SEAT WORK WITH LETTERS

Teachers who cut out or hectograph letters for the children may find it useful to know the relative frequency with which the different letters occur. According to Edgar Allan Poe, we use the letter "e" oftener than any other. Then follow, in order of frequency, a, o, i, d, h, m, r, s, t, u, y, c, f, g, l, m, w, b, k, p, q, x, z.

Write or print the child's name in a vertical line at the left of a page in the exercise book, or a sheet of paper, or lay the letters in a vertical line on the desk.

Let the children fill out each line as far as they can, with words beginning with the same letter. Thus:—

IN, IT, IS, IF.
ON, OF, OUT, OFF, ONE.
NO, NOT, NOW.
AN, AT, ARE.

HE, HIM, HAT.
AN, AT, AS.
RAT, RAN, ROW.
RAY, RUN, RED.
YOU, YET, YES.

Let the children make with their letters all the names that they can spell of,

(a). Things in the room.
(b). Children in the room.
(c). People at home.
(d). Animals and flowers.
(e). Things to eat.
(f). Things to wear.
(g). Things to play with.

This work may also be set for older children after they can write fairly well, to be done in writing.

A SPELLING GAME.

I find this very helpful in teaching little folks how to spell new words, and drilling on old ones.

Give a sentence and spell the word you want learned —thus:

The man is on the w-a-g-o-n and the f-l-o-w-e-r is in the vase — letting the children think of the word you've spelled.

They are soon able to make up sentences of their own and spell the words for the others to guess— and they will learn to spell new words just especially to give the others.

Keep count of the number of times each child makes a correct guess, to see who wins.

The children enjoy it and at the same time get the needed drill. Be sure to always call it a game though; I find that most children dislike the word "drill."—POPULAR EDUCATOR.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER SUMMER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 24th, 1913.

S. A. STARRATT, Esq.
Pres. Summer School of Science.

DEAR MR. STARRATT:—One is apt to take their experiences more or less as they come along, enjoy the pleasant sensations, regret the unpleasant ones and let them pass on their way with perhaps a feeling of gratitude for the good that was in them, or, more likely, with a "O-there-they-go-what-comes-next" spirit. The Summer School in its wisdom, has called a halt on these careless feelings and has asked the point-blank question "What has the Summer School done for you?" and in common courtesy we, of the pupils' desks, must answer when we are addressed.

I entered the School reluctantly at the end of a hard year; I was weary and wanted only rest and sunshine and the freedom to do as I pleased, but, because I felt that I must do my part as a citizen of Halifax and lend at least my presence as a sort of "Thank you" to the strangers who had chosen my beautiful home city as their seat of learning, and because the Supervisor (who is wiser than we sometimes wish to think) seemed to desire it so earnestly, I shook off my laziness and, with great reluctance, enrolled as a pupil. Is it sufficient apology for my lack of enthusiasm to say that I am enjoying every moment of my stay among you, and to promise to go next year unless some unforeseen accident intervenes?

The School has been to me a revelation. With the exception of the Literature, the subjects I am studying are altogether new, and I am getting the impressions that come only with the first doing of things.

Until the other day, to me, a farm was a field, or several fields, in which some strong men worked digging the earth, planting seeds and pottering about waiting for sunshine and rain to make his plants grow. Then he gathered his harvest and stored it and waited until it was time to begin all over again. That, with modifications, was my conception of the Science of Agriculture. Now my view is broader and I know (what before I merely accepted) that the Wonderful Scientist has spent thousands of years preparing to make that harvest possible. The thought is not new, of course, but the meaning is clearer, and today mountain peaks