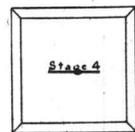


steadily along the edge of the ruler. Remember that two or three light cuts are just as effective and much easier than one heavy cut, which will perhaps sever the card at one stroke. Be careful, though, not to move the ruler between the strokes of the knife, but to hold it firmly and evenly until the piece is cleanly and completely severed. If your rulers have one edge bevelled off, do not use that for guiding the knife—the outer edge is better and safer.

The first attempts at using the knife may not be quite successful, but the muscular sense will soon be developed and the pupil will know exactly how much force to employ.

The square being cut out neatly and accurately, the operation of binding may next be tried. Two methods are available—one to supply the pupils with strips cut to the proper size, viz., half an inch wide; the other, to allow each pupil to cut for himself a strip off a wider piece. For a small number of pupils, the latter is the better way; but for large classes the half inch strips are to be preferred. The pupils should be asked to calculate the length required, a trifle over the exact length being allowed for waste. The next operation is to fold the strip carefully down the centre, and this will be found to call for some care and patience, and the result should be inspected by the teacher before the crease 1 piece is cut into lengths.

Fig 2.  
Binding a Mat.



The diagram should make the order of the binding operations fairly clear. The first piece runs right through from side to side. In sticking it on, the finger and thumb of both hands should be employed, and the card pressed well into the angle of the building. The second piece will require to be "mitred" as shewn. In this case, the card being square, the mitre can be marked with a 45° set square, or the mitre may be found by holding the second piece in position and drawing a line from the inside edge to the corner of the card. The third piece is fitted in a similar manner, as both ends are mitred. Great care is necessary, or the model may be spoiled by this last piece of binding not being of exact length.

Any marks from sticky fingers should be removed by lightly wiping with a wet sponge, and the model will be completed.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

N. B. Reader, Third Book, "The Little Land," By R. L. Stevenson.

This poem is contained in "The Child Alone" part of "A Child's Garden of Verses," published in 1885.

There are sure to be some children in every class who will brand it as "silly," and "silly" it will remain to them, whatever the teacher may say. But there will also be some who are near enough akin to the writer in mind to enter into the delights of "making believe" and "let's pretend," and these will care to hear who the child was whose games and fancies are recalled in these lines and others in the volume.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh in 1850. From his babyhood he was a very delicate child, and had to spend a great deal of time in bed, cared for with constant devotion by his mother, and his nurse, Alison Cunningham. To his nurse he dedicated his first volume of poems in words which tell of this side of his child life:

"For the long nights you lay awake  
And watched for my unworthy sake:  
For your most comfortable hand  
That led me through the uneven land;  
For all the story books you read,  
For all the pains you comforted;  
For all you pitied, all you bore,  
In sad and happy days of yore;—

\* \* \* \* \*  
From the sick child, now well and old,  
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

He had no brothers or sisters, and like many lone'y children he invented games and pleasures for himself. One of his favorite fancies seems to have been to imagine himself small enough to play in the "little land." In "My Kingdom" he says:

"Down by a shining water well  
I found a very little dell,  
No higher than my head.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I called the little pool a sea;  
The little hills were big to me;  
For I am very small.

I made a boat, I made a town,  
I searched the caverns up and down,  
And named them one and all.  
And all about was mine, I said,  
The little sparrows overhead,  
The little minnows, too.

This was the world and I was king:  
For me the bees came by to sing,  
For me the swallows flew."