

stalwart husband holding a baby girl of two years in his arms. Your heart gives one bound of thanksgiving that this home is not desolate.

The services began, one of the neighbors starting a hymn with the refrain of "Shall you? shall I?" that was full of warning to the unrepentant. The hymn was so large, and the occasion of it so small; the baby so calm, the hymn so fierce and full of possible woe, that it was confusing. The rich, soothing voice of our college man, whose sympathy for the people in this region had expressed itself so freely as to make them turn to him in trouble, broke the silence with those words whose majesty fits alike the mansion and hovel at the time when there is no social distinction: "I am the resurrection and the life." How trivial our ambitions, how paltry our hopes, measured by these words! A few words of comfort followed, and we sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," startled almost into silence as the beautiful tenor voice of the father joined with ours. Clear, true, triumphant to the last note, it led, and then again the deadening silence. After a few minutes of awkward waiting we shook hands with the father and mother and left the house. A quick step followed, and the father, with pathetic eagerness, asked us to go to the grave. "Jist through the woods here; only a piece. I only got one wagon, and I can't ask ye to ride, but please go."

We followed our guide, a small boy, into the clearing, over bogs, through the woods, over stones and stumps, to a clearing on a hillside. At its foot a shallow stream made a rough bridge of logs necessary to reach the steep, rough field on the other side. At its top was a weather-beaten, moss-grown fence inclosing ground about twelve feet square. "There 'tis," said our guide. "What?" we were forced to ask. "The graveyard." He evidently felt that he had kept his agreement, and left us. Silently we walked down the hill, over the tottering bridge, climbed up toward the appointed place, and waited.

A tangled mass of weeds and briars, through which gleamed two white stones, and a pile of earth, convinced us the boy was right: this was the grave. Slowly through the trees came the wagon, followed by the father and grandfather, walking. The horses struggled and pulled, and finally reached the place where we stood. The three women got out of the wagon, and the tiny coffin, carefully wrapped in a sheet, was taken by the father from under the back seat. The father held it on top of the fence while the grandfather climbed over and took it and placed it beside the open grave. The reins from the horses served to lower it into place. After a portion of the burial service had been read, and a hymn sung, with the father kneeling on the pile of stony earth, we left him with his dead, startled by his remark to the collegian: "It would be well for me were I beside him."

Back through the woods into a storm of wind, rain, and blackness, the limbs snapping from the trees; the little brooks made torrents, the rills running streams across the road. The wind whistled and moaned as we walked with bent heads into the face of the storm. The clouds covered the valley; we were above them. Was it possible that love, friendship, devotion, and their attendant—inspiration—waited in the valley? Or was it that we had suddenly come into a world of death, or of barren life that brought only that which made death welcome, or a world of storms that brought death and disaster as their attendants? But back there on the mountain-top was a quiet baby's grave, with its tangle of wild rose, goldenrod, and aster; and above the cry of the storm rose a clear, sweet tenor voice:

There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given.

The woods are passed; the valley road is reached; the rain falls in torrents, beaten in every direction by the wind. What matters it? There is home. We turn when we reach the piazza and look back to the top of the mountain over which we have come. While we look, the clouds grow lighter, the wind grows calmer, and the pine-trees

for a moment grow golden. We know that that last gleam rests on the little inclosure.

Life is full of promise. Even death is but the promise of life freed from the shackles of inheritance.

The storm is past.



## A Scientific Guide

Too rarely do parents realize that the standing of their sons and daughters as college students depends altogether on the kind of secondary or preparatory school they attended. If this school has not been founded on a true educational basis, then the student must enter college handicapped; he must either build from the foundation the parts that have been left out, or he must leave college with the consciousness that the foundation of his knowledge is not what it should be; that he is better grounded in the lines that his academic education have covered than in his elementary knowledge. The heads of colleges throughout the country have justly complained of the preparation that many of the students brought under their care have received. The report of the Committee of Ten, composed of the best-known educators of this country, has just been made public. The recommendations of the Committee, which was divided into nine Conferences on specific subjects, were reported editorially in *The Outlook* of last week, but some points not there mentioned may be profitably touched on here.

The study of English, in the judgment of this Committee, should be continued during the entire four years in the high school, this study including both the study of literature and training in expression in all studies. It recommends the study of French or German to begin at the age of ten years, and declares that the obstacle to modern language study is the lack of properly equipped instructors; and suggests that it is the duty of universities, States, and cities to provide opportunities for the special preparation of modern language teachers.

The Conference on Mathematics recommends a radical change in the teaching of arithmetic, by omitting entirely "those subjects which perplex and exhaust the pupil without affording any really valuable mental discipline, and that the course be enriched by a greater number of exercises in simple calculations and in the solution of concrete problems." The study of arithmetic, in the judgment of this Committee, should begin about the age of six years, and be completed by the thirteenth.

The Conferences on scientific subjects agreed unanimously that the study of botany and zoölogy ought to be introduced into the primary schools at the beginning of the school course, two periods a week throughout the whole course below the high school being given to the subjects; that in the study of natural science no text-books should be allowed in the primary grades; that the study of natural science should be closely associated with literature, language, and drawing. Physiology is recommended for the high school course; an increase in the time allotted to civil government and history is advised; and the Conference urged the teaching of history in connection with English, and also that political geography, history, topography, historical and commercial geography, should be associated.

Geography as it is studied in our public schools is apparently, and rightly, an unknown study to the Conference to which that subject was referred. Geography to this Conference means the study of the elements of botany, zoölogy, astronomy, meteorology, commerce, government, and ethnology—the only possible way in which geography can be taught to become a part of a man's mind. There is no study in our elementary schools that is so absolutely absurd as geography as it is taught. It would be laughable, if it were not for the seriousness of the blunder, to hear a class in a primary department get up and pronounce the names of rivers in Asia, or give the names of small cities in Germany, without having it made clear to them that the rivers, for instance, are in a country subject to a particular kind of government, are used for special services of

commerce, by a special race of people; that on their borders certain peculiar flowers are to be found; that animals and fishes of a peculiar kind live in the woods and waters of the particular country; that the trees that grow along their banks are many of them of a peculiar kind. Without doubt, if one could see into the child's mind, these rivers are in reality merely black lines on a colored surface; and many a child goes through its entire primary course with a vague impression that the colors on the map represent the colors of the country, and, if he could be taken suddenly to Germany, would be surprised to find that the trees were green, the earth brown, and the rivers water, because the map of Germany is painted yellow and the rivers are black lines.

The whole country is indebted to this Committee of gentlemen for the report which they have made. Only when we have uniform standards in our secondary schools can we have a fair test of a system, and the system will live and grow because it is founded on a scientific basis.

It is the business of all intelligent fathers and mothers to provide themselves with this report, which is issued by the National Bureau of Education. Having the standards of these men of intellect and experience as a guide, they will no longer be excusable if they make a mistake in the choice of preparatory schools for their children. Teachers are human, and they will meet the demands made by those who support the schools.



## Our Young Folks

### The School-Girls' Fund

In the issue of The Outlook of January 6 we acknowledged the receipt of \$85 which we had loaned for the benefit of working-girls; \$60 to the Working-Girls' Vacation Society, and \$25 to a club up-town in New York where there was a great deal of suffering. We have received, in addition to the amount named, \$74.25, making a total of \$159.25, which hereafter, until we begin our vacation work, will be known as the School-Girls' Loaning Fund. This money, as was previously stated, will be loaned to members of clubs who are ill or out of work, with the hope of its return to the Vacation Fund. The money will be sent to the officers of the clubs, who are the only ones who could manage such a sum wisely; they know the conditions of the girls as only they can know them; they have had the training that enables them to know how to offer the money, and when. The money will be used, as far as possible, to pay rent, to prevent the scattering of families, and to save self-supporting families from appealing to charitable organizations.

Already more than one family has been kept together by this fund. We cannot refrain from publishing one letter, because its spirit is so true. We do it that the working-girl, should she chance to see this column, will understand that it is not a charity account, but a friendship account:

January 8, 1894.

Dear Outlook:

Some working-girls may be sick this winter from worry because they cannot get work, or others may greatly need a little winter help. You are in touch with them and their needs, so will you kindly use inclosed check as you see it is most needed by working-girls?

My little daughter has enough and to spare, so I give in her name until she can give of her own free choice and self-denial.

We will try to save something against the glad summer-time, too.

With kindest regards,

A. P. A.

Ames Public School, Ames, Iowa.....	\$10 00
E. T. W.....	1 25
Troy, Ohio.....	1 00
A Friend.....	2 00
May D. L., New Haven.....	10 00
H. R., M. R., and E. R.....	15 00
Clara Louisa Avery.....	25 00
L. G.....	10 00
	\$74 25
Previously acknowledged.....	85 00
Total.....	\$159 25

## Where Jack Killed the Giant

By Charles Martyn Prynn

Everybody knows how Jack killed the giant. But Cormoran was not a particularly formidable creature, as Cornish giants went in those days; nor was his death Jack's most noteworthy achievement. A few miles north of Cormoran's abode there lived a giant named Bolster, who was reputed to be twelve miles high; but as he was killed by the strategy of the beautiful maid St. Agnes, he must have belonged to a much later age than the redoubtable Jack.

Jack was a traveling tinker, if the tale is true which was handed down from age to age by the vagrant "drolls," or story-tellers of Cornwall. And it is told with much minuteness of incident how Jack overcame the giant Tom in a bout with single-sticks, and afterwards became his closest friend, teaching him many of the arts of civilization, defending him by his shrewdness and magic from the designs of covetous rivals, and finally marrying Tom's daughter. For the giants were not all of them malicious. Some of them were huge masses of good nature, and lived on friendly terms with the ordinary men and women about, even defending them from the evil-minded giants near by. One is remembered who pined to death through grief at having crushed the skull of a youth whom he dearly loved, by playfully tapping him with his finger during a game of quoits.

Now and then a giant would marry the daughter of an ordinary mortal. Jack's father-in-law, Tom, was one of these. It was on Tom's ground that the tin was found which led to an industry that has been prosecuted for more than two thousand years. Jack was the discoverer, so that it is to him that the world for ages owed its only supply of this most useful metal.

The scene of these exploits was the Land's End district of England. This is a wild and rugged country, of beetling cliffs and frowning hills. The earliest civilization of Great Britain was seen here long before the Christian era. The Phœnicians came here for tin; the ground is honey-combed to a great depth with mines, and in some places the borings run far out under the sea. But though much progress toward civilization was made here while the rest of the island was in savagery, and though the land has for centuries been diligently cultivated, there are great stretches which never have been and never can be reclaimed. The hills rise one upon another in close succession, and the fishermen say that when approaching the coast one sees only a tooth-like range of hills, rising like islands out of the sea. They are none of them lofty, though all imposing, and there is scarcely one which is not crowned with huge masses of granite, scattered about in indescribable confusion, boulder on boulder, yet with a certain design in the seeming disorder. Many of them plainly show man's handiwork. But, besides the ruins of the rude inclosures built as refuges for cattle and for defense against the marauding Danes, there are other remains of still older date, over which many a battle of scientific opinion has been fought. There are innumerable great boulders, weighing many tons each, yet so nicely balanced that any boy can rock them. There are upright stones set in circles; others with large round holes nicely drilled through them; while here and there are cromlechs to mark burial-places, some of them of great size, and one so big that a man could easily ride on horseback under it. Who placed these huge boulders there, and how, nobody can tell. It seems almost impossible for savages to have moved such bulks. They look to be the work of Titans; and so the common people believe, or used to believe, them to be.

It is singular that, wherever among old-established peoples there are rocky hills, there can be found traces of a belief in giants. They are never heard of in flat countries; but wherever the mountains reared their heads, primitive man—always easily impressed by the phenomena of nature—invariably peopled them with superhuman beings. Cornwall is packed with these legends of the giants; there