

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.

SUGGESTION TO TEACHERS.—The utility of music in schools is no longer problematical. All those objections and doubts which found place in many honest minds formerly have vanished in the light of experimental facts. School Teachers and Trustees, almost every where, regard it favorably; not only those who themselves have a practical acquaintance with music, and can sing, but others. It is no uncommon thing to hear teachers say, "I cannot sing myself, but I have found it to be a capital thing among scholars." A little singing diffuses a spirit of cheerfulness which makes pleasant that which otherwise often proves irksome. Harmonious voices inspire harmonious feelings. The school-song makes the school room attractive. When the place is attractive the lessons are easy.

How shall singing be made in the highest degree to fulfil its design? Anything which has the effect to draw out the voices is of importance. All teachers of singing are accustomed to avail themselves more or less of instrumental assistance in imparting instruction. In Germany, from whence we have drawn so much that is valuable in educational matters during years past, musical instruments are considered as indispensable to the complete furnishing of the school-room. If an instrument, say a piano-forte or a melodeon, assists the singing teacher, it may also be made in a degree to supply the place of one. A great deal of early instruction must of course be by imitation. Now if a tune be played over in the hearing of the pupils, they having the words before them, they soon begin to sing it. In almost any place where a school of eighty scholars is in operation, more than one miss can be found among the number capable of playing the tunes in our school singing books. As far as singing of tunes is concerned, an instrument correctly played will insure correct performance without the presence of the living teacher, when the teacher without the instrument would be obliged to leave some things faulty. The pitch of instruments like those named is fixed, and so offers a standard to the ear to which the voices must conform.

Not only the melody may thus be taught, but also accompanying parts. Many a singing-teacher has found himself nonplussed by certain kinds of 'natural

second-singers,' who follow or accompany the melody persistently at the interval of a third, whatever may be the harmonic requirements of the part. If it diverges to a sixth or takes a direct motion, still the third is as inseparable as a man and his shadow. If he attempts to have the pupil learn the part by itself, and sings it with her, she provokingly sings *second to that*. Now an instrument capable of presenting the parts in their true relation remedies this difficulty at once, and makes correct singers at least as far as pitch is concerned.—*Illinois Tracker*.

THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

"That animals have each a language of their own to one another," says James Hogg, (the Scottish "Ettrick Shepherd,") "there can be no doubt. I know a good deal of their language myself. I know by the voice of the raven when he has discovered one of my flock dead—I know also his prelude to the storm and to fine weather. The moor-fowls call one another from hill to hill. I learned to imitate their language so closely that I could have brought scores of them within the range of my shot of a morning. The blackcock has a call, too, which brings all his motley mates around him, but the females have no call. They are a set of subordinated beings, like the wives of a nabob. They dare not even incubate upon the same hill with their haughty lords. But the partridge, and every mountain bird, have a language to each other, and though rather circumscribed, it is perfectly understood, and, as Wordsworth says, 'not to me unknown.' Even the stupid and silly barn-door hen, when the falcon appears, can, by one single alarm note, make all her chickens hide in a moment. Every hen tells you when she has laid her egg; and lest it should not be well enough heard or understood, the cock exerts the whole power of his lungs in divulging the important secret. The black-faced ewe, on the approach of a fox or a dog, utters a whistle through her nostrils which alarms all her comrades, and immediately puts them upon the look out. Not one of them will take another bite until they discover whence the danger is approaching. If the dog be with a man, sundry of them utter a bleat which I know well, but cannot describe, and begin feeding again. If the dog is by himself, they are more afraid of

him than any other animal, and then you will again hear the whistle repeated through the whole glen.

"But the acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. An ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a hundred lambs, all bleating at the same time, and making a noise. Besides the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and the lamb, who amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things which have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearing, and the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then send out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, mamma, which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, naked, shrivelling,—a most deplorable looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud, tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally ten or a dozen times before the recognition is perfect."

PUTTING OFF THINGS.

Among the play-fellows of my boyhood was one Tom Stansell. Let me make you acquainted with one of the most marked features in his character—one which stood out so boldly that nobody could be in his company an hour without noticing it, any more than he could help noticing a huge and ungainly nose on a man's face. This trait in Tom's character was that of putting off things. I don't know how early he came by this habit, though he must have been very young when he first took it up. As long ago as I can remember the boys in school used to nickname him Standstill, on account of this unfortunate habit of his.

He was never at his place in the school-house until late. How he always contrived to be systematically behind time was a mystery even to himself. When reproved, as he frequently was, by the schoolmaster, I have known him scratch his head, as if that organ was completely bewildered and puzzled, and declare that he could not, for the life of him, tell how he came to be tardy. It was just so at church. He was never in season, when