

They employ "he don't," and "there was three" and sprinkle their talk with slang, as if it were prudish to do otherwise. Careful speech it *must* be admitted with shame, is becoming more and more uncommon, yet there still remain a commendable number who respect and guard the national tongue, as they guard national insti-

tutions. They are not prudes, but a self-respecting aristocracy who look upon purity as the first essential in oral and written composition. Even those who are most careless, admit that purity is the foundation upon which the art of expression rests."

(To be Continued.)

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE GRADES

Grade I.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I,
But when the trees hang down their heads
The wind is passing by.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

I. Preparation.

How can you tell that the wind is blowing today? (snow blowing). Who can think of ways you can tell in the summer? What do the leaves do when a gentle wind blows? When the wind blows hard what do the trees do? Can you see the wind?

II. Presentation.

Today we are to learn a poem about the wind. The teacher will then quote the whole poem.

III. Analysis of Poem.

What does "trembling" mean? When the leaves shake on the tree what is happening? What part of a tree does the poet call its "head"? What does "when the trees hang down their heads" mean? What kind of a wind makes the leaves "tremble"? What kind makes the trees hang their heads?

IV. Memorizing the poem.

The pupils will readily memorize this poem. Perhaps it would be well to appeal to rivalry, to see who could learn it quickest.

V. Correlation.

Some of the stories about the wind, such as The Wind and the Sun, might well be associated with this lesson.

Grade II.

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree;
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

I. Preparation.

Teacher should talk informally about the wind. The best kind of day for flying kites or some such subject may well be used. Then lead the children to tell of different things they have seen the wind do, etc.

II. Presentation.

The teacher should quote the whole poem. The wonder expressed in the last stanza should be portrayed by the reader's voice.

III. Analysis of Poem.

Who can tell us some of the things this boy saw the wind do? What sort of a noise does the wind make when it sounds "like ladies' skirts"? If the boy could not see the wind how did he know about it? Have you ever felt the wind "push"? Who can imitate different sounds the wind makes? Why does the boy say the wind is "strong"? "cold"? What does the boy think the wind may be?

IV. Oral Reading and Memorizing.

This poem should be read by different members of the class to assure the complete understanding and appreciation of it. The poem should then be memorized and will be excellent to use on windy days.

V. Correlation.

Pictures may be drawn by the pupils showing what the wind does. Folk stories of the wind may well be told here by the teacher and correlated with the poem.

Grade III.

WINDY NIGHT.

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at a gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.