

(b) *As an aid to nature lessons.*—Common plants, shrubs, trees, of each three or four, so as to be recognized by their characteristic branching and foliage. Fruits. A few of the larger bones of the human body. The frog and butterfly in the various stages of development. The sparrow and swallow.

Natural colors to be used when convenient. As it will generally be impossible to obtain human bones, corresponding ones from other large animals may be used instead.

(c) *As an aid to mathematics and geography.*—Fifths and tenths illustrated. The use of the compass in drawing circles. Right angles, triangles and squares geometrically constructed. Map drawing. Plans to scale. Working drawings of a few simple objects.

(d) *Formal drawing lessons*—As in Grade III (d.) Study of good pictures. Principles of repetition and alternation in exercises on borders and rosettes.

(To be continued.)

For the REVIEW.]

### English Literature in the Lower Grades.

#### THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR.

I think that you must all know the poem called "The Charge of the Light Brigade," in which Tennyson makes famous some of the men whose courage and obedience carried them to death at the battle of Balaklava during the war in the Crimea. You remember that he says, "What though the soldier knew some one had blundered?"

"Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die."

And this reminds us of the same poet's words when, writing of the Duke of Wellington, he says:

"Not once or twice in our rough island story  
The path of duty was the way to glory."

The poem that I want you study to-day tells of a deed not so well known as "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but, like it, a glorious example not only of bravery, but of devotion to duty.

It was when the great soldier, Sir Charles James Napier, was conquering Scinde, in 1843, that this deed was done. Napier, who was very proud of his men, and very deeply beloved by them, told the story to Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, and he wrote the poem. It is too long to print here in full, but enough can be given to make the story plain:

"Eleven men of England  
A breastwork charged in vain;  
Eleven men of England  
Lay stripped and gashed and slain,—  
Slain,—but of foes that guarded  
Their rock-built fortress well,  
Some twenty had been mastered  
When the last soldier fell."

The charge had been made because of a mistake in the order, as at the battle of Balaklava.

"These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,  
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,  
And in that glorious error calmly went  
To death without a word."

Their enemies were brave soldiers and quick to recognize and to honour the courage of others; so

"The robber-chief mused deeply  
Above those daring dead;  
'Bring here,' at length he shouted,  
'Bring quick the battle-thread.  
Let Eblis blast for ever  
Their souls if Allah will;  
But we must keep unbroken  
The old rules of the hill.'"

Then he tells how, long ago, far back in the history of their tribes,

"The mountain laws of honour  
Were framed for fearless men;  
Still, when a chief dies bravely,  
We bind with green one wrist—  
Green for the brave, for heroes  
One crimson thread we twist.  
Say ye, Oh gallant Hillmen,  
For these, whose life has fled,  
Which is the fitting colour,  
The green one, or the red?"

"Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear  
Their green reward," each noble savage said.  
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,  
Who dares deny the red?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Once more the chief gazed keenly  
Down on those daring dead;  
From his good sword their heart's blood  
Crept to that crimson thread.  
Once more he cried: 'The judgment,  
Good friends, is wise and true,  
But though the red be given,  
Have we not more to do?'"

"These were not stirred by anger,  
Nor yet by lust made bold;  
Renown they thought above them,  
Nor did they look for gold.  
To them their leader's signal  
Was as the voice of God;  
Unmoved and uncomplaining  
The path it showed they trod."

"As, without sound or struggle,  
The stars unhurrying march,  
Where Allah's finger guides them  
Through yonder purple arch,  
These Franks, sublimely silent,  
Without a quickened breath,  
Went, in the strength of duty,  
Straight to their goal of death."

\* \* \* \* \*