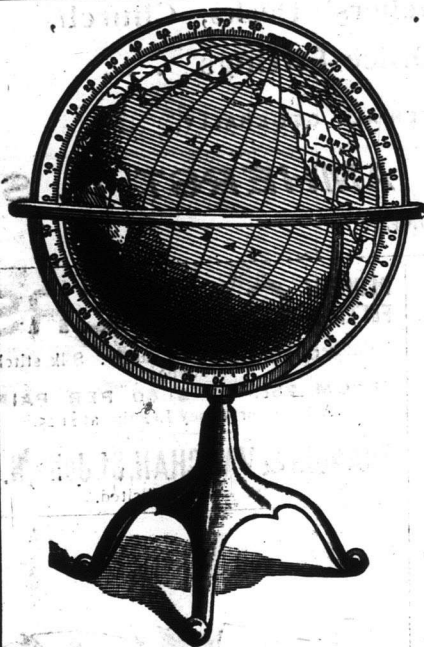


THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW

Vol. XX. No. 11.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1907.

WHOLE NUMBER, 239.



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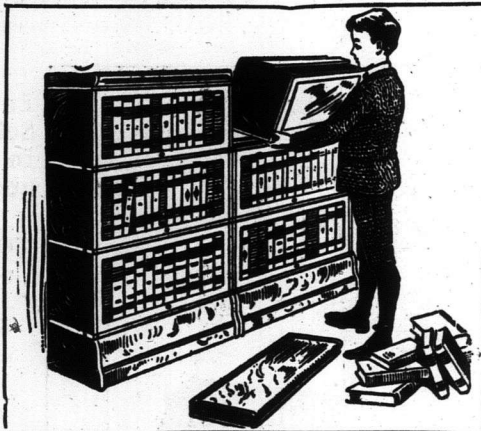
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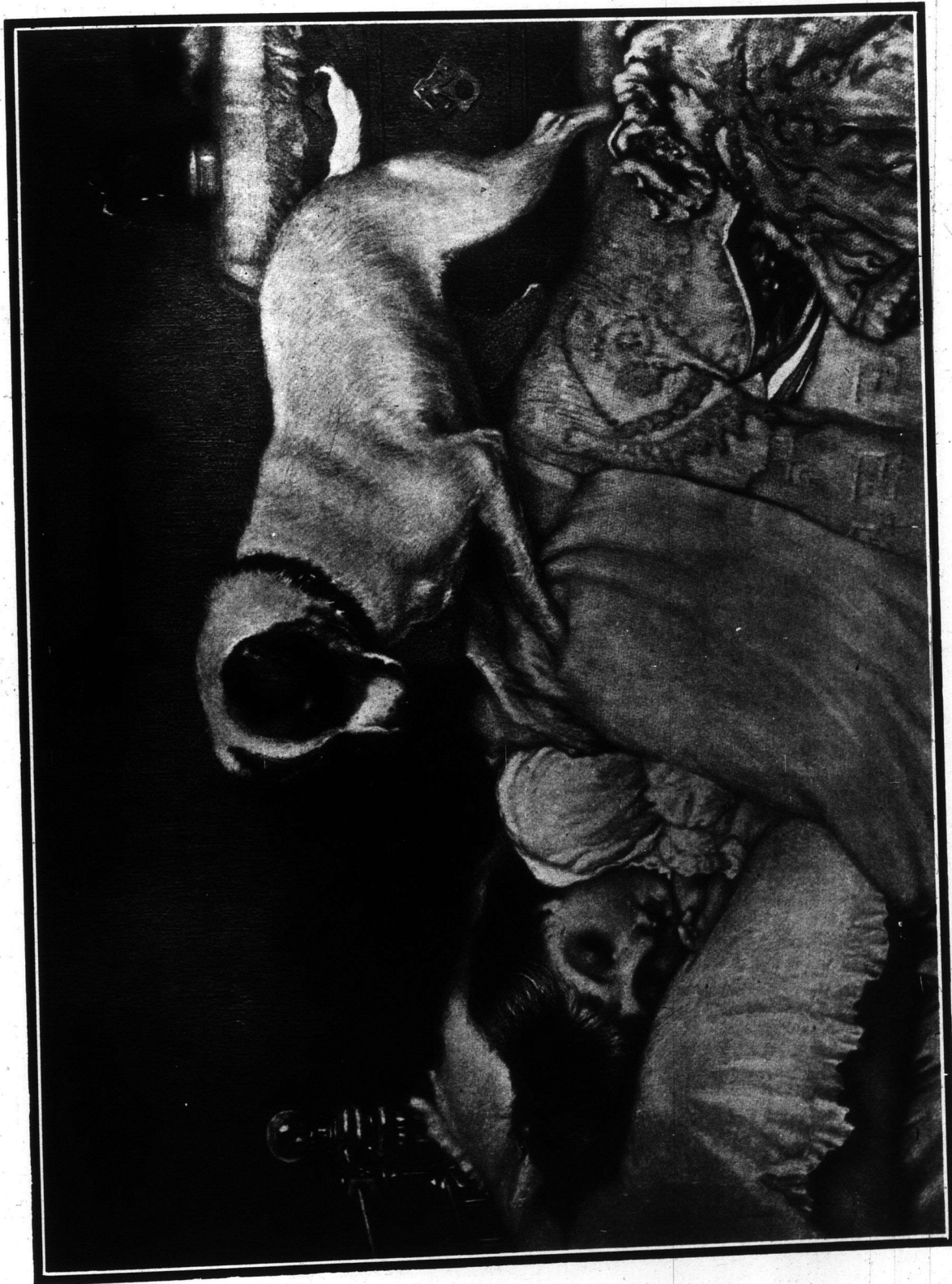
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Address all correspondence to
THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW,
St. John, N. B.

THE May number of the REVIEW will be devoted chiefly to Empire Day.

THE New Brunswick legislature has under consideration a bill to establish a pension fund for teachers and to increase their salaries.

SUPT. DR. J. R. INCH and Supt. Dr. A. H. MacKay sail from Halifax May 3rd to attend the Educational Conference of the Empire which opens in London on May 24th.

THIS number presents much useful material to help our schools in the observance of Arbor Day. We hope teachers may avail themselves of it, and that Arbor and Bird Day may prove interesting and instructive to every school, even if some find it impossible to plant trees.

THE picture "Morning Call" in this number appeals to young people; the sleeping child and the intent expression of the alert terrier suggest a story.

THE calendar of the Summer School of Science, which meets at Riverside, N. B., July 2 to 19, has been issued. Copies may be obtained from the Secretary, J. D. Seaman, Charlottetown.

IN the death of Dr. A. A. Stockton, M. P., New Brunswick loses one of her foremost sons—a Christian gentleman of engaging social qualities, a lawyer of eminence, and one possessed of a well-balanced and cultivated mind.

A PROMINENT leader of education of the Maritime Provinces recently said: "I consider the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW for January one of the most attractive, readable and instructive educational journals I have ever read; and, altogether, I am able to recommend the REVIEW as the best single periodical our teachers can find."

WILLIAM F. MACLEAN, editor of the Toronto World, and Dr. A. H. MacKay, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, will represent the Dominion of Canada at the first annual meeting of the Simplified Spelling Board, to be held in the Walford-Astoria hotel, New York City, on April 3rd and 4th. Both Dr. MacKay and Mr. MacLean will read papers at the meeting.

MANY letters are received by the REVIEW every day, the greater number from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and some from the other provinces of Canada. Recently statements were sent out to those in arrears of subscription. Letters in reply, enclosing remittances, were promptly returned by a great many. The following letter, so courteous in tone, makes us thankful that the lot of the editor of the REVIEW is cast in with pleasant and kindly teachers:

I am sorry not to have been able to remit more promptly, but the delay was unavoidable and not by any means due to a laxity of interest in your valuable paper, the REVIEW. I find it a very substantial aid in my school work. With sincere wishes for the continued success and prosperity of the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, Sincerely yours,
F.

Glimpses Into Schoolrooms—IV.

BY THE EDITOR.

I visited a schoolroom on Arbor Day some years ago. On the ledges of the windows were boxes of seedlings which had been planted some weeks before. Some of the plants were just appearing above the soil. On the teacher's table were a few seedlings which had been planted earlier and were more advanced than those in the window-boxes. There were some pots of house plants on the table in front of the teacher and others were scattered in available places throughout the room. There were pictures on the walls, among which were some of trees, views of scenery, birds, and other animals. The schoolroom had evidently been carefully cleaned some days before. Everything had the appearance of being swept and garnished. The teacher and scholars were dressed neatly, and the bright, eager looks of all showed that there was a wide-awake feeling of expectation among them.

The yard outside had been put in order, and all the litter removed or burned. Several shallow holes had been dug along the walk leading to the school or near the fence which surrounded the small plot of land on which the schoolhouse stood. A half dozen trees, carefully tied together with roots covered with earth, lay in a shady corner of the yard, ready for planting.

The yard was small and the ground well trodden by the feet of many children. But there were some trees that had been planted on previous arbor days. These had evidently been set out with care and were doing well. The bark had a healthy look and the swelling buds had the promise of foliage and shade in the hot days to come. Those to be planted on this arbor day were to replace some that had not done so well, and a few new places were to be tried. The ground had been carefully chosen for the trees, which were placed so as not to interfere with the children's play.

All this I observed from the windows. "You see," said the teacher, "that we have to keep Arbor Day for the most part within doors, but the children look forward to it with pleasure. They are great helpers. They have had these window boxes made at home and filled with rich earth, and friends have given them the seeds. All the rest has been done by themselves. They tend them with a great deal of care, but I have to look out that they do not water them too much. It would amuse you to have seen them when the first plants began to appear above ground. That one thing seemed to repay

them for all the trouble they had taken. There is quite a rivalry among the owners of the boxes, and they measure and keep a record of the growth of the plants every few days. We have three prizes for the three best boxes of plants, to be given on the closing day in June."

After the opening exercises a few visitors began to drop in to listen to the lessons, which were on bird and plant life. A record of the birds seen up to this date had been kept, and the children showed a very correct knowledge of the different birds, the colour and markings of their plumage, and their notes. The chipping-sparrow and the chick-a-dee seemed to be great favorites with the children, but they took an interest in all the birds and their habits. Each child had some interesting story to tell about what he had seen the birds doing, or of imitations of their songs, or of the good that birds do in helping to keep the farms and orchards clear of insects. One child told of a chick-a-dee that had been about her home all winter, and which she had fed every day with crumbs. Kindness to all animals seemed to come natural to these children, and one could see that they looked on the birds especially as their companions and friends.

There were quotations recited from the poets about many of the birds, and little compositions were read, showing that bird-study was made a part of the regular exercises of the school in literature and story-writing.

Then followed lessons on plants. The teacher said that all the food of the world was made by plants out of the raw materials in the earth and from the gases in the air. This was done by the green coloring matter of the leaves in the presence of sunshine. Then she drew from the scholars the names of the various kinds of food—meats, bread, vegetables, fruit—and showed how these were all the products of green plants working in sunshine. "Little boys and girls," said the teacher, "were like plants, for they work best in sunshine; and the plants rest in the night time, as people do."

The growth of the plants from the seed was then taken up. Some plants, started in bottles of water, others in moist blotting-paper, were shown where the roots and shoots had developed. The teacher took one out of the soil from the boxes on her table, and, after cleansing the roots, compared it with those grown in water. The growth had been similar, and the pupils inferred that moisture was necessary for growth especially at first. Then the teacher drew from the class that light and air were also necessary

for growing plants. As she proceeded a few hints on plant structure were given which were readily grasped by the class. It was a model lesson, for the teacher was careful to take up but few points, and to draw out what her pupils had already learned from their observation and experience.

After recess a lesson was given on forests,—their beauty, usefulness, and the care that should be taken to preserve them, especially from the ravages of fire. The children were instructed not to set fires in the woods until they were old enough to know how to manage them.

In the afternoon the literary entertainment and the planting of trees took place. The trees were dedicated to prominent men and women of the country, with the hope that they would grow and beautify the school grounds in days to come.

The Influential Teacher.

The influential teacher is something more than a teacher. Devotion and even consecration to the schoolroom, a reputation for marvelous "results," and the possession of diplomas and degrees, all combined, do not make a teacher influential.

Is it advisable that teachers wield an influence in the community of which they are a part? Yes. Teachers need the enlargement of the association with people of varied interests, and these, in turn, need their intelligence, different ideals, and a knowledge of things educational. Besides, the schools are vastly better for the co-operation that results from these united interests.

It is a question if teachers fill the position to which they are elected if they give all their time, strength and ambitions to their school work, regardless of the general interests about them. Anything outside or beyond their schoolroom duties may not have been mentioned in the bond, but the public expects something more from teachers—an indefinable something growing out of their position.

But shall we make the first social advances? Ought not patrons of the school to be first in the recognition of teachers? Unquestionably, yes, but we must take the world as we find it. To withdraw into one's self because such recognition is not forthcoming, and seek solace in wounded pride, is a grievous mistake. No worthy, self-respecting, sympathetic teacher ever advanced half way toward her rightful place in the community, and held her own steadily, without pique or small resentments, that did not find the extended hand from those best worth knowing. Such anomalies exist as parents

who say, practically, "I give you my children a large part of every day for you to impress yourself upon them intellectually and morally; but I cannot meet you as a social equal; you may mould the character of my child, but I cannot invite you to my home." This monstrous inconsistency should not crush the spirit of any teacher. Without scorn, without comment, let her move steadily forward, winning, in time, the larger souls that redeem every community.

Not only do teachers need the benefits of association outside their profession for their personal good, but they need to be well intrenched in the respect and good-will of the leading men and women of the locality where their lot is cast for the sake of the schools.

Wrongs need righting, progressive measures need upholding, and teachers personally always need the stimulus of a strong, sustaining power; for with all their conscientiousness and fidelity, they are the most submissive working body in Christianized countries. Unaware of their strength, if organized for a high purpose, they go patiently on, singly or in groups, wasting power. Low murmurs of just complaint over existing evils are heard along the lines, but these accomplish little, save to earn for the murmurers the title of discontents. An organization of teachers on the right basis would secure strength, promote influence, and build a tower of strength about the schools. Salaries would not be withheld through legal quibbles, for united forces would mean power—always recognized, respected and feared. But so long as teachers prefer to hang separately, rather than hang together; to be worked for, rather than to work for themselves through effective organization, let no righteous means be left unused to gain the influence of the best and strongest forces about them. Let it be always remembered that communities do not go out to the schools. School interests must be brought to the heart of the community. This can only be done by influential teachers—teachers worth listening to, worth sustaining, and worth holding.—*Primary Education.*

A man may hide himself from you, or misrepresent himself to you in every other way, but he cannot in his work. There be sure you have him to the utmost. All that he likes, all that he sees, all that he can do, his affection, his perseverance, his impatience, his clumsiness, clearness, everything is there. If the work be a cobweb, you know it was made by a spider; if a honey-comb, by a bee: * * * A house is build by a man; worthily, if he is worthy, and ignobly if he is ignoble.—*Ruskin.*

Educational Reports.

The report of the Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, Dr. MacKay, is an encouraging statement of progress in that province. The total enrolment of pupils for the year ending December 31, 1906, was 100,332; the average attendance 58.9 per cent, 2.6 better than the previous year. The sections reporting no school were 187, against 240 for 1904, and 165 for 1905. There were 1,558 schools open in rural or ungraded schools with 48,933 pupils, a slight decrease from the previous year. The graded schools of villages, towns and cities increased from 1,000 to 1,020, and the pupils from 50,296 to 51,499. There were 273 schools with less than 20 pupils, having an average attendance of only 9. There were 697 schools with from 20 to 39 pupils enrolled; 450 with an enrolment of 40 or more; while in 202 school sections there were 1,020 schools or graded departments with an average enrolment in each of about 55. The number of schools increased during the year from 2,429 to 2,446—seventeen more than ever before.

There was a slight decrease of normal trained teachers in comparison with the year 1905. During the year the male teachers decreased from 386 to 366; while the female teachers increased from 2,180 to 2,212.

There was more or less of an increase in the salaries of all classes of teachers, except that of the third class male. This looks as if the rural school trustees are not, as a rule, anxious to employ this class of young men. Their average salary from the section fell from \$150.24 to \$144.82; while that of the third class lady teachers rose from \$122.93 to \$131.19.

The school trustees and ratepayers increased their expenditure on school buildings and repairs from \$68,000 in 1905 to \$91,000 in 1906, and for all school purposes the vote of local funds increased from over \$576,000 to over \$655,000. The total expenditure on education, provincial, municipal and sectional, this year passed the \$1,000,000 mark.

While the total enrolment of pupils of all grades has for several years been nearly stationary, the number in the high school grades has nearly doubled during the last fifteen years. During the year this increase still continues in excess of the increase of the total school population—the 7,286 of last year rising to 7,639; while those voluntarily coming up to the provincial examination increased from 3,864

to 4,148 and those "passing" for the grades applied for, increased from 2,034 to 2,196.

During the year fifty-three schools were consolidated into fifty-two effective sections—a good showing.

The reports of Principal Soloan of the Normal School, of Supervisor McKay of Halifax, and of the different inspectors form instructive reading.

The report of Dr. Inch, Chief Superintendent of Schools for New Brunswick, shows decided progress in the increase of schools and regularity of attendance for the school year ending 30th June, 1906; but there is a falling of the supply of competent teachers of the first and second class owing to unsatisfactory remuneration and other causes.

The total number of pupils enrolled during the year was 66,335, representing a proportion of population at school of one in 5.67 for the first term and one in 5.45 for the second term. The percentage of average attendance for the first term was 65.07 and for the second 61.86. The total number of districts (or sections) is 1,495. About 40 per cent of all pupils enrolled in the public schools of the province belong to the graded schools, that is schools having two or more teachers each in charge of a separate department. Schools in charge of one teacher are classed as ungraded schools.

Of the 1,883 teachers employed during the year, 333 were beginners, 247 have been upwards of seven years in the service, and 1,303 have taught for periods varying from one to seven years—a record which shows that teaching has not that permanence which it should have.

Of teachers employed, only 16 per cent are men, less than 24 per cent hold licenses above Class II, about 50 per cent hold licenses of Class II, and about 26 per cent hold the lowest class of license. Since 1900 the number of untrained teachers employed has increased from 21 to 72.

In the first term of 1905-6 there were 162 districts having no schools, while in the second term the number had increased to 213 districts.

The following are the average salaries for the province received by teachers of the several classes:

| | | |
|---------------------------------|------------|------------------|
| Grammar Schools | \$1,007.00 | Increase \$27.48 |
| Superior Schools | 611.17 | Increase 23.64 |
| First Class (Male) | 609.90 | Increase 32.23 |
| Second Class (Male) | 319.84 | Increase 3.75 |
| Third Class (Male) | 238.91 | Increase 4.01 |
| First Class (Female) | 356.95 | Increase 17.23 |
| Second Class (Female) | 255.85 | Increase 7.62 |
| Third Class (Female) | 198.12 | Increase 3.22 |

While the increase above noted is not large, it shows an upward tendency. It is gratifying to know that the legislature of the province is considering the advisability of increasing the salaries paid to teachers.

Dr. Inch's report is, on the whole, hopeful. An increase is shown in the number of pupils attending the high schools, the work of establishing consolidated schools is progressing as rapidly as can be expected, and interest in educational matters is increasing.

In the report of the Prince Edward Island schools, Dr. Anderson, Chief Superintendent, notes that the highest percentage of attendance ever recorded, 62.69, was made for the nine months ending September 30th, 1906. There were 537 teachers employed during that period and eighteen schools vacant. Of the teachers employed, 246 were males and 327 females. The pupils registered were fewer by 286 than those of the previous year. The highest salary paid to male teachers was \$663, to female \$360. The lowest salary, \$260, paid to third class male teachers, and \$130 to third class female teachers. The total expenditure for education in the nine months was \$126,708.93, and the expenditure for each pupil registered \$6.87. The government paid within a few cents of two-thirds of this amount, and the increase in local amounts paid is so small as to be insignificant. Manual training, nature-study and domestic science are taught in one county only, Queens, and these branches to a limited number of pupils.

Dr. Anderson deals with the ratepayer in Prince Edward Island who has no children to educate, and whose chief duty at the school meeting is to oppose every motion for advancement. He thinks that all ratepayers who have children at the district school should have an additional vote, that is that they may have two votes on every question that is brought up for decision at the school meeting, while all other ratepayers have only one.

It is interesting to compare the above with figures for British Columbia. In that province for the year ending June 30, 1906, the total enrolment in all the schools was 28,522. The number of boys was 14,524, and of girls 13,998. The grand total days' attendance made by all the pupils enrolled was 3,892,444, an increase of 197,322. The average actual daily attendance was 19,506, an increase of 647. The percentage of regular attendance was 68.39. The total cost for education was \$688,740.56, of which the government paid \$444,542.88.

As the Teacher so the School.

It is an old saying that as the teacher so the school. The best meaning for this is that the pupil's mind, in the act of learning, becomes like the teacher's mind; it takes on the tone and coloring of the teacher's thought. The teacher builds his own thought structure into the mind of the pupil; begets him with his own purity, strength and sweep of emotional life; breathes into him the breath of his own ethical nature. The teacher may resolve to train to accurate, thorough and methodical habits of thought; but unless these are habits of his own mind his efforts will be unavailing. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. If the teacher thinks loosely and slovenly he cannot hope to realize anything better in the pupil so far as the teaching goes. The narrow pedant and dogmatist can never secure scholarly habits and liberal culture. The teacher who has not a rich and full range of emotional life can expect nothing but a withered soul born of his teaching. The man who has not strength and purity of character cannot strengthen and purify character. The teacher builds his life into that of his pupil; and it is absolutely essential that his life be all that he expects the pupil to become. The quality of a teacher's life is a part of his professional equipment.—*Arnold Tompkins.*

Word Game.

While teaching the first grade I found the following word game a very interesting and instructive one for the children. When they were able to recognize as many as sixty words, I cut little two-inch squares of cardboard and placed on each one of the words with which they were acquainted. I mixed with these some new words. When we were ready for the game, I gave each child an equal number of words and divided the school into equal sides. I then called for the words in this way: "I want the word that tells the name of an animal that catches mice." The child having the word "cat" raised his hand and was given credit for one. A pupil was appointed collector, and, as the words were used, he collected them. If any one failed to recognize his word when it was called, or gave in the wrong word, one was taken from his side. In this way they learned to recognize words rapidly and also learn the meaning of many words.—*Ruth O. Dyer, in Oregon Teachers' Monthly.*

There are two good men—one dead, the other unborn.—*Chinese proverb.*

Nature Study in April.

By G. U. HAY.

April, with its showers and sunshine, is upon us once more. The woods, fields and gardens are awakening into life; the insects and hibernating animals are aroused from their winter sleep, and come forth hungry for food and the warm sunshine; the birds are returning from the south, choosing their mates, seeking quiet nesting-places and gathering material for nest-building; the farmer is clearing up rubbish, repairing fences and outbuildings, and preparing to plow and sow his fields; inside the house the windows are thrown wide open, spring cleaning begins, with the bustle of taking off double windows and outer doors—papering, white-washing and renovating; among the children skates and snow-shoes and warm mittens are put away, and rope-skipping, playing ball, flying kites, hoop-rolling, playing marbles, are entered upon with fresh zest. The keen air and sports of winter were eagerly enjoyed while they lasted; now the fresh delights of spring move us. Do we ever stop to think how pleasant is this change of seasons, year after year, what a variety it brings, and how full of fresh enjoyment is each season as it comes?

The small number of birds in April give good opportunities to begin this study, and there are other reasons why birds should interest even very young children. They are active; they have colour; their songs please; and the hundred little ways of birds as they flirt and flutter about the lawns or in the tree-tops are particularly attractive to children. Advantage may be taken of this to begin the season's nature-study with birds. How are they able to fly so quickly and to take such long journeys in the fall to the south and back again to the north in the spring? A picture of a bird, the weight of a tame canary that will perch on your finger, the exceeding lightness of a feather or a bone will help to answer the question. Notice from the picture, or the tame canary, how the bird's body is so made that it cuts through the air without much resistance—how it is able from its lightness and the breadth of its wings to poise itself in the air. Notice the swallows and other birds, how they are able to rise in the air by beating it with their wings, and to descend by closing their wings. Soon the children are able to distinguish birds by their colour, form or by their sweep as they go through the air. The witchery of their notes or the graceful waving flight of the thistle bird or American goldfinch when once heard and seen will easily make it known to children ever afterwards; and so the different traits

of other birds will open up a new source of observation and interest to the child mind. A last year's bird's nest will show the skill and patience with which birds plan and work. Why do they not use the same nests year after year as we do our houses? Here will be an opportunity to show how clean and tidy a bird is in its habits, and the reasons why it should not occupy the old nest.

At the same time the child will be learning about birds, he can easily be led to see how important it is to be clean and tidy in his person, and in his room at home; the patience and skill of birds in building their nests, their seeming delight in doing things well teach children habits of cleanliness, patience, skill and industry.

While the field observations are keeping little eyes and ears on the alert, schoolroom work may be used with it. The terms used in describing birds must be accurate, and this habit of accuracy will be formed in the language and other work of the school.

Teach the duty of kindness to birds and all other animals, how useful the bird is in helping the farmer to get rid of many insects that would destroy his crops and orchards. Organize for older scholars an outdoor "Bird Club," whose members shall pledge themselves to protect birds, observe and report the useful work they do for farmers, make observations on the habits of the common birds around them.

The plants, as they wake out of their winter sleep, will be no less interesting to watch, although they do their work more quietly. It seems as if the drops of the April showers are arousing the little sleepers in their beds (the buds and underground tubers) by their quick "tap, tap" on the ground and on the branches of the bare trees. Watch the catkins of the willow, poplar and alder. Bring them into the schoolroom and put them into water. See the differences as they unfold. See how the buds on the different trees swell after a warm April shower and the sunshine which usually follows it. They are slow to open, but after a while they throw off their brown winter coats on the ground. They do not pack them away in trunks and closets as we do our winter wraps. The plants make new winter-coats for their buds during the summer. The birds build new nests every spring, and yet Mother Nature provides winter clothing and food and shelter for her children. How many are the calls made upon her; and how generously does the God of Nature care for all!

April Days.

ELEANOR ROBINSON.

No satisfactory derivation has been found for the name April, though different ones have been suggested; old writers derive it from *omnia aperit*, "it opens everything," while some think that there is a connection with the name of the goddess Aphrodite (Venus), to whom the month was sacred among the Romans.

In different countries of Europe and in America, the practice prevails of playing pranks on unsuspecting people upon the first day of the month, called April Fool's Day. The common form of fooling is to send a person on some bootless errand. In Scotland the victim is called the "gowk," and the person sends him on to another, with the instruction, "Hunt the gowk another mile." In France the person on whom the trick is played is called *un poisson d'Avril*, or "April-fish." The custom seems to be of longer standing in France than in England. A story is told of a certain duke of Lorraine, who, together with his wife, was escaping from the town of Nantes, both disguised as peasants. A woman recognized them and ran to tell the guard, but it happened to be the first of April, and the soldiers refused to be fooled, so the fugitives had time to get away before the alarm was really taken. English literature of the eighteenth century has many references to April Fool's Day, but little or nothing concerning it is found in earlier writers, and the origin of the custom has never been determined. The Hindoos have a festival on the 31st of March which is celebrated in the same way.

St. George, the patron saint of England, was martyred at Nicomedia on the 23rd of April, 303. So little historical fact is known about him, and so many legends have gathered round his name, that in the fifth century he was declared to be one of those "whose names are justly revered among men, but whose actions are known only to God." St. George was honoured in England as early as Anglo-Saxon times; but before the thirteenth century Edward the Confessor was the patron saint. Richard I, during the third crusade, placed himself and his army under the special protection of St. George, and from that time the saint was very popular among the English. In 1222 his feast was ordered to be kept as a holiday throughout England. In the reign of Edward III, the Order of the Garter was instituted and dedicated to St. George and St. Edward the Confessor, and since then St. George

has been England's patron saint. The festival of the order was kept on April 23rd, at Windsor, with great splendor until the reign of Elizabeth, when it was discontinued. But as late as 1614 it was fashionable for gentlemen to wear blue coats on St. George's Day.

(For a fuller account and the story of St. George and the Dragon, see EDUCATIONAL REVIEW for April, 1902).

The 25th of April is observed as the festival of St. Mark, the evangelist. It was he who founded the church in Alexandria, and he was martyred there on a heathen feast day.

A curious superstition is attached to St. Mark's Eve in different parts of England, more especially in the north. It is, or was, popularly believed, that whoever watched in the church porch from eleven at night until one in the morning would see the apparitions of all who were to be buried in the church yard during the coming year.

"Tis now," replied the village belle,
 "St. Mark's mysterious eve,
 And all that old traditions tell,
 I tremblingly believe,
 How, when the midnight signal tolls
 Along the church yard green,
 A mournful train of sentenced souls
 In winding sheets are seen.
 The ghosts of all whom death shall doom
 Within the coming year,
 In pale procession walk the gloom
 Amid the silence drear."

Thomas Hood has an amusing story founded on this superstition. A farmer and his wife, who were both very greedy and fond of good living, quarrelled over their supper on one St. Mark's Eve, and each wished the other were dead. After supper, the farmer, who firmly believed in the truth of the superstition, went secretly to the church to watch and see if his wish was to be granted. His wife also remembered how she might get a glimpse into the future, and she, too, set out on the same errand, but by a different path. The night was dark and stormy, but the moon shining out suddenly showed the man and wife to each other for a moment. They both ran away frightened, thinking that they had seen a ghost. From that time the farmer, thinking that his wife had but a year to live, treated her with great kindness, and even insisted on her eating all the choicest morsels at the table; while she, on her part, believing that she would be a widow within a twelvemonth, could not do enough

to please her poor husband. Quarrels became rare, and they were happier than they had been in their whole married life before. At last, as the year drew to an end, and both continued hale and hearty, the wife thought it her duty to warn her husband that his death was near at hand. Then the truth came out; but kindness and forbearance had now become habitual, and once safely over the dangerous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve they lived happily, and were known as the most united couple in the country.

The Modern Novel.

In a recent lecture, Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, discussed the foremost novelists of the present day, and gave a short history of the novel in different countries which highly entertained the large audience.

Among the remarkable statements which the versatile professor made was the one wherein he said that the increase in novel reading is due to the common schools of this country, which have created a great reading public whose wants must be gratified. The result is that the novel of to-day is turned out hastily, and we lose the careful work which was the mark of the novelist of the past.

Russia to-day leads the world in novel writers, followed by France and England. The Germans have had a surprising lack of success due to the fact that they have no sense of proportion. All the German writers have turned to the drama.

America has had one really great novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne. "The Scarlet Letter" is the greatest single novel ever written in this country. There is no great novelist here to-day, although Mark Twain's "Huck Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" will remain as epics of American life. Henry James has written an excellent ghost story, "The Turn of the Screw."

In "The Virginian" Owen Wister nearly wrote the great American novel, but its fault lies in the fact that it is a string of episodes instead of a story.

May Sinclair's "Divine Fire" had undoubtedly some fire in it, but the flame is occasionally hidden by smoke.

Thomas Hardy is the best of present-day English novelists. From the publication of the "Greenwood Tree" down to his latest novel his output is the best of any living writer of English fiction.

One of the strongest writers in England to-day is George Moore. He can hardly be called an Englishman, however, for he is an Irishman with a French education. His work bristles with ideas,

although he offends many by his extreme frankness. His "Esther Waters" is one of the finest realistic novels in English.

"Bob, Son of Battle," written by a man who has lain on his back for years with an affliction of the spine, is the best story written in English since 1898.

In speaking of Kipling, he remarked that his recent works has been spoiled because he has been in terror of saying something commonplace, and so he has been constantly striving for effect.—*Arthur Marvin.*

My Teacher.

My teacher isn't old, nor she
Ain't ugly, like my father's used to be;
She's got a great big pompadour
With crinkly waves. No small hair store
Can make that kind—a rainy day
Has never taken the fluff away.
Her eyes are bright and smiley too,
Most gen'rally—tho they see right through
Any meanness you're tryin' to do.
And how you feel—for they don't look mad
But sort of frozen up and sad.
When she laughs, her teeth's so white!
(I use my toothbrush every night
And morning too, for she says she
Likes us all to be clean's kin be,
And washings, outside and in, prevent
The sickness that makes us absent.)
She's different from some, she doesn't wear
The same old dress 's if she didn't care.
My auntie says 't ustèr be the rule
That any old thing's good enuf for school
When she was young. But she hasn't seen
My teacher—she's like a queen
In her clean white waist and short green skirt,
That never hangs down behind in the dirt,
Nor hunches up in the front like some,
But always look's if company'd come
Most any time.
It's not only cloes
But the lot of interestin' things she knows
That makes her not like them father had
When he went to school a little lad.
All kinds of birds and where they build—
With what kind of stones the brook is filled—
The queer ways the Spaniards have to farm—
And how the different bones of our arm
Are joined together. "Books are full
Of things like these," she says. Dull
And dead and dry, I always thought,
But now I go to the lib'ry an awful lot.
Pa told ma, some criticise and say
They don't teach 'rithmetic the same old way.
But he says he never did see
Clear through p'centage quick as me.
And he guesses the ones who make the fuss
Haven't any children, happy like us,
And if taxes are big, he'd vote today
To raise the new kind of teachers' pay.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Rubens.

MISS A. MACLEAN.

Peter Paul Rubens, born at Siegen in 1577, is the greatest of Flemish painters and one of the master artists of the world. This remarkable scholar, artist and diplomatist, was the son of John Rubens, one of the principal magistrates of Antwerp, and of Mary Pypeling, of a distinguished family of the same city.

Rubens early began the study of art with Tobias Verhaegt, a landscape painter. Then he studied with Adam Van Noort, and finished, as far as teachers were concerned, with Otho Voenius. Van Noort lacked all that Voenius had acquired, and possessed what Voenius lacked. He was hasty, violent, savage, impulsive, and just as nature made him, both in disposition and works, but he possessed real originality. He was a Fleming in race and temperament, loud voiced, full of rough sincerity, daring, because he knew what he could do; and he never worried over what he probably was unconscious of lacking—culture. He was the last offshoot of the stem that had produced the Van Eycks, Memling, Breughel, and others. He loved whatever was vigorous, sanguine, brawny, savage. He delighted in powerful accents, and the colour glowed and rippled on the canvas following the strong, sure, restraint-scorning strokes of his brush.

Voenius was cultured, erudite, of lofty birth, distinguished appearance and noble figure, a student of Venice, Rome, Parma, Florence—the man and the artist were equally trained and polished—but he lacked the decision and originality of Van Noort. Someone says: "He might be called an excellent master who taught admirably lessons too admirable and powerful for himself." Rubens seems to have imbibed all that his teachers had to give, and to have had naturally more and greater gifts than they possessed. But without Van Noort would Rubens have been able to so touch the hearts of the people? Without Voenius would he have appealed so to culture and rank?

In 1600 he went to Venice and studied the works of Titian and Paul Veronese. He spent several years in the service of the Duke of Mantua. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and was also proficient in French, Italian, English, German and Dutch, and these acquirements procured for him diplomatic employment. He was sent on an embassy to the court of Spain, where the highest honours were shown him. Then he returned to Mantua, preparatory to periods of study in Rome

and Venice. Then he went to settle in Genoa, and entered into the society of princes, and enjoyed all that wealth and greatness could confer. Hearing of his mother's illness in 1600, he returned to Antwerp, bearing with him all that foreign study and association could give him, and was at once recognized as the first master of his age. Talent, glory and fortune were his. He was appointed court painter to Archduke Albert, then governor of the Netherlands. In 1620 he visited Paris at the invitation of Marie de Medici. In 1628 he was sent on a mission to Philip of Spain, and in 1629 to Charles I, of England, and here he was knighted and given an honorary degree by the University of Cambridge. But wherever he went he continued to paint, and is reported to have said of himself: "The painter, Rubens, amuses himself with being ambassador." The enormous number of works he left testify to his faithfulness to art—between 2,000 and 3,000. Whenever he was situated so he could have pupils, he always had many of them, and a great deal of the filling in of his pictures was done by them.

In 1609 Rubens married Isabella Brant, who died in 1626. In 1630 he married the beautiful, sixteen-year-old Helen Fourment, niece of Isabella Brant. Both women so often sat to him as models that the world is familiar with their appearance.

When Rubens returned to Antwerp in 1609, the knowledge of Italian art which he had acquired, and his strong bias to native Flemish art, were at war within him. Native Flemish art had been clear, minute, precise, acute, as though the former working in copper, gold, melting and colouring of glass, enameling and engraving in which the fathers had been employed, had been transmitted as an influence on the paintings of their children. But the rich and homogeneous Flemish colouring had, after the days of the early Flemish artists, begun to feel the influence of the Italian Renaissance. The colouring became broken, the tone divided, and it lost force and brilliancy as it lost unity. Italian fashion in art did not fit well on Flemish painting, and by the time of Rubens, Flemish art had become undecided, and practically unrecognizable. Then Rubens appeared, and his art, though suffused with the culture of many schools, became the most Flemish of the Flemings.

Though Rubens had painted many works previously, the first public acts of his life as the head of a school were the two paintings in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Antwerp, the Descent from the

Cross and the Elevation of the Cross. These are much admired, and may be considered his master works. Nothing could be more unlike than these two works, formed at an interval of two years. The former is the result of all his Italian education; the latter the outcome of his daring, impulsive spirit, full of originality, fiery fervor, rapid manner and dash. Great renown is attached to the Descent from the Cross; the Elevation of the Cross has touched more keenly the thorough friends of Rubens. Looking at the Descent from the Cross, and remembering works of Rubens portraying scenes of blood massacre, torturing executions, fiery pincers, shrieking of anguish, one realizes what restraint he must have put upon himself when he painted this picture. Everything is restrained; no cries of grief, no gesticulations of sorrow, no violent emotion is visible in the Virgin, the figure of Christ, slender, delicate—the most elegant figure Rubens ever imagined of Divinity—glides down along the winding sheet to the extended arms of the women who receive it. The Magdalen in this picture is the best example of womanly beauty ever painted by Rubens. The colouring of this picture is an absolute black, a green almost black, a dull red, and a white. With what simple colours he painted, and yet who can use them as he did? The Descent from the Cross is pronounced singularly original and powerful.

In the Elevation of the Cross, tenderness, pity, friends are represented by a far-away group of lamenting despair. Near are cries, curses, savage crucifiers, blasphemy, insult and brutality. The figure on the cross is in the grip of human hate and fury, but the escaping spirit pities and forgives. This picture reaches the sublime; and whatever advances Rubens later made in technique, nothing of his eclipses this work in picturesque conception and inexpressible individuality.

The works of Rubens are so numerous that it is impossible here to give any adequate idea of even the more important. In the Metropolitan Museum in New York are six pictures by Rubens. Most people consider them very admirable. A portrait of Isabella Brant makes me marvel at the nature of the man who could exhibit to the gaze of succeeding centuries, in such a pose, his wife. Sympathy for Helen Fourment makes me pass without looking at the picture of "Susannah and the Elders." The "Return of the Holy Family from Egypt" is fine in colouring and technique, but it does not appeal to me. It is not my idea of the subject, and then the Dutch school is my favorite school, and one

Rembrandt represents to me more moral sentiment, depth and dream than all the works of Rubens.

The life of Rubens was a triumphal procession, and he fortunately vanished from our earth before his powers began to wane. He died in 1640, and was buried at Antwerp, in his private chapel in the church of St. Jacques, which he decorated with his magnificent painting of St. George.

A Study in Forestry.

The following makes a very interesting form of entertainment for a small party. The prize for the largest number of correct answers may be a pretty forest scene or a paper weight of some handsome polished wood; the "booby" prize may be a small block of wood with a tiny toy axe or hatchet.

1. Which tree a kissing game could play?
2. And which its father's name could say?
3. Which shall we wear to keep us warm?
4. And which do ships prefer in storm?
5. Which shows what love-lorn maidens do?
6. And in your hand which carry you?
7. And which is't that the fruitmen fear,
That makes a call each seventeenth year?
8. And from their pipes men shake which tree?
9. Which is't bad boys dislike to see?
10. Which is a girl both young and sweet?
11. Which like a man bright, dapper, neat?
12. And on which do the children play
With pail and shovel all the day?
13. And to which tree shall we now turn
For goods to wear and stuff to burn?
14. And now divide you one tree more—
You've part of a dress and part of a door.
15. Which tree is never seen alone?
16. And which one is a bright, warm tone?
17. And which in church doth office hold?
18. Which is a town in Ireland old?
19. For this one do not look so far—
Which tells what charming people are?
20. And which one will allay the pain,
If promptly rubbed on bruise or sprain?
21. The carpenter doth use which tree
To make his wall straight as can be?
22. And to which tree do urchins call
To show you shouldn't have looked at all
23. Which tree on calendars find you?
24. Which is a joke, told times not few?
25. And which call we an Ohio man?
26. And which for soup we sometimes plan?
27. Which tells "where at," on land or sea,
An Englishman likes best to be ?
28. And on our feet we'll wear which tree?
29. And which our hero's crown shall be?
30. Another tree to find just try,
For fish and fuel for a "fry."

—Charlotte E. Stimson, in *April Delineator*.

The answers to these questions are given on page 268.

The Law of Unity Applied to Education.

MRS. C. M. CONDON.

The profound recognition of the law of unity lies at the very foundation of Frœbel's educational system, and it is his keen apprehension of its scope and implications, together with his skilful adaptations of its requirements, that make him so sure and safe a guide in the art of human culture. This habit of shrewd observation and power of introspection, joined to a very sensitive nature, made Frœbel, even in childhood, painfully aware of the dissonances of life. An ever-widening observation of nature, animate and inanimate, brought relief to his unrest in the full and intelligent acceptance of this law of unity or inner-connection. Some quotations will indicate a few steps in the process. It was on leaving the University of Jena, in his twenty-first year, that he says: "My stay at Jena had taught me much, but by no means so much as it ought to have taught me, but I had won for myself a standpoint both subjective and objective. I could already perceive unity in diversity; the correlation of forces; the inter-connection of all living things; life in matter; and the principles of physics and biology." Of himself at twenty-five years old, he says: "The most pregnant thought that arose in me at this period was, all is unity, all rests in unity, all springs from unity, strives for, and leads up to unity, and returns to unity at last. This striving in unity, and after unity, is the cause of the several aspects of human life." Now, later on, breaks upon his mind the grand thought of the solidarity of the human race: "Mankind, as a whole, as one great unity, has now become my quickening thought." When he was at Berlin, the lectures of Dr. Weiss in natural history strengthened his insight.

Struck with the calm serenity of nature in one of her loveliest spots, he feels that, "there must exist somewhere some beautifully simple and certain way of freeing human life from contradictions, some means of bringing man to peace with himself internally." To know a truth, with Frœbel, was to reduce it to practice, while his genial, unselfish nature made him desire to share with the whole world the blessing which he had won with such conflict.

He now felt that his vocation was to help his fellow-creatures to realize this ideal which stood so clear and so beautiful before his own mind, and he saw clearly that a great reform must be made in the methods of education. So, giving up, deliberately, all thought of personal ease and profit, he relinquish-

ed the profession for which he had prepared himself, and became a teacher in the model school at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. When he stood up before his class of boys, to use his own words, "the bird was on the wing, the fish in its native element." His original method in teaching geography and arithmetic was recognized as unique and efficient. As a child, he had felt that the method of instruction in the schools he attended was not what it should be; his experience at the different universities had confirmed this opinion in many ways, and showed him that, with notable exceptions, the instruction was unfruitful, because not based on sound philosophical principles. The correlation of studies was ignored, so that the teaching was serappy and disconnected, and the "circle of human knowledge" was a mere theoretical phrase, instead of being an embodied fact. The university faculty complained that students came unprepared to take up the work of the curriculum; the high school teachers declared that too often they had to do the work of preceding grades. At first Frœbel thought that if teachers were better prepared for their work, the schools would produce better results. Eager as ever for self-culture, and desiring to thoroughly fit himself for teaching, he went, after securing an honourable discharge, to study Pestalozzi's methods, which were then attracting the attention of the world.

Meanwhile his continued study of the practical application of the law of unity to education proved to his mind very clearly that education, to be successful, must be conducted on lines indicated by this law of interconnection, one implication of which is development. He saw that the subjects and the process of imparting them at any given time must be exactly suited to the stage of development of the scholar. Frœbel, in common with Herbart, recognized culture-epochs in the scholar corresponding to those of the human race, of which the individual is a unit. And he saw that they, culture-epochs, must be reckoned with both in training and instruction, and that to present the wrong subject at the wrong time, or fail to present the right subject at the right time, was an irretrievable mistake.

Continuity was another principle implied in this law of unity; therefore, there must be no gaps, nor breaks, in education, but every point of it must connect itself, intimately with every preceding and succeeding stage, in the same beautiful sequence, of which nature is so full of illustrations. Going back, grade by grade, from the university, at first Frœbel thought that, if teachers were better pre-

pared, the results of education would correspondingly improve. In the different institutions which he established, his experience soon showed him that even with the best teachers there was still something wanting to secure success; and he soon found that the cause of failure lay in the neglect of developing the intellect and soul of the child from the earliest period. It has been well said, that he pursued his inquiries all along the line of education from the university till he stood by the cradle of the infant. There he felt that the true beginnings of human culture were waiting to be unfolded, by helping the child to the normal use and growth of faculties and powers that lay latent within him ready to respond to wise impulse and fostering care.

Just as the plant must be supplied with suitable conditions to ensure the beautiful growth intended by the Creator, so must the child find, before the life of the school, a full rich culture in the kindergarten and the home; and education must, based on a sound philosophy, even in its very beginnings, form a part of one organic whole, and be a perfect expression, so far as human frailty permit, of this law of unity.

A Bird Tragedy.

One evening recently, while lying in my hammock, I noticed a wounded robin fluttering and hopping across the lawn. It was making its way toward a maple-tree in which I knew a pair of robins had their nest.

Having reached the foot of the tree, it made several futile efforts to fly up into the branches, but only succeeded in fluttering around in a circle near the ground, as one wing was broken. It seemed to be a hopeless struggle, and I wondered how it would end.

I had recently been reading "Wake Robin," and these words of John Burroughs' came to my mind: "One may go blackberrying, and make some discovery. Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news in every bush. What no man ever saw may the next instant be revealed to you."

I do not suppose that the scene which followed is the first instance of the kind that has been noticed; but it was new to my eyes, and I watched it with eager interest.

The repeated efforts of the bird to reach its nest attracted the attention of its mate. She soon flew down beside him, emitting piteous little notes. After hopping anxiously around him for a few

moments, she flew away; and the wounded robin settled quietly down in the grass.

In three or four minutes the mate returned with a large worm in its bill, which it deposited by the side of the sufferer. The worm was eagerly devoured by the wounded bird, who then again rested in the grass, his mate meanwhile having returned to her nest.

Presently the robin, having apparently regained some strength, began to chirp, and was answered from the branches above. His mate again flew down to his side; and now the robin made a desperate attempt to fly or spring up, his mate with outstretched wings got under him, and by their united efforts they gained the branches and their nest.

I heard them chirping for quite a while, evidently trying to find a comfortable position for the wounded bird. It was now dark. My heart throbbed in sympathy for the helpless little creatures. I resolved to be up early, and place food and water near them.

Alas! when I went out in the morning, the robin was dead. I examined his injuries, and found his side had been crushed in, evidently by a stone thrown by a thoughtless boy.

"Oh, boys, boys," I cried in my indignation, "how can you be so cruel or thoughtless? Thoughtlessness that brings pain and death to these little creatures is a crime. Think not that He who grieves at the sparrow's fall will hold you guiltless when you ruthlessly take the life which you can never restore!"

I buried the robin at the foot of the maple. The only requiem was the short, sharp chirps of the bereaved mate, who watched me for a while from a safe distance, then flew away, never to return.—*A. R. McAlpine.*

A Study in Forestry.

The correct answers to the questions on page 266 are as follows: 1. Tulip; 2. Pawpaw; 3. Fir; 4. Bay; 5. Pine; 6. Palm; 7. Locust; 8. Ash; 9. Birch; 10. Peach; 11. Spruce; 12. Beech; 13. Cottonwood; 14. Hemlock; 15. Pear; 16. Cherry; 17. Elder; 18. Cork; 19. Poplar; 20. Witch-hazel; 21. Plum; 22. Rubber; 23. Date; 24. Chestnut; 25. Buckeye; 26. Crab; 27. The Elm; 28. Sandal; 29. Laurel; 30. Basswood.

Weary mother.—"Oh, Jack, if you only knew how tired I get of saying 'Don't' all day long!"

Jack (sadly).—"Well, muvver, just fink what it must be for me!"—*Punch.*

Arbor and Bird Day Programme.

Every teacher should aim to make the school-house and its surroundings clean and beautiful. Divide the scholars into committees weeks before Arbor Day, and assign to each their duties under the teacher's direction. Have frequent reports and meetings of these committees to see that they are doing their work. Assign to one committee of girls the cleaning and decorating of the schoolroom; to another of boys the making of a neat gravel walk from the door to the road; to another the gathering up of all waste paper and debris in piles and clearing the grounds; to another the laying out of the grounds and selection of trees and places to plant them; a programme committee consisting of the teacher and larger girls and boys to prepare for an Arbor Day entertainment, and to send out invitations to parents, trustees and other visitors; a "school garden" committee to form plans with the trustees for breaking up, preparing and fencing ground for a garden, and getting contributions of seeds. (Read "Echoes from a Boys' Garden" in this number in order to get a little inspiration).

Plant shrubs as well as trees. A good shrub is far better and more sightly than a lank, half-starved tree. Viburnums (withe-roses), dogwoods, sumach, elder, wild roses, Canadian holly, lilacs, are good shrubs to plant, especially in sheltered places of the school yard; and they may be found everywhere. The white pine is a beautiful evergreen, and can be made to grow in the dryest and least sheltered of spots. Elms, maples, birches, poplars are all good trees to plant where the soil is not too dry.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

Appropriate material may be gleaned from this and other April numbers of the REVIEW, and from books and magazines, for programmes. Do not have too long an entertainment. Remember that the most important work is the cleaning up of schoolroom and grounds, the planting of shrubs and trees, lessons on plant life, and the getting parents and trustees interested in your work. Then a suitable and well-rendered programme amid clean and appropriate surroundings will be most proper for Arbor Day itself.

Aunt Sarah's Arbor Day (Reading for a Girl).

She was as pleasant as she was poor. All the boys and girls in the neighborhood called her Aunt Sarah; yet she was not a real aunt to one of them. In fact, she had not a single relative in all the world. One day Aunt Sarah was telling the boys about

a beautiful elm tree which used to grow beside her old home. "I would be so happy," she said, "if there was only an elm tree in my yard now. I have so much time on my hands, I could watch its leaves come and go each spring and fall, and it would be such good company for a poor old body, who lives alone as I do. But there is no way for me to ever get such a tree."

"She needn't be too sure of that," mused Ted Brown. But he said nothing till he and the other boys were on their way home from their call on the old lady. Then he began:

"Tell you what it is, fellows, day after to-morrow is Arbor Day, and I say let's go into the fields to-morrow and get a little elm tree to plant under Aunt Sarah's window. Mother will let me invite her to our house to spend the day. And you can plant the tree while she is away."

"So we can," cried the other boys, crowding very close to Ted.

Aunt Sarah was invited to spend the following day at Ted's home; and the boys planted in her yard the most beautiful elm tree they could find. Ted would not harness the horse to drive Aunt Sarah home until it was so dark that she could not see what had been going on in her yard. But when she awoke next morning she found it was Arbor Day indeed, for the branches of the dainty elm kept blowing against her window-pane as if to say, "Good morning."—*Selected.*

Fall Fashions (Recitation for a Girl).

The maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green,
She knew that she had grown of late too shabby to be seen.

The oak and beech and chestnut then deplored their shabbiness,
And all except the hemlock sad were wild to change their dress.

"For fashion plates we'll take the flowers," the rustling maple said,

"And like the tulip I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red."

"The cheerful sunflower suits me best," the lightsome beech replied,

"The marigold my choice shall be," the chestnut spoke with pride.

The sturdy oak took time to think, "I hate such, glaring hues;

The gilly flower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."

So every tree in all the grove, except the hemlock sad,
According to its wish, ere long in brilliant dress was clad.
And there they stand through all the soft and bright
October days,

They wished to be like flowers, indeed they look like huge
bouquets.

—*Sel.*

Quotations.

Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
Like a chieftain's frowning tower. —*Scott.*

Plant in the spring time the beautiful trees,
So that, in future, each soft summer breeze,
Whispering through tree-tops may call to our mind,
Days of our childhood then left far behind.
Days when we learned to be faithful and true,
Days when we yearned our life's future to view,
Days when the good seemed so easy to do,
Days when life's cares were so light and so few. —*Sel.*

When April comes, I tell you what,
The little leaves begin to plot,
And plan and ponder how to bring
Their greenness to the eyes of spring.
'Tis then they say (the cunning elves),
"The time has come to show ourselves.
We must make haste, indeed, if we
Would glorify each bare-boughed tree." —*Sel.*

Do you know the trees by name
When you see them growing
In the fields or in the woods?
They are well worth knowing.
Watch them, watch them when their leaves
Everywhere are showing,
Soon you'll know the different trees
When you see them growing. —*Sel.*

"Wake robin, wake robin,
O robin dear,
Come from the marsh thicket,
For springtime is here." —*Sel.*
Oh birds, that warble to the morning sky,
Oh birds, that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly.—*Tennyson.*

Recitation (for four Girls.)

First.—
Arbor Day has come again,
Hear the robins sing!
All the birds are building nests,
In the early spring.

Second.—
Arbor Day has come again,
And the brook that flows,
Down beside the willow tree,
Whispers of the rose.

Third.—
Arbor Day has come again,
There's music in the breeze,
So upon an April day
We go a-planting trees.

Fourth.—
Arbor Day has come again,
Hark! the songbirds' call!
All the flowers hear their song,
They waken one and all!

All.—
April showers, April showers,
Waken all the sleepy flowers,
Earth's refreshed by April rain,
And Arbor Day is here again!
—*Selected (and altered).*

Recitation (for five Boys).

First.—
The old oak tree is the forest's pride,
The birds in its branches swing,
The breezes rustle its leaves with song,
In the early days of spring.

Second.—
Oh, slender willow we plant to-day,
Your branches hold much joy,
We will borrow your twigs next year,
And make whistles for each boy!

Third.—
Oh, the tree that I love the best
Is the maple with branches high,
The song birds build in its safe retreat,
It makes cool shade for the passerby.

Fourth.—
The poplar tree grows straight and tall,
With its branches toward the sky,
The little birds gather in merry throngs,
And build nests in the branches high.

Fifth.—
The shapely spruce, green all the year,
Is the best tree, you'll agree,
For when old December comes,
'Twill be a Christmas tree!

All.
Then give three cheers for the shady trees,
And for the bird's song sweet,
We'll go with them on Arbor Day,
To their green retreat.
—*Selected (and altered).*

Spring Call (to the Birds).

Spring once said to her fairies three:
"Call the birds to each bush and tree.
Make them welcome, bid them come
To live and love in their northern home."

Cho.—Tra la la, la la, etc.

Soon there came, at the fairies' call,
The birds and birdies great and small.
Singing sweet their songs of glee,
They flocked around the fairies three.

What a Bird Thought.

I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well.
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other.
I thought the world was made of straw,
And cared for by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest,
To see what I could find.
I said, "The world is made of leaves—
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the trees,
Quite fit for grown up labor.
I don't know how the world is made,
Nor neither do my neighbors.

—*Selected.*

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning. —Selected.

The Sower.

"Come, wild Wind," said the Catkin folks,
"Loiter not on the way.
It is time for us to plant our seeds;
We need your help to-day."

The jolly wild Wind whisked merrily by,
And never a word did he say;
But birch and willow and alder trees
He planted by scores that day.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

For the Blackboard.

1. The groves were God's first temples.
2. Man counts his age by years, the oak by centuries.
3. The courteous tree bows to all who seek its shade.
4. As thou sowest so shalt thou reap.
5. How delightful to linger 'mid the shady bowers.
6. Tiny seeds make plenteous harvests.
7. The tree is a nobler object than a king in his coronation robes.
8. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
9. A father's hand hath reared these venerable columns.
10. Earth with her thousand voices praises God.
11. Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the happy soil.
12. God the first garden made, man the first city.

Planting Song (after the planting).

Air, "America."

Grow there and flourish well
Ever the story tell
Of this glad day.

Long may thy branches raise
To heaven our grateful praise,
Waft them on sunlight rays,
To God away.

Deep in the earth to-day
Safely thy roots we lay,
(Tree of our love;
Grow thou and flourish long;
Ever our grateful song
Shall its glad love prolong
To God above.

—*Normal Instructor.*

Arbor Day Questions.

Are you sure that you realize the importance of Arbor Day?

Do you know these things: That forests determine to a great extent the mean temperature of a country, making air currents cooler by day and warmer by night?

That destructive floods are caused by cutting down forests near the course of a river?

That forests act as reservoirs, holding in their vast network of roots moisture that in time of

drought will be drawn upon to prevent lasting injury to vegetation?

That in countries where there are large forests, the evaporation from the surface of the earth is only one-fifth as great as in open countries?

That six per cent more rain falls yearly in forests than in open fields?

That land may be reclaimed by tree-planting?

That trees perform a valuable service to health in setting free so much oxygen by action on carbon dioxide in the air?

That we draw every year \$700,000,000 worth of products from trees?

That \$300,000,000 of trees are destroyed by fire every year in the United States?

That at the end of each day we have 30,000 acres less of lumber than at the end of the previous day?

That if we continue to destroy trees as rapidly in the next two or three hundred years as in the past, the welfare of country will be seriously endangered?

If you know these things, you are ready to make your Arbor Day programme strong and helpful.—
Selected.

Language of the Birds.

The poets have now found a language for the birds, which they translate into human speech. What they say is not the same to each listening ear. Dr. Van Dyke, a true bird-lover, in one of his many delightful poems about them, confesses which is his favorite, and says:

"That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
I'd choose the song sparrow, my dear,
Because he'd bless me every year,
With 'Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.'"

Professor Walton, Leeds, in his new work, *The Principles of Teaching*, expresses the opinion that the oral lesson has a mischievous tendency to produce idleness on the part of the pupils of all but the youngest classes, which tendency, he considers, may be corrected by teaching them how to make use of books the main instruments of their after-culture.

Corporal punishment in a public school in Japan is unknown; the very thought of it to the Japanese mind signifies barbarous vulgarity and piteous lack of self-control on the part of teacher and pupil, mainly that of the teacher.

Echoes from a Boys' Garden.

LOUISE KLEIN MILLER IN N. Y. SCHOOL JOURNAL.

"Is this the place for the garden?" said Dick, as he gazed at the recently plowed and harrowed ground, full of witch grass, weeds and glacial boulders.

"Yes," I said, "isn't it a good place to work?"

"I should think it is a good place to work!" he replied, with a rather savage emphasis upon work.

"May I have the first garden?" asked Robert.

"You know what is expected of the first garden," I cautioned.

"I should like the second," cried Mike.

"Don't be in too great haste; we must examine the plan of the garden first." At this suggestion they all arranged themselves to study the plan which was spread out on the grass before them.

"Is this the whole garden?" inquired Joe, who seemed to think it rather small.

"No, indeed! I explained. "It is the plan of a garden to be planted by each boy, and drawn to a scale one-fourth of an inch to a foot. Do you understand what that means?"

"Does each fourth of an inch on the plan stand for a foot in the garden?" questioned Joe.

"What else could it mean?" said Dick.

"It is two and a half inches wide; how wide is the garden, Carl?" I inquired.

"That's easy," said Carl; "ten feet wide."

"It is twenty-two inches long; can you figure the length of the garden, Fred?" After some hesitation Mike offered to get him a big piece of paper and a long lead pencil.

"I know that," said James; "ninety feet."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Now, boys, each of you is to have a space, ten feet wide and ninety feet long, to plant and keep in order. Can you do it?"

"Yes." "Of course!" "I should think so!"

"We'll try!" "We could take one twice as large!" and other exclamations came in chorus.

"Roy, I want you to try to direct this work. The plan indicates ten feet for flowers, ten for squashes, six each for lettuce, radishes, carrots, beets; then a four foot path; six feet each for tomatoes, turnips, peas, and beans, and nine each for corn and potatoes."

"Does each boy plant all these things?" inquired Dick.

"Yes," I replied. "Now we will lay out the garden. Here is the measuring tape. I will hold one end, and Henry, you take the other. Each boy get a stake. Roy, take the plan and show the boys

where to drive the stakes. Be careful; that line is not quite straight. We want everything done 'shipshape.' That is better," I discovered, looking along the line.

"Is that all right?" inquired Roy, his face flushed with excitement.

"Yes, you did that very well," giving him a nod of approval.

"Robert, would you like to direct the staking off of the front of the garden?"

"Thank you, I should. Are the gardens to be close together?" he asked, examining the plan for assistance.

"No, see, there is to be a foot-path between the gardens," pointing to the plans.

"May we do it all ourselves?" asked Robert.

"Yes, if you can. Be sure you are right and then go ahead. As soon as you have finished you may select your gardens and give me your names and the number of your gardens."

"What shall we do next?" inquired Mike, anxious to get to work.

"You may stake off your own garden now, and to-morrow we will begin the planting."

When we said good-night I felt the hardest part of the work had been done.

"What are these?" inquired Henry, as he examined some plants in a box.

"Don't you know a tomato plant when you see it?" asked Dick, with apparent disgust.

"Hand me a plant, will you please, Fred. You know, boys, that plants, as well as animals, take food in order to grow. Where will this plant get its food?"

"The roots will take some food from the ground," said Carl, "and I think the leaves take some from the air."

"Carl is right, but can these roots take up particles of soil?"

"No," said Mike; "they must have water, too."

"When you drop a lump of sugar into a cup of tea, what happens to it?"

"It melts," cried Dick.

"It dissolves," said Henry, deliberately.

"Can you see it after it dissolves?"

"No."

"When you drink the tea what do you take also?"

"Sugar," came the reply.

"Why will the tomatoes and all other plants in the garden require rain or moisture?"

"I know," cried Carl; "to dissolve the soil so the plants can use it for food."

"Each boy takes three plants. Be careful; do not injure the delicate root tips," I said, carefully removing a plant from the box.

"Where shall we plant them?" demanded Joe, rather helplessly.

"Examine the plan. It will show you just where to put them. Spread the roots out so they may get plenty of food. Well, that is a good beginning."

"Are these the potatoes?" asked Roy, after he had planted his tomatoes. "How many shall we plant?"

"It is about time you are doing some gardening," said Mike, with apparent amazement. "Don't you know you don't plant potatoes? That you have to cut them up into pieces?"

"Cut them up!" said Roy, in surprise; "how, this way?"

"You plant that piece without any eyes and see how many potatoes you get from that hill!" said Mike.

"Are you all ready, boys. We will take the potatoes next. They are thickened underground stems or tubers. We do not plant the whole potato, but cut them up into pieces, each having two 'eyes' or 'buds.'

"What do you do that for?" persisted Roy.

"The white part of the potato, which is used for food, is the material the plant stored away to develop these buds. A new plant will grow from each strong eye. By the time this supply is exhausted the plant is strong enough to take food from the ground and the atmosphere."

"What makes potatoes shrivel up in the cellars after they have sent out their tender sprouts?" asked Dick.

"Can you answer that question from what I have said? Think it over. In a few days we will pull up a plant and see how it has grown."

"Shall we plant the potatoes as we did the tomatoes?" asked Joe.

"No; make a straight furrow, put in some manure and a small quantity of commercial fertilizer where you expect to put the potatoes. Be careful to mix the soil thoroughly. The plan will show you where to plant them. Then you will have to spend some time fighting weeds."

"I never saw so many weeds in all my life," said Hugo, in a discouraged tone of voice.

"But, my dear boy, remember, every time you pull up a weed or hoe your garden, you loosen the soil, and a farmer would say you set free the plant food in the soil. If it were not for the weeds, corn-fields would not often be plowed or gardens hoed. Keep at the weeds. Get all of them out. It is a good thing for the garden, and will pay."

"It is easy enough to get rid of the weeds, but just look at those rocks!" exclaimed Mike, the great beads of perspiration on his freckled nose. "Do they grow like weeds? I am sure they are getting larger every day."

"When you take to gardening, there are a great many things for you to learn."

"Where did all these rocks come from?" asked Henry.

"They are glacial boulders, and were brought from the north by the great ice plows or glaciers. Growing larger? No, indeed! They are gradually becoming smaller, breaking up, and forming soil. They have had an interesting history which you will enjoy learning some day. Take out all you can with the wheelbarrow. This is good weather and things will grow well."

(Concluded in May number.)

It is said that when the Danes made war on Scotland, one dark night as they were marching on an encampment of sleeping Scots, one of them trod upon a thistle. The pain was so sudden and intense that the man gave a loud cry. This awakened the slumbering Scots, who sprang to arms and defeated their assailants. In gratitude for their deliverance the Scots from that time on made the thistle their national emblem.

The Song of a Robin.

I heard a robin singing,
When the world lay white and drear,
And ne'er a ray of sunshine fell
His little heart to cheer;
I listened to the gladness
That was mingled in his song,
And from my heart the shadows fell
Of weary years and long.

I heard a robin singing,
When the skies were dark above,
And from the song a lesson learned
Of hope, and trust and love.
It spoke to me of patience,
Of a spring our hearts shall know,
When snows of winter falleth not
And cold winds never blow.

—Kathleen Weatherhead, in *Westminster Gazette*.

Recitations for Little Children.

Under-the-Table Manners.

It's very hard to be polite
 If you're a cat.
 When other folks are up at table
 Eating all that they are able,
 You are down upon the mat
 If you're a cat.
 You're expected just to sit
 If you're a cat.
 Not to let them know you're there
 By scratching at the chair,
 Or a light, respectful pat
 If you're a cat.
 You are not to make a fuss
 If you're a cat.
 Tho' there's fish upon the plate
 You're expected just to wait,
 Wait politely on the mat
 If you're a cat.

—*Teachers' Magazine.*

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
 No matter how large the key,
 Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
 'Twould open, I know, for me.
 Then over the land and the sea broadcast
 I'd scatter the smiles to play,
 That the children's faces might hold them fast
 For many and many a day.

If I knew the box that was large enough
 To hold all the frowns I meet,
 I would like to gather them every one,
 From nursery, school, and street;
 Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
 And turn the monster key,
 I'd hire a giant to drop the box
 To the depths of the deep deep sea.

—*Selected.*

Four Dogs.

There were four dogs one summer day
 Went out for a morning walk,
 And as they journeyed upon their way
 They began to laugh and talk.
 Said dog No. 1, "I really think
 My master is very wise;
 For he builds great houses tall and grand
 That reach clear up to the skies."
 Said dog No. 2 in a scornful tone,
 "Ho! Ho! That's wonderful—yes!
 But listen to me! My master writes books,
 He's sold a million, I guess."
 Then dog No. 3 tossed his curly head
 And gave a sly little wink.
 "That's nothing to tell! My master is rich,
 He owns half the world, I think!"
 The fourth little dog had been trotting along
 With a wise, reflective mind.
 A last he said with a happy smile,
 "My master—he is kind!"

Now if your opinion should be asked,
 I wonder what you would say—
 Which dog paid the sweetest compliment
 To his master on that day
 —*Alice J. Cleator, in Pets and Animals.*

My Little Gray Kitten and I.

When the north wind whistles 'round the house
 Piling the snowdrifts high,
 We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—
 My little gray kitty and I.
 I tell her about my work and play,
 And all I mean to do,
 And she purrs so loud I surely think
 That she understands—don't you?
 She looks about with her big round eyes,
 And softly licks my face;
 As I tell her about the word I missed,
 And how I have lost my place.
 Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
 Matters a stormy sky?
 Oh, none have such jolly times as we—
 My little gray kitty and I.

—*Florence A. Jones in Pets and Animals.*

Which One Was Kept.

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,
 And grandmamma said with a frown—
 "It will never do to keep them both,
 The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
 "One kitten's enough to keep;
 Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late,
 And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
 Came little Bess from her nap;
 The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
 And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandmamma, with a smile,
 From the rocking-chair where she sat;
 "God has sent you two little sisters,
 Now, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the Babies a moment,
 With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
 And then to grandmamma soberly said,
 "Which one are you going to drown?"

—*Lillian Street, in "Ideal Home."*

Tokens.

I know that Spring has come,
 Because to-day I heard a wild-bee's hum;
 I found a wind-flower on the warm hillside,
 A cowslip where the brooklet's waters hide;
 And looking at the tree tops far away,
 I saw a touch of green light up the gray.
 Within a door, framed in sunshine rare,
 I saw a child with golden ringlets bare,
 Watching a robin; by these tokens clear
 I know that Spring is here!

—*Ninette M. Lowater.*

Talks With Our Readers.

Miss Jane Brown, Bathurst, N. B., writes as follows: "I am sorry that 'Subscriber,' who writes in the February REVIEW, finds any difficulty in getting pupils to take a real interest in studying Hay's History of New Brunswick. Ever since the book was published I have been teaching it. And I have found my pupils enjoy and easily understand it. Of course, we first took it up orally, and afterwards the children greatly enjoyed reading it, and writing short stories about what they had learned. I cannot see why young children should find difficulty in understanding history as it is treated in that book."

G. E. S., Andover, N. B., asks for a list of New Brunswick governors and also for King Edward's full name. Governors of N. B. before confederation: Col. Thomas Carleton, Major General George Tracey Smith, Sir Howard Douglas, Major General Sir Archibald Campbell, Major General Sir John Harvey, Major General Sir William Colebrooke, Sir Edmund Head, Hon. J. Henry Thomas Manners-Sutton, Hon. Arthur H. Gordon. Since confederation: Hon. L. A. Wilmot, Hon. S. L. Tilley (twice Lieut. Governor, from 1873 to 1878, and from 1885 to 1893), Hon. E. B. Chandler, Hon. R. D. Wilmot, Hon. John Boyd, Hon. J. J. Fraser, Hon. A. R. McClellan, Hon. J. B. Snowball, and the present Lieut. Governor, Hon. L. J. Tweedie.

King Edward VII's name is Albert Edward.

Mr. H. A. Garland, of Salisbury, N. B., wishes for an inexpensive text-book on the new language, Esperanto, with grammar, vocabulary, etc., a dictionary, with prices and where they can be obtained. Can Dr. Creed or any one write him and give the desired information?

No one who is interested in education can afford to overlook an illuminating paper by Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard, on *The Ideal Teacher*, which appears in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April. It is a high standard he sets here; he admits himself that it may be unattainable; but there is inspiration in it.

The National Educational Association will meet this year in July, at Los Angeles, Cal. Among the invitations for next year is one to meet at Toronto.

Set about doing good. One act of kindness will have more influence on the spirit than all the salt water baths that ever were invented.—*Ex.*

But all the same, the baths need not be omitted.

The Teacher's Wisdom.

The ideal teacher must be in possession of a wealth of accumulated wisdom. These hungry pupils are drawing all their nourishment from us, and have we got it to give? They will be poor, if we are poor; rich if we are wealthy. We are their source of supply. Every time we cut ourselves off from nutrition, we enfeeble them. And how frequently devoted teachers make this mistake! dedicating themselves so to the immediate needs of those about them that they themselves grow thinner each year. We all know "the teacher's face." It is meagre, worn, sacrificial, anxious, powerless. That is exactly the opposite of what it should be. The teacher should be the big bounteous being of the community. Other people may get along tolerably by holding whatever small knowledge comes their way. A moderate stock will pretty well serve their private turn. But that is not our case. Supplying a multitude, we need wealth sufficient for a multitude. We should then be clutching at knowledge on every side. Nothing must escape us. It is a mistake to reject a bit of truth because it lies outside our province. Some day we shall need it.—*Prof. G. H. Palmer, in the April Atlantic.*

President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard: "More important than pensions for school teachers is better air in schoolrooms, expert instead of amateur supervision, and what the community needs also in its teachers is to have them become more robust and gayer persons. A pension for teachers, however, is not a serious additional burden on taxpayers. For in the increased efficiency of the teachers themselves, the account is more than equally balanced. I believe that the time of universal pensions is nearer at hand than many persons think."

The reason that birds do not fall off their perch is because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent. Look at a hen walking, and you will see it closes its toes as it raises the foot and opens them as it touches the ground.—*Ex.*

The REVIEW is very interesting and a great help to me in my work. I find the pictures and our talks on them of lively interest to the pupils.

HOPE CRANDALL.

Bristol, N. B.

Natural History for Little Folks.

Our Daily Bread.

The bread and cake you eat at tea are made of flour by the baker, and the miller grinds this flour from the wheat which he buys from the farmer.

The farmer ploughs the field and sows little seeds of corn. A wheat seed is a tiny thing, smaller than the nail of your little finger, with a thin, hard husk, and white flour inside. In the midst of the flour there lies a very thin germ, not so big as a pin's head.

This germ sleeps in the seed like a baby sleeps in the cradle, but out of the tiny germ grows a blade as tall as a tall child, with roots and leaves below and an ear of wheat at the top. In the ear there are again many new seeds, more than the fingers on your hands, which have all sprung from the one seed which the farmer laid in the earth. The farmer sowed one sackful in the spring, but he brought home many full sacks in the autumn.

One seed is eaten by a beetle, another is carried by the field-mouse to her little ones in the mouse-hole, a third the lark eats for his breakfast, after which he sings a glorious song of thanks, and a fourth the sparrow swallows for his lunch, while the hen takes a few for her supper that she may lay another egg to-morrow. The doves and the geese have their share thrown to them, and the cow and the horse enjoy their feed of corn in their stalls, but there will still be many, many grains left, and of these are made corn-flour and vermicelli, besides coarse and fine flour for people all over the world.

A Young Monkey

This little monkey was born in the crown of the highest palm tree where he was the only child of his devoted mother. Round about him swayed the delicate fans of the tree, bright clusters of blossoms and branches of fruit hung round his cradle, and the wind rocked it gently. The air was sultry, and the vast forest lay dark and quiet deep down below, with a tangle of plants covering the swampy ground. Pine apples, figs, and cocoanut palms grew there by the side of tall sugar canes. For a long time the young monkey clung to his mother's neck, till he had learned to climb alone along the swaying creepers that were slung from one tree to another, while exquisite butterflies fluttered round him and parrots greeted him with loud shrieks.

The old monkeys, his parents, took the greatest care of him, and his mother carried him down to the spring to wash his little face, which she did in

spite of his screams and struggles. Sometimes, when the monkey family was resting in the heat of the day, a glistening, poisonous snake would slide noiselessly up with murder in her heart, but father monkey, always on the alert, would spy it instantly, and give the signal for flight.

The little one was well taken care of, but, on the other hand, he had to learn the strictest obedience. When a lot of old monkeys were gathered together, discussing—who knows what?—and the little one popped his inquisitive head among the bearded elders, a tremendous box on the ear was his reward, that sent him, a howling, but wiser little monkey, back to his fond mother's arms. She taught him to climb up and down the strings of twining plants, and, swinging by his tail, to seize the distant branch of a tree, and to hide behind the dark foliage. If a shadow stole over the leaves she disappeared with him, quick as lightning, into the thickest mass of creepers and showed him overhead the much feared eagle, who was ready to dive through the crowns of the trees to seize the unobservant with his deadly sharp claws.

Sometimes at night, in the forest tangle, something stirred, and two gleaming eyes glowed through the darkness. A jaguar was about to fall upon the sleeping monkeys on the tree, when they fled in terrified haste to the uttermost ends of the branches. There they hung by their tails and swung in mid-air where the robber could no longer seize them.

Another time, the mother showed her young one where the sweetest fruit and berries of the forest were to be found, and taught him how to open the nuts and how to sort the kernel from the shell. At night they listened to the wonderful concert which the other monkeys were giving in the wide crests of a giant tree, twenty at a time sitting round about in the branches with the moon for their lamp and the sparkling fire-flies and glow-worms for candles. One bearded monkey would begin with an ear-splitting howl, and sing uniformly and drearily alone for a time, till suddenly the whole chorus joined in with full strength, so that the uproar could be heard a mile off through the halls of the forest, and the sleepers about were aroused. Then the young monkey joined with the others in the song, and his mother was proud of her well-brought-up little son.

The Spider.

Once upon a time there was a little spider, who came from out of the garden into a room, and hid

behind a cupboard. There she sat all day in a corner and no one noticed her, but when it was dark and the people were asleep, she came out and began to spin a web on the wall. She had four big eyes and four little ones, and with these she could see as well by night as she could by day. She needed neither candle nor lamp to work by.

In her body she had spinning glands, and from them she spun thin threads, drew them this way and that and made a fine web of them. In it she meant to catch the flies that are so troublesome to people, and gnats that bite and worry children. With her eight legs she wove the threads into each other, putting little sticky knots upon them, and on these the flies and gnats were to stick with their wings as they flew by. Finally she wove at the end of the web, sheltered in the corner of the room, a little tube-shaped house for herself. In this she sat, looking out of the opening as if it were a window.

When morning came with bright daylight all was ready. She had worked very hard, and was as happy and as proud of her work as ever a spider could be. She had built her house well, and it was all neat and proper.

And now you might suppose that people took a delight in this industrious little spider, and admired the beautiful net which was to catch the tiresome flies. But you will see.

When the mother came into the room with her child, and saw the spider's big web and the spider, she took a broom, swept them off the wall, and threw them into the yard. "That spider had worked hard," she said, "and did more in this one night than many a man works in a week, but it did its clever work in the wrong place. It should spin its web in the yard or the garden, but not in the room. Do your work well, and do it where it is wanted."

An Irish priest had laboured hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy, is it, Father?" responded Michael, "and it was Your Riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

How the children did enjoy the picture in the
March REVIEW!
G. Y. B.

A Spelling Test.

Infallible, liquefy, scandal, diamond, academy, glimpse, beggar, forfeit, internally, harangue, immense, financier, chief, malicious, heifer, pronunciation, ominous, rampant, assessor, lucid, vaccinate, ventilation, utterance, adverse, likelihood, assailant, indictment, Pennsylvania, biennial, pianos, martyr, vagrant, pyramid, verbal, grievance, Binghampton, salad, aqueduct, volcano, refer, referring, referred, reference, elementary, subtrahend, miscellaneous, preliminary, platinum, participle, convergence.

Have written on the blackboard in a corner that is not likely to be needed the name of every pupil in the room. Opposite each name, have five small squares, one for every day of the school week. Let each pupil, when he comes in, put a red mark after his name, if he is on time. If tardy, he must put a blue mark after his name, and if absent the square for the day is a blank. It is a very gratifying sight to the children to see a row of five pretty red crosses after their names, and the friendly rivalry which comes from it is a spur to their ambition to be regular in attendance, and to be right on hand by 9 o'clock every morning.—*Ex.*

A young Frenchman who was learning English while on a tour with an American attendant, exclaimed, "O my, I am all of a sweat!" "Miss Morceau," exclaimed her attendant, "never use that word again! Horses sweat. Men perspire. Ladies merely glow."

Dare to do right; dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,—
Stand like a hero and battle till death.
—*Wilson.*

Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old, Teutonic pluck.
—*Holmes.*

A smile, and then two merry eyes
To make the pleasantest of skies,
A laugh, or many, if you please,
To make the sweetest summer breeze,
All these, if used well and aright
Will even make a dark day bright.
—*Phoebe Cary.*

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained; know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me!"
—*Lowell.*

Number One.

"He is a number one boy," said grandmother, proudly. "A great boy for his books; indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven."

"It is, certainly," returned Uncle John; "but what a pity it is that he is blind."

"Blind?" exclaimed grandmother, and the number one boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John! what put that into your head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the number one boy himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy-chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh, he was so busy reading!" apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John, smiling. "If 'Number One' is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat, nor to run on errands," said Number One.

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books; but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' better run out and play with the other seven-year-old boys and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."
—*Youth's Evangelist.*

We punctuate to make written or printed matter easier to read. The punctuation indicates the relation of the clauses to one another. For example, read this:

That that is not that that is not is not is not that it is.

Now observe what punctuation with the proper inflection of the voice will do toward making the meaning plain:

That that is, is; that that is not, is not; is not that it? It is,

CURRENT EVENTS.

Het Volk, (the People,)—meaning, of course, the Boers as an organized political party,—have won in the elections in Transvaal; and Gen. Botha, one of the leading generals of the Boer side in the late South African war, is the new prime minister of the Transvaal Colony. The first parliament under the new constitution was opened on the 21st of March, both the English and the Dutch languages being used in the debates. That the same men who recently conducted the war against the British should have thus frankly accepted British sovereignty and be now enacting British laws for their country, loyal to their new allegiance and ready to build up a new South Africa under the British flag, is striking evidence of the wisdom of the British policy of granting self-government to new subjects at the earliest possible day. The Dutch premier of the Transvaal will probably meet the French premier of Cameroun in the Colonial Conference which is soon to assemble in England.

The little war in Central America seems to have ended with the defeat of Honduras and the triumph of Nicaragua; but Salvador and Guatemala may attack the victor, fearing that the strength of Nicaragua would endanger their independence. School children would like to see the map of Central America simplified; and will see it when the people of the unhappy little republics learn that there is a distinction between freedom and independence.

The famine in China is having a serious effect upon the political situation, and fears are expressed that it may lead to an uprising against the present dynasty. Prompt relief is asked from motives of humanity, as well as to avert the threatened outbreak of sedition. A general movement throughout the civilized world to aid the sufferers may be necessary, for the sufferers are many and the need is great. The viceroy of one province has asked for a million dollars for the purchase of food.

The spirit of progress is abroad in India. An extension of the representative element in the legislative councils, a larger employment of Indians in the higher offices of state, the development of resources and the encouragement of manufacturers and commerce are advocated; but the Mohammedans, who are numerically in the minority, are opposed to full representative government.

The Canadian parliament will close its session early this month, so that the premier and other members of the cabinet may attend the Colonial Conference in London.

Esperanto, the new international language, continues to make rapid progress. It is taught in many Japanese schools; and there is an Esperanto journal published in Peru. It has already been used in more than one international congress, and is coming into use in commercial correspondence. In France and England the movement to make it the medium of communication for foreign trade is especially strong. The London Chamber of Commerce offers a syllabus of examinations for commercial education certificates, in which French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Italian, Dutch or Esperanto is among the requirements for the junior grade; while for the senior two foreign languages, or one foreign language and Esperanto, are required.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" is still an interesting book, but the amount of time required for the journey could now be reduced by half. From Moscow to Vladivostok, over the Trans-Siberian railway, is a journey of a little less than two weeks. Less than a week is now required to make the journey from ocean to ocean over Canadian railways; and the journey across Europe to Moscow takes but two or three days, so all the overland travel can be done in three weeks. Another week gives ample time for crossing the Atlantic, and two more for crossing the Pacific, with two or three days to spare.

Fresh troubles in Morocco have caused the French cabinet to send troops to the seat of disturbance; the agrarian insurrection in Roumania is assuming alarming proportions, and there is another revolt in Venezuela. Of these, the latter movement is probably of little moment beyond the bounds of Venezuela and the adjoining republic of Colombia; but the Roumanian and Moroccan conditions may have graver results.

Forty-six nations will send representatives to the conference which meets at the Hague at the close of next month. Only twenty-six were represented at the first Hague Conference. The first conference gave us the international court now known as the Hague Tribunal. If this second and greater conference gives us anything of greater importance to mankind at large it can be little less than the fulfilment of Tennyson's dream—the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

The old alliance between France and Russia, the good understanding which now exists between Great Britain and France, and the close alliance between Great Britain, Russia and Japan which is said to be now almost assured, would seem to forbid war either in Europe or in Asia. The British and Russian governments have agreed upon a joint course of action if foreign intervention in Persia becomes necessary. Italy, Spain and Portugal will support Great Britain and France in any action that is needed on the shores of the Mediterranean. Japan, rapidly increasing in strength, and India, unquestionably loyal to British rule, make peace in the Far East if there is no further danger of a renewal of the Russo-Japanese war. But neither international alliance nor peace conference can make armies needless so long as the red flag of Socialism in most European countries threatens internal war.

British rule has brought prosperity and confidence to the people of Northern Nigeria, of which vast region a Canadian officer, Sir Percy Girouard, has been appointed high commissioner. The country is rich in agricultural possibilities, and capable of producing immense quantities of cotton. The new commissioner's experience in railway construction in Egypt and South Africa will enable him soon to provide transportation facilities; and the native chiefs are said to be eager for the introduction of "the white man's slaves," that is, machinery. The authority of native chiefs will be maintained and regulated; and, as usual, British rule will conserve all that is good in the native administration.

A British explorer, Major Powell-Cotton, who has recently returned from Central Africa, reports the finding of six animals hitherto unknown to naturalists. They include a tiger cat about the size of a leopard, an antelope armed with tusks, a new black and white monkey, and a huge red buffalo.

It is announced that the Dominion Government will build a railway to Hudson Bay as soon as possible to meet the urgent need that is now in plain sight for an additional and shorter railway route from the prairies to the water.

Oronhyateka is dead. His name will long be remembered in Canada as that of one whose character displayed the virtues of his race. As a representative of the Six Nations, in 1860, he read an address to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. and so impressed his royal highness that he was invited to go to England to complete his education. Returning to Canada, he took up the practice of medicine. He sought admission to the order of Foresters, chiefly because only white men were before admitted, and he wished to break down the exclusion of the men of his own race. He soon rose to the head of the organization, which became the wealthiest among the fraternal orders in America. Great funeral display marked the passing of his body through Toronto, on its way to the Mohawk reservation where he had lived, and where it was finally laid to rest by his own people in the little burial ground of the reservation.

The second Russian parliament is in session, and is quietly proceeding with its work. There is much reason to hope that its demands will be more moderate than those of the former assembly, and that the government will be ready to concede them.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Mount Allison University has appointed as Rhodes scholar for New Brunswick, George Douglas Rogers, of Sussex, N. B. Mr. Rogers possesses a union of the qualities, physical, social, intellectual and moral, which are to be considered in the election of a Rhodes scholar. He is now at Harvard University where he is pursuing advanced courses in Latin and Greek.

To fill the vacancy in Truro, N. S., Academy, caused by Mr. W. R. Campbell's promotion to the inspectorate, Miss Jessie Campbell, B. A., of Baddeck, C. B., has been appointed until a permanent principal can be chosen.

The introduction of a measure providing for the establishment of an institute of technology has been postponed by the Nova Scotia Legislature until next year.

A University Club has been formed at Wolfville, N. S., composed of the teachers of the three institutions of Acadia University, the object of which is mental improvement and recreation.

R. G. D. Richardson, B. A. (Acadia) and Ph. D. (Yale), has been appointed assistant professor of mathematics at Brown University, and will enter on his duties in September next. Dr. Richardson is the author of several important mathematical works, is a member of the American Mathematical Society, and has recently been an instructor in mathematics at Yale University.

Dr. Geo. T. Kennedy, for more than twenty years professor of Natural Science at King's College, Windsor, N. S., died at Wolfville, March 1st. Dr. Kennedy studied at McGill University under the late Sir Wm. Dawson, and afterwards pursued a post-graduate course at Yale University. He was professor of Natural Science at Acadia, and afterwards at Kings College, which latter position he resigned on account of failing health about three years ago.

Mr. J. Arthur Estey, of Fredericton, who will graduate in June next from Acadia University, has been awarded the Nova Scotia Rhodes scholarship. Mr. Estey entered Acadia in 1902, winning the Freshman scholarship of \$60. He is a good musician, accomplished in field sports, and a thorough and capable student.

Mr. Hedley V. Hayes, late principal of the Alexandra school, St. John, has been appointed head of the manual training school which is to be opened in St. John at the beginning of the next school term. Mr. Hayes is an energetic and accomplished teacher, and may be relied on to make the new manual school a success. He is now finishing his course at the Normal Institute of Manual Training, Fredericton.

Mr. A. L. Dykman, principal of the Douglas Avenue school, St. John, has been appointed to the principalship of the Alexandra school, vacated by Mr. Hayes, Mr. W. R. Shanklin, of the Newman street school, St. John, has been appointed principal of the La Tour school; and Mr. J. G. McKinnon, teacher of grade six in the Leinster street school has been appointed head of the Newman street school. Mr. W. A. Nelson, principal of the La Tour school, becomes principal of the Douglas Avenue school.

Mr. J. Simpson Lord, recently the successful principal of the Fairville school, and for nearly a year teacher of grade eight of the St. John high school, has resigned to accept the position of bookkeeper for Ganong Bros., St. Stephen. His position in the high school has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Reverdy Steeves, for several years a teacher in Albert County, N. B., and recently a boot and shoe dealer in St. John.

Mr. J. R. Sugrue, for twenty-three years a faithful teacher in St. Malachi's Hall school, St. John, has been appointed a tide-waiter in the customs service of that city.

Mr. C. Stanley Bruce, lately appointed inspector of the Counties of Yarmouth and Shelburne, has been succeeded in the principalship of the Shelburne County Academy by Miss Mabel McCurdy, B. A., of Onslow, Colchester County, recently graduated with academic rank at the Provincial Normal School, at Truro.

The historic town of Louisburg, C. B., is moving in the matter of providing better school accommodation. The present building does not furnish adequate facilities for the needs of the town and has been condemned.

Miss Mabel E. Bishop has been appointed vice-principal of Annapolis County, N. S., Academy.

Principal Peterson, of McGill University, announces that affiliation with McGill of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I., is now an accomplished fact. This is considered along with British Columbia plans of McGill to be an advance step in the interests of higher education in the Dominion. The first two years' courses at these colleges will be accepted at McGill.

The education department of Ontario has decided to supply every rural school in the province with a large Union Jack, upon which will be emblazoned the Canadian coat-of-arms. It is expected that this movement will help to develop patriotism and teach practical citizenship.

McGill University, Montreal, has decided to extend its medical course from four to five years, beginning with next September.

The University of New Brunswick Senate has decided to grant a retiring annuity of \$400 to Professor L. W.

Bailey, which, with an allowance from the Carnegie Foundation, will afford a retiring pension of nearly \$1500 a year. Dr. Brittain, as lecturer in chemistry, was granted a gratuity of \$300. Philip Cox, Ph. D., principal of the Chatham grammar school and Mr. Geo. W. Bailey are applicants for the position to be shortly vacated by Professor Bailey. Dr. Cox is a capable teacher and an enthusiastic all-round naturalist. Mr. Bailey will shortly receive his medical degree from McGill University where he recently completed his studies with a creditable record in natural science.

The University of New Brunswick has established a chair of agricultural chemistry. The salary for the new position is \$1200 a year.

The annual convention of the New Brunswick Teachers' Association meets at Fredericton on April 1st.

Mr. Raymond Ellis, of St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, is the winner of the Rhodes scholarship for Prince Edward Island this year. There were three other competitors. Mr. Ellis, who will graduate from St. Dunstan's College in June, is twenty years of age, has an excellent record in scholarship and in athletics.

The debate between students of the University of N. B. and Kings College, Windsor, N. S., took place at Fredericton March 21, and was won by the U. N. B. students.

RECENT BOOKS.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, have published in their "Riverside Literature Series" Thomas Carlyle's lectures on *Heroes, Hero-worship, and The Heroic in History*, edited by John Chester Adams, Ph. D., of Yale University; price, paper 45 cents, cloth 50 cents; and James Russell Lowell's *A Moosehead Journal* and other papers; price, paper, 15 cents. Both volumes are provided with notes, and that on Carlyle has a scholarly introduction well fitted to stimulate the beginner in the study of the author's thought and style.

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, Soho Square, London, are publishing an authentic edition of Scott's novels with introduction and notes for school use. The text embraces corrections and improvements made by the author almost to the day of his death. *The Talisman*—the first of the set—is unique in style and binding; price, cloth 1s. From the same publishers there have been received selections of verse entitled *Song and Story*, for junior, intermediate and senior scholars—three volumes, paper, price 6d. each. The selections are all concise, from the best authors, and adapted for school recitations.

THE PRINCIPLES OF HORTICULTURE. Cloth, pages 166.

Price 2s. By Wilfred Mark Webb, F. L. S., curator of Eton College Museum. Blackie & Son, London.

This is a series of practical lessons, forming a useful introduction to horticulture or agriculture. Indeed, it is a very serviceable work for any student or for one who wishes to inform himself on the mysteries of plant life. With this little book as a guide, the structure and growth of plants may be followed with comparative ease by anyone desirous to make himself acquainted with plants. Hints are also given for microscopical and other experimental work as the student advances, and there is a chapter on injurious insects and how to destroy them. The diagrams and illustrations are especially noteworthy for their clearness and suggestiveness.



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HOW TO MAKE UP GARMENTS. By Agnes Walker, LL. A.
Lecturer on Needlework, Training College, Aberdeen.
Cloth. Pages 144. Price 3s. 6d. Blackie & Son,
London.

This is an exceedingly helpful series of lessons for the home and schoolroom on the useful art of cutting out and making clothing. It is a most attractive manual from the multiplicity and beauty of its diagrams, many of them in colours; and in simplicity and accuracy of directions it is all that can be wished for.

Messrs. Blackie & Son, London, publish selections from the *Life of Josephus*, price 1s. 6d., an author "less read than he deserves both in schools and by the general public." From the same publishers there are Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, price 1s., with introduction and notes; editions of the "Greater Plays of Shakespeare,"—*Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *King John*, *A Mid-Summer Night's Dream*, price 4d. each, neatly printed and attractively bound, omitting everything undesirable in class reading. Macaulay's *Essay on Clive*, and *Essay on Warren Hastings*, Marcellinus's *Julian the Apostate*, Prescott's *Montezuma*, price 6d. each—all in the "English School Text" series, and with brief biographical sketches of the authors; from Blackie's "Story Book Readers" there are *The Gold Sovereign* (2d.), *Katy's Misfortune*, by Susan Coolidge (4d.), *In Meath Meadows*, by Mary T. McKenna (3½d.).

In "Blackie's Latin Texts" there have been received *Caesar's Gallic War*, Books II, III and IV, price 6d. each; Virgil's *Georgicon*, Books I and II, (6d. each), and *Selections from Tibullus* (6d.), each with brief introduction but no notes, and with vowels long by nature all marked.

In "Blackie's Little French Classics" we have Racine's celebrated drama of *Athalie* (10d.); the play in five scenes *Fleur de Neige*, and *Le Petit Grand-pere et La Petit Grand-mere*, a comedy in one act (price 4d. each). Blackie & Son, London.

Hawkins' *Elementary Geometry*, new edition. (Cloth 3s. 6d.) furnishes a systematic and regular course for students for college entrance. Blackie & Son, London.

RECENT MAGAZINES.

Mr. Ira A. MacKay, a barrister of Halifax, has contributed an article to the March number of *The Canadian Magazine* entitled Canadian Nationality. The number is filled with other contributions of a varied and entertaining character.

Littell's *Living Age* in its issue for March 2nd has an article of unusual interest to Canadians, entitled, *Canada, Under What Flag?* reprinted from the *Monthly Review*. In the number for March 9th there is an article on *Women and Politics*. The writer, Caroline E. Stephen, is not at all in sympathy with the "suffragettes" and she presents forcibly the considerations which lead many women to shrink from the burdens and responsibilities of the ballot.

Mr. Bliss Carman has an article on *The Art of Walking* in the April *Delineator*, in which he tells how to walk if you would have it do you good. In writing of the *Night Schools of a Great City*, Esther Harlan shows the rapid development of these invaluable aids to education. An article on *Picture-making for Amateurs* appeals to all readers who understand the camera.

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OFFICIAL NOTICES.

Province of Nova Scotia.

The County of Colchester has been made a separate Inspectorial division by the Council of Public Instruction, to be known as Division No. 11, to go into effect on the first day of March, this year.

C. Stanley Bruce, Principal of the *Shelburne County Academy*, has been appointed Inspector of Schools for Division No. 3 (the counties of Yarmouth and Shelburne).

W. R. Campbell, M. A., Principal of the *County Academy at Truro*, has been appointed Inspector of Schools for Division No. 12, (the County of Colchester).

Teachers and School Trustees are asked to take notice and govern themselves accordingly. The address of each inspector is italicised above.

A. H. MACKAY.

Halifax, 1st March, 1907.

Sec'y C. P. I.

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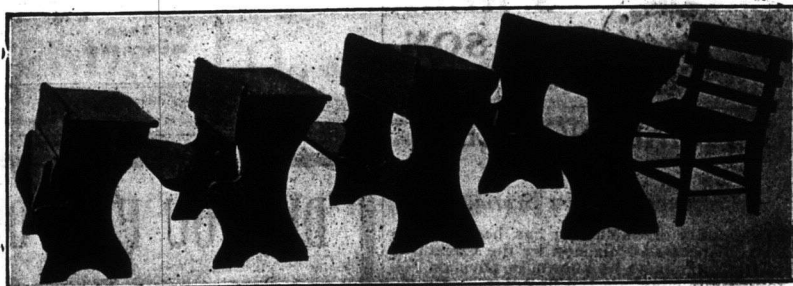
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