

and the miscellaneous collection of serving dishes which the children will be glad to bring, each for himself, and you will at least have a nucleus around which to build. If you have ever trudged a mile to the seat of learning in your community on a winter morning accompanied by your mid-day lunch, which gets more nearly frozen than do you, if possible, a potato baked in the ashes of the school stove, a cup of hot soup or coffee, a piece of toast or a freshly cooked egg would but "grapple to your soul with hooks of steel" any instructions as to the proper method of cooking, with reasons, which the teacher might furnish, as the viands were being prepared. This means eating your lunch at school with the children, but such a course is fruitful of good in other realms than the Household Economic. Perfect yourself in the proper methods of preparing tea, coffee, cocoa, two or three soups, toast, soft cooked eggs, potatoes, sandwiches, salad dressing, meat, and carry out a course of ten such noonday lessons in a country school room next year. Supplies? Why those children bring just such things as you need, and they could take turns in bringing milk, butter and the other things which all would not bring each day.

Beware of offending the conservative ear of school board or rate payer or parent with even the suggestion of adding a new subject to the curriculum. Even in your own consciousness guard against regarding Household Economics as a new and separate study. Rather smear over the three R's that form the back bone of our course of study, this new R, viz., "Right Living," and you will be laying broad and sure the foundation of Home Economics as a school subject.

"Chemistry and its Relations to Daily Life," Kablenberg and Hart, \$2.25, MacMillan, Toronto. "Shelter and Clothing," Kinnie and Cooley, \$1.25, MacMillan, Toronto. "Foods and Household Management," Kinnie and Cooley, \$1.25. "Cornell Reading Courses," Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

COMFORT.

And this for comfort thou must know:
Times that are ill won't still be so;
Clouds will not ever pour down rain;
A sullen day will clear again.

—Herrick.

POEMS FOR THE PRIMARY GRADES.

PUSSY WILLOWS.

In her dress of silver gray
Comes the Pussy Willow gay —
Like a little Eskimo,
Clad in fur from tip to toe.
Underneath her, in the river,
Flows the water with a shiver.
Downward sweeping from the hill,
North Wind whistles, loud and shrill.

Birds are loth to wing their flight,
To a land in such a plight.
Not another flower is found
Peeping from the bark or ground.
Only Mother Willow knows
How to make such suits as those;
How to fashion them with skill,
How to guard against the chill.

Did she live once, long ago,
In the land of ice and snow?
Was it first by Polar seas
That she made such coats as these?
Who can tell? — We only know
Where our Pussy Willows grow.
Fuzzy little friends that bring
Promise of the coming spring.

— Primary Education.

THE SCHOOL REPORT.

BY JULIE A. KENNEDY.

In Reading I am "Good," it says;
In Spelling, "Excellent;"
And always in Geography
I get a high per cent.

I'm "Good," too, in Arithmetic,
In Music, and the rest;
And father says he's glad to know
In school I do my best.

But then he shakes his head, and says
He wonders how 'twould be
If teacher asked him to make out
A "Home Report" for me.

There's "Rising Early," "Bed on Time,"
And "Minding Promptly," too;
And "Table Ways" and "Cheerfulness,"
And "Little Things to Do."

In some, perhaps, I might get "Good;"
In others, I am sure
My marks would not be more than "Fair,"
And some would be just "Poor."

— Youth's Companion.