

And when the trouble of sunrise begins to shake the clouds the London trees smile a faded little smile with a wan ecstasy in its groping remembrance.

My plane tree is a friend in exile, for we have the same longings and yearnings. The same dust is on our souls. The same disharmony afflicts our senses. We were made for an ampler ether and a diviner air. Together we grow weary of the tap of boot-heels on pavements, of the tintinnabulation of milk cans, of the tinkle of telephone bells. We hunger for the broad silence of the unmanly hills and the rapturous solitude of the uncivilised woods. Together we shall shed our leaves during the lagging autumnal days, until we are bare and dry and unassuaged.

But we shall not despair, for all through the winter we shall watch together for spring with its stealing sap and its tiny horns of miraculous green.

I do not know whether I help my plane tree, but I do know that my plane tree helps me. It has healing in its crucified leaves. One glance at its gentle gestures opens up the vista and the vision of the great company of green angels far away. Somewhere is a paradise where the sky is not slashed and wounded by the sharp edges of roofs. I can see the little woods sleeping on the breast of the little hills. I can follow the flight of the old rooks as they come home at sunset. I can see the brown water sliding under the thirsty willows. I can watch the long, delicious shudder of the lake of corn as the wings of the wind caress it wistfully while it sleeps in the arms of the sunshine. I can lose all sense of time as the shadows

crawl out and fade away, for I love the shadows that are the faithful ghosts of reality, shadows of hills and woods and trees and flowers and men.

JAMES DOUGLAS,
(Taken from the *Bibelot*)

Récitation

A LONDON PLANE-TREE

Green is the plane-tree in the square,
The other trees are brown;
They droop and pine for country air;
The plane-tree loves the town.

Here from my garret pane, I mark
The plane-tree bud and blow,
Shed her recuperative bark,
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches, in and out,
The city breezes play;
The dim fog wraps her round about;
Above, the smoke curls gray.

Others the country take for choice,
And hold the town in scorn;
But she has listened to the voice
On city breezes borne.

AMY LEVY

LE CABINET DE L'INSTITUTEUR

Le chant à la petite école

Nous présentons aujourd'hui, comme exercice de chant, une jolie petite mélodie de Ch. H. Rinck, à laquelle nous avons ajouté une *secon le partie* qui est aussi chantante que la première; néanmoins elle n'est pas obligatoire et la première partie seule va très bien. Il faudra bien veiller à ce que les enfants ne forcent pas la voix, ne crient pas sur la syllabe muette finale du premier et du troisième vers de chaque couplet. Comme toujours, pour que les enfants chantent avec goût, il faut qu'ils comprennent le sens de ce qu'ils chantent. Les couplets qui ont le plus besoin d'être analysés sont le 1er, le 3e, le 4e et le 6e. Il y a des inversions qu'il faut faire remarquer, et le meilleur moyen c'est de dire la même chose en rétablissant l'ordre logique comme suit, par exemple: