

English.

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THIRD READER LITERATURE.

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"THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES."

I. The teacher endeavors to interest his class by telling them that the piece they are about to study deals with an incident in the Crimean war.

In the year 1854 England allied herself with Napoleon, Emperor of France, to resist the attempts of Russia to force on Turkey a treaty. The allied armies besieged Sebastopol, and were in turn besieged. A Russian winter proved more terrible to the British than the Russian sword. Hunger and disease preyed upon the brave men. Henry Lushington, an English politician and writer, gives in this poem a pen-sketch of one brave soldier, and in picturing him pictured the bravery of the whole army.

In the writer's school pictures of Tennyson, Browning, Whittier, Longfellow and others, framed—crudely it may be—by the children, ornament the walls, and are found helpful not only to arouse interest in the author, but to strengthen the memory. No danger of the children forgetting the nationality of any author whose picture is in the room. "Things seen are mightier than things heard." Some of these pictures were contributed by the children; others the teacher cut from "Great Thoughts." All were framed by the children.

Unfortunately it is not always possible to obtain pictures of all. When we have them, we may here point out the picture and associate him with his work.

II. [The teacher then questions and suggests until the following word-picture is secured].

We take our position upon a hill. To the right we see a number of weary-looking yet watchful men, carefully guarding what appears to us a desirable position, for other men just as watchful are ready to take advantage of any carelessness on the part of those on duty. To the left we see a number of men struggling bravely through the deep snow which is still falling thickly upon them. They are advancing to the trenches to relieve their comrades who have been long on duty. Look carefully and you will see one poor man staggering slowly along. Now he falls. This brings the whole party to a stand-still. One, who by his manner and dress we suppose is an officer, steps up, takes off his own coat, wraps it round the fallen man, tries to comfort him with the promise he will be cared for, then the company march on. Alas! when the relieved party marched homeward the brave soldier was beyond their care. God had called him home.

III. The teacher goes over the quotations seeing that the pupils apply them to the proper speakers, and distinguish between the comments of the author and the words of the soldiers.

IV. [The teacher takes up the analysis of words and phrases].

"Leave me." The soldier can go no farther, because he is dying of cold and starvation.

"No, sir." This is addressed to the officer in command who wished to leave some of his men to take care of him.

"Duty." What we ought to do.

"Those whose guard you take." The soldiers seem to be marching up a hill to relieve other soldiers who are in the trenches there. These latter, the soldier says, will find him when they come back from the trenches.

"Men." The officer tells them not one can be spared to stay with the sufferer.

"Wrap, etc." The officer takes off his coat and wraps it round the soldier.

"Mark." The officer tells the men to mark the spot near the "stunted larch" where the soldier lies, so that the others (the men they are to relieve) may find him.

"Calms the wretch of pain." His sufferings cease.

"Close faint eyes." His dying eyes close in the sleep of death.

"Pass cruel skies." The skies that have been cruelly cold and severe pass from his thought.

"With far soft sound the stillness teems." The dying man is insensible to all around him, and thinks he is in England, and hears the bells

of his native village and the voices of his loved ones; so that although everything is silent about him the air seems filled (teems) with glad noises.

"Neither now." That is the "softer tongue" of the voices of his dreams, and the "voices strong" of the soldiers cannot reach him; he is dead.

"Where so many go." To the grave.

"Starving." The winter of 1855-6 was a terrible one for the British soldiers. They were dying from hunger and cold, while food in plenty was in the ships a few miles away.

"All endured." All refers to "battle, famine, snow."

"Nameless." Why nameless?

Looking for the "mark." What mark?

V. [The teacher endeavors to have the pupils realize the lesson or application of the story].

(1). From the soldier's point of view. Our duty—not our pleasure or our wishes—should be our first consideration. Every man, every woman, every boy, every girl, owes a duty to his or her country. That duty we should be willing, even eager, to do, without counting the hardships we may personally suffer. God and country first, self last. We need not look for duty. It comes to us in the home, in the school-room. (2). On the officer's part to be kind and humane always, but especially show kindness to those in need. To be considerate of those under our command, and be ready to make sacrifice for the sake of those we have in charge. What biblical character does the officer resemble? What biblical injunction did he fulfil?

VI. [Reproduction]. This reproduction should be (1). Complete, point by point. (2). Exact, as only an exact statement is real education. (3). In the scholars' own words, to test whether it is mere memory or real thought. This reproduction may be given step by step, by several scholars, or it may be given by one, the others correcting and supplying omissions.

VII. The pupils should now be called upon to read, care being taken that they properly represent the feelings of the men who are brought forward in the poem, and that they give due attention to accent, emphasis, and inflection. The writer's pupils are not allowed to read in succession, but each one of the class is expected to remember his number, and to be prepared to read when the number is called. This secures the attention of all.

STORIES FOR REPRODUCTION.

(FOR JUNIOR CLASSES.)

I.

ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.

Once I was in very unpleasant proximity to a shark. I was in the habit of bathing every morning soon after sunrise, and had arranged a long plank on piles, as a sort of spring-board. Having started along this plank as usual and reached nearly the end, I had already lost my balance, when casting my eyes down I saw there beneath me, not five feet under the water, a shark double my own length. With that instinct which comes to all of us in times of danger, I at once felt that the safest plan was to jump at the shark rather than try to avoid him, and thus I directed my plunge at him. I had to swim some fifty yards to regain the shore, and this was indeed trying work; but the shark, evidently as much frightened as myself, had made off, and I lived to tell the tale. (After Dreyson).

II.

AN AXE TO GRIND.

When I was a little boy I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "O, yes, sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop." And will you, my little man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and

I could not get away; my hands were blistered and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to your school or you'll rue it." "Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal, is too much." (Benjamin Franklin.)

III.

TOM BROWN AND ARTHUR.

Within a few moments of their entry, all the boys who slept in dormitory No. 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the elders, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in a room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of the bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring, "that's your washstand under the window. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washstand and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing and put on his nightgown. He then looked around more nervously than ever. Two or three little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bed-side as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the agony of the strong man.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow who was standing in the middle of the room picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling, "if any fellow wants the other boot he knows how to get it!" (Hughes).

CORRESPONDENCE.

R. N. M.—

"Therefore on every morning are we wreathing A flowery band to bind us to this earth."

"Bind" is the infinitive, as "to" here indicates purpose or object "to bind" is the gerundial infinitive; it depends on "are wreathing," which it modifies adverbially.

READER.—The phrase "Allah illa Allah" or better la' ila'h illa' ila'h is the opening phrase of the Mohammedan's statement of belief, and means "There is no God but one God." In this sense it is used in Edwin Arnold's poem, "After Death in Arabia," (IV R).

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