

borrowed these works from a watchmaker to show you. Some time to-day, I shall let you, a few at a time, look at them closely and see how one wheel moves another, and how the works move the hands. This is how it is wound up; and this is how it looks when the wheels are all in motion. Why may we call this the brains of the clock? "Because the works make the hands go."

Yes. If your brains didn't tell your feet where to take you, and your hands what to do, you would be very quiet little boys and girls, indeed. Well, Charley? "My uncle said he felt as though his works were all run down. What did he mean?" I am afraid your uncle had been using himself pretty badly. He thought of his stomach as one wheel, and his heart as another, and his lungs as two more, and his brain as another; and, because he had not fed his stomach as it ought to be fed, or filled his lungs with good, pure air, or given his brain enough sleep, the whole machinery was out of order. Don't let us abuse ourselves like that. It is time we took in some good long breaths of pure air. Open the windows wide, Harvey. (Class stood up and had a breathing, chest tapping, and stretching exercise, after which the windows were closed and slates taken, and the children wrote their names and answers to the following questions, as the teacher gave them out:)

PREPARATION FOR DRAWING.

Yes, indeed! clean faces are pretty. And I see other things about the clock that make it pretty—prettier than we could make it. Suppose you were to try to draw it? "We could not make it so round."

No, I'm afraid you couldn't, for it's a perfect circle, but we'll try by-and-by. How about this clock-face? "It has a circle, too." Set in a piece of —? "Pasteboard." What is the shape of the card-board? "Square." Could you make such a square? "No, ma'am."

No, your square would not be quite so *true*, and so it would not be quite so pretty. Everything perfect in its way is beautiful, and so these squares and circles and neat, perfect numbers on the clock-face are beautiful. The prettiest thing to me about the clock is its neatness.

Now, you may tell me about your mamma's clock. Close your eyes and see just how it looks for a moment, before you begin to talk about it. (The teacher seemed to realize that she had done more than her share of the talking thus far, for she simply indicated the children who were to speak, and expressed her interest in what they said by smiles and nods, while she watched their language and took down some of their errors, such as, "It ain't," "It don't," "Ain't got no," "seen" for *saw*, etc. At 10.15 she closed the talk and wrote the following sentences on the blackboard:)

It *isn't* a new clock.
It *isn't* ten years old yet.
It *doesn't* go too fast.

Mary *doesn't* own a clock.
She *saw* my watch.
I *saw* her mother's clock.