

SHALL AND WILL, SHOULD AND WOULD.

Exercise in Goggin's *Elementary Grammar*, page 125.

I.

1. We *shall* be glad to see you.
 4. I *shall* be eighteen in July.
- "Shall" expresses futurity.
2. We *will* give you what you need. Promise.
 3. I *will* shoot at least one goose if I remain a week. Determination.
 5. He fears that he *will* not be able to play.
 6. They say that they never will forget his kindness. "Will" in both sentences expresses futurity.
 7. I *will* fall into the water and nobody *shall* pull me out and I *will* be drowned. Determination expressed by all three forms.

II.

Sentences 1, 4 and 8 present no difficulties. The distinction between futurity and determination of the speaker is easily seen.

The verb to be used in questions depends upon the verb expected in the reply.

5. *Shall* I buy you that book? is the correct form. It means, "Do you desire or command me to buy it? "Will I?" here, could be correctly used only in repetition of another's question, as, *Will* you buy me that book? *Will* I? Of course I *will*. The same applies to (7). *Shall* we see you at the lecture? where "shall" expresses futurity.

III.

1. I *should* like to win the medal. = I *shall* be glad to win the medal.
2. What *should* we do without railways? Futurity. (conditional.)
3. One *should* always do one's best. Obligation.
4. If he *should* fall he *would* be killed.
5. *Would* you help me if I *should* fall?

In subordinate clauses, after if, though, when, etc., *shall* and *should* are used for all three persons. (Mason.)

6. They declared they never *would* forget his kindness. Futurity.

"He who is always inquiring what people will say, will never give them opportunity to say anything great about him."

APPRECIATION.

In a big hospital in a big middle west city lies a little, white-haired woman in what the doctors say will be her last illness. She is old and very frail. There seem to be no relatives. Friends are very few. But there is a magnificent bunch of fresh flowers always on the little table beside her bed. Somebody, evidently, has not forgotten the little, old school-ma'am.

That somebody happens to be the chief of police for the big city. With the first box of flowers came a letter from the chief. It read something like this:

"Dear Miss E——. — I have just learned that you are among the patients at this hospital. Perhaps you do not remember me, but I shall always remember you. It was a good many years ago that I was your pupil. I was a dirty-faced, irresponsible little brat on the road to good-for-nothingness. Nobody took any interest in me except to shoo me away and threaten to call the police if I didn't scoot. I had no respect for man, God, or the devil. Nobody took the pains to understand me — till I entered your grade.

"All that I am, and all that I ever hope to be, is your work.

"I have had other teachers. I learned from them much that was good. But it was you who found the spark of worth-whileness in me and taught it to raise its head and live. You put the sustaining support under my soul and it is you I have to thank for my self-respect and the respect of others.

"God bless you. Willie R——."

The little, old teacher cried over that letter. She keeps it tucked under her pillow, and many times a day she feels for it and thanks God. She loves the flowers, too; but she loves the letter more.

I wonder if there are not more of us who could send some such message to some tired old teacher who labored long and conscientiously over us — some soul growing discouraged in the last lap of life's journey.

When we're the pupil we don't always appreciate what teacher does for us. When we're older and we know, we're too careless to make the acknowledgement.—*Selected*.