

earth in one corner, and give them a few seeds. Get an armful of smooth pieces of wood from a carpenter, and let them have a hammer and some nails. Put an old shawl or dust sheet or carpet over the clothes-lines, so that they may have a tent or house. Encourage them to feed the earth worms and watch the ants."

"Feed the worms!" interrupted the mother, "whatever do you mean?"

"Why! have you never tried putting flakes of rolled wheat or oats, or something of that kind, near a worm's hole at the evening time?"

"I never even dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, just try it, and you will get as much pleasure as the children. The worms will drag it down while you are watching them. Last year we did it every evening after tea, and never tired of watching. There is lots of fun, and instruction too, in our own back yards, if we only make a way to find it."

"I do think I see light through some of my problems," said the mother, as she thanked her friend, her eyes glistening with tears.

Lullaby

By Katharine H. McDonald Jackson

When the daisies have put on their night-caps,
And are safely tucked up in their beds;
When the robins redbreasted their wee ones
have nested

And clover-blooms droop their sweet heads;
Small misty-winged moonbeams fly softly,
Straight down from the far-away skies,
And bear to my treasure bright dreams
without measure,

As warm on my bosom she lies.

When honey bees rest from their labors,
And hushed is their drowsy-sweet sound;
When lilies, low-bending, their white cups
are lending,

To scatter fresh fragrance around,
A star song comes fluttering earthward,
Its message of love to impart;
And ethereal wings are the vision it brings
To the wee one close pressed to my heart.

When velvet eyed pansies are sleeping,
And dew-drops are pearling the grass;
And glow-worms are lighted like sunbeams
benighted,

To shine in the dusk where you pass;
Then zephyrs creep softly and whisper
A lullaby sweet to my Dear!
Like the twitter of birds are their songs
without words,
Low crooned in her shell tinted ear.

When stars are all glowing and twinkling
Like jewels set fair in the night,
To the half-wakened roses, a south wind
discloses

A vision of perfect delight.
In perfume they swiftly enfold it,
And waft it to her on my breast;
And smiles without number peep through
her deep slumber,
Held fast in a dream-dimpled rest.
Brockville, Ont.

Other People's Children

By Nannie Lee Frayser

"How many children have you?" said a child to me once. "Forty-five," I answered instantly. The little one only dimpled, and gazed with wide eyes at me, the second "Old Woman who lived in the Shoe," but around my heart came a warm, soft glow that the Father understood. What joy the forty-five borrowed children gave me, He knew.

This love for some "mother's child" is bringing the teacher into closer touch with the mother the wide world over, and while that mother is busy with her thousand cares at home,—the making of little garments, the darning of little stockings, the preparing of wholesome food, the seeing to the comfort of those around her, in fact just simply living out the things that make her the best beloved, the teacher, with emptier hands, but just as loving heart, is striving to find out the best things for the child of her care, in order that she may help this mother, whose time is never her own.

The true teacher realizes that, with all she has to bring of theory, or of practical school room, or Sunday School room, knowledge, these must count as nothing almost, without the help of the clearer knowledge that comes to the mother by instinct and constant loving contact, that maternal gift that makes the mother wise almost to divinity.

now Jackson