

A Pronouncing Exercise.

I had a backward third reader class. They were stumbling, stammering readers, and what to do with them was a puzzle to me. One day a friend told me of this plan, and it was helpful to me.

In the readers we were using, the most difficult words were grouped in columns at the beginning of the lesson. I had done the usual drill work on new words as we had taken up the lesson. I did not want to read over and over the same matter until the children dreaded to see supplementary matter. One morning toward the end of the term, when we had already read most of the stories, I said: "We'll have a game in the reading class to-day. When I direct, you may turn to the first lesson, and look through the columns of words at the top of the page. In a few minutes I shall call on some one to pronounce that list. The rest may watch. If the one reciting makes any error, raise hands, and I shall call upon some one else. If he reads the whole list correctly, he may sit here at the front. We will call it the 'Honour row.'"

They studied until I said: "John may begin." He pronounced correctly until he came to "angel," which he called "angel." Hands went up, and I called on some one else for the same list.

At the end of the time I had had only five perfect lists; but had got much drill on those five lessons, and an attentive, interested class, and was surprised at the next recitation, selecting the same lesson for the reading, to notice how much more fluently they read.

Once a week, until the end of the term, I resorted to this method, until I had at least two-thirds of the class in the "Honour row." They had thoroughly learned quite a vocabulary, and had been interested and entertained while acquiring it.—*Selected.*

A young theological student once asked Henry Ward Beecher what to do when people went to sleep in church. "All I can tell you is what we do in Plymouth church," replied Beecher. "The sexton has orders when anyone goes to sleep there, to go up into the pulpit and wake up the minister."

This is my first year of teaching, and I find the REVIEW full of inspiration and very helpful in my work. The articles on nature study in the recent numbers have been especially welcome. J. E. C. Yarmouth Co.

May.

Across the world the tides of old romance
Have borne again white cloud-fleets of the May;
All round their pole the guileless children dance—
Close not the windows of your heart to-day!

Close not the chambers of remembered dreams;
Seal not the gardens where love bloomed of old,
But open to the crooning forest-streams
Where Spring has touched her wildwood harp of gold.

The sunset's kiss will crimson every rose;
The locust buds have claimed each roving bee,—
Close not your heart to-day, for no one knows
What May will bring of hope and melody.

—S. A. White, in *The Canadian Magazine*.

Earl Grey, Our Governor General.

Earl Grey is one of our Elizabethans, a breed which will never die out in England until the English race is extinct. In his person, in his ideas, in his restless energy, he recalls the type of the great adventurers who sailed the Spanish main. There is about him the very aroma of the knighthood of the sixteenth century, whose fragrance lingers long in the corridors of time. He is not a sophister or calculator, "a sly, slow thing with circumspective eyes." Quite the contrary. He is ever in the saddle, with spear at rest, ready to ride forth on perilous quests for the rescue of oppressed damsels or for the vanquishing of giants and dragons, whose blood still infests the land. There is a generous abandon, a free and daring, almost reckless, spirit of enthusiasm about him. He is one of those rare and most favoured of mortals who possess the head of a mature man and the heart of a boy. His very presence, with his alert eye and responsive smile, his rapid movements, and his frank abandon, remind one of the heather hills of Northumberland, the bracing breezes of the North County coast, the free, untrammelled out-of-door life of the romantic border. He is personally one of the most charming of men, one of the most fascinating of personalities. By birth an aristocrat, no one can be more democratic in his sympathies.—By W. T. Stead, in *Review of Reviews*.

There are thirteen Marconi wireless telegraph stations on the Atlantic coast of Canada. The number of messages sent through these stations in the last twelve months was over twenty thousand.

All one's life is music, if one touch the notes right and in time.—*Ruskin*.