

ture when the Oxford Dictionary shall reach the letter. But the name is nearly three hundred years old at any rate. Shakespeare uses it in *King Lear* 2, 2, 69. The Quarto spells it *g* and the Folio *h*.

"Thou unnecessary letter," Kent says in that line. This seems to have been the general opinion of the grammarians of that time. In the English grammar which Ben Jonson made "for the benefit of all strangers," as he says, it is said to be "a letter often heard among us but seldom seen." The idea that the letter is unnecessary has not yet died out. It flourishes perennially in the minds of young folks who are learning to write. Readers of Adam Bede may remember the difficulty that Jacob Storey had with his 's; all with their tops turned the wrong way, and he with a puzzled sense that they were not right somehow. But he observed in apology that it was a letter you never wanted hardly, and he thought it had only been put there to finish off the alphabet, like the amper and would be done as well for what he could see.

Jacob was one of Bartle Massey's pupils, of course. And, equally of course, the thought of Bartle, coming in connection with the absurd idea entertained by our Yankee friends about their peculiar linguistic usages, recalls the reply made by the old schoolmaster to Casson when the latter claimed to be one of the select few "as talks the right language."

"Ay, ay, man," said Bartle, with a tone of sarcastic consolation, "you talk the right language for *you*. When Mike Hodsworth's goat says *ba*, *ba*, it's all right; it would be unnatural for it to make any other noise."

A. CAMERON.

Yarmouth, February, 1897.

For the Review

Longfellow's Birthday.

As this is the month of Longfellow's birthday some of my fellow teachers may gain a few hints from the way it was observed in my school last year.

It was the 27th of February. A small portrait of Longfellow on the wall attracted attention before school, and the discovery was made that this was Longfellow's birthday.

Grade I began on the board

Yes, it was a swallow's nest
Built of clay and hair of horses!

They enjoyed the story, drew tent and nest, learned four or five words and went to their seats eager to work by themselves.

Grade IV copied an account of Longfellow's life and longer poems; the other grades copied selections that they had learned to read on Friday afternoons. For

the reading in the other grades we used Longfellow's poems, "The Lullaby," "Miss Cyg's Second Reader," and the selections on the board. Some one volunteered a verse or two of "The Village Blacksmith."

Arithmetic gave the dates of Longfellow's birth and death and asked his age. This led to other similar problems about their own ages.

However, my most vivid recollection of the day is the geography lesson. The map of Massachusetts with coast running up to St. John was sketched on the board at recess. A few minutes were given to talking over where Longfellow had lived, and marking places. Portland, Boston, Cambridge, Massachusetts and Cape Cod, the last was noticed and the names asked for by several pupils. Grade II were then anxious to join the ranks of the map drawers, so after the others were settled to work, they were allowed to find seats where they could see in a vacant seat or two, a spare bench, a few even on the edge of the platform. Then all was very quiet for fifteen minutes as the earnest, happy workers studied that interesting bit of coast line.

The morning closed with writing in copy book fashion. "Longfellow was born February 27, 1807."

The whole was a review of part of their Friday afternoon work on the Children's Poets.

Some of these favorite poems were "Hiawatha," "The Children's Hour," "Rain in Summer," "Moon light and Sunlight." I should say only one verse of the last mentioned

"In broad daylight and at noon
Yesterday, I saw the moon,
Sailing high, but faint and white,
Like a school boy's paper kite."

D.

Australian Poetry.

What though the icy winds of June
Around my cottage sweep and roar,
And bitter blizzards tell that soon
July's deep drifts shall block my door.

Each April leaf that passed away,
Each blade that died on mead and glen,
Each flower slain by cruel May,
December's sun shall see again.

The mild nor'easter's balmy breath
Shall kiss the vale and mountain side;
The stream by August chilled in death
Shall leap and laugh at Christmas tide.

Public School Journal.

I hope the REVIEW will have a very successful year.

M. E. F.