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Editorial Notes.

TO OUR READERS.

OUR publishers warn us that we must either curtail our usual Editorial Notes or omit the Christmas songs and carols which we have selected for the use of teachers in the schoolroom, and families in the home. We prefer, as no doubt most of our readers will, the former alternative. We, therefore, surrender the greater part of this first page to Miss Coolidge's beautiful version of an old Christmas legend, which is as full of truth as of beauty, and to other productions of the muse who draws her inspiration from the marvellous Gospel narrative. As our friends will perceive, we have, at the cost of a good deal of labor and expense, taken a somewhat new departure, and endeavored to make the best contribution in our power to the sources of pleasure which we hope the holiday season will bring in abundant measure to all our friends and patrons. We should hardly have been able to do this but for the generous and efficient aid given us by the The Poole Printing Co., Ltd., the printers and advertising managers of the JOURNAL, who have spared no pains in their endeavor to make this Christmas number an attractive and welcome visitor to the homes of all our subscribers, and to those of thousands of others to whom we shall send it.

WE are sorry that a number of those who have subscribed for or ordered sample copies of *The Cosmopolitan* have been disappointed in regard to the October and

November numbers. The circulation of the magazine has been going up by such immense leaps and bounds since the great cut in the price that the publishers have been unable to keep pace with the demand. No doubt all will have received the December number—another World's Fair number—before this reaches them. If any have not received it, will they please write us—or better, write direct to the publishers of the *Magazine*—at once.

Christmas Poetry.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
The glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold ;
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
From heaven's all gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

For lo ! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS, D. D.

IN THE ORPHAN-HOUSE.

(A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE).

They sat at supper on Christmas Eve,
The boys of the orphan school,
And the least of them all rose to say
The quaint old grace in the old-time way
Which always had been the rule :
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."

The oaken rafters holly bedight
And brave in their Christmas guise,
Cast shadows down on the fair young face,
The hands clasped close with childish grace,
The reverent wistful eyes ;
And for a moment as he ceased
Silence fell on the Christmas feast.

The smallest scholar he sat him down,
And the spoons began to clink
In the pewter porringers one by one,
But one little fellow had scarce begun
When he stopped and said, "I think"—
And then he paused with a reddened cheek,
But the kindly Master bade him "speak!"

"Why does the Lord Christ never come ?"
Asked the child in a shy soft way ;
"Time after time we have prayed that He
Would make one of our company
Just as we did to-day,
But he never has come for all our prayer,
Do you think he would if I set Him a chair ?"

"Perhaps ! who knoweth ?" the Master said,
And he made the sign of the cross,

While the zealous little one gladly sped
And drew a chair to the table's head
'Neath a great ivy boss,
Then turned to the door as in sure quest
Of the entrance of the Holy Guest.

Even as he waited the latch was raised,
The door swung wide, and lo !
A pale little beggar-boy stood there
With shoeless feet and flying hair
All powdered white with snow.
"I have no food, I have no bed,
For Christ's sake take me in," he said.

The startled scholars were silent all,
The Master dumbly gazed ;
The shivering beggar he stood still—
The snow flakes melting at their will—
Bewildered and amused
At the strange hush ; and nothing stirred
And no one uttered a welcoming word.

Till, glad and joyful the same dear child
Upraised his voice and said,
"The Lord has heard us, now I know,
He could not come Himself, and so
He sent this boy instead
His chair to fill, his place to take,
For us to welcome for his sake.

Then quick and zealous every one
Sprang from the table up,
The chair for Jesus ready set
Received the beggar cold and wet,
Each pressed his plate and cup.
"Take mine ! take mine !" they urged and prayed,
The beggar thanked them, half dismayed.

And as he feasted and quite forgot
His woe in the new content,
The ivy and holly garlanded
Round the old rafters overhead
Breathed forth a rich, strange scent,
And it seemed as if in the green-hung hall
Stood a Presence unseen which blessed them all.

O lovely Legend of olden time,
Be thou as true to-day !
The Lord Christ stands by every door,
Veiled in the person of His poor,
And all our hearts can pray,
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."
SUSAN COOLIDGE IN *Wide Awake*.

HANG UP THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.

HANG up the children's stockings,
And ring the happy chimes,
For peace and love shall reign on earth
In merry Christmas time—
Mementos of that other morn,
In Bethlehem where Christ was born.
Some homes in every nation,
In city or in town,
Still keep the dear old customs
The past has handed down,
And celebrate them year by year,
As Christmas crowns the world with cheer.
In English homes, 'neath mistletoe,
They sing the Christmas song,
While o'er the yule-log's rugged side
The bright flames creep along,
And scarlet Holly berries glow
Among the green boughs bending low.
We decorate the branches
Of Christmas trees with cheer.
An emblem of thanksgiving
For all the fruitful year.
And Santa Claus brings dolls and drums,
To glad expectant little ones.
Oh, day the best and dearest
Of all the seasons bring,
The hope of every Christian's heart,
The birthday of our King ;
The one glad day of joy and mirth,
When God's best gift was sent to earth.

SELECTED.

English.

All articles and communications intended for this department should be addressed to the ENGLISH EDITOR, EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, Room 20, 11½ Richmond Street West, Toronto.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE EVENING CLOUD, BY JOHN WILSON.*

F. H. SYKES, M.A.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun ;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,—
Even in its very motion there was rest ;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West :—
Emblem, methought of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
And, by the breath of Mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven ;
Where to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

This poem may be found somewhat difficult by youthful minds, because of the rather far-fetched character of the comparison that constitutes its thought. To realize this comparison in the mind, it is necessary first to realize the elements that go to make it up; namely, the evening cloud and the soul winging its way to heaven. To make sure that the elements of the comparison are clearly realized by the class, it will be found most profitable to require from them, before the printed poem is introduced, a word-picture of a summer sunset, taking care that they have been asked to notice the sunset for a day or two before the lessons come up. Their picture can be made by the teacher's suggestion to include the glorious coloring of the west, the stillness of nature except for the breath of the evening breeze, the white cloud tinged with crimson floating slowly over the sky and mirrored in the glassy lake below. This done, the class will be asked, "If you had to say what this cloud reminded you of, what it was like, what it resembled, what answer could you give?" They will probably give answers more or less unsatisfactory; but let them have time to feel the difficulty. Then the teacher will find occasion to say that a Scotch poet once saw just such an evening cloud as they saw, and it reminded him of something different from anything they thought of. Let us see, he will add, just *what the poet saw* and *what he thought of*. The poem will then be read, and the class will be called upon to satisfy themselves from the poem as to the following:

II.—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WHAT THE POET SAW. [He saw the cloud "cradled," that is, *slowly moving*, and low down, in the west. The cloud was white as snow, but yet beautifully fashioned, patterned perhaps like the finest needle-work ("braided"). A flush of crimson from the red of the west just tinted ("tinged") its whiteness.] Where was he standing? Had he long stood there? What was he doing? What did he see standing there? [He saw "the glory," that is, the cloud with its glorious coloring, slowly floating over the sky, and on the placid surface of the lake before him he saw the picture of the cloud mirrored.] Have any of the class noticed objects mirrored in the water in that way? What were they? [Elsewhere our poet has a very pretty picture of a reflection in the water:—

"The placid lake that rested far below,
Softly embosoming another sky."]

What is the condition for seeing such? [The absence of such a breeze as would ruffle the water.] What sort of breeze did the poet feel? [It was only a "breath," so that the lake was "still."] What color was the water? ["Radiant," from the reflected light of the west, which

it lay "below."] Does the cloud seem to the poet lifeless? [It appears to have life, a "spirit."] What kind of a spirit? That of the thunder or rain? [The spirit of peace, signified by the word "tranquil."] Describe its motion. [It was moving slowly ("cradled"), floating gradually towards the west. There was rest even in its motion.] How could that be? [It moved so quietly and peacefully that it appeared to rest even when moving. In a similar way, fine machinery is able to exercise prodigious force with grace and ease, while apparently using no effort, almost resting as it does it.] Describe the action of the breeze. [It was not a steady breeze, it was only a "breath" as it were of "evening." It did not blow regularly, but only now and again ("it chanced to blow"). Consequently it did not drive the cloud roughly before it, but only gently "wafted" it, journeying ("the traveller") towards the west, aglow with the setting sun ("beauteous West").]

WHAT THE POET THOUGHT OF. What did the cloud suggest to the poet? What words are understood before "emblem"? Define it as regards a nation's flag, the rose, the maple leaf, etc. What difference is there between these "emblems" and the emblem of the cloud for the soul? [Wilson regards the cloud as being *like* the soul in many respects; whereas the flag, rose, maple leaf are purely suggestive terms, not in the least like the objects suggested.] Explain "methought." [It is a compound word—*me + thought*, an impersonal verb, and really means "(it) to me seemed." It is not to be confused with the more common verb to think.] Explain "departed." What color does "gleam" imply? Whence does the gleam come? How does the cloud suggest this gleam? What is the "breath of mercy" that brings the soul nearer heaven? [Read Titus iii. 5, etc.] What is there in the evening scene emblematic of this mercy? Explain "roll." [Here simply "move forward," just as when we say, "The river rolls its waters to the sea."] What are the "gates of heaven?" [Read Revel. xxi. 12, 13, 21 and Matt. xvi. 19.] What is there in the evening scene emblematic of "the golden gates?" Explain "eye of faith." [The understanding and believing man. Read especially such verses as Eph. i. 18 and Heb. xi. 3.] What corresponds in the evening scene to the "eye of faith?" Explain "destinies." What "glorious destinies" does this view of the departed soul reveal to the believer?

Select the words in the poem that would scarcely be used in prose. Select the words that would have a slightly different form in prose. [Note that in poetry one is able ("poetic license") in a certain sense to violate the laws of grammar (cf. 'slow' for 'slowly').] Select the line or lines that you like best.

III.—THE FORM OF THE POEM.

The class will read aloud the poem, making the accents by beating with the hand as in music, till they notice (1) That the syllables run in groups, each group in general having one unaccented syllable (x), followed by one accented syllable (˘),—each group or "foot" being called therefore an *Iambus* and the metre *Iambic metre*. (2) That each line has *five* of these groups, or is *Pentameter* (Gk. *penta*, five). (3) That there are fourteen lines. [These are three characteristics of the *Sonnet*.] They will note in addition (4) that the rhymes of the lines are a b a b c b c d e d e f f, which was almost the form Shakespeare used in his sonnets, and which make this form (or almost this form) to be called a *Shaksperian sonnet*. Compare the rhymes with those in the sonnet of the common and usual form on page 302 of the IV. Reader.

IV.—BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

John Wilson (1785—1854), better known by the name of "Christopher North," with which he designates himself in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, was the son of a rich Scotch manufacturer. He graduated from Oxford, excelling in essays, poetry, and in all sorts of athletic sports. His love of the poet Wordsworth took him to West-

moreland, where he lived for eight years in the brilliant society of not only Wordsworth, but also Southey, Coleridge, and DeQuincey. But his fortune was dissipated by his uncle, and forced to adopt a profession, Wilson became an Edinburgh lawyer. Law was not so congenial as letters; so that when in 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* was founded, he became a constant contributor, and for many years was its chief intellectual force. In 1820 he was appointed professor of moral philosophy in Edinburgh university. His works are chiefly *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* (1822), *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, (1823), *The Foresters* (1825), and *Noctes Ambrosianae*, ('Ambrosial Nights'), which are imaginary dialogues of himself, his uncle, and the poet Hogg (see note to *The Skylark*) during nights spent at Ambrose's Tavern. His poetry is scarcely read to-day; but the memory of the author as a true-hearted, noble, manly character is still cherished.

OUTSIDE READING FOR OUR PUPILS.

MISS M. A. WATT.

WHAT is the teacher's responsibility in the matter of supplementary reading for the boys and girls? There is really so much to be done in school now, that the mere mention of anything new can scarcely be tolerated. But this cannot be termed new matter; has it not always been the duty of the teacher to guide the children in their reading, even though many teachers have failed to recognize the responsibility. Certainly it has not been recognized, as too many grown persons can testify, and certainly we ourselves, who are teachers, have assumed far too little of it in our own schools. Some may flippantly say, "Let the parents attend to that, we are not paid to do that sort of thing!" and others may think it is none of their affair if the children learn their lessons and are promoted safely at the end of the term. But many parents are not capable of guiding their children in the selection of suitable reading, and a large number are not able to buy books for them, and the teacher who feels the responsibility of souls upon him cannot with a clear conscience shirk this care. But the care becomes such a pleasure when the growing mentality of the child responds, that the teacher who starts the work will become fascinated with it, and he will realize that it is a relief from the dull routine into which school work tends to fall to hear some boy tell of a book he has read or to find his original essay bringing out the result of his association with some cultured writer. The specific knowledge of general subjects must become enlarged and the expression of all knowledge be facilitated by reading outside of the school-room. A pupil might be encouraged to make a selection, under the teacher's approval, of some extract which he could read on a Friday afternoon, and this would be an incentive to others to read with a degree of criticism. There are many homes where no books are ever bought for the children's reading and many a bright family grow up limited in their mental outlook, because there was no one to suggest or guide them into the open fields of literature. It is a matter of regret that there should not be a certain sum set apart annually in every school section, especially in the country, for the purchase of cheaply bound books of good literature, which could be lent to the pupils, say as rewards for good conduct, each week, and thus send into hundreds of homes literature of an elevating, broadening character. The short-sighted ratepayer who objects to school taxes ("he has no children to send to school,") might raise his voice against it, but the same answer that is given to his usual objection would have equal force. "The better the character of the young people of the neighborhood, the more valuable your property must be and the safer." Many an empty hour would have a suitable employment and the fascination of an interesting book might keep the boys at home at night when otherwise they might be in unprofitable company, learning what is too easily acquired—"indifference to everything good or sacred." Many teachers have tried to fill this crying want, but the not very munificent salary of the public school teacher is very sensitive to drains upon it, and each book bought means a deprivation in some way to the teacher himself. The above suggestion is offered in the hope that some true teacher

*From Lessons in Entrance Literature, Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. (Copyright).

may be helped to help the boys and girls up "into a purer, brighter and a clearer air," and thus help humanity to be better.

Children will read, as a general thing, and they will read what is easiest to get hold of. An amusing proof of this was given recently by a party of young ladies relating what they remembered as their first books. The following are some of the books which they went through,

retaining, we presume, a faint idea of their contents:—"Byron's Poems;" "My Pretty Verse Book;" "Felix Holt, the Radical;" "The Mysteries of Paris;" "A Hymn Book," (Wesley's); "Josephus;" "Tom Sawyer;" "The Fortunes of Nigel," (pronounced Neg-el); "Don Quixote;" "The Pickwick Papers," and last, but not least, "The Life of the Martyr Stephen," (then pronounced Step-hen). There were no gentlemen present to give their experience or the list would probably have consisted of more spicy matter, if not of more solid mental and moral pabulum. Indigestion would surely result from a continuation of such a diet, but that nature has mercifully provided children with a large "forgettory." But there is no need in these days of children's books for such mental cramming, and it is not safe to build on the hope that the children will forget an evil thing they have once read. It may warp the mind, destroy the fresh taste and create a false longing for the wild and untrue. The poison of a bad book may enter into the mental system and lower the entire tone and tenor of their natures, though forgotten. A foolish tale told by a nurse maid has impaired for life an otherwise likely-to-have-been robust nervous system, and we all can remember some childish dread of a comet, or the judgment day, or ghosts, or Indians, which we formed either by reading or hearing some story which we imperfectly understood. Too many of our boys are difficult to manage or bold and bad because of the stories they read in books or in cheap story-papers. There is a time in the life of most boys when Buffalo Bill is their

hero, when the Indian on the Plains is their longed for victim, when guns and bowie knives are their favorite weapons and when they would leave home without a penny to seek a fortune in the Wild West. If this critical time can be tided over without an outbreak of rebellion the boy will grow up, with care, into a good citizen; but hundreds of boys are in training for tramps and vagabonds

unless they can be "shunted" on to another track by, perhaps, your influence.

The use of coercion is vain, but the "expulsive power of a new affection" is wonderful. Stories of brave, true men told to your class, tales of good women, extracts from Humane Society publications, one attractive lovely story after another, will bring a revolution of taste and sentiment. A frank expression of belief in

of history, and the stories of brave men who lived years ago on the very ground they walk on now, have a great fascination for them. You can make patriots in a term if you like to try, aye, and bigoted ones, too. But beware of making narrow-minded political bigots, who can see no good in anything outside their own little fence! Children are thoughtless, but not naturally cruel, and an explanation of the

anatomy of the fly they would torment, or the story of "Black Beauty" read to the class, will cure their seeming cruel tendency and make gentle and tender beings of them. When a boy is trained to want true stories, you can use his taste against all the "Thunder and Lightning" stamp of stories, the vile Detective stories which portray vice in such enlivening hues, replacing a bad story with a good one just as lively and interesting. Perhaps the boy says to you "I have read lots of stories like that," or "I never was hurt by such stories," and perhaps he will innocently bring you one to read, and asks why you won't read it. My answer to one such boy was "I never touch poison-ivy, but I know persons who can touch it; would you advise me to try to see if it will poison me?" He advised me very earnestly not to touch it, for it might poison me and it was very hard to cure if it once got into the blood. He gave me some instances and we chatted on it for a moment. Then I turned round and said, "That's just the way I feel about bad books. I know some people are injured by them, and say the bad sticks to them, and I don't want to try; for to poison the mind is worse than to poison the body, it lasts after we are dead, you know. So I advise you not to read that book. Have you read "Masterman Ready," or "Duty and Affection," or the "Last of the Mohicans?" And thus the seed was sown which may prove to yield fruit in a good man's life. An object lesson may be given by a blackboard decoration, in the upper right hand corner—a spray of ivy, gorgeously colored, surrounding an open book



THE OLD STORY.

God and his power, and an exposition of it in His works, will elevate goodness and God in the boy's mind, he will feel there is nothing to be ashamed of in speaking of the Great Maker and Preserver of the Universe.

While speaking of some good man, the mention of a book where his life is told may cause some boy to write down the name of the book, and probably you will hear of his having bought or borrowed it. Most children are fond

inscribed with the words "A Bad Story Book," and above the ivy, the words, "Don't Touch Either! Both Poison!" A chat about it when first unveiled, a story of the effect of poison-ivy, of the effect of a bad book, and you have done more than weeks of argument, with most children. Then if there are books to replace the bad ones, the cure is progressing nicely. To encourage children who are backward in beginning to read, the reading of a book and lending

it to them to finish when an interesting part is reached is likely to be successful.

I append a fine and varied list of books suited to a Third-Book Class, for which list I have to thank Mr. W. E. Groves, of Church Street School, Toronto. He obtained it from "Hardy's List of Five Hundred Books" for Young Readers. It is a long list, but every teacher will have some favorite book to add to it, and I trust they will not forget in their addition that perfect gospel of mercy, "Black Beauty."

LIST OF BOOKS.

A.—POETRY.

1. A Child's Garden of Verse. R. L. Stevenson.
2. Rhymes and Jingles. Mary M. Dodge.

B.—HISTORY.

1. Old Testament Stories. Riverside Series. From the dispersion of Babel to the conquest of Canaan.
2. Xerxes,
3. Alexander the Great, } with Maps and
Illustrations.
4. Julius Caesar, }
5. Plutarch's Lives, from Themistocles to Caesar.
6. Alfred the Great. Thomas Hughes.
7. Ten Boys who lived on the Road from Long Ago till Now. Jane Andrews. Being sketches of ten representative people from the Aryans to the Yankees.
8. Tales from English History, } Edited by
9. Tales from Scottish History, } W. J. Rolfe.
10. Tales from Chivalry, }

C.—GEOGRAPHY, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURE.

1. Adrift in the Ice Fields. C. W. Hall.
 2. Children of the Cold. Lieut. Schwatka.
 3. Little People of Asia. Olive Thorne Miller.
 4. "Seven Little Sisters who live on the Round Globe that Floats in the Air." Jane Andrews.
 5. "Seven Little Sisters prove their Sisterhood." By the same. Fine introductions to Geography.
 6. Lost in the Jungle. Paul Du Chaillu. A story of the African jungle.
 7. Stories of Discoveries. Edward Everett Hale.
 8. Stories of the Sea. By same.
 9. Stories of Adventure. By same.
- The above are collated from original narratives, the characters being represented as speaking in the first person.

D.—THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

1. A World of Little People. R. M. Alden. A book about ants, bees and other insects in story form, the scene being an ant-hill.
2. Buz; or the Story of a Honey Bee. Maurice Noel.
3. Fairy Frisket. C. M. Tucker (A.L.O.E.) The habits and lives of insects told in fairy-tale guise.
4. Fairyland of Flowers. Mara L. Platt.
5. Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet. L. E. Richards. Lessons on domestic animals.
6. In Search of a Son. A story in which the useful facts of common science are pleasantly set forth by a chemist, who is incidentally in search of his lost wife and son.
7. Little Flower People. Gertrude E. Hale.
8. Learning about Common Things. Jacob Abbott.
9. Look-About Club. Mary E. Beauford. The story of a children's natural history club.
10. Little Folks in Feathers and Furs. O. T. Miller.
11. Brooks and Brook Basins. Alex. E. Frye.
12. The Story Mother Nature Told Her Children. Jane Andrews.
13. The Kingdom of Coins. J. B. Gilman. Tommy goes to sleep and meets Mr. Midas who introduces him to many coins, among whom is the Bad Penny that always turns up, the Crooked Sixpence and many other proverbial coins.

E.—FICTION.

1. A Christmas Child. Mrs. L. M. Molesworth. A lovely, pure book, suited to boys especially.
2. Bedtime Stories. Louise C. Moulton.
3. Cross Patch. Susan Coolidge.
4. Carrots. Mrs. Molesworth.
5. Christmas Tree Land. By the same.
6. Daddy's Boy. Mrs. Lucy T. Smith.
7. Deb and the Duchess. By the same.
8. Edith's Burglar. Mrs. F. H. Burnett.
9. Grandmother Dear. Mrs. Molesworth.
10. Gutta Percha Willie. Geo. MacDonald. A masterpiece.
11. Herr Baby. Mrs. Molesworth.

12. Little Sunshine's Holidays. Miss Mulock.
13. Last Words. Mrs. Ewing. The last writings of this popular children's writer.
14. Little Miss Peggy. Mrs. Molesworth.
15. Stories Told to a Tramp. Jean Ingelow.
16. Sparrow, the Tramp. Lily F. Wesselhoft.
17. Spinning-wheel Stories. Louisa M. Alcott.
18. Twilight Thoughts. Mary S. Claude.
19. The Bird's Christmas Carol. Kate D. Wiggin.
20. "Us." Mrs. Molesworth.
21. Afloat in the Forest. Capt. Mayne Reid.
22. At the South Pole. W. H. G. Kingston.
23. Afar in the Forest. By the same.
24. Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mrs. F. H. Burnett.
25. Masterman Ready. Capt. Marryatt.
26. The Last of the Mohicans. Cooper.

F.—FAIRY TALES AND MYTHOLOGY.

1. Æsop's Fables.
2. Adventures of a Brownie.
3. Anderson's Fairy Tales.
4. Books of Folk-Stories.
5. Book of Tales.
6. Fairy Book. Miss Mulock.
7. King of the Golden River. Ruskin. A Styrian Legend set forth in Classical English.
8. The Wonder Clock. Harold Pyle.

THE VALUE OF LITERATURE IN MORAL TRAINING.

Has literature a value in moral training? The answer to this question depends upon two things: first, our idea of what constitutes moral training and, second, our notion of what constitutes literature. It is quite possible that when measured by either or both of these personal standards literature as a factor in moral training may be regarded as little more than an impertinence. Some of us lay the main stress in moral training upon inculcation of maxims of moral conduct and their enforcement by authority. We have first the maxims and discipline of the home, then those of the school, and then such as arise in the church and State. Finally, the words, *conscience* and *duty* are appealed to as internal obedience to the will of God manifested in his word. A one-sided theory of moral training such as this would find small use for literature or any other authoritative content of knowledge. Its motto is, "This is the law. Obey it or suffer the consequences." This is a simple system, for it requires no insight into the development of motives, ideals, or dispositions. The schoolmaster has only to reveal the law and then enforce it. Nor need he vex himself about any refinements of method in moral education. He may calmly give his mind to sharpening the wits of his pupils, leaving it to whom it may concern to look further after their moral welfare.

There are those on the other hand who see no real truth in literature. They are for the most part matter-of-fact people who never recognize a truth unless it is dressed in homespun. To them fairy stories are lies, while the higher forms of literature are only fanciful devices for representing the unreal. To a man who sees no more truth in Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" than in Baron Munchausen, literature is not likely to appeal as an important factor in moral training. Its more harmless forms might do to amuse the children, but it would be strange to suppose that it has any appreciable value as a moral force. Few educational men will deny that proper authority well enforced is an indispensable factor in moral training, yet there are strong reasons for claiming that it is not the only one.

Even supposing authority to be well enforced, there is still a wide range of conduct in which the child may be bad without suffering the rigors of the law. He may, for instance, as a child be harsh and cruel in his treatment of animals or other children. He may be greedy, surly, discontented; he may be obscene in his language and a pollution to the whole neighborhood. When he becomes a man he may give way to one after another of a whole catalogue of vices; he may, for example become a tyrannical husband and father, a worthless or

injurious citizen; and yet from infancy to manhood never suffer seriously from the retributions of violated human law. It seems evident that the disposition of the child is an element in moral training that can never be ignored. While authority should make the child live up to standards that he himself may not have reached, instruction should at the same time be developing within him a right disposition. We may drive a child up to some of our own ideals, but we can only lead him to his own. Potent as well directed authority is in moral training, it may still exhaust all its devices, yet fail to touch the heart or disposition of the child.

The present paper assumes, therefore, that we need to change the emphasis somewhat in moral training, or at least add a new element. It is quite true that we now develop character in the schools, but we need to do it so that the results shall be somewhat different from what they are.

Perhaps, in an abstract sort of way, our pupils may be said to be fairly intelligent as to what is right and wrong in conduct, yet the present widespread interest in school ethics seems to indicate that we are not quite satisfied with an intellectual apprehension of moral relations. The special function of authority in its enforcement of rules of conduct lies in the fact that it tends to make a desired line of action habitual with the child. The idea of habit is necessarily associated with that of character, so that whatever means we may employ for the development of ideals, we shall still have to rely on authority to help transform them into moral habits. Habits alone, however, are not an armor of proof for the soul, for good ones may decay and bad ones grow. If the heart has never been warmed for a line of conduct, there is danger of a moral relapse as soon as the pressure of authority is withdrawn. A widow's son may thus become a tower of strength and comfort to his mother, or a heart-breaking burden. The insufficiency of our present training seems to lie mostly in the feebleness of its effect on the disposition of the pupil, and upon the formation of warmly conceived ideals. This being the case we need to discover the best means of awakening a sympathetic interest in adequate ideals of conduct, and of securing a proper disposition toward them. There is a tendency just now to give the children systematic lessons on morals from little books on ethical instruction. I can but regard this as an inadequate method. It tends to a premature, abnormal self-consciousness on the part of the child. It fastens to a stick the flower that should grow from the stock. However valuable introspection may be in the psychologist, it is of small account in the moral growth of the child. Food it is that nourishes, not reflections on hygiene; the same is true in the school-room. The matter of the daily lessons should be of such a character and so presented that it will furnish ample means of sustenance for the child's moral nature. Abstractions are no more nourishing to the soul than they are to the body. The chief thought, therefore, that I wish to offer for consideration is that our main line of advance in moral training lies not so much in the inculcation of mere maxims, or a more vigorous exercise of authority, as in the better utilization of the ethical content of the curriculum of studies, and especially of literature. It may be a strange thought to us that the ordinary subject-matter of secular instruction is regarded as having a high value in bringing about these ends. Yet I am persuaded that we shall open up a new and fruitful field for the cultivation of the moral aspects of mind.

To influence a child's disposition favorably toward right moral purposes concretely we must have a subject-matter of instruction that has a distinct ethical content, capable of easy apprehension, and of appealing strongly to the child's natural interest. If through our instruction we can awaken his interest in moral ideals and arouse his enthusiasm for them in their

concrete shape, it seems evident that we shall enlist his active sympathy for certain desirable lines of thought to which otherwise his mind might have remained closed. Suppose, for illustration, the reading of a story, say "Little Lord Fauntleroy," sets up a childish admiration for a manly little chap, who always thought of others before he did of himself. It does not follow, of course, that the reader will be able to throw off selfishness at once, but at any rate his disposition toward unselfishness has received a favorable impulse. The teacher or parent now finds an ally in the child's own mind. His understanding for certain moral relations has been quickened; this line of unselfish conduct is associated with a boy for whom admiration has been aroused; and, after all, who does not know that a boy seeks to imitate what in his eyes is big and manly? If a boy likes to swagger, brag, smoke, chew or swear, this liking can usually be traced to some other boy whom he admires.

We shall see, I think, as we go on, that Literature is admirably adapted for fixing the attention of children to plain cases of right and wrong conduct, of leading them to unbiased moral judgments, and, most of all, of awakening their sympathetic admiration of worthy ideals.

No other subjects taught in the school are so rich in moral content as History and Literature, for these portray especially the exercise of the will, in which all morality inheres. History portrays the exercise of the will largely in its organized institutional manifestations; Literature reveals it more in its individual forms. History is particularly valuable in developing the sentiment of patriotism, since it deals mostly with men in their relations to their country; but Literature has a much wider range, for it exhibits every phase of every moral idea. In the first place, not being hampered by limitations of time, place or causal relations, it adapts itself perfectly to every grade of intelligence from the kindergarten to the university. It is equally unrestricted in its choice of subjects, being free to treat any phase of morality. Furthermore it has one immense advantage in that it always deals with wholes. No good story ever needs a sequel, for it is all told. It is rounded up, closed, completed, whether its length is a volume or a paragraph. It is to this fact that Literature deals with ethical wholes, that much of its adaptability to all classes of minds is due. Not being restricted to matters of fact, Literature is enabled to portray its lessons under the most variegated and pleasing forms. The imagination is always at its service, so that the most common-place truths may appear again and again with all the freshness of original creations.

What instrument for reaching the disposition and moral judgment of the child could be more perfect than this of Literature with its complete range of moral ideals, its perfect adaptability to every age and state of mind, and its imaginative treatment of each topic as an ethical whole?

The fundamental ethical virtues are not numerous. The chief ones are: (1) truthfulness; (2) prudence; (3) goodwill, with its various aspects, such as kindness, benevolence, charity, fidelity, goodness, generosity; (4) regard for property and other legal rights; (5) the requital for good or bad actions; and (6) the altruistic conception of promoting self through service to others. Over against this list of virtues we find the corresponding faults, such as lying; imprudence and its variations, like cruelty, malevolence, hard-heartedness, treachery, selfishness; injustice and avarice; ingratitude and revenge; and finally the desire to benefit ourselves through injury to others. All these ideas are clearly portrayed in elementary literary forms and can be brought to the consciousness of the child in such a way that his mind will be enlisted on the right side.

As practical schoolmen we are interested in knowing how to select the literature most

effective for ethical purposes, and in considering the most efficient methods of presentation. Taking up the second topic first, it is clear that for the first two or three years of school life our main methods of teaching Literature to children must be by narration and oral reading to them on the part of the teacher. When the pupils can understand by reading what they could grasp through narration, the latter may be gradually discontinued, though it will always possess a subtle personal element that reading cannot constitute. We have now two efficient means at our disposal, viz., the class, and outside individual reading. The school at this stage should, accordingly, be supplied with suitable material for class use, and with a small select library of approved books. In the high school the reading class may merge gradually into the Literature class for the study of the masterpieces of American and English writers, while the library may take a more extended range. The means at our disposal then are narration or oral reading by the teacher in early primary grades; class, supplementary and individual reading by the pupils in intermediate and grammar grades, and literary study and use of library for the high school.—*Charles De Garmo in the New Education.*

(Concluded in next issue.)

Science.

Edited by W. H. Jenkins, B.A., Science Master Owen Sound Collegiate Institute.

ENCOURAGING CHILDREN TO OBSERVE.

THE following is a condensation of a plan outlined by an American teacher to encourage the habit of close observation among children. The exercise is taken up on Friday afternoon. A list of questions is given and the children are supposed to be able to answer them on the following Friday, thus giving them a week for observation. The questions are intended especially for rural pupils, but town teachers can easily frame a large list for themselves. Pupils are encouraged to frame questions to add to the list. The teacher must give no information whatever. A partial list is given below.

How many toes has a hen? How are they grouped?

What animals chew their cud?

What animals have hoofs?

How many legs has a grasshopper? a fly? a spider?

How many front teeth has a cow in her upper jaw?

What do squirrels live on in the winter? How do you know?

Name an animal covered with fur and one covered with hair?

Which has the longest whiskers, a cat or a dog?

How many toes has a dog on each foot?

Where do you find violets? Where lilies?

What kind of a woods would you go to to get the best fish pole?

Why cannot a hen swim?

Which has the smoother tongue, a dog or a cat?

Why is it easier to climb a maple tree than a beech tree?

On which side of a tree does the most moss grow?

What side of a maple tree is the best to tap? Why?

Where is a rabbit white and where gray or brown?

How many fins has a trout?

Why does a cat make so little noise in walking?

When do bees swarm?

Are the leaves on a maple bough opposite or alternate to one another?

This list can be extended. If the teacher cannot answer them all correctly himself it is time he was doing something to keep his eyes open.

EXPERIMENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.

EXPERIMENT 1.—To illustrate the action of Saliva upon starchy matter. Procure small quantities of arrowroot, grape sugar, copper

sulphate and caustic potash. Make solutions of each of the last two and mix, you will get a blue liquid which is hereafter called "blue solution." Obtain four tumblers. Into the first put a small quantity of arrowroot boiled in water. Does it dissolve? Into the second tumbler some grape sugar and water. Does it dissolve? Into the third tumbler some of the boiled arrowroot, then rinse the mouth, and add some saliva. Does the arrowroot dissolve? Into the fourth tumbler some saliva alone. Now to each of the four tumblers add some of the blue solution. In which two tumblers is there an orange red precipitate? What does saliva do?

EXPERIMENT 2.—Attach a couple of crayons to a board by their broad ends; then dip into water for a minute, raise and break the crayons, what is the condition of the interior of the crayon? Obtain some elder twigs; force out the pith, plug one end with a tight wood stopper. Then immerse the twigs half their length in water, plugged end down, for an hour. At the end of the time, remove, wipe the outside dry, and turn end for end. What runs out? How did it get in?

These experiments prepare the way for teaching absorption.

EXPERIMENT 3.—To illustrate the diffusion of gases through animal membranes, thus preparing for teaching respiration. Obtain a bladder and inflate it, scraping till it is thin; keep it moist; now run hydrogen gas into it, and after it is full tie the open end tightly, and leave it for an hour when it has partly collapsed. What has become of the hydrogen? How did it get out? How can oxygen of the air pass through the lung sacs?

EXPERIMENT 4.—To illustrate the use of the epiglottis. Most children have had the experience of food going down the "wrong way." Then there is a right way. In a piece of pasteboard cut two holes about an inch in diameter and about half an inch apart. Roll a marble along the pasteboard; into which hole does it fall? If we wanted the marble to fall into the furthest hole how can it be managed without stopping up the nearest hole? If the pupils cannot devise a plan, glue the edge of a piece of paper across the pasteboard just in front of the first hole, so that three sides of the paper will be free; the paper will then be hinged at the glued end. Now roll the marble. The epiglottis serves the same purpose as the paper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER, Munroe's Mills.—

Quest.—Please let me know through the columns of your journal the cause of the moon's phases.

Ans.—Take a baseball or other round object and run into it a long needle to serve as a handle. Place the ball between your eye and a steady candle flame. Then move the ball without moving your body gradually around the flame. Try the experiment, it will explain more forcibly than words.

S. J. P., Bloomfield.

Quest.—Why does water flow more rapidly in the centre of a river than along the banks?

Ans.—The banks offer more retarding influence due to friction. Water moving over water is subjected to very little friction.

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The Educational Journal

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE TEACHING
PROFESSION IN CANADA.

J. E. WELLS, M.A., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Editorials.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1893.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

"THE time draws near the birth of Christ." How entirely, how absolutely, the best hopes of humanity are built upon the great event—the one great event of all time—which the glad Christmas Day is intended to commemorate. The world were dark indeed but for this glorious light. As we individually look back over the events of the year which is now hastening to its close, we find its history a chequered one. To no two of us has it brought the same experiences, but to each of us it has, no doubt, brought an intermingling of happiness and sorrow. Hopes realized, hopes disappointed; here happy unions and reunions, there heart-crushing bereavements and sad farewells; to one abundance of the good things of life, to another unremitting toil, hardship, privation; hearts swelling with gratitude for joys received, and with glad anticipations of joys expected; hearts broken with disappointment, overwhelmed with loss of all that seemed to make life worth living—such would be the ever-shifting panorama which would pass before our eyes were we gifted with the spiritual vision which would enable us to read the inner experiences of every reader of this paper. The world without its Christmas—that is, without its Christ—would be a dark and dreary world indeed, for all of us at some time; for some of us, it may be, at all times. The world, illumin-

ated with all the glad light which was heralded by the Star of Bethlehem, and which burst forth full-orbed in the Sun of Righteousness which arose on the real Christmas morning nearly nineteen centuries ago, is an abode of much present blessing and a paradise of eternal hope to all who will not wilfully turn their backs on the Sun which has shed light on life and incorruption, and even close their eyes to its reflected radiance. May the readers of the EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, each and all, whatever may have been the experiences of the year, be enabled to welcome the Christmas morn with a joyful realization of all its blessed fullness of meaning, in relation both to the life which now is and to that which is to come!

TEACHING AND LEARNING TO READ.

MANY teachers will, we feel sure, be grateful to Miss Ward for the list of books which she has given us in her paper in the English Department. One of the very best means of elevating the future lives of many of the children in the schools, making them at the same time happier and more useful, is afforded in the opportunity given to cultivate and direct their tastes in reading. The child who leaves school, we care not at how early an age, knowing how to read—and this, of course, means very much more than the mere ability to recognize words on the printed page and pronounce them correctly—and capable of enjoying a good book, which does not necessarily mean a "goody-goody" book, but may include even a good novel or story-book, may be considered in a very practical and important sense *educated*. On the other hand, many a boy or girl who has had superior educational opportunities, and perhaps carried off honors from school or college, has never learned to read, in the proper sense of the word. One cannot but feel a profound pity for such persons, a pity combined with something akin to indignation at the failure of parents and teachers to discharge one of the first and highest duties of those who are responsible for the training of the young. We take it for granted that every child endowed with a normal amount of intellect and imagination can be taught to enjoy a book worth reading. The tastes and aptitudes of some may be for one kind of book, of others for another. But the variety of books and magazines in these days affords abundant material for meeting the demands of every case, and that, too, without going beyond the domain of the healthful, pure, and profitable.

It is well not to take too much for granted with reference to the intelligence and consequent relish with which the

average school boy or girl, or even the average young man and woman, in school or out, is accustomed to read. We venture to predict that the teacher who will try a few simple experiments along this line will find cause for astonishment and sometimes for chagrin. A teacher in a college with which the writer was at one time connected, and in which, he will venture to say, the work done was as intelligent, and the students (most of them young men and women) as thoughtful, as the average in our best secondary schools, one day read to his class, by way of experiment, a paragraph or two from a paper written by a celebrated humorist, and asked them to note it carefully in order to see if there were any strange statements or jokes in it. The class seemed to listen attentively, yet not more than a very small percentage of them detected anything wrong in the extracts, which were written in a serious style and read by the teacher in a solemn tone. And yet there were incorporated in that paragraph a considerable number, perhaps not less than eight or ten, of the most outlandish and absurd statements imaginable. Had any one of these been presented by itself in the course of conversation, when the mind of the student was on the *qui vive*, it would have been challenged or laughed at in an instant. The fact was that the majority of the listeners were so accustomed to reading or listening in a lazy, sleepy attitude of mind, accepting whatever might appear on the printed page, without clear perception or mental challenge, that the most grotesque opinions and assertions, if only stated in sonorous language and with apparent seriousness, would be passed without notice or accepted without query. It goes without saying that those who so read are not likely either to enjoy or to profit by their reading, and will never know the delights of literary recreations. No greater service can be done to such than to arouse their minds from their lethargic state, and shake them into a sprightly activity.

Perhaps we cannot better conclude these remarks, which are intended merely to set the wide-awake teacher to thinking and experimenting on the lines indicated, than by a quotation from "A Talk to Young Men on Education," by Walter Wren, in the December number of the *Review of Reviews*. The extract conveys its own moral:

"I once had a large class of very clever young men from the best public schools in England. (They are called public, I believe, because endowed with large incomes which ought to be spent in the interest of the 'public,' and why 'the public' allow them to be misappropriated as they are is one of the things no fellow can make out.) Not

one of them could read; *i.e.*, there was no communication between their brains and the book. I told them to read first a bit of 'Robinson Crusoe,' then Gulliver's 'Voyage to Lilliput,' then 'Waverley.' I gave them examination papers on all, lectured them on their answers, and so literally taught them how to read. In the paper on 'Waverley' I asked a question involving knowledge of the Highland way of hunting deer at the time—making a circle or surround, and gradually making it smaller and smaller, till they were able to inclose and shoot a lot of deer. The Highland word for that surround is 'TINCHEL.' Not one did the question or had noted the meaning of 'tinchel.' I told this story to two most distinguished Oxford scholars—men of European reputation—as a proof of habitual carelessness in reading. I saw them exchange guilty looks, and said 'You neither of you know.' They laughed and admitted that they had read 'Waverley,' and did not know; the fact being that they read carefully only the books relating to their special subjects. Had that word occurred in Aristotle or Plato they would have told me in a minute."

WANTED—A PERFECT TIME-TABLE. THREE PRIZES OFFERED.

A FRIEND who has long been anxious to find a good Time-Table for use in a Public School of five classes—that is, a Public School having all the usual grades up to and including the Fifth Class, authorizes us to offer three cash prizes, of five, three and two dollars respectively, for the best three Time-Tables which may be submitted within a given period. An examining committee of three practical educators of the highest standing will be selected to examine the competitive plans and make the award. Full particulars as to time and other conditions will be given in our next number. We mention the matter now that any who may wish to utilize some of their spare moments during the holidays in preparing for the competition may have an opportunity to do so. We are so often asked for a model Time-Table that we are sure the prospect of getting, in this way, the very best one that can be devised will be hailed with gratification by teachers all over the Province.

CANDIDATES preparing for the Commercial Specialist Examination are notified that the examination will be held in May, 1894, and not in July, as hitherto.

TEACHERS going out from the Normal and Model Schools may subscribe for the JOURNAL at Institute club rates (\$1.25). They will be sure to become members of some associational club in a short time. Don't fail to begin with the New Year.

"THE TEACHER'S DREAM," by A. Caruthers, B.A., and the "The New Teacher," translated by a pupil of the St. Catharine's Collegiate Institute, were contributed for the English Department, but are, for conveni-

ence sake, arranged under another heading. The former should be, and no doubt will be, read with interest by every teacher. It places the true teacher on a very high pedestal—who will say it is too high?"—in the temple dedicated, not to fame, but to the commemoration of those who render real and enduring service to humanity, and are thus true benefactors of the race. Of course, the teacher's right to a place on this high eminence will depend very largely upon the extent to which he is consciously moved by the lofty views and aims so graphically described. The man who is working for purely selfish and sordid ends may, nevertheless, be the instrument in accomplishing more or less of this good work, but he has the reward which he has chosen, and has no right to the nobler recompense, which comes only in the consciousness of duty self-sacrificingly performed under the influence of the highest motives. As a sample of clear, neat and effective translation, the other article referred to will be found excellent, and does credit both to the pupil and to the school. The story chosen for reproduction is, too, happily one of much intrinsic interest and one which conveys some excellent hints for the teacher who is wise enough to wish to see himself as others, especially his pupils, see him.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extra twelve pages which we have added to this number, our friends have supplied us so bountifully with material that we have not only been unable to use a considerable part of it, but have been obliged to hold over a good deal of matter belonging to our usual departments. Amongst other things, the department of School-Room Methods, to which we attach great importance, also the Question Drawer, Literary Notes, an excellent article on "Civics," by Inspector Tytler, of Guelph, special valuable articles for the Mathematical and the English departments, one or two good articles on Kindergarten topics, etc., have been crowded out, though several of them are in type. We mention this, not because we suppose that our regular readers will object to a rest from more strictly professional reading, during the holidays, but for the information of those who are not at present subscribers, but many of whom we hope to welcome as such with the beginning of the new year, to whom this number will be sent. While the present can hardly be considered, strictly speaking, a sample number, seeing that some of its most valuable practical features are wanting, it yet contains sufficient of the practical element, we hope, to convince every teacher into whose hands it may fall, that the JOURNAL is simply indispensable to those who mean to take front rank in the profession.

Literary Notes.

In the *Political Science Quarterly* for December, George K. Holmes, of the Census Office, reaches, by means of the latest census return, some interesting conclusions as to the "Concentration of Wealth" in the United States; Prof. L. M. Keasbey outlines the modern theory of "The Economic State"; Dr. Ernst Freund examines the principles involved in the settlement of "Private Claims against the State"; I. S. Leadam, of London, discusses and criticizes some of the views expressed in Vinogradoff's "Villainage in England"; The Marquis Paretos of Florence, sets forth at length the tendencies of "Parliamentary Government in Italy"; and Prof. E. A. Ross contributes a leading review of the Duke of Argyll's "Unseen Foundations of Society." In the department of Reviews some twenty recent publications are noticed; and Prof. Dunning brings his Record of Political Events down to November 5. GINN & COMPANY, Publishers, Boston, New York, and Chicago.

A DOUBLE holiday number for December marks the completion of the first volume of *The School Review*. The number opens with a full report of the recent meeting of the New England Conference of Colleges and Preparatory Schools held at New Haven. Following this is a double instalment of Professor Laurie's series of articles on the Early History of Education, which, when completed, will, it is claimed, be the best account of the period in English if not in any language. In this number Professor Laurie discusses Early Education in India. There are valuable reviews by Professor W. G. Hale of the University of Chicago. Professor Margaret K. Smith of the Oswego Normal School and Professor R. W. Moore of Colgate University. The number is double the usual size. The editors announce a strong list of contributors for 1894. A special feature of the year will be a series of articles on "The Teacher's Outfit" in each of the branches taught in high schools and academies. *The School Review*, \$1.50 a year, Hamilton, N. Y.

THE multiplicity and excellence of other magazines, far from lessening the usefulness of the *Review of Reviews*, makes this unique periodical more and more a necessity. Its indexes, condensations of leading articles, classified lists of new books, and general survey of things written, things said, and things done during the month preceding its issue, would suffice to keep the busy reader in touch with the current of life and thought, even if he were able to read nothing else. The December number is as full of variety and freshness as its predecessors have regularly been; and to those who know the *Review of Reviews* this is a sufficient commendation. The frontispiece is an extremely interesting new portrait of Gladstone and his favorite little grandchild, Dorothy Drew. It is from a photograph taken as recently as October 13th of the present year. The "Progress of the World" department discusses the Hawaiian question, tariff revision, the recent State elections, the naval war in Brazil, the Matabele war, the English coal strike, the future of Home Rule, and various affairs on the continent of Europe. It contains also portraits of numerous personages who for one reason or another are of special interest at the present moment.

THE complete novel in the December number of *Lippincott's* is "Sergeant Cræsus," by Captain Charles King. It is one of his most interesting tales of army life and Indian fighting in the wild West. The tenth and last of Lippincott's Notable Stories, "When Hester Came," will be found to be one of the very best, as it is the longest of the series. It is by an entirely new writer, Mrs. Bride Neill Taylor, of Texas. Another story of marked power is "In the Camp of Philistia," by Virginia Woodward Cloud. "A Dream in the Morning," by Alice Brown, is a brief and beautiful sketch of a soul's undying devotion in the future life. The Journalist Series is continued in "A Newspaper Sensation," by Louis N. Megargee. The facts will be remembered by many. J. N. Ingram gives the history of "The Australian Rabbit-Plague." Wilton Tournier tells "How to Cultivate the Body." Edgar Fawcett writes of "Literary Popularity," and M. Crofton concludes his series, "Men of the Day," with sketches of Professor Huxley and Luigi Arditi. The poetry of the number is contributed by Mercy Hart, Margaret Gilman George, and Nannie Fitzhugh Maclean.

Primary Department.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM

RHODA LEE.

CHRISTMAS with all its festivities is at hand once more. The time is one of greatest interest and delight to all children, and not a small part of the joy is in anticipating. "I think before Christmas is about as nice as the real day, but I do hate when it is all over," was the remark of a little friend last year, and it seemed to me to express extremely well a very general feeling. We should indeed be unnaturally hard of heart and devoid of feeling did we not share with our little folks in the feeling of festivity that surrounds us, and if we did not allow it to enter the school-room we should be depriving our little folks of a great amount of enjoyment. We can perhaps do something towards turning the "good-will" in the right direction, something towards opening selfish or rather thoughtless little hearts to others less fortunate than they. Whatever we may do there is undoubtedly much to be gained by bringing the genuine Christmas spirit into the school.

Our first thought with the advent of another season, or a "red-letter day," is how can we utilize it in our work? Winter has not such a variety of interests as summer brings, but nevertheless there is much of which we can take advantage. The first heavy fall of snow will draw out some good stories or compositions. Interest the children in looking for the different shapes of the snowflakes and ask them to draw from memory the forms they have seen. "Winter Sports," "A Sleigh-Drive," "How to Make a Snow-Man," "Christmas Eve," "Christmas Day," "Holidays," these are some of the subjects we may take for story-writing at this season, and we may be certain of receiving good compositions, as there is no subject on which children write more readily than one relating to Christmas.

The carols that embody the ever-new Christmas story must not be overlooked. Teach at least one or two of these and in addition other suitable holiday and winter songs. For the closing let me again urge the advantage of the class-recitation over the individual one. In the primary grade it is very much better to have exercises in which every member of the class can take part.

I have but one other suggestion to make, and that is in regard to Christmas gifts. Are your scholars making any? I do not mean for the friends at home, but to be distributed in some charitable institution or poor district where are children for whom there is little Christmas cheer. It may not be easy to do anything of this kind in country districts, but in our towns and cities there are abundant opportunities. Perhaps it is too late to begin any work of this kind this year, but there is still plenty of time to make up some Christmas boxes that will be very acceptable in many homes. Last year a second-book class planned some delightful surprises in this way. The teacher, who knew of several poor families in a certain neighborhood,

ascertained the number of children and their respective ages and told the scholars about them. On Christmas eve a well-filled box was left at the door of four houses. The members of the class responded most readily to the suggestions of the teacher. Some brought money, and with this useful presents were bought; others brought candies, and fruit, and picture-books that were in good condition. Truly "it is more blessed to give than to receive." This is a season of the year in which to make the truth of this truest of sayings felt.

With all the season's greetings and with best wishes for a happy Christmas we bid our readers farewell until the New Year.

SANTA CLAUS.

{ : s | m : m | r : r : r | d : d : d | t , : - }
A jolly old fel-low whose hair is so white,

{ : t | l , : t , : d | r : d : t , | d : - : - | - : - }
And whose lit-tle bright eyes are blue,

{ : s | s | m : m : m | r : r : r | d : - . d | t , : - }
Will be mak-ing his vis - its on Christ - mas night,

{ : t | l , : t , : d | r : d : t , | d : - : - | - : - }
Per - haps he will call up - on you.

{ : f | m : r : d | r : d : t , | d : - : - | - : - }
Per - haps he will call up - on you.

A funny old name has this funny old man,
You know what it is without doubt.
He creeps down the chimney as fast as he can,
: And then just as swiftly creeps out. :

He carries a bag full of candies and toys,
And leaves them wherever he goes,
For the good little girls and the good little boys;
: So hang up your little white hose : :

THE CHICKENS.

SAID the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm ;
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little sigh ;
"I wish I could find
A fat little fly."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal ;
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief ;
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan ;
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."

"Now see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch !"

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I STUDIED my tables over and over, and backward
and forward too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I
didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not
to bother my head,
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll
learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann, (though I
thought it was a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a per-
fectly horrid name).
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a
hundred times till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer
of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always
acts so proud,
Said, "six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly
laughed aloud !
But I wished I hadn't when the teacher said
"Now, Dorothy, tell if you can,"
For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive !—I
answered—"Mary Ann!"

—Anna M. Pratt, in *St. Nicholas*.

JOLLY OLD ST. NICHOLAS.

JOLLY old St. Nicholas, lean your ear this way
Don't you tell a single soul what I'm going to say.
Christmas eve is coming soon. Now, you dear
old man,
Whisper what you'll bring to me ; tell me if you
can.
When the clock is striking twelve, when I'm fast
asleep,
Down the chimney, broad and black, with your
pack you creep ;
All the stockings you will find hanging in a row ;
Mine will be the shortest one—you'll be sure to
know.
Johnny wants a pair of skates, Susie wants a dolly,
Nellie wants a story-book—she thinks dolls are
folly ;
As for me, my brain, I fear, isn't very bright ;
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus, what you think
is right.
—The Public School.

CLASS RECITATION.

ANON.

Mrs. Pussy sleek and fat, with her kittens four,
Went to sleep upon the mat by the kitchen door.
Mrs. Pussy heard a noise, up she jumped in
glee ;
"Kittens ! Maybe that's a mouse, let us go and
see !"
Creeping, creeping, creeping on, silently they stole.
But the little mouse had gone safe within its hole.

"Well," said Mrs. Pussy, "to the barn we'll go,
We shall find the swallows there flying to and fro."
So the cat and kittens four did their very best.
But the swallows flying fast safely reached their
nest.
Home, went hungry Mrs. Puss and her kittens
four,
Found their dinner on a plate by the kitchen door ;
As they gathered 'round the dish they agreed
'twas nice,
That it could not get away like the birds and
mice.

SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE.

BY LIZZIE WILLS.

WE hung up our stockings together,
My brother Joe and I ;
I hung mine in the chimney corner,
And Joe hung his close by.

But when we got up in the morning,
Joe found, to his surprise,
That his stocking held a large wax doll
With curls and sweet brown eyes.

A set of nice china tea dishes
And silver thimble too.
Joe said : "Well this is the strangest thing !
Santa must think I'm you."

The gifts that I found by my stocking
Were all things for a boy,
A drum, a trumpet, a chest of tools,
And a steam engine toy.

We thought it was very strange indeed,
My brother Joe and I ;
And we could not quite make up our minds
Whether to laugh or cry.

But mamma said we'd better exchange
And Santa would not mind.
She said he was getting very old
And just a little blind.

Then papa said, "I made a mistake."
And mamma said, "Hush ! dear."
But papa said, "I turned off the gas ;
I'll leave it on next year."

But, next time we hang up our stockings,
I'll put our names to show
Which of the stockings belongs to me,
And which to brother Joe.

Hints and Helps.

AN OPEN LETTER.

NO. 1.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I have great pleasure in hearing of your progress at the County Model School, as I do occasionally by an indirect route of communication. I am glad to hear that you take great pains in the preparation of your lessons and that you put in sufficient energy to overcome the natural inertia and lethargy of your pupils. Always bear in mind that IMPRESSIVENESS is the great fundamental quality of every good lesson and lay yourself out at every effort to make a permanent impression on "that deathless thing, the human mind." Observe

strokes; the first to capture the pupil, the last to stamp the results indelibly on the pupils' memory and understanding. Do not hope to secure your purpose by mere physical force and magisterial authority. All the really great forces are silent. Slip on this belt skilfully, without much outward sign of exertion, or you will give the whole machinery of the class a violent jerk that may snap the belt. Use intellectual and moral force rather than any other. If you really prepare your lesson well you will be interested in the subject and will know more than you can teach in the few winged minutes at your command and you will leave your class long before the "fatigue point" has been reached. When next you appear before them you will see in their eyes the light of expectant curiosity—that dear light

in your success. The day of retribution will come to you and you will remember then that I have told you the truth. You did not deliberately and with malice aforethought do this great wrong; but you have done it and it is a crime against the seven or eight thousand public school teachers of this province and it has helped to keep wages down to the starvation point all over the province. Think this matter out carefully and never commit this serious mistake again. You would have secured a place without doubt, the statistics show that the supposed over-supply of teachers is all a bag of moonshine; but you and your class-mates are so nervously anxious to secure engagements that you go about like paupers and beggars and offer your services for about half what they are really worth. You are the worst



that you can make no impression at all without ATTENTION. Do not run the engine when the belt is off. The great driving belt of a good lesson is the keen, earnest attention of the pupil. Study well all the arts of *arresting attention*. Put on the belt at the first motion and do not let it slip off for a moment while your lesson lasts. You cannot do this unless you understand the moral and intellectual level of the class you have to teach; therefore study your class deeply, look into their eyes and do your best to mesmerize them by the energy of your own will-power and sweep of thought. Choose well what you mean to say and do during the *first* five minutes and the *last* five minutes of your lesson. If you have properly mastered the subject matter you wish to teach the *middle part* will arrange itself as you proceed. The *beginnings* and the *end* require the master

which is the highest reward any teacher can hope for on this side the gates of the celestial city. Now I am glad to hear that you have already acquired some skill in these very important matters, and I am also glad to learn from your kind letter that you have secured an engagement as teacher for next year. But there my pleasure suddenly ends. Why? Well, I will tell you frankly, plainly, unmistakably. I believe you have been guilty of allowing your selfish anxiety to lead you into extremely unprofessional conduct. You have displaced an older and better teacher by *under-bidding*; you have, in order to make sure of a situation for next year offered your services for \$25 less than the trustees were willing to pay to the former teacher and they have taken the bait you put upon your hook. You have operated successfully on one of the lowest and meanest motives and I cannot wish you joy

enemies of the honorable profession into which you are so anxious to enter. You allow your own selfish interest to injure and disgust five or six thousand persons who have earned the right to be treated with respect and consideration. O, if I had you all collected together from every Model and Normal school I would certainly give you a bad quarter of an hour. I would unroll the page of history and show you the unreasonable position in which you have placed yourselves, and I would show you Nemesis, that dreadful goddess of retribution, whose feet are already turned to pursue and overtake you. Well, John, the mischief is done for this year. Do the best you can, be faithful and honest; I am sure you will earn twice your salary. Perhaps next year you will try to prevent this crime of *under-bidding*.

Your sincere friend, C. C.

THE FOUNDLING.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

"MIND you return home on the 22nd or 23rd, Janet. Don't wait to come on Christmas Eve; there'll be nothing but crowds and accidents then—there never is."

I promised; and started for a fortnight's visit to friends, the Greys, at Newton, one cold raw December morning. I did not much want to go, but Amy wished me, and somehow I had got into the way of doing pretty much as Amy wished.

We were orphan sisters, Amy and Janet Scott; and we lived together on a small income, in a small house in Mudford, a dull miserable little town in the Midlands. What a mistake it is for two strong, healthy women to settle down early in life, as we did. I say early in life; for when we first went to Mudford, two years before this December I tell you about, I was but twenty, and Amy twenty-nine. Of course if we had had any common-sense, we should have put by our money for a rainy day and worked for our living while we were able; but that would not have been 'genteel.' If there is one word in the English language I hate, that is the one, and it was for ever in Amy's mouth. No; work, real honest work, would not have been a genteel enough way of life for the two daughters of a military officer; so we settled down to Mudford and genteel idleness.

I used to think sometimes that I really could not endure it, that I must break out into something different, and more worth calling life than this bald, arid monotony. "Goodness gracious!" I have said to myself, "suppose I should live to be sixty or seventy! and as I am perfectly healthy and strong, so I may. Just fancy forty years of this!" But then again I was overcome by a long fit of idleness and indifference, and it seemed to matter very little where or how life went, so long as it went pretty quickly. And what made it so much harder for me was that Amy was utterly unsympathetic. She had plenty to do, she would say, and had no time to waste on fancies; for everything there was to do in the way of business, household affairs, or shopping, she did. By virtue of her nine years of eldership, she looked on me still as a child, and took the entire control of everything, without a word of consultation from me. At one time I tried teaching in the schools and parish-visiting; but I did not very well like the work; and Amy shut it up entirely when some vine-

gary old cat remonstrated with her on "letting that child run after the curate in such a flagrant manner."

I enjoyed my visit to Newton very much, and was sorely tempted to yield to their persuasions and stay over Christmas; but the thought of Amy all alone, made me firm in my refusal. But I did not do as she told me about going home before Christmas Eve, for there were parties I must go to both on the 22d and 23d; so it was Christmas Eve, and bitterly cold, before I was permitted to start on my homeward journey. Not very early in the day either, for we had been late the night before, and I had to finish packing after breakfast, so it was the 12.40 train I travelled by, instead of the 9.50 A.M.

"It will be quite dusk before you get to Farway, where you have to change," said Mary Grey. "I do wish you were not so obstinate, Jenny. I am sure Amy would much rather you stayed another day or two, than go at this time of day all that way—just this day too, when there is sure to be a crowd."

I laughed, remembering Amy's prophecy about crowds and accidents; but I was not a bit timid, so I said my good-byes with a cheerful mind.

It was considerably more than dusk when I got to Farway Junction; and if I had had any idea of the crush, the hurry and hubbub I there encountered, I don't fancy I should have started so bravely. The train was fifteen minutes behind time in reaching Farway, and I had only just time to rush across and into a carriage for Hilton, the junction for Mudford. The carriage was empty save for a bundle of wraps and rugs in the farther corner; and as no one got in before we started, I said to myself: "Some one forgot his things in the hurry;" and before I had time to speak to the guard, the train was off. In all the loneliness and dullness of my life I had never felt so utterly lonely as then, rushing along through the gathering gloom. But at the moment this feeling of solitude was fast growing into something very like fear—though I should have been puzzled to say what I was afraid of—I was horribly startled by hearing a faint, childish cry, apparently proceeding from the bundle of rugs. Just then we paused for a second or two at a small station, and the light from the guard's lantern shining in shewed me a small pale face amongst the rugs; and at the same moment I caught a pitiful look from the big blue eyes of what I took to be

a little child of about a year old.

"Now," thought I, "here is a fix for you, Janet Scott. The train does not stop again till we get to Swaffam, and by that time the child will either have fallen down and broken itself, or else screamed itself into a fit." So I moved up opposite the bundle and put my hand amongst the rugs, till I felt a little cold clenched-up fist, which opened at the warm touch and seized my finger greedily. Presently the cries ceased altogether; and but that I was afraid to move it in the darkness, I would have taken the little thing into my arms. We had to wait ten minutes at Swaffam; and directly the train had stopped I opened the door and screamed to the guard.

"What now, ma'am?" said that person sharply.

"Here is a baby left in this carriage," I said. "What shall I do?"

"Can't say, I am sure, ma'am," he snapped. "Get out and give it to—"

What else he would have said I don't know, for some one spoke to him, and he moved away. Then the child set up a cry again, and began struggling about, so that I could do nothing but pick it up; and before I could get to the door again, in hopes of getting another word with the guard, three gentlemen got hastily into the carriage, the door was shut, and we were off into the darkness again, and there was but one more pause of three minutes till we got to Hilton.

"Sharp work to-night," said one of the gentlemen; "train didn't stay more than two minutes, if as much."

"We are twenty minutes late as it is," said another; "it is as much as we shall do to get through."

With all my might I tried to keep the child I held from crying; for though, if I had let myself think a moment calmly, I might have known it was impossible they should have any idea but that we were mother and child, or nurse and child of a most everyday pattern; still, I *felt* in such a doubtful position that I could not help fearing every one must know it. Then the thought of what I should do when I got to Hilton! What would be said or thought if I calmly put an infant down and left it in the cold to the tender mercies of three men? Looking at it only in that light, I felt it would be out of the question; and as I felt the poor little mortal nestling in my arms, I felt it would be quite impossible to do anything but take it home and care for it. It lay quite still in my arms till the train

stopped at Hilton, and did not wake even when I rose to go out.

"You are leaving your rugs, ma'am," said one of the men, gathering them all up and handing them to a porter who stood near.

"They are not mine," I said; "neither is the child. I am going to take it to the station-master." As I moved away, I overheard a laughing speech from one of them plainly shewing they did not believe any such unlikely tale.

The porter had heard what I said; and as I knew him very well, I explained matters to him, and asked what I had better do.

"Blest if I know, miss," was his not very satisfactory answer. "Mr. Brand's gone home, and there's only the clerk left—a lad as isn't likely to help you."

"Can I telegraph up and down the line to say that the child is safe, if any one inquires for it?"

"Not from here, you can't, miss; for the clerk always goes home directly this train's in. He may be late to-night, though. I'll step in and see."

"He's gone, sure enough," he said when he came back. "And if you mean to go on to Mudford to-night, you must come at once."

"If I take the child with me now," I said, "may I depend on you to make all enquiries when the trains pass, and tell Mr. Brand about it, so that he may do what he can?"

"To be sure I will, ma'am. It's a rum start as ever I knowed on," he muttered as he helped me into a carriage.

It was a "rum start;" and such no doubt Amy thought it when I entered our little sitting-room with the child, now broad awake.

"Good gracious, Janet! whose child is that?"

"I don't know," I said helplessly, sitting down by the fire, towards which the child stretched its hands, cooing and smiling as it did so.

"You don't know what?" she cried.

"Whose child this is," I said. And then I told her all about it. "And of course I could not leave it there to perish of cold," I said.

"Perish of fiddlesticks!" said my sister, impatiently. "Of course if you had left it alone some one would have given it to the proper authorities. But you are so childish; you never seem to know what to do. And if you had come home yesterday, as I told you, all this would not have happened."

"Well, well," I said; "it is no good scolding any more. I have no doubt the child will soon be claimed; and I know you

would have done just the same in similar circumstances."

So a truce was proclaimed, and we agreed to advertise and make all enquiries we could, and wait the issue of events, which we did; but no issue came; and though we continued to advertise for weeks and also to make all diligent inquiries up and down the line, yet very soon I for one came to look for any answer with dread instead of hope; and after a while, even Amy ceased to speak of the extra trouble and expense our little Christmas-box caused.

I quite forgot to say that neither on the child's clothes nor amongst the rugs could we find the least clue to her belongings.

CHAPTER II.—A VALENTINE.

Five years had passed since that Christmas Eve on which I had found little Lucy for so we had the child named. Very little change had come to us, except that from the time that child came home, life had seemed to me quite a different affair. I had something to do now, something to take up my time; somebody to love, and somebody to dearly love me.

She was a pretty little child, as brisk and merry as a cricket. She was not a bit shy even at first, and as she got to run about and talk, oh, how she chattered! She made friends with everybody, and everybody I am sure made friends with her, and not a few with us, for her sake.

"How that child loves you, Janet!" said our vicar's wife, when she was calling on us one day; and Lucy, coming in from a walk, began to call "Aunt Jenny!" directly she was in the house.

"Yes, thank God! I think she does," I answered.

"It would be hard parting, if her owners were to turn up now—eh?"

I did not answer, but I felt myself turn pale at the possibility of such a misfortune.

Well, it was a little more than five years since Lucy came, and the 14th of February—a dismal rainy morning, when Lucy came dancing into breakfast with something hid slyly under her pinafore.

"What have you got there Lucy?" asked Amy, seeing the little face so full of mischief.

"One valentine for Aunt Jenny," the little rogue answered demurely.

"Nonsense?" said Amy sharply. "Who told you such trash as that?"

"No-one-body, Mary had one valentine—oh, so pretty! I hope yours is pretty, Aunt Jenny;" giving me a letter, and a sweet kiss with her little pouting mouth at the same time.

Pretty! I opened my letter and sat staring at it, feeling as if my life had suddenly come to an end.

"What is the matter?" said Amy; and for answer I passed her the letter and a slip of newspaper that was inclosed in it. She read both, but did not speak. Our little pet looked from one to the other; and then two soft arms stole round my neck, and a tearful voice whispered: "Was Lucy naughty to bring the valentine?"

I took her in my arms, and bowing my face on her soft curly head, cried as I had not cried since my mother died—more than twelve years ago.

"Don't be foolish, Janet!" said Amy, "perhaps it won't come to anything after all;" and she again took up the precious valentine.

This was what it was: "The Editor of the *Swaffam Mercury* has sent the inclosed slip to Miss J. Scott, thinking—as it has now appeared so many days in the *Times*—that it may have escaped her notice."

And what do you think was the slip enclosed? An advertisement to the following effect: "If the young lady who found a deserted child in a first-class carriage on the Swaffam and Ildover line on Christmas Eve 187--, will send her address to Messrs. Tucker and Rowe, Lincoln's Inn, she will oblige the father of the little girl."

The editor of the *Swaffam Mercury* had taken great interest in the affair all along, for he was a Mudfordian by birth, and had several friends in the town. We did not take the *Times*, but some in Mudford did, and it was odd that no one had noticed it before, for now plenty did, and on that 14th of February I had no less than five copies of that advertisement, and three copies of the *Times*, with a black line drawn round the hideous words. The number of friends who called to talk it over was almost unbearable, and the quantity of advice they tendered was utterly intolerable.

I felt grateful to Amy for taking so much on herself, and letting me be comparatively at peace with Lucy, who feeling something was wrong, would hardly leave me a moment.

"And now, Janet, what shall you do?" Amy asked when post-time was getting near.

"I don't know," I answered wearily. "What do you think?"

"I think if I were you I would just write our address and send it with a copy of the advertisement, without any word at all."

This I did; and then not another word was said about it till the next day, when Amy said: "It is just possible that some one may come to-day Janet; will you see them, or shall I?"

"Oh, you, please, if you don't mind," I answered, for I felt that I should only

make an exhibition of myself if I undertook the task.

I had reckoned out each of the hours at which a Londoner would be able to reach Mudford; and as first one, then two, and three of them passed without an arrival, I began to hope for at least one more night's respite. But it was not to be: for just as we had said to each other, "Now it is too late for to-day; the last down-train has been in some time," a sharp ring came at the door bell, and a minute after Mary brought in a card and the announcement of "A gentleman in the dining room."

"JOHN HOME," Amy read aloud from the card. "Not an aristocratic name at any-rate," she said, as she went out of the room, but somehow it struck pleasantly on my ear.

"Who is John Home?" asked my little pet, and I answered that I did not know. "Is it John Home that sent the bad valentine that has made you sorry ever since?" she went on. "If it is, why did Aunt Amy go down to see him? You ought to send for a policeman if he is a bad man."

I told her to hush, for I could not bear to hear her speak so of one who might be her father.

Very soon Amy came back—came back actually smiling!

"Is the bad man gone?" cried Lucy before I could speak.

"No; he is not gone. And I don't think he is a very bad man. He wants to see Aunt Janet and you."

"I shall not go to him," she answered. "I shall not go to any one who would make my own darling Aunt Jenny cry."

"What did he say?" I asked. "Do you think he is—has made a mistake?"

"No, dear Janet," she said kindly; "I am afraid there is no mistake. He thought there was at first," she continued, smiling again. "When I went into the room and announced myself as Miss Scott, he said: 'I am afraid, then, there is some mistake, for you cannot be the lady I expected to see.' I thought then that there must be some mistake; and I asked him if he had not come about the advertisement. 'Yes,' he said; 'but the lady he expected to see was'—And he proceeded to give an exact description of you and your dress as it was when you found Lucy. But he will explain it all to you. Don't keep him waiting any longer."

"Do you think he would know me if I changed my dress?" I said; for it had suddenly struck me that I had on a violet merino that eventful Christmas Eve, and my dress now was of almost exactly the same hue and texture.

"No, no!" said Amy. "I think he would know you very well in any dress."

So I went, taking the reluctant Lucy with me, she protesting with much vehemence that she was only going—to take care of Aunt Jenny.

I have only a very indistinct idea of a tall, large, bearded man coming up to me and clasping both my unwilling hands in his, while he said: "Now I am safe at last. You have not altered one bit in all these five years. And is this my little girl—my little Isabel?"

"No; I am not!" answered my young lady promptly. "I am Aunt Jenny's little girl, and I am Lucy."

He laughed at her—a low mellow-toned laugh, very good to hear. He led me to the little sofa, and made me sit down. Somehow it never occurred to me to resist or to speak up in denial of having been, done, or suffered anything at all out of the common five years ago. Lucy was far more self-possessed, for when he sat down in a chair near and tried to draw her towards him, *she* resisted quietly but decidedly, and placed herself on a low stool on the other side of the fire-place.

"Now, I will tell you all about it," he said; and I suppose he did, for he talked a long time; and I sat still, sometimes trying to listen and comprehend, but failing mostly; for the one thought that blotted out all other ideas and comprehension was, "Now I shall lose Lucy;" and I knew that meant losing all the best part of my life. However I did get some notion of the tale he was telling; and from many after-tellings I learned the following facts.

John Home, the only child of wealthy parents, had mortally offended them by marrying a pretty, penniless girl of somewhat low origin. He said he was very happy till his little girl was born, then the young wife's health failed—failed gradually but surely, till she died when her child was ten months old. She had no relatives to whom he could appeal to take care of his child, and he had only his parents, who would answer none of his letters or help him in any way. So for a time he lived on in London, and the child, being healthy and well-to-do, seemed to prosper pretty well under the care of a nurse. Then, just before the time I found Lucy, he had been offered a very advantageous appointment in India; and on that Christmas Eve he and the baby's nurse were taking her down to his father's place, to try whether he could induce them to take charge of her while he was away. He always says he never knew what induced him to get into the next carriage when he saw me enter the one he had just for a moment vacated, at Farway Junction; but he did so; and it was not till after he had looked in at Swaffam and seen me with the child in my

arms, that the idea occurred to him to leave it to me altogether and turn back without going home. So he and the mystified nurse, though ignorant of my destination, actually returned from Swaffam to London. When asked how he could do so without knowing at all who or what I was, he always said: "I was perfectly sure you would take care of the child; I never felt an hour's uneasiness about it."

It was hard work to make Lucy understand the state of the case. "If he was a papa like Bertie Long's papa, where had he been all the time, and where was the mamma belonging to him?"

"Mamma was dead long ago."

"Oh, very well; then she would stay with Aunt Jenny till there was another mamma found; 'cause of course if there was a papa, there *must* be a mamma; else who's to buy new clothes or new shoes?"

Mr. Home only laughed at her odd fancies, and told her she could stay with Aunt Jenny till he had bought his new house, and got it all ready, "Then she must come home." But she shook her head sagely, and answered, that it must all depend on what sort of a new mamma he found.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Home were both dead, and this Mr. Home was a very rich man: for besides what his father had left, he had made much money in India. He had sold his old home, he said, and was now looking out for a nice place to settle down in.

He did not stay long in Mudford at a time, but was very often there. It was quaint to see the kind of feeling which soon came to be between him and his little girl. He always treated her with the utmost deference, very seldom offering caresses, and never presents; while she got to look out for his coming very anxiously, but whether with like or dislike, it was hard to tell, she was to him so totally different from what she was to everybody else. Sometimes I could see the pained expression of his eyes as he saw her leave off from overwhelming me with the most demonstrative affection; or rise flushed and tumbled from a romping game with our big dog, or her chief friend Bertie Long, and advance to shake hands with him with all the demure dignity of a princess.

I know it hurt him; but he never made any remark except once, when seeing, I suppose, that I noticed his vexation, he said: "It is no more than I deserve, but no more than I shall overcome."

He would tell her all about how he had succeeded in finding a house, "a beautiful house near the river Thames, with great gardens, and a big boat to go on the water in." To all of which she would listen gravely, and scarcely ever failed to ask: "And the mamma, have you found her?"

'cause you know I cannot go to the big house 'less there is one, nor 'less she is a nice one too."

CHAPTER III.—AN EASTER EGG.

So Mr. Home came and went. Sometimes he would stay in Mudford a day or two, sometimes only as many hours; and as the days and weeks went by, I knew that his child had grown to love him dearly; but the perverse little thing would never *show* her love to him; she always kept up the same distant manner when he was actually with her; though when he was away she would chatter about him by the hour at a time, and never tired of pointing out how much nicer "the papa," as she called him, was than "Papa Long" or "papa at Mrs. Grey's."

An how did I feel all this time? Even I myself scarcely know; for sometimes I wished with all my heart that I had never seen either Lucy or her father; and then again, I knew not whether to rejoice most that I had found Lucy, or that Lucy's father had found her and me. For before I knew that Mr. Home's little daughter looked out for his coming with a longing gladness, I was forced to own to myself that I too so looked for him; that the days he did not come were dull and gray; and that the approach of the time when his house would be ready for its little mistress

was dreaded almost as much on his account as hers.

I don't mean to defend myself a bit, or to say it was anything but forward, unwomanly, what you will, to fall in love unasked; I only know the feeling came quite unsought, and at first unwelcomed; it came in spite of me, and it stayed. I thought I had tasted of a bitter cup when my little foundling was claimed away from me; when instead of feeling that she was something of my very own to love and work for, I came to know that I only held her on sufferance, that any hour of any day she may be taken away and I have no right to remonstrate. But I tasted a bitterer drop still one day, when Mr. Home was at our house and had as usual been prattling to Lucy about her new home. "It will be quite ready for you little one, in three weeks more," he had said; and

then came the inevitable question: "And have you found a very nice mamma?" But the answer was changed, if the question was not, for he said: "Yes; I think I have."

"That is a very good thing," the child said gravely. "Are you sure she is nice?"

"Quite sure," answered he

"As nice as Aunt Jenny?"

"Quite as nice," said he. And oh! how I blessed the friendly twilight; for I felt that my face had gone white and woful; and I would have died rather than let him know.

Perhaps after all he did guess something, for he hardly spoke to me till he said good-night. "You heard what I told the child just now, did you not?" said he.

I bowed my head for answer, for I could not speak, neither could I look up in his face.

one of his short visits, explained, to her about them, and asked if she would like one.

To which she was graciously pleased to say: "Yes, if it was a very nice one."

Easter was late that year, as late as it could be. Mr. Home came to Mudford on the Saturday, intending to stay till Monday morning. I suppose it would be his last visit, for the three weeks would be over on Wednesday.

"O look, Aunt Jenny! such funny humpy parcels," cried Lucy, eyeing with delight three egg-shaped parcels lying on the breakfast-table. "There's one for me, one for you, and one for Aunt Amy, and hers is the greatest. May I open mine now, Aunt Jenny?"

Of course I said yes; and while she was busy untying knots I turned over the other two. Both addresses were in Mr. Home's writing, and as Lucy had said, Amy's was much the largest.

I was still looking at them when she came in. "Well, why don't you see what is inside?" said she, taking up a knife and cutting the string. Inside the paper was a morocco case, and inside the case a splendid bracelet and brooch; so glittering and sparkling that Lucy cried out there were sparks of fire amongst them.

"What shall you do?" said I. "Shall you keep them?"

"Keep them! To be sure I shall," said the practical Amy; "if he chooses to pay us in this form, I don't see any reason against it; and I am sure I'm not going to hurt his feelings by refusing, after we have done so much for him. Now let us see what is in yours."

In mine there was only one little ring, a costly one though, for it bore one large diamond surrounded by rubies: still it was nothing in comparison with Amy's and somehow I could not bear to look at it, so I shut up the case and put it out of sight.

Mr. Home came over from his hotel and dined with us, and Amy was voluble in her thanks; Lucy also was much more demonstrative than usual; I only had not a word to say. After dinner Mr. Home went out, saying he would "have a walk and a smoke," and come in later to say good-bye; for he was going away early next morning.

"I mean to take Lucy to church this



LUCY.

"Will you not wish me God-speed?" said he, holding my hand in the firm yet gentle clasp that was so like him.

Then I did look up, and tried to speak; but it was of no use. I could not say I was glad; I could not wish him God-speed, when I knew that all the good of my life would go for ever on the day his plans were accomplished.

"Will the parting with the child be so very hard?" said he. "I had hoped that you would be reconciled to the idea by now."

"It *will* be hard—very hard," I managed to say, for I caught at the hope that he would lay all my grief to that.

"Minna Gray says they are all going to send Easter eggs to their sister in London," said Lucy one day about a week before Easter. "What are Easter eggs?"

Mr. Home, who again had come down on

evening," said Amy when he was gone. "But you had better not go, Janet. I know your head has been bad all day, and the heat and lights will make it worse; so you had better lie down; and perhaps it will be better by the time we come home."

I did as she said; but there was small chance of my head being better, for when left to myself in the dark all the miserable thoughts of the night before came back thicker and darker, till presently some sharp remembrance of Lucy's love and how I should live without it, touched the rock in the right spot "and the waters flowed," at first hot and bitter, then more calmly, till at last they were all spent and had swept off with them much of the misery that set them going. I was lying on the sofa quite still, when some one opened the door, and thinking it was one of the maids, I said: "I don't want the candles lighted, thank you." The door closed gently, and I thought the maid had gone; till after a minute or two I somehow felt as that I was not alone, though I compelled myself to keep still, that the feeling might pass. But no; the feeling only increased, till I started up and faced round, to see Mr. Home standing on the hearth-rug. I began some stumbling speech about Amy being home directly.

"I hope not," said he; "for I want to speak to you a little. Wasn't *your* egg worth even a thank you, Janet?"

"Yes; of course it was; it was very pretty." I could speak bravely now I had had my cry out, and in the friendly darkness.

"Did you see it all?" he asked. "I expect not. Will you let me have it a minute or two?"

I went to fetch it: and when I got back, he had stirred the fire into a blaze and lighted the candles.

He took the case from me and opened it. There lay the little ring in its white nest: this he lifted out, nest and all; and underneath there lay a little locket of plain gold attached to a delicate chain. "I want you to give this to the child," said he; "and ask her to wear it. There is a picture inside."

"Yours?"

"No; not mine. It is a likeness of 'the new mamma.' Would you like to see it?" He smiled to himself as he spoke, as if the sound of the words were pleasant to him.

So I answered out bravely: "Yes, I should like to very much."

He touched the spring, and the locket opened; but though my voice was clear, my eyes were dim, and I could not see clearly.

"Is it not pretty?" he exclaimed; and I answered: "Yes; very pretty," though for

all I could see it might have been the Witch of Endor herself.

Then the smile broadened into a laugh. "I don't believe you know whether it is a picture at all or not; but I have a larger one here;" and he opened a locket I had noticed he had always worn lately, and about which he would never satisfy Lucy's curiosity. "Come," said he, putting his arm round my shoulders and taking me close to him—"come close, and see clearly this time. Now, is it not pretty?"

The dimness was startled out of my eyes now, and I saw, but surely not clearly yet, or was it that I looked into a tiny mirror!"

"Well, what do you see?"

"Why, nothing but my own face!" said I, in bewilderment.

"And who else did you expect to see?" he whispered, holding me closer still, who else did you think either the child or I could have for 'the new mamma?'"

Not all at once could I realize it. I stood there held in his firm clasp, afraid to move or speak, lest I should wake and find it all a dream.

"Have you no word to say to me?" he murmured presently. "It surely cannot be that you will forsake us—that I have made a mistake? For the child's sake, Janet, if for nothing else, try to think favorably of my hopes."

"For the child's sake." Yes: that was it: it was for that he wanted me of course. But even so, was it not more than I had dared to hope for? Maybe so; but still—it was not as if he wanted me for my own sake.

"What is the matter?" he said softly feeling me shrink and shiver. "Nay, my darling, you don't think that I want you for the *child's* sake only? Why, Janet, you surely don't mean to say that you have not all along seen that I love you for your own sweet sake? I thought you knew it well enough, and sometimes I feared your coolness was meant to discourage me; but you see I was not so easily discouraged. Now, look up, and tell me you will be my own darling wife and Lucy's 'nice new mamma.'"

I do not know what I said to him: I only know he seemed quite satisfied.

"Of course, I knew it all along," said the ever practical Amy. "If he hadn't fallen in love with you at first sight, he would never have left you his baby."

"Yes; that is a *very* nice new mamma," said Lucy when the locket was explained to her. "And it is just like Aunt Jenny's picture that you took out of my album."

* * * *

Years have rolled on, and though there are little folks of my own, it is difficult to tell whether they or "the Foundling"

occupy the biggest place in my heart. Of this however, I *am* certain, that while seated in quiet talk in the garden of our lovely home by the Thames, my good man and I often thank the blessed chance that ruled my railway journey on the 24th instead of the 23rd of December 187—. —*Chamber's Journal.*

Correspondence

COMMON ERRORS IN PHYSICS.

To the Editor of the EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL:

SIR—Your correspondent "Celo," whose letter appears on page 213 (Dec. 1) of the JOURNAL, is very careful to hide himself in the dust he has raised, not even giving us his address. This seems to indicate a desire rather for criticism than information; and I would not notice the communication did I not wish to remove a misconception which he seems to have.

The whole trouble lies in my reference to that "double time phrase." Let me say that all those I have spoken to on the subject consider that phrase simple English, and not in the least technical. Moreover, it appeared on a senior leaving paper (not a junior paper, as "Celo" insinuates) and surely candidates of that grade should understand words when used in their ordinary sense.

If "Celo" will attempt to describe an acceleration without using a double time phrase he will find himself in difficulty; and if he will think over the matter a little I am sure he will conclude that there is nothing technical in it at all, only common sense.

"Celo" will excuse me for not answering his series of questions—even though they have no riders—as I fail to see their relevancy to the question.

However, let me quote from the High School Physics, article 79, page 115, the following sentence used in explaining acceleration:

"The velocity gained, if the force of gravity acts for *one second*, is 9.8 m. *per second*."

Here the two-time phrases occur. Also, on page 116, problem 22, I see this:

"A negative acceleration of ten feet *per second per second*."

When your correspondent writes again I hope he will give us his name and address. He has prepared articles similar to my own; is, I trust, working honestly in the best interests of scientific education: is fully aware of the name and whereabouts of the one he criticises; and "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Sincerely yours,

Toronto, Dec. 9, 1893.

C. A. CHANT.

H. S. ENTRANCE AND P. S. LEAVING EXAMINATIONS.

To the Editor of the EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL:

SIR—At the last meeting of the Oxford Teachers' Institute the enclosed resolutions were adopted, and I was instructed to send a copy to you for publication in the EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL. Yours truly,

A. D. GRIFFIN, Sec.

Resolved—1. That the establishing of a Public School Leaving Examination and the teaching of fifth classes in our Public Schools meets with our approval.

2. That we believe the present standard of Public School Leaving examination papers is too high, and tends to discourage the fifth classes in our Public Schools.

3. That the literature selections for the Public School Leaving Examination should be taken from those set for the Primary Examination.

4. That the present standard of Entrance Examination is high enough for pupils entering the fifth class, and should not be altered.

5. That for the same reasons that High School teachers examine the papers of their own candidates at the departmental examinations, the papers of Entrance and Public School leaving candidates should be read by Public School inspectors and Public School teachers.

Special Paper.

TO TOR ΔΙΑΣΚΑΛΟΥ ΕΝΤΥΠΙΟΝ.*

(THE TEACHER'S DREAM.)

BY A. CARRUTHERS, B.A., CLASSICAL MASTER, JAMESON AVENUE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, TORONTO.

NOTE.—The reader will kindly bear in mind how common a thing it is in dreams to mingle old and new indiscriminately, and in utter impossibilities to see things delightfully possible. If Shakespeare (who seldom nods) is, by his critics, permitted to give a coast line to Bohemia, to make a clock strike in the century before Christ was born, and to represent Hector as quoting Aristotle, then surely all allowance should be made for a dreamer who exhibits Tennyson as shaking hands with Plato across the abyss of twenty centuries, and who is guilty of many other inconsistencies, absurdities and anachronisms.

For the sake of the appearance of the printed page many short quotations have not been marked as such.

In a vision I seemed to be carried back to that time when, in the fresh and vigorous imagination of the race, every object, animate and inanimate, was gifted with a living personality and a soul—how different from our own day, when that immortal complement is by many denied even to man himself—to be borne to the classical land of Hellas, the birth-place of myths and cradle of literature, and to find myself reclining on one of the lower slopes of the mighty Olympus, on whose cloud-encircled summit the gods had made their home.

About me on every hand grew the fir, the pine, and the sacred laurel of Apollo, while far below lay the lovely Vale of Tempe—a name for ever—through which murmured the silver-streamed Peneus, on its way to the blue Aegean.

Immediately beyond this river rose Mount Ossa, and farther away, to the south-east, Pelion, whose sides were clothed with the pines of which was built the Argo—that ship of world-wide fame—in which Iason and his adventurous crew had sailed toward the rising sun to find the dragon-guarded Fleece of Gold.

As I was gazing down upon the field before me, and musing (as I thought) how, in the long ago, the warring giants had placed these mountains, one above the other, perhaps on the very spot where I then reclined, in a vain attempt to carry the war into the enemy's country "on the snowy top of cold Olympus," there appeared before me a handsome youth, of beauty more than human, on whose head was a broad-brimmed hat adorned with two small wings, and on whose feet were winged sandals of gold reaching to the ankles. In his hand he bore a herald's staff entwined with white ribbons

I gazed with astonishment at him as he stood before me, surprised at his sudden appearance in a place so remote from human habitations, and I began to wonder who he could possibly be, and what was the object of his unexpected visit, when he interrupted the current of my dreaming fancies by saying: "I, O stranger, am Hermes, the messenger of the gods; I am come to conduct you to the presence of the cloud-compelling Lens, who will this day, before all the heavenly host, give judgment on the most important question that has ever been decided by any tribunal, whether human or divine."

I arose from my recumbent position and followed him involuntarily up the steep mountain side, where foot of man had never trodden before; up through the wall of cloud at whose gates stood keeping watch and ward those lovely, languid maidens, the Hours,

"The slow, sweet Hours that bring us all things good" —

up to the very summit of Olympus, into the glorious presence of the gods themselves.

From this point of vantage I seemed to be able, with larger, other eyes than mortal, to view at a glance the whole wide extent of the ancient world. Away to the north, Macedonia and the Ister and the frozen Haemus; to eastward, the laughing ripples of the Aegean, with its thousand shining isles, on the farther shores of which rose the ruined towers and temples of Ilium; southward, in the far distance, I beheld Athens, the eye of Greece, the City of the Violet Crown, Corinth washed by a double sea, Sparta,

the mother of heroes; still farther to the south, the broad Mediterranean, and beyond this the lazy land of the Lotus-Eaters.

Looking to the south-west I caught sight of the rugged island of Ithaca, the home of Ulysses, the hero of many wiles—Ithaca, which he preferred to immortality, with such a pleasant companion as Calypso, but with which, when he reached it (how very human, he) his changeful and roving heart was but little satisfied. Beyond this famous island crag, off towards the Pillars of Hercules, gleamed a sail, perhaps belonging to the very bark in which the restless mariner and his loyal crew were putting off in their last voyage, with the intention of sailing "beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars," mayhap to "touch the Happy Isles, and see the great Achilles whom they knew."

A touch on the elbow from the deity at my side recalled my wandering eyes and thoughts to the matter in hand.

Around me stood the marble palaces of the gods, adorned with gold and silver and precious stones dazzling in their brilliancy. No wonder that Olympus seemed to mortals at its base to be crowned with the glistening brightness of eternal snows. In a spacious, open hall of the largest palace, supported and surrounded by magnificent pillars, were assembled all the gods and other celestial dwellers of Olympus.

On a lofty throne sat Zeus, the Chief Justice of that Supreme Court, and by his side, to assist him in arriving at a right and proper decision, were Minos, Aeacus and Rhadamanthus, who for their justice in this world were made judges in the next (there has been no increase in their number), and who had been on that occasion summoned as Assessors of Lens on account of the importance of the question under consideration and the magnitude of the interests involved.

At that moment they were listening intently to the harangue of a fierce, pompous, pretentious-looking personage arrayed in gold-laced coat and plumed helmet, with a formidable sword dangling at his side, and an immense flag raised aloft in his right hand. Hermes kindly informed me that this was a very famous military commander, Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, or General Grant, or Colonel What-do-you-call-him, he didn't remember which. This warrior claimed the favorable consideration of the august court on account of his high patriotic spirit and the great bravery of himself and his soldiers in risking their lives at their country's call, and on account of his unexampled military genius. Wherever he came (so he said) he brought upon the enemies of his beloved land destruction, desolation and death; he left behind him wasted fields, ruined cities, widows and orphans in slavery.

True, the war might often be unjust and unjustifiable, but it was for him to be loyal—he dwelt long and lovingly on that adjective—to obey the commands of the civil rulers of his country (if they were of the same political views as himself) and not to consider too carefully the moral quality of his actions. On these grounds he argued that the functions of the general and the soldier were the most important in the world and the most beneficial to the race.

A grim smile of savage pleasure lit up the fierce countenance of Ares, and if the decision had been with him judgment would not have been long delayed.

The warrior however, gave place to one with flowing locks, carrying a harp of gold, who seemed to me none other than the great Orpheus himself, who at once proceeded to state the grounds on which he claimed for the musician the title of humanity's greatest benefactor.

"Mightier than the general's sword is the harp of the musician. The wild beasts, nay, even the trees and rocks of the desert have followed its sound; under its soothing influence the Symplegades stood still, and the watchful dragon, the guardian of the Golden Fleece, was lulled to sleep. By its power have evil spirits been driven from the human breast, and to its music have risen the walls of mighty cities. By its influence often have care and pain been driven from the life of suffering mortals, and in the day of battle it inspires the soldier to heroic and valorous deeds against his country's foes. Nay, more, in Hades its charms have suspended the torments of the damned, and from that dark Plutonian shore one at least was brought back to the upper world, drawn on and up by music's magic spell, and by its all-conquering

power many have been raised from earth even to heaven itself."

His remarks seemed to make considerable impression upon his audience. A look of satisfaction and approval beamed from the countenance of Apollo as his fingers strayed involuntarily over the strings of his lyre, and had not the musical education of Zeus been sadly neglected (he had had a surfeit of the cymbals in his infancy), the long-haired musician might have carried the day.

But, as became so august a tribunal dealing with so momentous a question, they waited until others had put forward their claims to consideration.

The statesman now appeared upon the scene. "I cannot," said he, "play on a lyre or a flute, but I know how, from a small, insignificant hamlet, to make a great and glorious city, and how to mould a weak and barbarous tribe into a powerful people, known over the whole wide world for all that makes a nation honored and respected. I teach the lawless and unjust to become just and law-abiding citizens,

To act the law they live by without fear,
And because right is right, to follow right."

Through enjoying the blessings of a civilized government the ignorant and uncouth become learned, cultured and refined, fit to be worthy citizens of no mean city, of one which any general or soldier might well feel a pride in defending.

What nobler work for man or what liker the work of gods?"

Athene rejoiced at heart, and turned her eyes towards her beloved Athens—the "mother of arts and eloquence"—clearly visible in the distance.

The judges, believing as they did that men in power only are likest gods, exchanged significant glances with one another, and were about to make some comment not at all unfavorable to the speaker, when their attention and mine was drawn to a keen-eyed member of humanity wearing a long, black gown, and carrying a capacious blue bag filled with ponderous leather-bound volumes and endless bundles of papers, which he proceeded to throw with considerable noise and self-assurance upon a long table that stood in front of the throne.

Giving his gown a little preliminary adjustment, and feeling with his hand that his white cravat was in its proper position, he allowed "the full-flowing river of speech" to come down upon his hearers.

He started off with such speed and kept the pace so well that it was with the greatest difficulty I followed his arguments, which seemed to me to be advanced for the express purpose of perplexing the judges and bewildering the general audience.

He held that the lawyer's keen intellect and quickness of apprehension materially aided the Bench in interpreting the crude and contradictory enactments placed upon the statute books by hasty and incompetent legislators enactments which often operated in a quite different way from that in which their promoters intended that they should operate.

The advocate was ever ready (for a consideration) to fight the battles of the weak and the down-trodden against the injustice of powerful oppressors, if not previously retained by the latter; and were it not for the legal profession the poor and powerless would be robbed by the strong and unscrupulous rich of all the rights guaranteed them by the laws. True, in the interests of his client, the skilful lawyer was sometimes able to make the better appear the worse and the worse the better cause, to prove the guilty man innocent and the innocent man guilty, but then in law, as in love and in war, nothing was to be considered unfair that was done with a view to winning the case, the woman, or the battle.

It was possible, he continued, that very frequently the client had to rest satisfied with contemplating the glorious victory gained (in fact, had to draw all his pleasure and satisfaction from such contemplation), as the whole of the property in dispute, together with some little added by the winner, was just sufficient to repay the able and eloquent practitioner for his mighty efforts and immense sacrifices on behalf of the fortunate litigant. Taking all these matters into consideration, he thought a decision might be given at once, and that there was no necessity for reserving judgment.

My guide seemed to be greatly pleased at the lawyer's cleverness, for I heard him chuckle softly to himself, but the judges said merely

*Read before the students in Methods in Latin at the School of Pedagogy, Toronto, November, 1891.

that the office of the advocate was a noble one, and that verily he had his reward.

The man of law then made way for one carrying in his hand a small satchel filled with mysterious-looking bottles and instruments of torture; about him a fragrance of a newly-opened pharmaceutical establishment, and in his face an acquired look of superhuman wisdom.

"The profession I represent," he began, "though, in the eyes of the thoughtless multitude, not surrounded by that halo which appears to crown the military life, is an old and honorable one. Even Homer in his poems mentions in terms of highest praise those who devoted their lives to the healing art. Our life, too, is a warfare, but it differs from that of the soldier and the hero of battles. We strive to heal the wounds that the warrior has made. The general fights against the enemies of his country, but they, after all, are his brothers, members of one great family. We fight against disease and death, the giant foes of all mankind. Close by the speaking tablet on the marble monument of the mighty victor, are the nameless and forgotten graves of those whose lives were sacrificed on the altar of his mad ambition, and the pæans of victory are ever blended with the widow's wail and the despairing cry of the orphan. Our victories dim no eyes with tears and shadow no hearts with sorrow. What more glorious vocation can there be than this, laboring for suffering humanity, healing the sick, strengthening the weak, banishing pain, and striving to make this life worth living for those who, but for us, would care not how soon they came to the dark house and the long sleep, their only refuge from the sufferings of the body?"

During the progress of this last speech I observed that all the judges were becoming more and more impressed with the strength of the case the speaker was making out, and when he ceased speaking they, without leaving the bench, were just about to begin a brief conference preparatory to giving the decision in his favor, when a grave and weary-looking man, who seemed to carry on his Atlantean shoulders all the intellectual cares of the universe, advanced and asked for a hearing.

A shade of annoyance passed over their faces, but as the granting of his request was nothing more than an act of simple justice, they resigned themselves to their fate, and with as good a grace as possible listened patiently to what he had to say. And he spake as follows:

"The general has told you why he deems himself entitled to a judgment in his favor. He tells you that he is a brave man and commands a brave army, that he has defeated and slain the enemy, wasted their lands, left their cities heaps of smoking ruins, and carried their widows and children into captivity.

Whether such a course of action is in the interests of humanity at large, I leave you to determine. Granted, however, that such is the case. Then I claim that the teacher moulds and fashions the mind of youth for deeds of true bravery by carefully instilling into it an intelligent apprehension of what is and what is not to be feared, and by training it to habits of obedience, so that it is possible for its possessor to become a soldier, and from being a soldier in the ranks to become a general, for that man is never truly able to command who has not first learned to obey. He is taught, moreover, self-control, so that he is able to keep all his desires in subjection to an enlightened will, and we know how true it is that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

By us the child is taught to know himself and to understand his aptitudes and capabilities, to look with reverence upon himself as being not like the beasts that perish, but as the counterpart of the Divine, and be well assured that,

"Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

A glorious work is that of statesman, with such unlikely materials and from so small a beginning to produce such magnificent results; but the State is only the individual written on a larger scale, and whatever qualities or virtues are found in the State must be found also in the individual citizen—how otherwise could the State possess them?—for it is an unspeakable absurdity to have one rule of conduct for the private citizen and another for the statesman or politician, to expect the man who is bad as an individual to be, in his public capacity, the incarnation of all that is true and noble, or to

fancy for a moment that a man who is really just and honorable and upright in his private relations is likely so far to belie his honest manhood as to induce, by a bribe, some wretched miscreant to steal by perjury the franchise of a fellow-citizen.

The greatest law-giver of the Greeks left none of his enactments in writing, for believing that the habits which education produced in the young would answer in each the purpose of a law-giver, he resolved the whole business of legislation into the bringing up of youth.

Now, the teacher receiving into his hands the untrained and undeveloped soul of the child, moulds and regulates the rational part thereof so that he becomes brave, the appetitive element so that he becomes temperate, and by the harmonizing of these elements so that each performs its proper function without interfering with that of the others, there is produced that concord of the soul without which a great musician would be an impossibility, that divine sense of justice and that hatred of what is low and mean and unjust, without which no advocate would be led to sympathise with and right the wrongs of the oppressed, and without which the statesman's work would be all in vain; for from the aggregate of such individual minds interacting upon and modifying one another comes that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation, and unaccompanied by which no State worthy of the name can last or indeed come into existence at all.

Noble, too, is the physician's calling. He has told you that he takes the body, the mortal part of man, often stunted or diseased, and natures and heals and makes it strong and vigorous and fair to look upon, and that by the knowledge of his art he does much to alleviate the physical sufferings of humanity.

In like manner the teacher deals with the nobler, the more precious, the immortal part of man, the mind, which oft-times comes to him dwarfed, misshapen, and enfeebled, by abuse or neglect. He finds the soul like a dwelling left tenantless, either dark and empty and cheerless, or else occupied by a noisome brood of hideous and loathsome fancies, which are the dust and cobwebs and the repulsive reptiles of the human heart.

From these darkened and neglected chambers he expels their foul and offensive occupants, he lets in the light of instruction, the garniture of beautiful thoughts and noble sentiment, and makes the mind a temple of the gods, a fit dwelling-place for the immortals.

And further, mental anguish is no less keen than bodily suffering—nay, keener far—and who can minister to the mind diseased if it be not the teacher? From his guidance and counsel and ministrations springs up a fountain of healing that brings relief to the sick and sorrowing heart so that the man whose instruction has been what it should be, forgets his griefs in the solaces afforded him by the contemplations of a cultivated mind, and literature, the mother of delights, ever present to comfort, lays her

"finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more."

I have spoken. O immortal judges, who err not as men do, can there be anyone else on earth who, in doing good to his kind, is equal to the teacher?

He ceased, and Zeus, with a nod that made all Olympus tremble, spoke:

"Of all those who have addressed us this day surely this man has made out the strongest case. He has shown that the teacher is by far the greatest benefactor of humanity, and does most towards raising his fellows from their lowly condition to an equality with the gods; consequently in his favor I think judgment should be pronounced. Worthy is he of a place high above generals and statesmen, lawyers and physicians, for without him all their efforts would be of no avail.

Bestow upon the faithful teacher the highest honors and rewards in the present life, and crown his labors in this world with a glorious immortality in the next."

When this decision of the father of gods and men had been rendered, his judicial colleagues heartily concurred therein, and all the other gods and dwellers on high Olympus made earth and sky re-echo with their glad shouts of approval and endorsement of the judgment just delivered.

Then my senses began to grow dim, the worldwide landscape faded from my view, and I awoke with those well-known lines from the

Odyssey ringing in my ears—the words of Penelope to the long-lost and still unrecognized Ulysses:

Ξεῖν' ἦτοι μὲν ονειροὶ ἀμήχανοι ἀκριτόμυθοι γίνονται, οὐδέ τι πάντα τελεῖται ἀνδρώποισιν δοιαὶ γὰρ τε πύλαι ἀμνηνῶν εἰδὶν ὄνειρων αἰ μὲν γὰρ κερᾶεσσι τετεύχεται, αἰ δ' ἐλέφαντι. τῶν οἱ μὲν κ' ἔλθωσι διὰ πριστοῦ ἐλέφαντος οἱ ῥ' ἐλεφαίρονται, ἐπὲ ἀκράαυτα φέροντες. οἱ δὲ διὰ ξεστῶν κερᾶων ἔλθωσι θύρασε, οἱ ῥ' ἔτυχα κραινοῦσι, βροτῶν ὅτε κεν τις ἴδῃται

"Dark are our dreams and hard to know,
O stranger; nor is all they show
Fulfilled for man; the shadowy dreams
With which our sleeping fancy teems,
Through portals twain to us are borne—
Of ivory fair and polished horn.
Such dreams as through the former pass
Are dreams, and only dreams, alas!
Here for a moment, then they fly,
Deceive the hope and cheat the eye;
Thrice happy he whose sleeping sight
Through gate of horn meets vision bright,
For close upon sleep's shadowy gleam
Comes rich fruition of his dream."

May it be that my dream reached me through Homer's gate of polished horn, that at least some part of the vision may, in the near future, become a living reality.

A FAMOUS COLLEGE.—The Canada Business College, Hamilton. R. E. Gallagher, Principal, has the largest attendance this year it has known in the thirty-one years of its history. The school is a popular one with teachers who desire to prepare for business life or the profession of commercial teaching.

COURTESY TO PUPILS.

If courtesy to parents is a duty, it is not less a duty to pupils.

Everybody knows how Luther's schoolmaster, the famous Trebnyus, used to take off his hat when he entered his school-room. "I uncover my head," he would say, "to honor the consuls, chancellors, doctors, masters, who shall proceed from this school."

Dr. Arnold won his way to the hearts of Rugby boys by the simple respect which he showed in accepting their word as true.

A master's success has sometimes been imperiled by so slight a matter as the mistake of not returning boys' salutes on the streets, for courtesy begets courtesy—it is a passport to popularity.

The way in which things are done is often more important than the things themselves.

One special point of personal courtesy you will let me mention—it is punctuality. To keep a class waiting is to be rude and to seem to be unjust, for a sense of speculation arises when a master is apt to be late. If he is generally four minutes late the boys will count the chance of his being one minute later, and the result will be disappointment, disaster, and then dislike.—*Contemporary Review*.

On another page of this issue will be found an advertisement of the Nimmo & Harrison Business and Shorthand College. The good work that this institution is doing has placed it in the front rank. Mr. R. D. Nimmo, formerly principal of the Penmanship and Shorthand Department of the Peterborough Business College, and Mr. James Harrison, Undergraduate of Toronto University and School of Practical Science, Toronto, successor to Rev. E. Barker, as principal and proprietor in Barker & Spence's Shorthand and Business School, Principals. Those who intend taking a course at a commercial college should peruse their circular before registering elsewhere.

LIFE is a short day, but it is a working day.

GRUBLERS never work, workers never grumble.

THE attention of teachers, inspectors and school boards is invited to the advertisement of the Map and School Supply Co., in this number of the JOURNAL. Dealing exclusively, as it does, in all the various articles required for the equipment of schools, this company is in a position to provide school-room appliances of the most approved style at short notice, and no doubt on terms advantageous to purchasers.

THE NEW MASTER.

From the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET. Translated for the JOURNAL by Flossie Blake, of the St. Catharines Collegiate Institute.

OUR little school is very much changed since Mr. Hamel left. In his time we always had a few minutes grace when we arrived in the morning. We gathered around the stove to shake the snow from our clothes and to take the numbness out of our fingers. We talked quietly, showing one another what was in our baskets. This gave those who lived at a distance time to arrive for prayers and for the roll call. Everything is changed now. We must all be in our places just at the minute; our new master, the Prussian Klotz, never unbends. At five minutes to eight he stands at his desk, with his heavy cane beside him, and woe to the laggards!

Often little wooden shoes are heard entering the yard, and then breathless voices cry from the door, "Present!"

This awful Prussian will take no excuse. There is no use saying to him, "I helped my mother carry the clothes to the wash-house," or "Father took me to market with him." Herr Klotz will listen to noth-



ing. One would think that in the mind of this miserable foreigner, we have neither home nor family, and that we came into the world for no other purpose than to learn German and to get whipped. Ah! I received my good share of his ill-usage at the beginning. Our saw-mill is so far from the school, and the sun rises so late in winter! Finally, as I came home every night with red marks on my fingers and all over my back, my father decided to send me to board with Mr. Klotz. But I found it hard to get used to the change.

For besides Mr. Klotz, the boarders have to deal with Madame Klotz, who is still worse than he, and in addition, a crowd of young Klotzes, who run after you on the stairs, shouting, "The French are all stupid fools, all fools." Fortunately when my mother comes to see me on Sundays, she always brings me something good to eat, and all the Klotzes are very greedy.

I am treated well enough in the house. There is one boy, now, whom I pity with all my heart. His name is Gaspard Hénin. He sleeps with me in the little room in the attic. He has been an orphan for two years, and his uncle, the miller, to get rid of him sent him to boarding-school. When he first came he was a big boy of ten,

but appeared to be fully fifteen, accustomed to run about and play in the open air all day long without ever suspecting that there was anything to learn. And so, at first, he did nothing but cry and whine like a tied-up dog; but he was a good boy for all that, and had eyes as mild as a girl's.

By much patience, Mr. Hamel, our old master, had succeeded in taming him, and



when he had a little message to send to the neighborhood, he always sent Gaspard, who, happy to find himself in the open air, splashed about in the creeks, and let the sun shine full on his freckled face. With Herr Klotz all has changed. Poor Gaspard, who had always a great deal of trouble studying French, never could learn a bit of German. He struggled for hours with the same declension, and one could see in his frowning brows far more stubbornness and anger than attention. Every lesson the same scene occurred. "Gaspard Henin, stand!" Henin stands up sullenly, steadies himself against his desk, then sits down again without saying a word. Then the master whips him and Mrs. Klotz gives him nothing to eat. But this does not make him learn any better. Often, when I enter our little room at night, I say to him "Don't cry, Gaspard, be like me. Try to learn German, since these people are stronger than we." But he always replied, "No, I don't want to. I want to go away. I want



to go home again." That was his one fixed idea.

The homesickness which he used to have at the beginning of each term had returned to him stronger than ever, and in the morning at daybreak, when I saw him sitting on his little bed, his eyes staring, I under-

stood that he was thinking of the mill at home now beginning to run, and the clear flowing water in which he had waded and splashed away his childhood. These distant things filled his thoughts, and the cruelty of the teacher set him completely wild. Sometimes, after a beating, when I saw his blue eyes darken with passion, I said to myself that if I were in Herr Klotz's place I should be afraid of that look. But this fellow Klotz is afraid of nothing. After a beating, no food. The master has also contrived a prison, and so Gaspard is now kept in almost all the time.

However, last Sunday, after being indoors for two months, he was taken with the rest of us to the commons outside the village. The weather was wintry, and we ran with all our might, playing, "Tom, Tom, Pull Away," happy to feel the cold wind blow against our faces and make us think of winter fun. As usual, Gaspard kept aloof from the rest, rambling off to the margin of the woods, where he played all by himself, stirring the leaves and cutting the branches. Just as we were forming a line to return, we missed Gaspard. We searched



for him; we called him. He was gone. Herr Klotz's anger was a sight to see. His coarse face turned purple, and his tongue became entangled in German oaths, but we were glad. After sending the rest to the village, he took me and another of the larger boys with him, and we started for Henin's mill.

Night had come. Everywhere we saw houses warm with a good fire and the good Sunday meal; a little streak of light would shine along the road, and I thought that we should be much better off indoors and at table.

At Henin's the mill had stopped, the gate was locked, and everything was closed in—both man and beast. When the boy opened the gate for us the horses and the sheep moved in their straw, and in the hen-house there was a fluttering of wings and loud cries of fear, as if they all had recognized Mr. Klotz. The people of the mill were sitting at the table downstairs in the kitchen, a large room well lighted and well heated, and with everything in it just shining, from the weights of the clock to the pots on the stove. At the head of the table between the miller and his wife sat Gaspard, with the joyous look of a happy,

petted child. To explain his presence, he had invented some story or other about an



Archduke's birthday, a Prussian holiday, and they were celebrating his return.

When he noticed Herr Koltz, the unfortunate lad looked all around for an open door to escape, but the heavy hand of the master was laid on his shoulder, and the uncle was immediately informed of his escapade. But Gaspard's head was erect; he no longer appeared shame-faced. Then he who usually had so little to say, suddenly found his tongue. "Well, yes, I did run away," he said. "I don't want to go to school any longer; I will never learn German, a language of thieves and murderers. I want to speak French like my father and mother." He trembled with passion. He looked terrible. "Be quiet, Gaspard!" commanded his uncle. But nothing could stop him. "Very well, very well," answered the master, "Let him alone. We shall come for him with the police." And Herr Klotz sneered.



There was a large knife on the table. Gaspard seized it with so terrible a gesture that the teacher recoiled. "Well, bring on your police." Then his uncle, who began to get afraid, seized his nephew, and wrested the knife from his hand. As Gaspard kept crying, "I won't go! I won't go!" they bound him hand and foot. The poor boy bit, foamed and called to his aunt who had gone up stairs trembling and crying. Then while they were hitching the horses to the light wagon, the uncle invited us to have something to eat. I had no hunger, you may be sure, but Mr. Klotz began to eat greedily, while the miller was making excuses for the insults Gaspard had thrown at him and at his Majesty, the Emperor of Germany. That's what it is to be afraid of the police.

What a sad return. Gaspard lay stretched on the straw in the bottom of the waggon, not saying a word. I thought he had fallen asleep, weakened by so much passion and that he must be very cold, for he was bareheaded and had no cloak over him, but I did not dare to mention it to the master. There was a cold rain falling. Herr Koltz with his fur cap drawn down over his ears, hummed a tune, occasionally whipping up the horse. The wind made the light of the stars dance, and we went on our way along the hard white road.

We were already far from the mill. We could scarcely hear the noise of the dam, when a feeble voice, entreating pitifully, rose suddenly from the bottom of the wag-



gon, crying in our Alsaciandialect: "*Losso mi fort gen, Herr Klotz!*" "Let me go Mr. Klotz." It was so sad to hear that the tears came to my eyes. Herr Klotz smiled maliciously, and continued humming and lashing the beast. After a moment the voice commenced again, "*Losso mi fort gen, Herr Klotz!*" always in the same low tone, soft and almost mechanical. Poor Gaspard! you would think he was saying a prayer.

At last, the vehicle stopped. We had arrived. Madam Klotz was waiting in front of the school with a lantern, and she was so enraged at Gaspard that she wanted to beat him there and then. But the Prussian prevented her, saying with an ominous laugh: "We shall settle with him to-morrow. He has had enough for to-night."

Oh yes, the poor child had had enough. His teeth chattered, he was trembling with fever. He had to be carried up to bed. I also fully believed that I had the fever that night; all the time I felt the jolting of the waggon, and I heard my poor friend saying



in his pleading voice, "*Losso mi fort gen, Herr Klotz!*"

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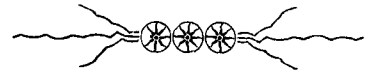
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