

given occasionally with advantage, but is by no means the best use to make of the picture. The mind, roving from one little detail to another, loses sight of the real conception. A good picture should have one central, well-defined idea, and the best language exercise consists in putting this idea into words. Imagination may supply names, places, and other accessories to a narrative that the picture, of course, cannot give.

Teachers who live in neighborhoods in which maple syrup is being made have in it a good subject for composition. I wish some of my readers would send to the Primary Department stories descriptive of syrup-making and "sugaring-off."

Another exercise in composition we must not overlook. It is that of letter-writing. This should be commenced as early as possible, and be given a prominent place in the composition work of every grade. I have seen children seven or eight years of age write very presentable letters—better, indeed, than some third-book scholars. After considerable practice on slates and in blank books, let each child bring a sheet of paper and an envelope to write a genuine letter. Those who cannot get the material will have to be supplied by the teacher. For the composition of the letter an outline of the matter placed on the blackboard is a great help. For example:

Tell (1) What your teacher wishes you to do.

(2) Something about the schoolroom and work.

(3) Something about outdoor games.

(4) Other news.

Points to be taught and well impressed are: *Heading, form of address, use of capitals, punctuation, paragraphing, closing, and address on envelope.* We cannot go into any particulars of the different kinds of letters in a primary grade, but it is quite possible and most desirable to teach the correct writing of a friendly letter.

A READING—LEONARD DI VINCI.

In Florence, a city of Italy, there lived a good man whose name was Leonard Di Vinci.

He loved the birds very dearly, and he was happy to see them fly from tree to tree, enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

One day, as he was walking along the streets of Florence, he saw a man with a number of birds for sale, in a cage. He stood still, looked at the birds, and then he thought he heard them talking to him, saying:

"Oh, dear sir, if you set us free,
We will thank you heartily."

As soon as he felt the little birds were trying to make him understand their whisperings, he turned to the man, saying:

"What do you wish for these birds?"

"All?" said the astonished vendor.

"Yes, I should like to buy them all."

"Well, let me count; there are quite a number." So the man counted each one, and then said, "I'll sell them all for ten lire."

"Very well," said Di Vinci, "here's

your money." Then he took the cage in his hand, and said:

"Yes, little birds, I heard you say,
You would like to be free to-day;
I am glad it was in my power
To give you freedom within this hour.
So fly, little birds, and have your fun,
Back to the woods you'll quickly run."

Do you not think that Leonard Di Vinci must have been a very good, kind man to set the little birds free? Where do you think birds are more happy, shut up in a cage, or living in the woods, where they can fly from tree to tree to talk to the flowers, and sing pretty songs with their other little bird brothers and sisters? I wonder if it will be hard to guess the right answer to this question?—*The Teachers' World.*

THE TWO BUCKETS.

There was once a well in which two buckets were hung so that when one went down the other went up. They did not often have a chance to talk together, for they had only time to nod to each other as they passed on the way. But one day the boy who went for the water stood with his hand on the rope, talking to the milkmaid, and the buckets rested half way down the well.

"What a hard life we have!" one said with a sigh. "No matter how full we come up, we always go down empty."

"How strange!" cried the other. "I was just thinking that no matter if we go down empty, we always come up full."

—*Mrs. Charles Lane, in Eclectic School Readings for First Grade.*

AIMS AND IDEALS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

(Questions to be answered by the child.)

Tell something that makes you happy.

Tell something that makes you sorry.

What story do you like best? Why?

What song do you like best? Why?

What picture do you like best? Why?

What game do you like best? Why?

What lesson do you like best? Why?

What is the bravest thing you ever did?

Tell some brave thing you would like to do.

Tell something you think funny.

Tell something that is wrong to do.

Tell something that is right to do.

What is the most useful business? Why?

What is the most useful animal? Why?

If you were not yourself, whom would you like to be?

What do you wish to be when you grow up? Why?

—*Barnard Club.*

THIRD YEAR LANGUAGE—KINDS OF SENTENCES.

During the month, pupils are to study different kinds of sentences as to use. After pupils have been drilled on each class of sentences, until they can readily distinguish them, an exercise like the following, from Swinton's "New Language Lessons," will be interesting:

Express each of the following statements in the form of a question, a command, and an exclamation:

1. Dogs delight to bark and bite.
2. The fire burns brightly.
3. Time flies rapidly.
4. The storm rages fiercely.
5. The scholars rejoice.
6. The lion roars.

MODEL.

- (a) *Dogs delight to bark and bite.*
- (b) *Do dogs delight to bark and bite?*
- (c) *Let dogs delight to bark and bite!*
- (d) *How dogs delight to bark and bite!*

—*School News.*

A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The shower had ceased, but the city street
Was flooded still with drenching rain,
Though men and horses with hurrying feet
Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep;
By the clean-washed pavements fast it rushed,
As out of the spouts with a dash and a leap
The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten, with ribbon blue,
Crossed over the way to the gutter's brink;
With many a wistful, plaintive mew,
She seemed at the edge to shudder and shrink.

And there she stood while her piteous cries
Were all unheard by the heedless throng,
Looking across with such longing eyes;
But the torrent was all too swift and strong.

Up the street, o'er the pavements wide,
Wandered our *Prince from Newfoundland*,
Stately, careless, and dignified,
Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,
And his beautiful eyes, soft and brown,
With quiet, observant glance took note
Of all that was passing him, up and down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and mewed,
Stopped to look and investigate
The whole situation understood,
And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he,
Up to the poor little trembling waif,
Lifted her gently and carefully,
And carried her over the water safe.

And set her down on the longed-for shore,
Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,
Left her and went on his way once more,
The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and cat, you say?
Could a human being understand
And be more kind in a human way
Than this fine old *Prince of Newfoundland*?

Oh, children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet;
If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,
We should be gentle enough to treat
All creatures with kindness and courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one
Who such an example could withstand;
Who would wish in goodness to be outdone
By a princely dog from *Newfoundland*?
—*Celia Thaxter, in Harper's Young People.*

BIBLE SELECTIONS.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with all thy might."

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

"A good name is better to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."