

Have the stars really fallen out of the sky? Why does the child not see them in the day.

#### IV. Correlation.

This poem should be memorized and correlated with other poems about stars.

#### Grade V

##### A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the gray trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorne blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestling chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
There to trace the homeward bee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away,  
Little sweet maidens from the play,  
Or love to banter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,  
Through the meadow, among the hay;  
Up the water and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hoag.

#### I. Presentation.

The teacher should read this poem to the pupils before taking it up for detailed discussion. She should endeavor to express the boy's enthusiasm for the pleasure of wandering about in the country.

#### II. Analysis of Poem.

What is a trout? Where are they found? What is a "lea"? Whom do you suppose Billy is?

Where next does he like to go? Who can put this picture in his own words? Where next does he enjoy playing? What insect do they watch here? What is a "hazel bank"? What two reasons has he for liking the "hazel bank"?

What does this boy like to do? What things that boys sometimes do does he not like? Which is the better choice?

#### III. Correlation with other poems.

This poem may well be correlated with Kingsley, *The Lost Doll*, Rands, *The Pedlar's Caravan*, etc.

#### Grade VI.

##### ROADSIDE FLOWERS

We are the roadside flowers,  
Straying from garden grounds;  
Lovers of idle hours,  
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,  
If only the wind be kind,  
We blossom for those who need us,  
The stragglers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,  
He makes His arm to rise,  
And His rain to fall like pardon  
On our dusty paradise.

On us he has laid the duty—  
The task of the wandering breed—  
To better the world with beauty,  
Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,  
Or question the wind where it blows?  
We blossom and ask no reason,  
The Lord of the Garden knows.

—Bliss Carmen.

#### I. Presentation.

The teacher should read this poem with appreciative enthusiasm before the class study it. The pupils' attention should be drawn to the fact that it was written by Bliss Carmen, a native of the eastern part of Canada, educated at King's College, Windsor. The lesson may well be introduced by an informal talk about wild flowers. Their sturdy growth without cultivation; appearance in unexpected places; how they brighten the fields and roadside.

#### II. Analysis of Poem.

What does "straying from garden grounds" mean? Why does the poet say they are "lovers of idle hours"? Why "breakers of ordered bounds"?

Upon what do these flowers have to depend for life? For whom do they blossom?

Who can put the third stanza in his own words?

Who can tell in his own words what the task of the wild flower is?

Who will put the last stanza in his own words?

What lesson can we learn from the wild flowers? Do we each have to be rich or beautiful or powerful to fill a place in the world? How can we "better the world with beauty, wherever the way may lead"?

#### III. Memorizing the Poem.

This poem should be added to their "Memory Gems" and memorized by each pupil. It may well be correlated with other nature poems of similar character.

#### Grade VII.

##### JUNE WEATHER

No price is set on the lavish summer,  
June may be had by the poorest comer.  
And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays:  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;