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A SERIES OF PRIMARY READING-LESSONS. I

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Weaving, as an industry for primary children, has widely proven itself of value, and interesting work in textiles is being done in many schools. The time has come, moreover, when teachers demand of manual work, not only that it shall keep the children busy, but that it shall pay for this expenditure of time and energy in physical development, intellectual training, and moral habits. We insist that our industry shall be educational, not manufactural. We recognize, too, that a mind under the stimulus of a new and interesting manual activity is eager and plastic toward associated intellectual influences. Therefore we try to link this little school activity with the great world-industries. We try to show our child-weaver his place in a long, world-wide, and time-diversified procession of textile workers. We try to translate his loom, his weaving, into terms of history, art, and poetry. In these efforts we bring materials into the school-room—an Indian blanket, an oriental rug, a Cashmere shawl, spinning-wheels, spindles, pictures. We make excursions to textile museums and factories. We tell stories of shepherds—Abraham, David, Endymion, James Hogg. We study conditions of shepherd life. We read poems of shepherds and weavers. We make reading-lessons to convey information and story. The children express their newly gained knowledge and emotions by writing, painting, modeling, and acting.

The following reading-lessons were made and printed at the

Francis W. Parker School for the use of the second grade in connection with weaving. The methods of using them have been various, since the children differ widely in their reading ability. Sometimes the story has been read aloud by one child. Frequently the class has read silently, using the information acquired in writing, drawing, modeling, and discussion. Sometimes the story has been simplified and written upon the board. Often one group has prepared a lesson and has read it orally to the other children. At times various children have read aloud different parts of a lesson, and thus together have made the whole story. The pupil's interest in the reading is a strong plea for correlated reading-matter, and their widening images and interests in connection with their hand-work make a plea for developing the intellectual matter associated with a manual activity.

The collection is far from complete. Descriptions of other skilful weavers are needed—Swedish, Japanese, East Indian. There should be more poems—upon spinning and weaving. Cotton- and linen-working are untouched. Nothing has been done with embroidery and lace-making. But the writer hopes that the present material may be of use to the readers of the *Elementary School Teacher*, and that many people will help to complete the collection.

SECOND-GRADE READING LESSONS

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE

It must be pleasant to be a shepherd in Greece.

Early in the morning it is cool.

The sky is golden around the sun.

The mountains are rosy.

The sheep move slowly over the hill.

Their bells tinkle sweetly.

The shepherd lies on a rock.

He plays his pipe.

The sound floats far away.

His dog lies beside him.

But at noon it is very hot.

The shepherd drives his sheep slowly to a well.

He draws water, and the sheep drink.

Then he drives them to a shelter.
It is a little flat roof of brush.
It stands on short poles.
It makes a little shade.
Here the sheep lie close together and sleep.
There is another smaller roof for the shepherd.
Here he and his dog lie down and sleep.
After a few hours it grows cool.
The shepherd and the sheep wake.
The sheep go out again to eat.
The shepherd follows slowly.

(Used by the teacher; parts of poems committed by the children)

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot;
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

—WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love.
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

—C. MARLOWE.

A SHEPHERD'S VILLAGE

It is lonely work being a shepherd.
The sheep wander on day after day.
Sometimes they go miles from home.
The shepherd does not see his people for weeks.
He is far up in bare hills.
But there are other shepherds in those hills.
They all grow lonely.
Sometimes they hear one another's pipes far away.
"There are other shepherds," they say to themselves.
They drive their sheep in the direction of the music.
When they meet they are very glad.
"Let us camp together," they say.
So they build sheds for themselves and their sheep.

They make them of brush or of rushes.
The sheep-shed is a big ring with a roof around the edge.
The men's sheds are like beehives.
Inside is a shelf for the men to lie on.
On the ground in the middle burns a little fire.
Here the shepherds all live for weeks.
When the grass is gone they move on to a new camp.

A LOST SHEEP

A shepherd stood on the mountain-side.
He was counting his sheep.
One was gone.
Across the valley was another mountain-side.
Here was another shepherd with his sheep.
The first shepherd called across to him.
He had to call very loudly and slowly, because it was far away.
He said: "I have lost a sheep. Is he with you?"
"I will see," called the other shepherd.
He counted his sheep.
There was one too many.
Now, all sheep look very much alike.
How could he tell which one was not his?
The sheep all had their heads down eating.
The shepherd gave his call.
All his sheep knew that call.
They raised their heads.
But one sheep kept on eating.
The shepherd shouted: "Yes, I have one strange sheep."
Then the other shepherd gave his call.
It floated softly across the valley.
The strange sheep heard it and lifted its head.
"He is yours," called the man who was watching.
Then the other shepherd left his dog to guard his herd.
He came across the valley, and got his lost sheep.

Would that my father had taught me
The craft of a keeper of sheep;
For so, in the shade of an elm tree,

Or under a rock on the steep,
Piping on reeds I had sat
And had lulled my sorrow to sleep!

—MOSCHUS.

GOATS

Goats are very useful to men.
People drink their milk.
They make cheese from the milk.
They eat the meat of goats.
They make pails and bottles from the skin.
They make cloth from the hair.
They can make pretty cloth without any dye.
That is because goat hair is of so many colors.
Some goats are black.
Some are white.
Some are dark brown.
Some are light brown.
Some are blue-gray.
A herd of goats on a mountain-side is very pretty.
The rocks are big and rough and gray.
Little green plants grow in the cracks.
The goats, brown and black and white and gray, jump from
rock to rock and eat these plants.
The shepherd with his crook sits on a rock.
He has a bright handkerchief on his head.
These goats do not belong to him.
Down the mountain is a little village.
The goats belong to the people of this village.
Early in the morning the shepherd walks through the village.
The goats are waiting for him at their own doors.
He whistles, and the goats walk on ahead of him.
In the evening he drives them home.
When a goat comes to her own door she turns in.
Sometimes she has to go upstairs to be milked.
Up she goes without any fuss.

GIOTTO

There was a shepherd boy called Giotto.
He lived in Italy long ago.
His father had a little stone house on a hillside.
It was a little village of stone houses.
Below it were green fields beside a river.
Above it was the rocky hill.
The father worked in the fields by the river.
The boy Giotto tended the sheep on the hill.
There he lay, while the sheep ate.
He looked at the clouds in the blue sky.
He saw the little houses and the green fields.
He watched the sun set behind the hills.
He looked at his sheep with their heads down, eating.
He had nothing to do, so he took a little stone and scratched
on a big smooth rock.
Sometimes he made only crooked marks.
Sometimes he made pictures of his sheep.
He made them lying down.
He made them running.
He made them eating.
One day a stranger came up the hill on a horse.
He saw the boy lying down scratching with his stone.
He rode near and stopped.
He looked at the pictures on the rock.
He watched the boy at work.
At last he said: "These are good sheep, my boy.
"I make pictures myself, I am an artist.
"I have a work shop down in the city.
"Come down and work with me.
"I will teach you to use brush and paints.
"I will show you how to make pictures of Christ and of
angels."
Giotto leaped up with joy.
Of course he wanted to go.
He and the stranger went to his father.
They talked for a long time.

At last the father said "Yes."

Then Giotto tied some clothes into a bundle.

He kissed his father and mother and started for the city.

There he worked for years.

He learned how to paint.

He made very beautiful pictures of Christ and of Mary and of angels.

But he could do other things also.

He could carve marble.

He could make buildings.

He built a beautiful tower for bells.

He made it of marble—green, white, pink.

Into it he put little pictures carved in marble.

One of them is a picture of a man plowing.

Another is a picture of a man sitting in his tent-door.

In front of him are his sheep.

His dog is watching them.

I think that when Giotto made those pictures he was thinking of his old home, his sheep, his father's fields.

MY MOTHER'S STORY OF SHEEP-SHEARING

When I was a little girl, I used to like sheep-shearing time.

It was in spring.

The days were warm.

The sheep did not need their thick winter wool.

It began to come out.

When I played in the woods, I often found locks of it on the bushes.

"We must not lose any more wool," my father said when he saw it.

"We must do our shearing."

The men put on their high rubber boots and went down to the creek.

We children ran along to watch.

We liked the fun.

The brook ran through the woods pasture.

The sheep were running among the trees.

There was a little pen near the brook.
The men drove the sheep into this pen and shut them in.
One man waded out into the brook.
“All ready,” he said.

Then another man opened the gate of the pen.
He drove one sheep out and into the water.
The man in the brook caught it.
He held it between his knees in the water.
He washed the wool and squeezed it in his hands.
He pulled out burrs and straws and sticks from the wool.
The sheep in the water was very still.

When the man thought the sheep was clean, he let it go.
Off it ran, baaing into the woods.

The man in the pen sent out another sheep into the water.
Soon the sheep were all washed and were running about in the woods.

We children liked that time best.

What a noise!

What a running-about!

Mothers had lost their lambs, and lambs had lost their mothers.

They ran about the woods bleating to call each other.

When they met they were very happy.

The mothers rubbed the little ones with their noses.

The lambs danced around their mothers.

It was a very pretty sight.

We children laughed with joy.

After some days, the sheep's wool was dry.

The boys swept the barn floor clean.

They drove all the sheep into the front barn-yard.

It was clean there.

Father took down the sheep-shears from the shed and went to the barn.

“Come on,” he called when he was ready.

The boys drove a sheep into the barn.

Father caught it and put it between his knees.

Sometimes the sheep tried to get away.

Then father tied its legs together.

Then it had to lie quiet on the floor.
“Clip, clip,” went the shears.
The thick wool began to roll off.
It was matted together.
So it came off in one piece.
It looked like a whole skin, as it lay on the floor.
When it was all cut off, one of the boys took it.
He tied it into a roll.
Father untied the sheep’s legs.
It ran out into the other barn-yard, baaing for its friends.
The boys drove another one in.
Off came his wool.
The sheared sheep looked very funny.
Their legs were like little sticks.
Their pink skin showed through their short hair.
My father looked at the pile of wool in the barn.
“Well,” he said, “that will make us all the clothes we need.
“I think we shall have some to sell.”

THE SHEEP

“Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the grassy fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?”

“Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don’t you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah! very cold, you’d get,
If I did not give you it.

“Sure it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring,
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewey grass,

Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common's brown and bare.

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away
To warm you in the winter's day;
Little master, this is why
In the grassy fields I lie."

—ANN TAYLOR.

UP! UP! YE DAMES AND LASSES GAY!
Up! Up! ye dames and lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn,
Not a soul at home may stay;
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods today.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet,
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods today.

—S. T. COLERIDGE.

SHEPHERD PICTURES

Shepherds on the hillside, playing pipes,
Calling to each other through your pipes,
Looking at your sheep and at the rocks,
Looking at the hills and at the trees,
Looking at the valleys down below,
And making up tunes on your pipes.

Looking at the craggy mountain-side
And looking at the stars at night,
Looking at the deep blue sky,
And looking at the moon among the clouds—
How sweet is the life of the shepherd!
—Second Grade, 1904.