

Even the junior classes are helped. A big tomato worm furnished my primary class with a nature study, a language, a reading, and an art lesson, and every lesson was intensely interesting.

Our nature study lessons are now two of the most pleasant lessons in the week, and I used to face them as I did the dentist—because I must. Now when the children are allowed to select a lesson as a reward for good work, they always say “history or nature study”, and if I choose the latter a little boy in the front seat exclaims, “O, goody!” How could one dread a lesson after that?

By the way, we have learned something else. Those agricultural bulletins are full of useful information, and now we often write for bulletins! There are many reasons for saying that agriculture in the school is worth while, but I appreciate it most because *it teaches the children to give.*

Unconsciously, we train our children in selfishness. They are reproved and punished for helping each other in arithmetic and spelling, and, quietly but firmly, the web of selfishness creeps around them. But in gardening the teacher can encourage the children to exchange plants and seeds and so they learn to give.

I wish you could have seen my girls last summer, as they cut their choicest blossoms for a lady they had never seen. But she was ill, and how they loved to give her their best!

I wish, too, you could have seen my boys one hot afternoon. A little worse-than-homeless child was gazing at our flowers. “Would you like some flowers, Sam?” someone said. The child’s whole face changed as he said “Yes”. Then didn’t those boys shout, “Please may we get them?” There was a race for scissors, and every boy from the Fourth to the primary class began to cut flowers.

It was an elaborate bouquet when finished, but the child was happy and so were the boys. And for two years I had been fighting with those boys to stop their teasing that child. I haven’t heard one complaint since the day they gave him those flowers!

Yes, gardening does mean extra work for the teacher. It may mean that you will have to be at school before eight o’clock, and it may mean that you will have to stay even after the Entrance class leaves at night.

But if you start a garden you will never be sorry, for the happiest teacher is the one who has learned that “life isn’t all just for self. It’s each for all and all for each.”

---

JOHNNY had been very excited all morning, and finally burst out with:

“We have a baby girl at our house, teacher; Dr. Moore brought her.”

Immediately another small hand was frantically waved in the air, and a little voice piped: “We take off of him, too, Miss Brown!”