

and sorrows, and learning to co-operate to the fullest extent with each other.

Instead of fixed seats and desks, the first grade room is furnished with small movable tables and chairs. Individual lockers along two sides of the room hold the children's books and pencils. The top of the lockers is a shelf and holds labelled boxes of scissors, crayons, paste, big needles and thread, jars of clay and colored paper in assorted sizes. In a recess by a large sunny window is a carpenter bench and all necessary tools for constructive activity. On a low shelf under this window are piles of attractive story books, supplementary readers, Mother Goose rhymes, boxes of reading puzzles and picture ones as well.

The children, eighteen in number, were seated at their little tables, making valentines, when we entered the room at 9.30. Shortly after, six children left the room to do some special reading and the others brought their chairs up near the board and formed a semi-circle about their teacher.

"John, John, see the apple tree," was printed on the board. One girl, in her efforts to get every word right, subordinated the thought to such an extent that the reading was mechanical, "Don't you want to climb up into the tree?" asked the quiet-voiced teacher. What a wonderful asset a child's vivid imagination is! The chair, if not actually a tree, was one in imagination at least, and the child, with sparkling eyes, called down to a boy, very realistically, "John, John, see the apple tree!"

"How red the apples are," was printed on the board for the boy to answer. "That is not read good," pronounced the maiden in the tree. Others tried the sentence and a few deservedly received the little girl's commendation. "Why do you like their reading?" asked the teacher. "Because it sounds as though they knew what the apples looked like, and wanted to tell me about it," was the answer.

"I like red apples," was the next sentence printed. The invitation, "who wants to read it," met with an enthusiastic response. There was no trouble to make this real. The children trembled with eagerness for a chance to assert their fondness for red apples.

"Can you get the apples?" caused difficulty. "Get" seemed to be the lion in the path. "Those who know the word come and whisper it to me," invited the teacher. "How will we find out what the word tells us?" she asked of the minority who did not know. "Sound it," came from a bright eyed boy. "All right," she said "let's sound it now, so we will know it next time." Then one or two children were given the opportunity to ask this question of the girl in the tree.

A sounding game followed. Those knowing the sounds of r, a, g, t, h, s, were excused and allowed to go to their tables. The remaining children were given extra

work in finding the letter with which the words in the lesson began, telling the sound of the initial letter in these words and asking each other similar questions.

The class augmented now by the absent ones came back to their chairs, and while waiting for the music instructor the teacher said, "Who has a poem to recite to us?" The spontaneity of response denoted the children's love of poetry. One little girl recited "Now the day is over," etc. What does "drawing nigh" mean? came from an interested boy. The vague answers prompted the teacher to say, "Let's play it and find out." So different parts were assigned and as the teacher recited, day moved away from the front of the room, night drew near, shadows fluttered past and gathered close together, stars bobbed up and down and the buds, beasts and flowers went to sleep. "Oh, it means coming near, doesn't it," the little enquirer said.

After the fifteen minute music lesson the children went to the basement for lunch. Bright curtains and paint, with plants in the windows, made the otherwise dingy room bright and attractive. The room, evidently a cooking laboratory, was in charge of a pleasant woman, who gave each child a cup of milk with his crackers or sandwiches.

The French instructor, who was due at 10.30, was late, so while waiting, the children examined each other's valentines, decided which ones were artistic enough to display, and offered suggestions for improving the others. Incidentally they were developing power to express exactly what they meant. The teacher showed great skill in the way she led the children to see why another expression, or word, would convey their thoughts more adequately and exactly.

After the fifteen minute French lesson the children were dismissed for a 25 minute recess.

A SUMMER SCHOOL FOR VOCATIONAL TEACHERS.

Fletcher Peacock.

The greatest difficulty in the way of satisfactorily establishing and maintaining a Vocational Education Service in the various communities of New Brunswick, is the lack of competent Directors and Teachers. This is true of every province of Canada and every state of the United States. The field is big. The salaries are better than in other lines of teaching. Men and women of ability may therefore prepare themselves to enter this sphere of activity with confidence as to future employment and rewards. It should be borne in mind, however, that ability is required and thorough preparation is necessary in order to insure success.

The two main sources from which vocational directors and teachers may be recruited are the present