

nest, he tried it. But he found a piece of bark instead of a grub, and it stuck in his throat and choked him.

Dean Swift was a man who wrote books. He wrote a story about some very little people. He gave them an island to live on. He called the island Liliput and the little people Liliputians.

One rainy day Frances played she was Dean Swift. She made an island on her sand board. Then she made some Liliputians with soaked peas and wires.

—*Teachers' Magazine.*

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie;
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Teacher—"Give a sentence using the three simple tenses."

Tom—"Don't think of the future until the present is past."

A teacher writes to say how much her scholars enjoy these Reproduction Stories. She sends several written by her fourth class, which are very good, especially the one given below:

HOW THE BULRUSHES SAVED ROSE.

One day in summer Mr. Rock told his little daughter Rose that he was going to take her down the river the next day in the boat and he would likely be all day, he said as he had to see a man about getting him to work for him.

Rose was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Rock and much thought of by them both.

She was very happy all that day, because if there was anything she enjoyed it was to go anywhere with her father.

The next morning very early Rose got out of her little bed, dressed very quickly and ran down stairs. She went into the kitchen, but nobody was up, not even the servant, who got up very early. "It must be very early," said Rose to herself. "I think I will take our luncheon out of the pantry and go down to the boat, and when Papa comes down I will surprise him."

Then she went into the pantry and brought out the little lunch basket. Mrs. Rock had packed it the day before, as Rose and her father intended to go early. After putting on her sun bonnet Rose ran lightly down to the river side, where the boat was tied.

She got carefully into the boat and set the lunch basket under the seat in the stern. Then she thought she would lie down, and was soon asleep. The boat swung round and round the little pole which held it, and after a while the rope gave way and the boat floated idly down the river. After a while Rose woke up with a start and saw that the boat was now rapidly going down the river.

Rose was only seven years of age and so did not know what to do. Soon she saw a big group of bulrushes and the boat steered into them. Then the boat stopped in the bulrushes. She was there quite a while, but she soon saw her father coming around the bend of the river in another boat. She was taken into it and rowed safely home.

GLADYS PARKER (Age 11).

How many seconds in a minute?
Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day?
Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week?
Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th.

How many months in a year?
Twelve, the almanac makes clear.

How many years in an age?
One hundred, says the sage.

How many ages in time?
No one knows the rhyme.

—*Christina Rossetti.*

The most valuable result of education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not.—*Huxley.*