

November's sky is chill and drear,
 November's leaf is red and sear.
 Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
 That hems our little garden in,
 Low in its dark and narrow glen,
 You scarce the rivulet might ken,
 So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
 So feeble trilled the streamlet through;
 Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
 Through bush and brier, no longer green,
 An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
 Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
 And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
 Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

— Marmion.

and Bryant's lines in *Autumn Woods* may be compared.

"The rivulet, late unseen,
 Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
 Shines with the image of its golden screen
 And glimmerings of the sun."

Bryant's poem, Lampmans' *In November* (both in N. S. Reader IV) and Longfellow's *To Autumn* are suitable for study. The little ones should learn Stevenson's *Autumn Fires*.

I suppose that nearly every primary teacher has a copy of *A Child's Garden of Verses*. It, and Christina Rossetti's *Sing Song* (MacMillan & Company. 80 cents) and J. C. Smith's *Book of Verse for Boys and Girls* (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 2s.) should be in every schoolroom. As this is Stevenson's birthday month, one at least of his poems should be learned, and something about his life taught to the children. He would be sixty-five this month if he had lived. It may interest them to know that when he was very little a great war was going on, and his mother wrote "Lou prays every night that God will bless the poor soldiers that are fighting at Sebastopol." His mother called him Lou, but his father's name for him, "Smout," or "Smoutie" (a young salmon) is not so pretty, and after he got to be a big boy, he fined everyone who said it a penny, so it was dropped. He was born and grew up in Edinburgh, and was a very delicate child, spending many days every year in bed from illness. *The Land of Counterpane*, beginning "When I was sick and lay a-bed" tells about this, and we see how he tells about the pleasures and not the pain of being ill. That is like him, for though he had a great deal of illness all through his life, and often had his plans upset and had to leave his home and live far away from all his friends because of his ill-

health, he never made a fuss about it. He liked to think about his games and fun and adventure. He said "I am one of the few people in the world who do not forget their own lives," and in the *Child's Garden* he has told us much that he remembered about his childhood. Being an only child, and often not well enough to go out at all in winter, he had to play alone, or his kind nurse — Cummie, he called her — read or sang to him. He loved Cummie dearly, and wrote a little poem to her at the beginning of the *Child's Garden*, and when he had a house of his own he had her to stay with him. In summer he used to stay at his grandfather's house in the country, where his cousins came also, and they had fine games together. Read *A Good Play*, *Marching Song*, *Farewell to the Farm*. He says that when he was little he used to be terribly afraid on stormy nights, when the wind sounded to him like galloping horsemen. Read *Windy Nights*.

After Stevenson grew up he lived in different places, trying to find a home where he would be well. At last he went to the island of Samoa in the Pacific ocean, where he built a house and lived very happily. The people of that island loved him, and called him "Tusitala," which means "the story teller," because he was so clever at telling stories. His house was on a hill, and there was no good road, so the people made him a road for a present, and it was called "The Road of Loving Hearts." He was married but had no children. But he was very fond of children, and liked to write stories for boys. He wrote a great many books, and became famous. And he had many friends, because he was friendly and kind and brave. He died quite suddenly at his home in Samoa and was buried in the place he had chosen, at the top of a high hill overlooking the sea.

December brings preparations for Christmas, and the December REVIEW will have some helps for Christmas programmes. Let the children have their full share in helping to make the closing day pleasant. Did you ever try letting the older pupils plan a surprise for the teacher and the little ones? Secrets are of the essence of Christmas, and great will be the interest if one-half the school is wondering what the other half is going to do. The teacher will have to be discreetly blind and deaf, and she can give her attention to drilling the younger pupils in their secret preparations. Where there are graded schools, the children