

large chair, the middle-sized chair, and Tiny's chair; the large bed, the middle-sized bed, and Tiny's bed.

In the higher classes, sewing for the girls and wood-work for the boys, may be introduced. As the time for this work is limited, it can be correlated with other subjects; for instance, the road-drag can be constructed in an Agriculture lesson.

The following may be said about the Canadian boy as well as the American boy,—

"The Yankee boy; before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool

The pocket knife; to that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;

His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get
it,

Then leaves no stone unturned till he
can whet it;

And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket knife to the young whittler
brings

A growing knowledge of material things."

Let us look beyond Jack's petty pranks and a few years into the future—We see him a thrifty farmer, a man interested in the welfare of the community,—a true Canadian citizen.

When I began teaching school I adopted elementary agriculture as one of the subjects on the curriculum for three reasons, first, its value in the development of the pupil; secondly, its value in increasing interest and pleasure in the school-life, and the enjoyment and relaxation to be found in the work; and last, but not least, the departmental grants to the teacher and school-board. In most rural schools there are at least nine or ten grades, and I found the course of study pretty well crowded. To overcome the difficulty I grouped the Third and Fourth forms in one class in Agriculture.

The pupils are required to keep careful records of all work in their note-books,—the testing of milk brought from home in labelled bottles; study of the types and breeds of farm animals; seed-testing; grafting; beneficial and injurious insects; obnoxious weeds, etc. No more than one hour a week is devoted to Agriculture, but, frequently I correlate it with other subjects; for instance, farm problems may be given in arithmetic.

In order to make the work more effective a Progress Club was organized, called the "Stanton School Progress Club." Our motto "Do your best" is a great encouragement to the pupils.

At the meeting each Friday, after the Agriculture lesson, a short programme is given by the pupils, consisting of agricultural readings, songs, debates, and speeches, and the "Stanton Progress Paper" is read by the editor. There are three editors, elected for the term. Water-carriers and wood-carriers are put in each week. The president and the secretary are elected for each term, while the programme and school-room committees are put in monthly. Anyone may contribute news, jokes, or stories for the paper. Besides the excellent training this club affords the pupils, I find it a great aid in school discipline.

Every rural school should have a library of good books. I say good books because there are good books and bad books; books that educate mentally and morally, and books that will debase and demoralize. We have already quite a number of good agriculture books in our library, besides a shelf of bulletins and agricultural journals.

On my time-table I have a period for supplementary reading. Besides cultivating a taste for good literature, this period provides a rest from the school routine. Not a small number of parents think it is a waste of time to read books, and as a result their boy, who has developed a fondness for reading at school will be found in the hay-loft with his favorite book. The reading of good literature should be encouraged in the homes. Education in sex-knowledge should not be neglected. Although the home is the place where this subject should be instructed, a book on sex-hygiene in the school library will help.

Our school garden, adjoining the play grounds, comprises about twelve square rods. Here abundance of material for lessons is found. A plot of twitch grass afforded us a splendid opportunity to study the growth and eradication of this obnoxious weed.

The garden tools, after being used are

carefully put away in their places. We use an old room adjoining the school room for the tools. I wonder if the boy who learns to take care of a hoe, will some day leave his binder out, to the mercy of the elements. During the holidays each pupil took care of his own plot, superintended by a committee, put in before the closing of school.

Each morning we have a five-minutes' talk on something of interest seen on the way to school. This trains the child to see, and to tell what he saw in his own words. In caring for even a flower he learns what no text-book could ever tell. Froebel, an early educationist of fame, said:

"A little child that seeks flowers, and cherishes and cares for them cannot

On September 27, 1918, the boys and girls held a garden exhibition in the school house. The making of the invitations served material for previous Art lessons. They took great interest and delight in preparing and arranging their exhibits of vegetables and flowers on a counter covered with green crepe paper, at the front of the room. A shock of corn stood on the platform with a large mellow pumpkin for company. Best of all were the competitions. In the best collection of weeds there were nearly forty kinds. First came the apple-naming contest. Out of fourteen common varieties the winner correctly named twelve. "Sewing on the button," by the girls was quite amusing when someone's thread had to break. The winner in the weed-



Artificial "Hands" for Disabled Soldiers



A Foot that "Gives"

be a bad child, nor can he become a bad man."

One beautiful autumn day, I took my pupils on a hike to the woods.

I was surprised to find that, even the dullest in school work could read the "book of Nature" quite fluently—from the hanging vines of the wild grape to the scarlet berries of the Indian turnip. It may be said:—

"And Nature, the old nurse
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book,
Thy Father hast written for thee;
Come wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untouched
And read, what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God'."

naming contest stuck on chick-weed. "Well that one's got me!" he exclaimed after examining the weed. The singing of the "National Anthem" brought our first exhibition to a close.

Slowly, yet surely, are our eyes opening to the possibilities of the New Education.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power,"

Violence is transient, hate consumes itself and is blown away by the winds of heaven, jealousy dies; but the righteous thought is a pressure before which malice is powerless.—Hubbard.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Looking Unto Jesus.

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.—Heb. 12:1,2.

"God placed a duty in my hand; before mine eyes could see
Its rightful form, the duty seemed a bitter thing to me.

The Sun of Glory rose and shone, then duty I forgot,
And thought with what a privilege
The Lord had blessed my lot.

As we face the duties and problems of a New Year—not the unknown anxieties and problems of war, but very real difficulties, all the same—it is very important to get the right point of view. The race set before us is not a short dash towards the goal, but a course in which we greatly need the grace of patience and the stimulus of enthusiasm. We don't want to plod through life in dull and dismal fashion, living and working because we can't escape the drudgery of daily toil. The year 1919 comes to us smilingly, holding high the banner of Peace after terrible strife, let us go out to meet it with uplifted heads and glad courage. Let us hold up each duty until it is glorified with the light of God, let us begin each day by looking up into the face of our Master Christ and dedicating its hours to His service, and—when the day is over—let us bring it as a gift to lay at His feet. He will tenderly pardon our failures—if we are really sorry for them—and will treasure forever any thought, word or act of ours that has been a real expression of love.

If we live each day with our eyes on our Lord, trying to walk in His steps, we shall—as St. Paul tells us—be changed into the same image and become more and more like Him. St. John says: "We know that, when He shall appear; we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." Those who see Him as He is become Christ-like. From every side we hear the startling statement that the soldiers, who reverently acknowledge the glory and nobility of the life and death of Christ, are very apt to turn with scorn from His professed followers. They fail to see in members of the Christian Church a likeness to the Lord whose followers they claim to be.

Let us humbly own that His life of selfless ministry and splendid courage is very unlike our lives of selfish grasping, love of ease and popularity, and fear of the opinions of other people. The criticism has all the force of truth to make it weighty, but that need not cause us to despair. The past is past, but the present and the future are ours to grow in.

It will be a very small success if the new year brings us wealth, fame or earthly praise; but there will be rejoicing in the courts of heaven if we run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus. If this year is spent in His company we shall grow steadily more and more like Him Who is altogether lovely. That will be real and lasting gain.

We become like the objects we are constantly beholding. Does that seem impossible? I have read of experiments made in marking fish. Figures (round or square) are distinctly traced on the floor of the tank in which they swim, and slowly these figures are formed on the fish themselves. If the fish are blind the marks do not appear. Think of the marks on trout, which imitate the shadows on the water. Think of the many animals which are spotted or striped like their surroundings. It is not easy to explain how that marking is done, but it is quite easy to understand how a sincere follower of Christ grows like Him. A strong personality captivates the imagination and wins the hearts of men. We look at the perfect beauty of our Lord's character—His power and kindness, His fearlessness and consideration for others, His strength of purpose, faith in the triumph of right, unworldliness and silent endurance of agony. We see in Him the glory of perfect manhood, and of course we want to be like Him. We look at the copy