have been lost by the upsetting of a canoe, and the work may have to be done over again.

Ernest Thompson-Seton, the naturalist, who has recently returned from a trip of two thousand miles in the Northwest Territories, reports that the so-called barren lands are largely covered with grass, and teem with caribou and other animal life right up to the Arctic islands.

Radium is now said to be worth only a million dollars per ounce, which is but one-third of the cost of production, according to a recent estimate. Great success has attended the experiments in Austria to cheapen the cost of its production from pitchblend.

One result of the financial depression in the United States is the rush of foreign workmen back to their own lands. The number of Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Syrians and Russians now leaving New York for Europe every week is estimated at twenty-five thousand. Many of the unemployed are coming to Canada in search of work.

The Danish parliament has passed a law for the destruction of rats, which is working so well that it will probably be copied in all civilized countries. Rats are not only very destructive in our stores of food, but they play a terrible part in the spread of the bubonic plague. Special measures for their destruction are now enforced in British Columbia, because of the fear of the plague, which has been in San Francisco and elsewhere along the Pacific coast to the south of us for two or three years, and now seems to be approaching the Canadian boundary.

Coal areas which can be profitably worked have been discovered in Greenland, and a valuable deposit of iron ore in Cuba.

According to the latest returns, the Indian population of Canada is increasing. Their numbers now exceed one hundred and ten thousand.

A German wireless telephone is said to be workable over a distance of sixty miles.

Emperor William has conferred a title upon the German investigator, Prof. Koch, who discovered the origin and treatment of the sleeping sickness in

Africa. This disease, like many other tropical diseases, is caused by the bite of an insect; but Prof. Koch has found in the injection of a certain drug a cure that seldom fails. Three permanent stations for the treatment of the sleeping sickness have been established in Central Africa.

After carefully weighing the evidence with respect to the occurrence of the wolf in New Brunswick, Prof. Ganong reaches the conclusion that it became extinct not long after 1864; and it seems to have disappeared from Maine about twenty years ago.

The transformation of Rio de Janeiro, which has been going on for the last four years under government direction, is making it one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

The building of great battleships continues. Great Britain has just added to her fleet the "Superb," another of the "Dreadnought" class, and will build others; while Germany will build immediately a number of ships of the same class. Among the latest additions to the British fleet is the destroyer "Mohawk," with a speed of forty miles an hour.

Abyssinia is to have a constitutional form of government. The emperor has appointed five ministers of state, to preside over the departments of justice, finance, commerce, war and foreign affairs.

The legislature of Finland has passed a law forbidding the manufacture, sale, use or possession of intoxicating liquor in any form, including wine and beer. It is expected that the act will be vetoed by the Czar.

The third parliament of Russia is now in session. Under the new electoral law, it is less radical in its composition than either of the former dumas; and there is every prospect that it will work with the government to make Russia in fact what it now is in name, no longer an autocracy, but a constitutional monarchy.

It is proposed to connect British Columbia with Australia by wireless telegraph, and the British government is now moving in the matter. Stations will be erected at Vancouver Island, Fanning Island, Samoa, Fiji, Ellis Island, New Zealand and somewhere on the coast of Australia. This is an important link in the round-the-world wireless telegraph planned by the British government.

By a new process, the waste pulp from the manufacture of beet sugar can be combined with coal dust, making an excellent fuel.

A new meteorological instrument has been invented in Spain. Working upon the principle of the wireless telegraph, it tells of the approach of thunder storms while they are still hundreds of miles away.

I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!—*Charles Dickens.*

Teachers' Conventions.

KENT COUNTY INSTITUTE.

The Kent County, N. B., Teachers' Institute met in the grammar school, Richibucto, on Thursday and Friday, October 24th and 25th, A. E. Pearson, president. After the president's address, Mr. W. H. McLean, principal of the Harcourt superior school, read a paper on manual training, followed by one on pensions prepared by H. H. Stuart. Mr. B. R. Armstrong presented the pension scheme of the Canadian Annuity Company, which was endorsed by a resolution of the Institute. A largely attended public meeting was held in the Temperance Hall on Thursday evening, at which addresses were given by local speakers, and a fine programme of musical selections carried out.

The first on the programme, Friday, was an excellent lesson given by L. R. Hetherington on the effects of the inclination of the earth's axis on climate, etc., followed by a discussion. An address on a first year's course in music, by J. A. Edmunds, was greatly appreciated. The officers elected were: President, J. A. Edmunds; vice-president, Miss J. Leger; secretary-treasurer, C. M. McCann; executive committee: A. E. Pearson and Miss M. C. McInerney.

KINGS COUNTY, N. B., INSTITUTE.

The Teachers' Institute of Kings County and a part of Queens County was held in the new consolidated school at Hampton on the 7th and 8th November. Over eighty teachers were in attendance, and the meeting was a very profitable one. Many attended the opening of the new school building on the afternoon of the 7th, and the Institute held an evening session instead of a public meeting. There were papers by Miss Tillie McLelland on Decimals and the Metric System; by Miss Hattie L. McMurray on the reading of numbers, from Miss Lulu Murray on English Literature, and an address by Mr. T. B. Kidner on Educational Handicraft. These brought out useful discussions, in which Dr. Inch, Inspector Steeves and others took part. Mr. Kidner said that seven and a half years ago there were only two poorly equipped schools for manual training in the maritime provinces; now there are more than seventy departments in good working order.

During the second day's session a paper on writing was read by Miss Winifred Stockall, and one on domestic science by Miss Mabel Martin. The latter brought out a very interesting discussion, in which the hygienic conditions prevailing in some schoolrooms were unsparingly exposed. Inspector Steeves referred to schoolrooms that had not been scrubbed for more than a year. Dr. Inch remarked that it is his purpose to see what can be done to improve conditions by stringent regulations in regard to the duties of trustees. Mr. Kidner thought that the principles of hygienic cleanliness and simple cookery should be taught even in the most un-

promising of cross roads schools. Mr. J. W. Smith said the time in domestic science schools should not be wasted in teaching girls to make "fancy dishes," but they should learn how to cook the food that enters into daily use in households, and to practise the arts of sanitary housekeeping.

Other papers read were: Mechanical Drawing, by Miss Jennie Alward; Development of Ideas in Geometry, by Miss Stella Alward. Mr. Kidner gave a very practical talk on the subject of music in schools, and Mr. B. R. Armstrong explained the pension scheme proposed by the Annuity Company of Canada, which was referred to the executive.

Some excellent specimens of manual work had been sent in from a few schools. The following officers were elected: President, Horace G. Perry; vice-president, Miss Margaret A. Stewart; secretary-treasurer, Wm. N. Biggar; additional members of the executive: Joseph E. Howe and Miss Eloise Steeves.

SOUTH COLCHESTER INSTITUTE.

A Teachers' Institute for South Colchester, held on the 14th and 15th November at the newly incorporated town of Stewiacke, proved of more than usual interest and profit to the teachers of that district. Inspector Campbell followed the plan which he had outlined for his inspectorate early in the year, namely, a series of small institutes with the time devoted entirely to practical teaching and discussions on the best methods of work.

Lessons were conducted in drawing by Miss Ethel Dickson, of Truro, and in music by Miss Linton, of Truro. In both these subjects the teachers were put at practical work, and in the series of lessons which were developed with them, much excellent work was done. Lessons were conducted in nature study by Miss McCurdy, Old Barns, and Miss Dickson, Central Onslow; in reading by Miss Hutchinson, Newton Mills, and in commercial geography by Principal Tibert, Londonderry. For these model lessons pupils were drawn from the Stewiacke schools. Inspector Campbell conducted a series of nature lessons in outline, and led the round table talks and discussions on methods of work. By means of these substitutes a brief normal course was provided for each untrained teacher in the district, while all, trained and untrained alike, received much valuable help and encouragement in their work.

It is not the first office of a university to teach men how to earn a living. That is the business of the special and technical schools. The primary function of the university is to turn out men of culture. After they are through with the purely educational course they may go to the law school, the medical college, or the divinity school and prepare themselves for specialties.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Inspector L. S. Morse, of Digby, has returned from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, with the gratifying assurance of his physicians, that with proper care and rest for the next few months, he may be able to resume his accustomed duties.

The St. John Board of School Trustees at a recent meeting, placed on record a grateful recognition of the services of the late Miss Helen Adam, whose sudden death in October last, after years of faithful service, removed one of the city's best known teachers.

The formal opening of the Hampton, N. B., Consolidated School took place on the 7th of November, although regular school work has been carried on in the building since the recent summer vacation. Situated nearly midway between the two pretty villages of Hampton, the new building is admirably adapted to meet for many years to come the educational needs of the two communities, whose liberality and public spirit have so wisely provided for the children. Its pleasant and healthful surroundings, commodious hall, well furnished class rooms, excellent sanitary and heating arrangements, with five acres of land for play grounds, school gardens and an arboretum, are model conditions. Such facilities for education form an investment that any community may be proud of. Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie who formally opened the school, said that it was a monument to the intelligence and public spirit of the people of Hampton; and Premier Robinson, Chief Superintendent Dr. Inch and others who followed were equally warm in their expressions of approval of the action of the trustees and ratepayers, and sanguine in their anticipations of the success that will attend the work of the school under Principal H. G. Perry and his efficient staff of teachers.

The Governors of McGill University searched all over Canada to get a Professor of Education, to fill the new chair endowed by Sir William MacDonald and failed. They at last appointed Professor J. A. Dole, of Oxford University, England. This new Faculty has been established none too soon, if the McGill authorities had such a search to find a competent man.—*Truro News.*

Frank P. Day, Mt. Allison Rhodes scholar for 1905, having obtained permission from the Rhodes trustees, will not complete his tenure of the scholarship next year, but in 1909. This year he has been allowed to spend in Berlin, Germany, where he pays his way by tutoring in English for part of the day, devoting the rest of his time to researches needed for the completion of his honor course in English literature.—*Sackville Tribune.*

Mr. Chester B. Martin, of St. John, the U. N. B. Rhodes Scholar, has won the Brassey Studentship at Oxford from a large number of competitors, the prize being open to all qualified for the B. A. degree in that University. The studentship carries a money value, may be held for one or more years, and is given for research in some subject connected with Great Britain and the colonies.

Mr. C. B. Robinson, of Pictou, who, for several years past has been on the staff of the Bronx Park Botanical gardens, New York, has been chosen by the United States government as one of its experts on the study of plants in the Philippine Islands. Mr. Robinson's home is in Pictou, where he was formerly teacher of science in the Academy.

His appointment is a recognition of his attainments and skill as a botanist. During his two years' study at the University of Cambridge, England, and while at the New York Gardens, he devoted himself to special studies of the plants of Nova Scotia, the results being embodied in several recent monographs on the subject.

Mr. James Carr, B. A., (Dal.) has been appointed teacher of grade five in the Campbellton, N. B., school to succeed Miss Hazel B. McCain, resigned.

The Teachers' Guild of Cape Breton County, N. S., was recently organized with a membership of about thirty.

Supt. C. L. Moore, of Sydney, is president, and Mr. Geo. MacKenzie, Sydney Mines, Secretary. The meetings are to be held annually unless the members are called together more frequently by the executive. The objects of the Guild are mutual improvement, the encouragement of harmonious co-operation between teacher and trustees, and the general betterment of the conditions of the profession.

Lt. Governor Tweedie has offered two prizes of \$30 and \$20, to students making the highest proficiency in examinations at the New Brunswick Normal School. Two prizes of \$30 each were offered at the opening of the Hampton, N. B., Consolidated School, by Governor Tweedie and Premier Robinson, the subjects and award to be under the direction of the Chief Superintendent of Education.

Rev. A. D. Miller, M. A., of Victoria College, Ontario, has recently been appointed to the Theological Faculty of Mt. Allison University, Sackville.

The Summer School of Science will be held next year at Sackville, opening July 7th, and continuing for the greater part of three weeks. Class rooms in the Mount Allison University will be placed at the disposal of the directors for their work, and board and accommodation will be provided for the students within the walls of the institution.

Mr. N. L. Cooke, formerly in charge of the manual training department at Glace Bay, C. B., schools, is now teacher of manual training in the Methodist public schools of St. John's, Nfld.

Dr. H. M. Tory, of McGill, Montreal, has been appointed principal of the new provincial university of Alberta, which it is expected will be opened next year at Edmonton. Dr. Tory is a native of Guysboro, N. S. He has rare executive and administrative abilities, and few have a better knowledge, derived from travel and study, of the educational systems and requirements of different parts of Canada.

Mr. Joseph E. Howe, principal of the Sussex, N. B., Grammar School, was recently married to Miss Annie E. S. Chipman, of Chipman's Corner, N. S. The REVIEW tenders its hearty congratulations to the happy couple.

No marvel Christmas lives so long;
He never knew but merry hours;
His nights were spent with mirth and song,
In happy homes and princely bowers;
Was greeted both by serf and lord,
And seated at the festal board;
While every voice cried "welcome here,"
Only Christmas comes but once a year.

—Thomas Miller.

RECENT BOOKS.

STORIES TO TELL TO CHILDREN, by Sara Conant Bryant. (\$1.00, postpaid. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

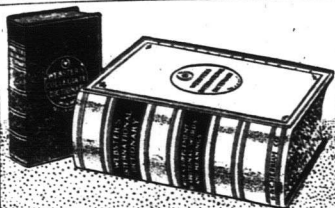
This is a collection of fifty-one stories, appropriate for telling to children from the kindergarten to the sixth grade. Especial attention has been paid to the compilation of those stories which educate the child, and to "funny" stories. A large proportion are original with Miss Bryant, and some of the others are adapted from sources to which teachers rarely or never have access. Some, again, are old stories, here given in the best form for telling; and still others, taken down from word of mouth in the South or in the far West, and dealing with interesting local traditions, are printed for the first time. Nearly all of these stories are interesting to children, and the suggestions for telling them are worth more than the price of the book.

Henry Drummond: Some Recollections, is the title of a neat little booklet, the author of which is Rev. T. Hunter Boyd, of Waweig, N. B., and for which the Earl of Aberdeen has written a highly appreciative foreword. Mr. Boyd's residence in Glasgow gave him frequent opportunities of meeting with Drummond, while the latter was professor of Natural Science in the Free Church College of that city. The fascinating personality of Drummond with which this near view of Mr. Boyd brings us in contact, together with the insight we get of his noble character and motives, make this personal sketch a very timely contribution. For sale by E. G. Nelson & Co., St. John.

The International prize essay on Tuberculosis, by S. A. Knope, M. D., New York, is a book for the people. If its teachings could be carried out many lives would undoubtedly be saved annually. Price 25 cents; paper. Fred. P. Flori, publisher, 514 E 82nd Street, New York.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have just published a new work, *A Theory of Motives, Ideals and Values in Education*. (Cloth, pages 534, price \$1.75 post-paid). By W. E. Chancellor, superintendent of public instruction, District of Columbia. In this book the author discusses the relation of education to civilization and progress, and lays down the principle that in every progressive age there must be a "new education," for the progress of humanity is conditioned by the better development of the new generation. He shows clearly the necessity of a reconstruction in our educational practice, that shall redeem the schools from their present overloading, confusion and routinism and restore education to its purpose, which is to educate men and women. "True education is indifferent as to what particular things its graduates know, but sensitive in every fibre to what they are or can do." It is a book that will repay thoughtful perusal by all who are interested in educational progress.

In the "Riverside Literature Series," Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publish two stories: *The Flag-Raising* and *Finding a Home*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin (paper, 15 cents each, post-paid). Both are excellent for supplementary reading, and will be conned with zest and appreciation by high school pupils and those of lower grades. Mrs. Wiggin has a rare insight into child nature, and these stories are but fresh examples of her unflagging interest and sympathy for the young.



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EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, St. John, N. B.

The Morang Educational Company, of Toronto, are the agents of the American Book Company, New York. Among the books recently published by the latter firm we have received the following:

Tanner's High School Algebra (half leather, 352 pages, price \$1.00) provides a large, well-chosen and carefully graded set of exercises, the solution of which will help not only to fix in the pupil's mind the principles involved, but also further to unfold those principles. The author omits non-essentials, and yet fully meets the entrance requirements in elementary algebra of any college or university on this continent.

Famous Pictures of Children (cloth, 144 pages, price 40 cents). This interesting little book contains a series of stories accompanying seventeen of the most famous pictures of children by artists from Botticelli to Hunt. Besides stimulating an appreciation for art, it provides entertaining and instructive reading.

Selections from Irving's Sketch Book (cloth, 315 pages, with portrait; price 45 cents). A very neatly bound and beautiful book containing fifteen of the best papers from Washington Irving's well-known work, preceded by a brief biographical sketch of the author, and with notes appended explaining difficult allusions. Another book in this attractive series—The "Gateway Series" of English Texts—is *Selections from Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield and Deserted Village* (cloth, 310 pages, with portrait; price 45 cents), with introduction and notes. The two famous masterpieces of Goldsmith are here edited with especial care to make them clear, interesting and helpful to those beginning the study of literature.

The Story of Two Boys (cloth, 192 pages, illustrated, price 35 cents). A book suitable for supplementary reading for grades three and four. It is a charming story which most children will read with unflagging interest and attention, with its lessons of courage, kindness, independence and right living.

Foote and Skinner's Explorers and Founders of America (cloth, 310 pages, price 60 cents). This attractively illustrated book gives biographical sketches of the prominent characters in the history of America, including Columbus, John and Sebastian Cabot, Drake, Raleigh, Cartier, Champlain, LaSalle, Montcalm and Wolfe. The material has been put in the form of short sentences expressed in easy colloquial style; and each sketch is followed by suggestive topics for oral or written composition.

Cooper's Adventures of Deerslayer (cloth, 131 pages, price 35 cents) is an illustrated abridgment of Cooper's famous story, retaining his own words and the atmosphere of the original wherever possible.

Franklin's Autobiography (cloth, 287 pages, with portrait, price 40 cents) is the latest addition to Dr. Van Dyke's "Gateway Series" of English Texts, and contains lessons of wisdom and encouragement from the life and experience of this great man which cannot fail to prove inspiring.

Johnston and Barnum's Book of Plays for Little Actors (cloth, 171 pages, illustrated; price 30 cents), based upon familiar nursery rhymes and stories, and adapted to the use of the youngest, will give children a great deal of pleasure.

Baldwin's Second Fairy Reader (cloth, 192 pages, illustrated, price 35 cents), is especially adapted for supple-

mentary reading in the second or third grades, being designed for children who are able to read easy narratives with some degree of facility. The stories are derived from a variety of sources, each representing the folklore of a different country, and are retold by the author in a style which lends them new interest and value.

[The above books and others to be reviewed in future numbers, are published by the American Book Co., New York, and will be sent on receipt of price by the Morang Educational Co., Toronto.]

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, Soho Square, London, W., have published an *Outline of Scottish History*, from Roman Times to the Disruption. (Cloth, 484 pages, with illustrations, maps and plans, price 2s. 6d.). This little book should become popular, as it deserves to be, from its attractive pages and as an aid to revive a serious interest in Scottish history. It is a clearly written, coherent, narrative, not overburdened with dates and names,—an absorbing account of a country that has a history.

Messrs. Geo. Philip and Son, 32, Fleet Street, London, have published a new and revised edition of their *Advanced Class-book of Modern Geography*,—physical, political, commercial. (Cloth, pages 866, with nine coloured maps; price 6s.) This standard work is designed for the use of advanced students and teachers of geography. As an exhaustive epitome of all geographical knowledge, especially of the British Empire, it has probably no competitor. Its convenient library form should make it a favorite with business men as well as schools.

The physical, political and commercial *Geography of the British Colonies and Dependencies*, by the same author, and of the same text as the larger work above described, William Hughes, F. R. G. S., is also published by Messrs. Geo Philip and Son, London, (cloth, pages 228, price 2s. 6d.) It is more convenient volume than the larger text for those who wish to study the British Empire only, and is equally serviceable.

A new School Map of Canada and Newfoundland has been published by Messrs. George Philip & Son, London. It is six feet by four (nearly), is clear and attractive in its graduated shades of colouring. It gives prominence to the strong physical features of the Dominion, and its coast lines and political boundaries are clearly marked. The different shades of colour showing land elevations and depths of sea are especially excellent and helpful to the student's eye.

Das Fahnlein der Sieben Aufrechten, a story by Gottfried Keller, is published with notes and vocabulary (cloth, pages 170) by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. The author is one of the most skilful of German novelists, and this story—the Banner of the Seven Just Men—is a picture of Swiss life with an admirable blending of humour and naturalness.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, also publish in their "Modern Language Series"—now so well known and so much appreciated by scholars—*Extracts for French Composition* (cloth, pages 147, price 60 cents), with reference to Fraser and Squair's French grammar, notes and vocabulary. The extracts are carefully graded, leading gradually to the more difficult idiomatic constructions.

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RECENT MAG ZINES.

The special anniversary issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* in November, celebrating its semi-centennial, is remarkable for the many important articles it contains, dealing chiefly with the progress of literature, art, science and politics during the past fifty years.

The Christmas *Delineator* is bright, entertaining and cheerful, and is a welcome visitor to households, both as to its suggestions for preparing for the great festival, its bright articles and other literature for Christmas, and its timely survey of fashions for the month.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. But that other venerable Boston magazine, *The Living Age* (Littell's) is older still. It is in its sixty-fourth year, and its December numbers complete its 255th quarterly volume. This is a record unsurpassed by any American magazine except the *North American Review*, and that has been by turns a quarterly, a monthly, and a semi-monthly, while *The Living Age* has kept up its regular weekly issue without a break, while other periodicals have come and gone. It has maintained also its original high standard. Reprinting unabridged, as it does, from week to week, the most important and interesting articles from thirty to forty English reviews and magazines, it is able to present a more brilliant array of contributors than any single magazine, American or English.

The *Chautauquan* for November, in its biographical sketches of great American scientists, has an interesting review of the life and work of Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1835.

The December *Atlantic Monthly* is an interesting magazine. Agnes Dean Cameron writes a striking article on Wheat, the Wizard on the North, telling of the enormous immigration to the newly utilized wheat fields of Western Canada. The Children's Educational Theatre is an exposition of the teaching value of practical stage-craft for the young. There is fiction in abundance of the usual high class character of the *Atlantic*, and the poetry is of a strictly Christmas character.

The Christmas number of the *Canadian Magazine* is beautifully illustrated in tints. The Narrative of Col. Fanning is continued by Judge A. W. Savary, and there is an interesting article on The Myth of Evangeline by Newton MacTavish, the illustrations being particularly good. There is a story by Sir Gilbert Parker, Rawley's Last Gamble. There is less Christmas matter than usual. The poem on The Maple, by William Wilfred Campbell, is finely conceived, and a beautiful tribute to Canada's favorite tree.

Lord Meath Empire Day Challenge Cups and League of the Empire Prizes.

ESSAY COMPETITION FOR EMPIRE DAY, 1908.

The following are the subjects and conditions for the Essay Competition inter-all-Secondary Schools and inter-all-Primary Schools of the Empire for Empire Day, 1908.

A. SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

Subject.—State and criticise the relation between Great Britain and any Country or Crown Colony with which you are acquainted.

Conditions.—(Secondary Schools). A Silver Challenge Cup, value £10. 10s., presented by the Right Hon. the Earl of Meath, K. P., to be held by the School, and a personal prize of £5. 5s., given by the League of the Empire, is offered for competition, inter-all-Secondary Schools of the Empire, for an Empire Day Essay not exceeding 2,000 words. Age limit, 14 to 18 years old.

B. PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

Subject.—(a) Write a letter to a friend desiring to emigrate, and point out the advantages of any Country, State, Province, or Crown Colony with which you are acquainted; (b) or to a friend living in any other part of the Empire, and point out the advantages of coming to settle in the United Kingdom.

Conditions.—(Primary Schools). A Silver Challenge Cup, value £10. 10s., presented by the Right Hon. the Earl of Meath, K. P., and a personal prize of £3. 3s., given by the League of the Empire, is offered for competition, inter-Elementary Schools of the Empire, for an Empire Day Essay, not exceeding 1,000 words. Age limit, under 14 years old.

All essays must first be judged in the schools, and afterwards by the authorities kindly co-operating with the League in the different countries of the Empire.

Only those Essays sent in through the authorized channels will be eligible for the final judging arranged for by the Federal Council of the League in London.

The Essays which are entered for the final judging in London, must reach the Central office by the 1st of February next, and New Brunswick Essays must be sent to Education Office, Fredericton, not later than Jan. 1st, 1908.

The names of the winning schools will each year be engraved upon Cups, which are replicas of the Warwick Vase.

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The full course is intended to qualify teachers for the license to teach Manual Training in town schools. Candidates for admission should hold a first class license, but teachers holding a second class license, and having a good teaching record, may be admitted on their merits.

In each course, students showing little aptitude for the work will be advised to discontinue at the end of one month from the date of entrance.

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Full particulars of the courses outlined above may be obtained from the Director of Manual Training, T. B. Kidner, Fredericton, N. B.

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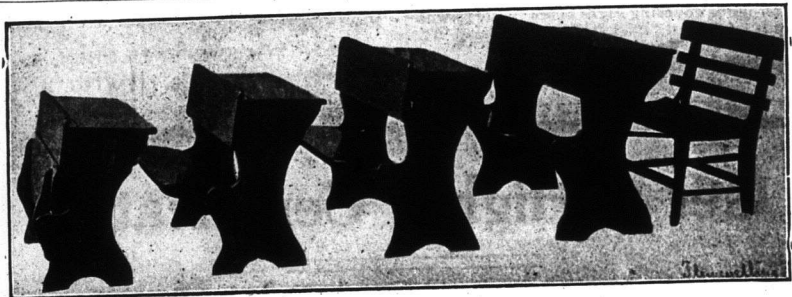
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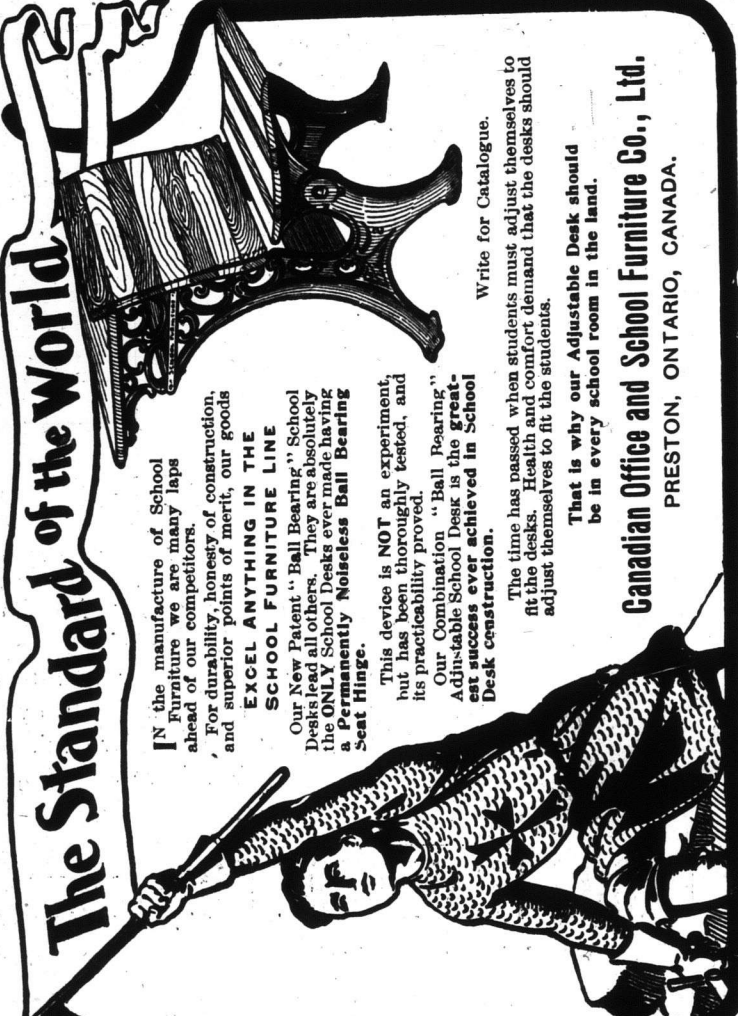
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