

tion, both new and old; its patriotism; its sufferings, during and subsequent to the civil war, and its rapid recuperation since. Instead of permitting them to believe that their forefathers, "the old South," were either imbeciles or traitors, let us teach them to love and to hold sacred the history, valor, patriotism and conscience of the Old South.

I am glad however, that the South is waking up from its lethargy; that men and women of ability, of genuine patriotism and love for the truth, are, in modest tones, asking the world to consider the true history of the South. "The Old South," and "Old Virginia," by Thomas Nelson Page; "The New South," by Henry Grady; "Free Foe," by Joel Chandler Harris; the poems of Sidney Lanier and Father Ryan, should be taught to every Southern youth. "Southern Literature," by Miss Louise Mauly, is worthy of a place in every Southern school, and I think that the citizens of the South should see to it that their literature finds a place in the curriculum of every school in the land.

The reason for teaching this literature to small children is, that it is so full of parental love and filial devotion—themes that delight them. It magnifies the home, where mother is queen and sister sacred. It delights in the portrayal of farm scenes; of waving fields, yellow with grain, or white with cotton; of green pastures, made more cheerful by frolicking lambs; of the perfect order and system of farm work; of the merry contented slaves as they went to their work in the morning with songs on their lips, or as they made their quarters lively at night with the banjo and that "double