

been at school two months and "does not know one of his letters yet," Mother is afraid perhaps it isn't a good school or Willie is not going to be as bright as his brother; at any rate, there is something wrong. But when Willie, at the end of six months, picks out of the newspaper the little words he recognizes, both Father and Mother are charmed, and the battle is won. With the parents on our side—and the children—surely the time is not far off when the general tax-paying public will be also won over; and those who so richly endow our large universities, will bestow some of their generous support on the primary education of our public schools.

The primary grades will always savour of the kindergarten; for they will eventually be links—strong links we trust—between it and more specialized work; and in the meantime they must include as much as possible of its work and methods. "This is impracticable," you say; "no teacher can do the work of two." You are mistaken, a teacher can do, many are doing the work of three. "Not efficiently?" Yes, efficiently; that is passably so. "At the expense of thoroughness?" Partly, but principally at the expense of the teacher's own nervous system. But it can be done. And now I address myself directly to the primary teacher. No one else, not even the kindergartner, can appreciate the situation.

You have charge of Grade I Primary, a class of forty-five, fifty, sixty, the number matters little at present. Some of the children have perhaps reached the mature age of eleven. You are not obliged to take children under five but you are not actually forbidden to do so. Tommy aged four runs the streets and gets lost, and Tommy's mother would feel so relieved if she knew he was safe at school with his sister. Johnnie aged three and a half is noisy at home; they can do nothing with him; he teases the baby, hurts himself and is never out of mischief; but his mother hopes he will give you no trouble for he is a good boy on the whole. Jessie, another mere baby, has been crying to come to school; she is bright for her age, and only in the way at home. And so on,—but you know all about it. There they are brighter, very likely, and less troublesome than many of the six-year olds, but so many more little restless mortals to plan for and watch and keep happy.

You sort your children into three classes—later on you