

and developing a taste for a class of literature that would certainly bring him into trouble some time and spoil his life.

It gave me food for serious thought, and after discarding several plans I determined to follow this one: I would become the big brother's rival, and endeavor to develop a taste for good reading and good authors, and lead him to see things truly *noble, great and good*; I would devote fifteen minutes each day to this work. I began with a little poem by T. B. Aldrich, "Marjorie's Almanac," beginning—

"Robin in the treetops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things are growing
Everywhere we pass," etc.

It is very pretty, and simple enough for small children to understand. I wrote it on the board, one verse at a time, scattering among the words with colored chalks, little illustrations suggested in the lines. Of course we talked about it a great deal, and the more we analyzed it the fonder we grew of it. When we had learned it I brought out a picture of the author, which I had cut from an educational paper, and had pasted on a large sheet of manilla paper tacked to a stick, and which we now called, "our author chart." We learned a few facts about him, such as: He has blue eyes, is not very tall, likes children and writes pretty verses and stories for them, lives in Boston, was born in 1845.

Next we happened to take up Stanley, because a boy brought a very good picture of him and knew something about his work, and wishing to encourage this search for authors I honored him by adding the picture he had brought, to our chart, and we learned something about the great explorer's work.

Next we looked up, "The Little Sandpiper," a poem by Celia Thaxter. We did not commit this to memory but read it, that is, I read to them, and we talked about it. We closed our eyes and dreamed of the sandy beach, the lowering clouds, the piercing cry of the bird, the ships far out on the horizon, etc., until we had picked all the meat out of the nut we could and imbibed the great thought of God's good care for all contained in the last verse:

"I will not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou little Sandpiper and I?"

And so Celia Thaxter was added to the chart, and with a few facts about her life and a picture of her summer home on the