

**WEALE'S SERIES: READING
BOOKS, ADAPTED
TO THE REQUIREMENTS
OF THE REVISED CODE**

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Weale's Series: Reading Books, Adapted to the Requirements of the Revised Code by A. R. Grant

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A. R. GRANT

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Wheale's Series

READING BOOKS

ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE REVISED CODE

EDITED BY THE REV. A. R. GRANT

RECTOR OF HITCHAM, AND HONORARY CANON OF ELY; FORMERLY
H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS

FIFTH STANDARD

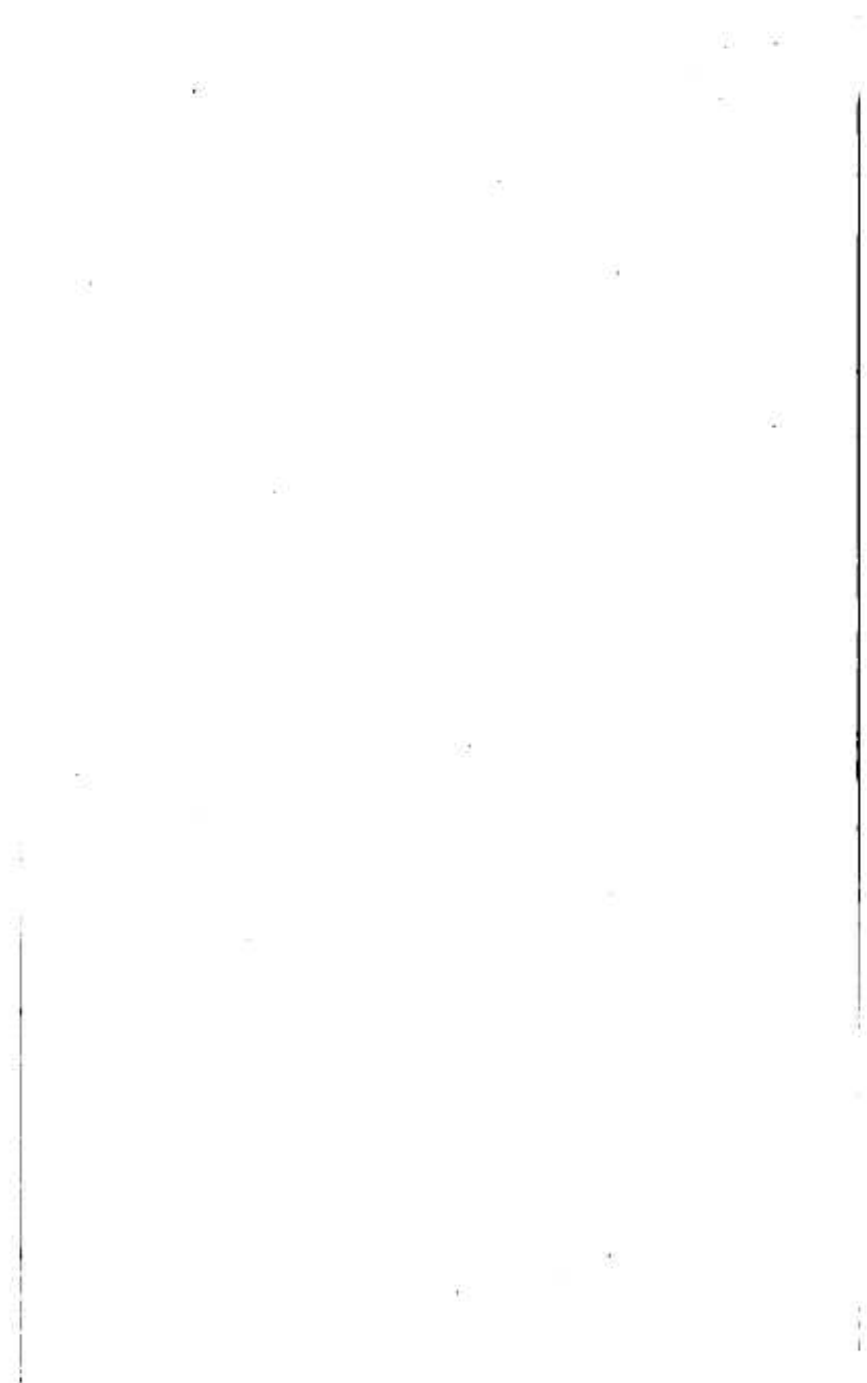


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FIFTH STANDARD.

READING ALOUD.

A new master was appointed to a large mixed school in a country town. For a few days after his arrival Mr. Bailey did not take a class, but employed himself in watching the pupil-teachers at work, and in examining the younger children. But one morning, about a week after his appointment, he called up the first class and said—

“Can you read?”

The children thought that they had not heard him rightly. He repeated the question.

“Please, sir, we are in Standard VI.—all but this boy, and he has passed it.”

“I did not ask what Standard you were in,” replied the master: “I asked whether you could read.”

The boys grinned from ear to ear, two or three of the girls giggled, and all shouted—

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well,” said Mr. Bailey; “I am delighted to hear it. Open your books at page 66, and begin.”

The children obeyed, and for a few minutes the lesson continued without interruption. Suddenly the master said—

“Close books! I want you to leave off making that

noise. I thought you said you could *read*. I have not heard one child read yet. Thomas Benson shuts his teeth, and lets the sound come through his nose. That's not reading; it is *squeaking*. Alfred Smith is thinking how soon he can get to the bottom of a page, and sets off like a racehorse. That's *gabbling*. Mary Candler never changes the tone of her voice, but goes on—on—on with the same note. That's *drawling*. Emily Lewis whispers, and her brother Frank *screams*. Now, I do not suppose that the children in Standard VI. are required by the Inspector to gabble, squeak, drawl, whisper, or scream, nor do I imagine that these powers will be useful to them in after life; and therefore I wish to hear *reading*."

The children looked half-amused, half-mortified, and their master continued, with a smile—

"I do not want to discourage you. It is true that you all know the words in your books perfectly well; but I want you to learn to pronounce them properly, and to read intelligibly and pleasantly. Can any of you tell me why it would be useful and pleasant to read aloud well?"

"We may be asked to read to sick people," suggested Tom Benson.

"Yes, my boy, you may; but if ever an invalid says, 'Tom, I feel such a longing to hear a little squeaking,' I shall be surprised. In such a case he would probably send for a pig, or buy a crying doll at the toy-shop."

"Please, sir," said Mary, "we girls may get places as nursery maids, and then we may have to teach the children."

"To *read*, Mary—not to drawl. Can you think of any other reasons?"

"If any one is blind, or unable to read, we might read the Bible to him."

"Yes, you might; and I am sure you will easily see how important it would be in that case to read correctly and pleasantly. But now I will give you a fourth reason for trying to read aloud well. You will probably succeed. Now, you cannot all succeed in other matters. Many of you may not have very good memories, and may have to take a great deal of trouble to learn your geography or spelling lessons by heart, and you may often be inclined to feel cross, because, in spite of all your trouble, you so easily forget what you have learned. Or some of you girls may have clumsy fingers, and find it very difficult to work neatly. Probably several of you cannot sing, and, moreover, cannot be taught to do so. You remember when I told Charlie West not to sing this morning with the rest of you. I explained that it was from no fault of his, but because, having no ear for music, he put you out. But I can promise any child here who takes pains that he will in time read well. And now it is time to change lessons. In the afternoon I will give you a few rules which will help you to read properly."

About half an hour before the school closed, Mr. Bailey again called the first class up, and said—

"Now for our rules. First, open your mouths and teeth well: then we shall have no squeaking. Take plenty of breath and plenty of time, and you will avoid gabbling. And as for drawling, whispering, or screaming, these faults will not arise if you think of the sense of what you read, and try to pronounce the words exactly as if you were talking. Next, a word about *emphasis*. You