

liar to child-life. By this means the children are interested, and the sound, to some extent, impressed upon their minds.

In addition to this, we may occasionally connect the words of the lesson in narrative form. This we will do in Lesson III. While numbering the lessons, I do not intend that one should teach a new sound every day. At first it may be necessary to take the same sound for two or three lessons. Later, a new sound may be taught every day, but never more than one at a time.

LESSON III.

(a) Review work already taught, by dictating words; also read several from the blackboard.

(b) Sound-combining drill. (See Lesson II.)

(c) Letter "p."

Introductory story: One day this summer, when I was driving in the country, I saw an engine pulling a train up a hill. It was a long freight train, and must have been heavily loaded, as it went very slowly, and made a noise like this, "p—p—p." Tell me what the engine said.

Here is a letter that says the same thing. (Writes "p" on the board.)



He carries his load on his back. See the bundle. What does he say? Now make him, and we will see who can make the bundle just like mine.

I know a little boy whose people keep a store, and after school he likes to help his pa. Write pa on your slates. He had a dog. Find his name. (Teacher writes Pat on the board.) When the dog wants a drink he goes to the tap and barks. Write tap on your slates. Last night this little boy was watching his brother drawing. He was drawing a —. (Teacher writes map on board. Children raise hands and whisper the word.)

After this the work may be erased from the blackboard, and the eye problems be given as ear problems, and vice versa.

NEW WORDS.

- pa
- pat
- tap
- map.

In examining the words as they are written, make a small chalk mark on the slates of those who succeed in getting the word right without any help. When the lesson has been taught, let those who have succeeded in getting all, or almost all, the marks go to their seats. Give the remaining ones an extra drill, dictate a test word, and again send to their seats those who are successful. In this way those who require most attention receive it. As long as the brightest ones are in the class, the slower ones will depend on them to a certain extent.

SEAT WORK.

(a) Give each child an envelope containing ten of each of the four letters learnt. With these they may make words. The letters may be made with ink on strong white or brown paper.

(b) Write the four letters m, a, t, and p on the board. Ask the children to make words with them.

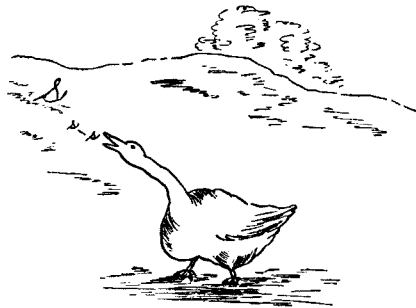
LESSON IV.

(a) Review of old sounds. (Never drill on the sounds separately in reviewing, but always in words.)

(b) Sound-combining drill.

(c) Letter "s."

Introductory story: One day, when this little letter (write s on board) was going down the road, he passed a big gray goose. The goose opened her mouth and said "s—s—s." The letter, instead of being frightened, turned round and said the same thing. That was all he could say. He was not mocking the goose. It was just all that he could say.



Pupils give the sound and learn to make the letter.

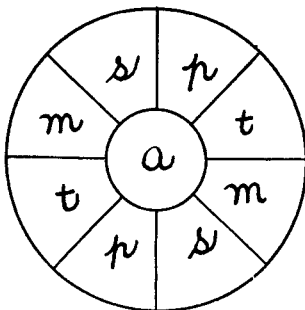
NEW WORDS.

- |      |       |
|------|-------|
| sam  | taps  |
| sat  | mats  |
| sap  | pats  |
| pass | spat  |
| mass | stamp |
| past | mast. |

SEAT WORK.

(a) Exercises given in Lesson III.

(b) Draw a wheel on the blackboard, and let the children make words with the letters.



DRAWING IN THE SCHOOLS.

(From an article by the late Professor Huxley.)

If there were no such things as industrial pursuits, a system of education which does nothing for the faculties of observation, which trains neither the eye nor the hand, and is compatible with utter ignorance of the commonest natural truths, might still be reasonably regarded as strangely imperfect. And when we consider that the instruction and training which are lacking are exactly those which are of most importance for the great mass of our population, the fault becomes almost a crime, the more that there is no practical difficulty in making good these defects. There really is no reason why drawing should not be universally taught, and it is an admirable training for both eye and hand. Artists are born, not made; but everybody may be taught to draw elevations, plans, and sections; and pots and pans are as good, indeed better, models for this purpose than the

Apollo Belvidere. The plant is not expensive; and there is this excellent quality about drawing of the kind indicated, that it can be tested almost as easily and severely as arithmetic. Such drawings are either right or wrong, and if they are wrong the pupil can be made to see that they are wrong. From the industrial point of view, drawing has the further merit that there is hardly any trade in which the power of drawing is not of daily and hourly utility. In the next place, no good reason, except want of capable teachers, can be assigned why elementary notions of science should not be an element in general instruction. In this case, again, no experience or elaborate apparatus is necessary. The commonest things—a candle, a boy's squirt, a piece of chalk—in the hands of a teacher who knows his business may be made the starting points whence children may be led into this region of science as far as their capacity permits, with efficient exercise of their observational and reasoning powers on the road. If object lessons prove trivial failures, it is not the fault of object lessons, but that of the teacher, who has not found out how much the power of teaching a little depends on knowing a great deal, and that thoroughly; and that he has not made that discovery is not the fault of the teachers, but of the detestable system of training them which is widely prevalent.

For Friday Afternoon.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

We come from far  
Where twinkling star  
Shines ever fair and bright,  
To gladden the earth  
With our joy and mirth,  
And dance in the silver light  
Of the Queen of heaven,  
And the shadowless Seven;  
Through the livelong summer night,  
Through the beautiful summer night,  
Through the witching summer night,  
We dance and sing  
And then take wing  
Ere the morning comes in sight.

We float in the stream  
Of the pale moonbeam,  
Halfway 'twixt earth and sky,  
Till we find some spot  
Where man is not,  
Then downward swiftly fly,  
To rest by some nook  
Of a rippling brook  
Where the moonbeams love to lie,  
Where the moonbeams streaming lie,  
Where the moonbeams dreaming lie;  
There our voices ring,  
But we take swift wing  
Ere the morning draweth nigh.

For as we sing,  
Each gossamer wing  
Is spread on the dewy air,  
And we fly away  
To our own sweet day,  
To our land no one knows where,  
To our land of love  
Through the clouds above,  
Where we know not grief and care,  
Where we know not pain and care,  
Where we know not sorrow and care;  
But sing and dance  
'Neath the loving glance  
Of our Queen so good and fair.

—Barry Dane.

AUTUMN.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips  
The days as through the sunset gates they  
crowd,  
And Summer from her golden collar slips  
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans  
aloud,  
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,  
And stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,  
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,  
And tries the old times over for an hour.

—Alice Cary.