

Isle of Shoals, we passed on to Will Carleton, our own Michigan poet. We became acquainted with two or three of his poems. The "Christmas Baby" became the favorite. I really think they loved it because through it they learned to measure a parent's love for his child. They felt that their parents loved them as dearly as did the father in the story love his baby, and, if the occasion offered, like him, would say:—

"There ! if all the rich men I ever saw or knew,
 Would come with all their traps, boy, and offer them for you,
 I'd show them the door so quick, sir, they'd surely think 'twas odd,
 Before I'd sell to another my Christmas Gift from God."

With this poem we started a little exercise which the children liked very much. After they had heard it two or three times until they were somewhat familiar with it, I would read it, but leaving off the last word of each line which they would put in.

There are many interesting things to be found about Carleton's life; born in 1847; lived on a farm; walked two miles to school; wrote a long letter in rhyme to his sister when he was ten years old; didn't take to farm work very well; once, his father heard him lecturing to the sheep and cows in the barn; taught school; saved his money to go to college; now lives in Brooklyn.

I will not go into detail farther, as I fear I am taking too much of your time, but we learned that year to love—besides those named above—Longfellow, Jane Andrews (author of "Seven Little Sisters"), and Anna Sewell (author of "Black Beauty"). In third and fourth grades I have added to these Whittier, Holland, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Burnett and Louise Alcott. We studied part of "Snow Bound;" I told them parts of "Arthur Bonnicastle" and "Little Men." One of the children brought a picture of Mrs. Holland's summer home at the Thousand Islands, which she has called "Bonnicastle." I try to have them look forward to the time when they will be old enough to read these books and enjoy them.

I have felt rewarded for my efforts several times. Once, last September, when school opened, one of my last year's boys fished a clipping from a paper out of his pocket with the announcement of Whittier's death, and a short sketch of his life. I thought, for a third grade boy, this showed a great deal of interest, especially as the clipping was made in vacation, and had been taken care of till school began. Another time was when some of my former boys came to see me, who are now in fifth and sixth grades, and told me of the old friends