

But you must not think only the boys are improved by this work. Last year from four to five o'clock on Friday the girls took sewing lessons. While we sewed we talked, and we had many a splendid oral composition though the speaker herself did not know it. What were our subjects? Well, they were varied. One night, I remember it was a chapter in Revelations; the next night,—a certain dress in Eaton's catalogue!

Here is the point. Because teacher and pupils met as equals, the girls were unreserved, and gave the teacher an insight into their characters, and *because they didn't know it*, they were learning a great deal besides sewing. Then, too, the girls and the teacher drew close together and the common every-day lessons are much easier because teacher and pupils are united by an almost perfect understanding.

Little things? Yes they are. But some day I hope my girls will practise some of the things we have discussed, and some day I *know* that boy will turn the cream separator for his wife!

Now may I tell you about the caretaking of the garden? The first year we paid four dollars and the work was only fairly well done. Last June I announced that no one was to be paid, but that the one who had the neatest plot in September should have a prize.

About the last of July I visited the garden. Remember, not one child knew I would see his plot until September. Twelve plots had been cared for; only three were neglected, and those three belonged to the same family.

In September only one plot remained unweeded, and seven were so well cared for that the judge, a stranger, could not select the best.

I had four plots of my own. A girl in the section had the two flower plots in perfect condition, because "the teacher had been sick, and she wanted things to look nice when she came back."

Three days after school re-opened, I said, "there are only two plots that need weeding, and as soon as I am strong enough they shall get it". Imagine my feelings when my "bad boy",—and I am certain he is just as bad as yours; you wouldn't be living if your boy were worse—fairly shouted, "Please they're done. I done 'em yesterday".

Yes, he said "done", and I didn't correct him either. It meant too much to have him do anything of his own free will. But, can you see that the "problem of caretaking" is really not a problem at all?

May I give you some other reasons for saying that a garden is "worth while"? It has taught my pupils to read. Through searching the papers for garden items they became interested in other things, and their improved history, geography and composition makes me grateful to agricultural instruction.