



"MAKING A FIRE."

The following exercises suggested by the picture "making a fire" are the work of the children in the primary classes. They had been taught the actions by the toys some time previous and the lessons herewith attached are the results of the evening study hour. They were told not to confine themselves merely to the picture, but use it as a text and write whatever actions it suggested. It will be noticed that some of the children tell the manner of getting the wood, while others inform us what was done after the fire was made, thus adding quite a variety of thought which might be termed original :-

I cut the kindlings. I put the kindlings into the stove. I put the wood into the stove. I lighted the kindlings. I burned the wood. I shut the door. I put the kettle on the stove. The water boiled.

CLARENCE PETTYPIECE.

My papa cut a stick. He took the kindlings off the floor. He put them into the stove. He took the wood out of the box. He put the wood into the stove. He lighted the kindlings. He put the kettle on the stove. He poured some water into the kettle. The water boiled.

MAUD MCCOLL.

I took the knife out of my pocket. I

opened it. I cut the sticks. I put the knife on the floor. I took the kindlings off the floor. I opened the stove door. I put them in the stove. I put the wood in the stove. I lighted the kindlings. The fire burned. I shut the stove door. I took the knife off the floor. I shut it. I put it in my pocket. I poured some water in the kettle. The water boiled. I stood near the stove.

FRANK HARMER.

My father threw the log on the ground. He chopped the logs and took some sticks off the ground. He put them on his arm and carried them into the house. He put them into a box. He cut the kindlings. He put them into the stove. He took the sticks out of the box. He put them into the stove. He took a match out of a match box. He lighted the kindlings and shut the stove-door. My mother poured some water into the kettle. She put the kettle on the stove. The water boiled.

ADA GILES.

One day my father drove to the woods and chopped some trees. He brought them on the wagon and drove with them home and took them off the wagon. He put them on the ground. My brothers and I lifted them on the saw-horse and we sawed them and split them. We put them in our arms and went into the house. We put them into the wood-box near the stove. In the evening my mother took a stick out of the wood-box to cut it into kindlings. She did