

Or, if these are impracticable, a fernery is surely within reach of any country school, and can endure real cold without harm. Get the carpenter to make a glass case with a cover, after the style of a roof, the glass to lift by hinges at the ridge-pole. The scholars can bring fern roots from the woods in the fall, and partridge-berry vines, and lizard-plantain, and other pretty small plants and mosses, and the marvels of growth in that small case will more than doubly repay any efforts expended on it.

After flowers, pictures. In these days of heliotype and oak frames, the cost of good pictures is reduced to a minimum. Don't hang prize chromos or cast-off flower pieces in the school-room when you can have a black-and-white copy of Guido Reni's *Aurora* for a dollar, or the gracious presence of one of Raphael's *Madonnas*, or a Rocky Mountain scene in photograph. How the narrow wall seems to stretch away if one lifts his eyes to the summit of the *Mount of the Holy Cross*, albeit only in picture!

But some one may say, "Oh, the children never think of these pictures! Talk about unconscious influence! It is so unconscious that not one scholar in a dozen ever knows what the pictures are, and there are scores who do not even know they are there."

But this objection is void where there is a live teacher to teach children to notice their surroundings and explain them to them. It is true that we grow accustomed to what is always before us, but we also learn to love familiar pictures. However, there is a way of having constant variety in these very things.

Frame a piece of glass. Prepare a board of the same size, fasten them together on their lower edges by hinges,—on their upper edges by hooks and staples. Hang this on the wall and you have a light case into which to slip a picture, which can be held smoothly in place by artists' thumb-nails at the corners, and be removed at pleasure to make room for another.

Have several sets of photographs of uniform size,—the public buildings at Washington, the fine State-houses in the country, buildings in different cities, famous either for architectural beauty or historical associations. Or there might be sets of views among the White Mountains, at Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave, Yellowstone Park, or the Yosemite, which could have their turns in the case for a week or more, or less, and so always have the charm of novelty.

What an interest geography lessons would gain with such pictures to supplement the small cuts in the text-book! How they might vary the routine of lessons that, do the best we may, must often be dull and hard and unattractive!

Cannot some teacher who reads this lay hold upon a plethoric pocket-book in her community and transform her bare school-room into a house beautiful?—*N. E. Journal of Education*.

## Our Holiday Story.

### HOW A SMALL BOY AND SOME DUCKS TAUGHT THE MASTER A LESSON.

A STORY FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEREVER.

Master Heminway was feeling tired and a little depressed. It was near the close of the term, and vacation just at hand; but the boys of his room were under the influence of a restiveness and spirit of half-rebellion, half-defiance, which the prospect of the near respite from study and restraint seemed unavailing to check or soothe. And the boys really had a grievance,—one quite genuine enough for them. There was to be no Fourth of July celebration that year in Rosedale; and it was all the more aggravating because

up to this last week in June the lads had been led to suppose there would be a procession in the morning and a picnic in the afternoon. But now it had been decided that inevitable public expenses of unusual magnitude would not warrant any appropriation for jubilant purposes, hence the disaffection of the boys.

It was Master Heminway's third year in Rosedale, and his present class was to remain with him another year, as he was to teach a higher grade. The two previous years the master had been tryingly conscious of a certain feeling of dissatisfaction when the boys with whom he had labored during the school-term had passed on to higher rooms. Yet he was a faithful teacher, and had acquired the reputation of being an excellent disciplinarian. But when the bright, intelligent lads had left him he reflected half regretfully that, although no duty had been neglected and no pains spared to advance the standard of their scholarship, yet he had felt but little better personally acquainted with the merry rogues on the last holiday of the term than he had on the first. But how could it be otherwise?

And now he was truly sorry that the boys were to miss their anticipated glorification when the Fourth should come; but still it should not interfere with the proper decorum of the school-room. And it was in vain the master attempted an appeal to their patriotism merely. The disappointed urchins exhibited an indifference concerning the historical importance of the national day which to the public-spirited master was something quite phenomenal.

But the present trouble was not one over which he had any control, and it was a relief to know that before the Fourth, school would be closed and the clouded young faces would do their frowning outside the school doors. And personally the tired master felt there was for him a great treat in store for the Fourth; for, a week or two before, he had accepted an invitation from a wealthy friend to make one of a select party who, aboard his yacht, would sail away from the dust and heat of the town. They would duly unfurl the flag to the breeze, and would enjoy at the same time a dainty lunch, while speeding over the cool waters of the harbor, fanned by grateful breezes.

The day for the annual exhibition had come and passed, and as the boys filed from the school-room which was to resound to their footsteps no more for several weeks, each had taken respectful but formal leave of the master. The recitations had been highly satisfactory to committee, parents, and teacher, yet there was the same vague feeling of dissatisfaction as the echoing young footfalls died in the distance, and the master sighed, as, at last, while preparing to leave the room, he murmured to himself:

"I don't believe a single lad of them all is even pleased that we are to remain together as teacher and pupil another year; and yet I have done my duty by my boys; I have,—I have!"

On the way home Mr. Heminway paused to admire the quiet glory of the waning summer day. He had lingered in the school-room for some time after the lengthy exercises had closed, and now the sun, which was nearing the western heavens, was sending rich floods of yellow light across field, meadow and garden, glorifying everything with its intense rays.

Just then Tommy Wetmore came trudging along, driving before him a large duck with a brood of little ducklings. Tommy was a curious little fellow, more quick-witted than educated at that period of his existence, but one whom everybody liked. He was not far enough advanced to have been one of Mr. Heminway's pupils, but the master knew him well.

"Well, Tommy," he said, pleasantly, "that's a fine large duck you have there; and let me see,—six,—eight,—ten little ducklings! Lucky they've a good, sizable mother."

"Ho! she ain't no kind o' a mother to speak of, she ain't," said Tommy, in a tone of disgust.

"Why, she appears to be leading her brood along safely enough," remarked the master.

"She's leadin' 'em 'cause I'm a-drivin' o' her," Tommy replied, the disdain still discernible in his voice.

"They all seem to be in pretty good condition," ventured the master again.

"Oh yes, they, git fed, those ducks do, but that old mother duck she don't feed 'em, you know."

"Can they swim?"

"E! you bet they can swim!" cried Tommy. Then suddenly remembering whom he was addressing, he hastened to add: "I mean they can swim all over the ocean if they want to."

"I wonder who taught them?" said the master, as if in perplexity.