

References for teachers: Standards in English, J. J. Mahoney; Lawrence Course of Study in English, Sheridan; New Jersey Course of Study in English, Kendall.

b) Criticism by pupils (another period).—In the first place, make children understand that correcting or criticizing means helping, not marking.

When the class has finished writing (and before or after the teacher has read the compositions), the children exchange papers for intelligent and constructive criticism. The socialized oral-composition period helps the pupils to acquire a habit of intelligent criticism and appreciation of the work of their fellow-pupils. They now apply these standards of judgment to the written work of their classmates. The pupils who have linguistic ability criticize the work of those who are below grade, while the latter read with inspiration and delight the papers of the former.

The papers are then returned to their owners, who proceed to follow the suggestions and correct the errors indicated by their critics. Often they confer with one another. Such a method of criticism effectively improves the written expression of children. It is infinitely superior to the weary drudgery of "red ink" correction made by the teacher and blindly followed by the pupils.

The following are a few of the best compositions from this group of children:

The Lake at Hallowe'en Park

From the summit of the sunny hillside, on which I stand, I can see the lake at Hallowe'en, whose blue waters sparkle as they shimmer in the sunlight. Here and there I see tiny islands on which grow stately elms. The lake is bordered by thick low bushes. Farther on, to the right, are the tender trees that have been nipped by the frost into brilliant dyes of orange, purple and scarlet. Some of the little birds who have not yet departed for the warm regions of the South are fluttering from one limb to another. Overhead a few fleecy clouds float through the clear blue serene sky. What a de-

light it is to gaze at this scene in the beautiful autumn!

A Winter Scene

All is calm and silent,
The old elms are unclad.
Hushed, are the songs of the birds,
Gone, are the flowers we had!

The water is dark and cold
Where once it danced with delight!
And the quaint rustic bridge looks
gloomy and old,
As if dreading the bleak winter night.

The banks are now bare and brown,
Faded and gone are their fragrant things.
The ice-covered ponds we pass in our walk,
Reveal Jack Frost's work with the springs.

There remain the same gray rocks.
But, where is the velvet moss?
The sky is o'ercast and weary,
And the beauties of summer are lost.
Then let us be happy when summer is here,
And enjoy what the Great God has made.

Complain not my children, this time of the year,
And you will be sure of His aid!
The Lake at Laddins' Rock Farm

Before me sparkles a beautiful lake.
The golden rays of the sun, streaming through the swaying boughs of the willows and beeches, nestle peacefully on its bosom. The shining white pebbles, lying in its bottom, furnish seats for the tiny dwellers there. The shy goldfish, darting swiftly through the water, seem to fear the stately bullfrogs that leap from rock to rock. Here the birds find friends and homes. The chirping robins, the twittering sparrows amongst the others, make this spot human with their merry notes of gossip.

As I sit in one of the garden seats and gaze on this scene of beauty and listen to the united chorus of my wood friends, it almost induces me to join in their melodies. How could anyone sit here and be unhappy! The gentle summer breezes whisper that flowers are