

## Primary Department.

### SINGING.

RHODA LEE.

We are glad to learn that music is being more widely and successfully taught in our schools to-day than ever before. There are still unbelievers and scoffers who would, if they had their wish, remove the subject entirely from the time-table, but, fortunately, these grumblings receive but little attention, and the good work goes on undisturbed. It is difficult to understand how anyone can fail to see the desirability of musical training in our Public Schools.

We used to hear some singing that could not, strictly speaking, be called music, but the tonic-sol-fa system has done much to eradicate this, one of its strong characteristics being the development of purity and sweetness of tone. Harsh, strident singing is unknown to the followers of this system; there is no forcing of voices, no shouting or discord. "But," says one, "if you do not allow children to sing out spontaneously and somewhat loudly, what life or expression is there in their song?" Twice as much expression, and infinitely more enjoyment, both to those who sing and those who listen. Expression is impossible when the song is a continued shout, but if the singing be performed easily, without any forcing of the voice, shading is possible. Attention to time, and a thorough understanding of the words, combine to make singing as near perfection as we can attain with children.

Success in music depends on certain conditions. It is necessary that the teacher have, in addition to a fair musical knowledge, ability to impart it. It is not necessary that she be a thorough musician, but she should be able to sing by way of pattern and for ear exercises, readily detect errors in the singing of the children, and have a true conception of the aims and possibilities of musical training.

Correct physical conditions are requisite to good work in singing. The lesson proper should not be given when the children are tired, nor, indeed, should singing of any kind be indulged in when they are very much fatigued. The room should be well aired, the position comfortable (hands resting easily in the lap, body erect), and the temperature right before beginning. Preliminary to the singing lesson give a few breathing and voice exercises. Imitation exercises should also form a part of every lesson. Call it the mocking-bird game or anything else you please. It will work wonders in tone, besides being good ear training.

Let no one imagine that the music lesson can be taught without preparation. It requires careful planning just as much as any other. As it is not advisable to teach every part of the work in one lesson, it is well to make a definite plan for the week; voice exercise, time, and sight-singing, one day; voice exercise, modulation, and ear exercise on another day, etc. In preparing work, make careful selection of songs, choosing the best you can find.

Make the most of the music lesson. So much *can* be done with a little preparation and thought.

Since writing the above, THE JOURNAL of May 15th has reached me, containing an editorial stating the possibility of a summer school of music in Toronto during a part of the vacation. I would like to urge all who can avail themselves of this opportunity to take advantage of it, as they will be abundantly repaid for time and expense by most thorough and careful instruction in the work outlined in the new syllabus.

### WHAT WE LEARN IN SCHOOL.

TUNE: "John Brown."

Groups of happy children gather daily here in school,  
Learn to read and cipher, and learn the Golden Rule,  
Handle pen and pencil as a master does his tool  
Is what we learn in school.

#### CHORUS.

Working, working, ever merry;  
Singing, singing, ever cheery;  
Work and sing and never weary  
Is what we learn in school.

Shoulders straight and heads erect and elbows pointing out;  
First to right and then to left we turn our heads about—  
This is east and this is west and this is north and south  
Is what we learn in school.

—Primary Education.

### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and staunch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed  
He dreamt of the pretty toys  
And as he was dreaming an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.  
—Eugene Field.

### THE BABY MOUSE'S LESSON.

It was very still in the schoolroom.  
"I don't believe there's a child left," said mamma mouse, peeping out of the wardrobe. "Come, dears!"  
The little family needed no second bidding. Oh, what bright eyes, what nimble feet, as they scampered to the back row of desks where the children ate their luncheons, and where there were always a few crumbs left.  
"I like the little yellow-haired girl's lunch best," said the baby of the family, swallowing the dainty tid-bits in such a hurry that he nearly choked. "Here —

that's mine!" he cried, sharply, as his little sister nibbled at a crumb of cheese by his side.

"Dickey," said his mamma, reprovingly, "I am surprised! And after what you heard and saw this noon, too! Have you forgotten? Do you want to grow up like Jim Evans?"

Dickey hung his head. Jim Evans! That rough, greedy, growling Jim Evans, who was so rude to everyone, and took such big bites! No, indeed, he did not want to be like him—but he did not eat like him, anyway! Just then Dickey caught a glimpse of himself in a little round looking-glass which had rolled upon the floor from somebody's desk. He started. *Did* he look like that? Why, his cheeks bulged out as much as Jim's! He would never take such a mouthful again. And his little sister—he had spoken as unkindly and impolitely to her as Jim ever had to any of the girls! Oh, he was ashamed of himself!

"Mamma," he murmured, creeping up to his mother and sisters, "I want you all to have the little yellow-haired girl's lunch. I'm not going to take another crumb! And I'm never going to speak like that again! I don't want to be like Jim Evans—and I have been to-day—and I looked like him, too!" He glanced towards the looking-glass, and hid his face.

"If we could only all see ourselves as others see us," said his mother, "it would be a very different sort of world!"—E.R., in *Primary Education*.

### A KINDERGARTEN PLAY.

One, two, three little children,  
Four, five, six little children,  
Seven, eight, nine little children  
Ten little children here.

Ten little children in a line,  
One trots away, that leaves nine.  
Nine little children playing late,  
One runs home, that leaves eight.  
Eight little children standing even,  
One skips out, that leaves seven.  
Seven little children straight as sticks,  
One rolls over, that leaves six.  
Six little children much alive,  
One hops away, that leaves five.  
Five little children on the floor,  
One jumps up, that leaves four.  
Four little children wait for me,  
One gets tired, that leaves three.  
Three little children look at you,  
One turns away, that leaves two.  
Two little children out in the sun,  
One goes in, that leaves one.  
One little child, left all alone,  
Dances away, where have they gone?  
—Addelle J. Gray.

It is announced that the great Bruce photographic telescope, the largest in the world, will soon be shipped from the Harvard observatory in Cambridge to the branch of the observatory in Arequipa, Peru. The telescope will first be shipped to New York, and there will be put on board of a South American steamer, which will take it direct to Mollendo, Peru. There it will be taken charge of by the Harvard men at the South America observatory, and will be conveyed by rail to Arequipa, a distance of about 75 miles. The instrument is of great power, and it is expected that many important astronomical discoveries will be made with it. The chief work which will be done with it will be to make an accurate and systematic photograph of the whole heavens.