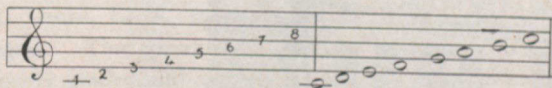


FOR THE REVIEW.]

Music Lessons in School.—I.

BY LUELLA E. BLANCH.

There is but one way to begin—say that you *will* have note-singing in your school, and straightway go about having it. Can you sing the scale? Then commence in this wise. Draw a diagram, such as the accompanying, on your board, start with a given pitch, and sing the scale to your class. The short spaces represent the semi-tones. When the pupils have overcome their bashfulness, they will probably render a very loud, very slow, and otherwise very terrible scale, which gives you an opportunity for the first real important step. Insist upon quick, soft tones, always. Have the scale sung up and down every morning, before the morning song, for a month, taking care only that the tones are sweet. Sometimes have numbers sung instead of syllables; sing it frequently to the syllable, *loo*, which is a splendid tone producer. Then introduce the real scale. Draw in place of the diagram, the scale of *c*.



Now always sing the scale from this. Teach the class that the five lines form the staff, that the sign is the *G* clef; that the notes are whole notes. Teach them the terms, bar, measure, and double bar. The following form good manual exercises for Grade III, and higher:

1. Draw staff with *G* clef, bars, whole notes, double bars.
2. Draw staff with *G* clef, and scale of *C* ascending, double bar.
3. Draw staff with *G* clef, scale of *C* descending, and double bar.
4. Combine 2 and 3.
5. Copy easy exercises containing any of above.

This will be found sufficient work for at least two months.

The ability to draw ordinary objects has a value in the schoolroom which can hardly be over-estimated. Yet there are tens of thousands of teachers who are unable to draw even in the crudest manner the most simple things. The day is near at hand when some knowledge of drawing will be required of every teacher. The art is easily learned. Anyone can, by the help of a good manual, learn enough of sketching to make the primary class-room a delightful place. The time to begin the study is now.—*Western School Journal*.

FOR THE REVIEW.]

The Old Mill.

After long years apart, I and the mill,
My friend of boyhood, met again, and still
The skurrying water in the flume was flashing,
And o'er the rumbling wheel, and never quiet,
Scorning its narrow bounds with noisy riot,
Was dashing, splashing, crashing.

The old mill cried "Why! Bless my eyes!
"Tis Bill: I swan I'm taken by surprise."
And then, with clatter, clatter, clatter,
It asked, "Old fellow did you choose
Those togs?"—and wildly shouted—"Who's
Your hatter, hatter, hatter?"

"Excuse me lad; 'tis only chaff;
"We country folk must have our laugh
"And chatter, chatter, chatter:
"But surely Bill, as I'm a sinner,
"You're not the man you was; you're thinner;
"You once was fatter, fatter, fatter.

"What have you been about since last we met?
"How many years ago I quite forget;
"And tell me what's the matter, matter, matter?
"For dollars you've been toiling far too keen;
"Or else, although I hope not, you have been
"Upon the batter, batter, batter.

"I wouldn't trust the city chaps a mite,
"For though they seem soft spoken and perlit,
"They only flatter, flatter, flatter;
"And, if they find you're getting rich,
"Be sure you'll find their fingers itch
"Your coin to scatter, scatter, scatter.

"Some say that life upon a farm is flat;
"But often those who quit their farms learn that
"Life in a throng is flatter, flatter, flatter;
"And, when at length the bubble's burst,
"Know that the better lot was first,
"The worse the latter, latter, latter."

Thus moralized my friend, while I
Attentive stood, till clouds obscured the sky,
And sudden rain began to patter, patter, patter:
But though I walked both far and fast,
The mill seemed talking to the last,
In sotto voce, clatter, clatter, clatter.

I. ALLEN JACK.

St. John, N. B.

Formal examinations are inconsistent with real spontaneous interest in any subject. * * *

The first duty of the teacher (of literature) is to give his pupils abundant opportunities to read good books. Reading must begin early and must never cease.—*Samuel Thurber*.