

their part, too. They stenciled and hemstitched sash curtains for the windows. They stretched dark green burlap in one corner on the wall on which the best school work could be mounted. They drew each month a pretty calendar on the blackboard."

"In one country school a girl read in a farm paper on the reading table how to make a fireless cooker. She took a box, some hay, and some muslin, and made one according to directions. In this the school often cooked rice for the hot lunch."

"Part of a child's education comes from the study of books; part of it comes through doing things; and another large part comes through being a member of the school family."

"The school exists to train better farmers, better homemakers, and better citizens. The things a boy or girl does at home, if done in the right way, are quite as much apart of his or her education as the things done at school. Because of this, many of the country schools are now giving credit for home work—for milking the cows, washing the dishes, getting the meals, ploughing a field—if it is well done. From this same idea grows the movement of boys' and girls' clubs."

"On one farm the hay rope broke in the midst of the haying. Just then the farmer's son came into the barn and said: "I can splice the rope in a few minutes so it will be as good as new. I learned how at school last week." That farmer now believes in his school more than ever before.—*In Rural Science Bulletin (N.S.)*

WHERE'S MOTHER.

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's Mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the girl with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home her earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honours won:
"Where's Mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask,
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may.
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's Mother?"

New Zealand School Journal.

ON A BALKAN SUNSET

(To My Wife)

By O. D. A. Stevenson

Along the line of mountain walls
The western sky with colour glows,
While all around the twilight falls
In loveliest tints of gold and rose.

But, though the sun no more is here,
His light still lives; for, bright and high,
The silver moon swings calm and clear,
Soft shining in the eastern sky.

A lesson sweet for lonely hearts—
The sun's light in the bright moon lies!
So, distance lovers only parts—
Love, like the sunlight, never dies!

—*In the Canadian Magazine for February*

AN ANSWER

By J. E. Hogg

Rest now in peace, ye Flanders dead,
With each a cross to mark his bed
Where poppies grow.

The boastful Hun

Who thought by might of sword and gun
To win the world, his quest has fled.
Ye noble dead,
The fight ye led is won,
And peace is round us shed.
We live and love because ye bled
"In Flanders fields."

Your cause has triumphed 'gainst the foe,
To us in vain ye did not throw
The torch;
With pride we hold it high,
And freedom's light shall never die.
Sleep then in peace,
Where poppies blow,
"In Flanders fields."

—*In the Canadian Magazine for February*

SUPERINTENDENT MAXWELL'S FINAL ADVICE

"In leaving my active work I would say to you: Do not attempt to lay down hard and fast directions which teachers under your supervision must follow. Be content to be leaders, not dictators. The first duty of a superintendent or a principal is to furnish his full share of inspiration and suggestion to his corps of teachers. His second great duty is to call forth all the inspiration, all the invention, all the originality, all the power that each teacher possesses. When he has had any marked degree of success along these lines, he will have performed his duty fully."

He also gives this final message to teachers, which may be studied carefully: