

WHEN THOMAS TAKES HIS PEN.

Young Thomas Jones came home from school with sad and solemn air;
He did not kiss his mother's cheek nor pull his sister's hair;
He hungered not for apples, and he spoke in dismal tones;
'Twas very clear misfortune drear had happened Thomas Jones.

"My precious child," his mother cried, "what, *what* is troubling you?
You're hurt — you're ill — *you've failed in school!* Oh, tell us what to do!"

Then Thomas Jones made answer in a dull, despairing way:
"I've got to write an essay on 'The Indian Today.'"

His tallest sister ran to him, compassion in her eye;
His smallest sister pitied him — nor knew the reason why;
And all that happy family forsook its work and play
To hunt up information on "The Indian Today."

They read of Hiawatha and of sad Ramona's woe —
You found encyclopedias where'er they chanced to go.
They bought a set of Cooper, and they searched it through
and through,
While Thomas Jones sat mournfully and told them what to do.

For three whole days the library was like a moving-van.
"Is Mr. Jones," each caller asked, "a literary man?"
And day by day more pitiful became young Thomas' plight,
Because, alas! the more he read, the more he could not write.

"Write what you know," his mother begged (she stirred not from his side.)
"*I do not know one single thing!*" that wretched child replied.
"Oh, help me, *won't* you? Don't you *care!*" Then, when assistance came,
"*Don't* tell me — *don't!* It isn't *fair!*" he pleaded just the same.

The night before the fateful day was quite the worst of all
Black care upon the house of Jones descended like a pall.
All pleasure paled, all comfort failed, and laughter seemed a sin;
For "Oh, tomorrow," Thomas wailed, "it must be handed in!"

When, lo! the voice of Great-aunt Jones came sternly through the door:
"I can not stand this state of things one single minute more!
The training of a fractious child is plainly not my mission
But — *Thomas Jones, go straight upstairs and write that composition!*"

And Thomas Jones went straight upstairs, and sat him down alone,
And — though I grant a stranger thing was surely never known —

In two short hours he returned serenely to display
Six neatly written pages on "The Indian Today!"

His teacher read them to the class, and smiled a well-pleased smile;

She praised the simple language and the calmly flowing style;
"For while," she said, "he does not rise to any lofty height,
'Tis wonderful how *easily* young Thomas Jones can write."
—*St. Nicholas.*

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

The Rural Science School of Nova Scotia, held its annual session at Truro, July 7 to August 5, 1915, with 160 students enrolled.

The work in all branches was carried on with enthusiasm. Class work went on from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m., and was followed by botanical and entomological excursions, participated in by all the students.

Occasionally, a few of the braves started out at 6 a. m. to the park or elsewhere for bird study; and many, braver still, at 10 p. m. withstood the bewildered gaze of the public, and armed with insect nets and cyanide bottles made murderous raids on the moths.

On July 9th an informal reception was tendered us by the Faculty. During the session, two evenings were spent in social intercourse, and on the afternoon of July 27, we thoroughly enjoyed an indoor garden party, the weather proving unfit for outdoor pleasures.

Excursions were made to Folleigh Lake and Short's Lake, and much valuable material was collected for Nature Study.

On Saturday and Monday, July 31st and August 2nd, an exhibition was held. The students made a splendid showing of pressed ferns, mosses, weeds, grasses, butterflies, moths, beetles, brush work, wood work, needlework, etc. Some beautiful specimens of garden flowers were shown in the Horticultural exhibit. A miniature log cabin in the woods and a model school garden were among the interesting things exhibited.

Tuesday, August 3rd, saw the beginning of an Entomological Society for Nova Scotia. The meeting was addressed by Dr. MacKay, Superintendent of Education, Messrs. Allen, Gooderham, DeWolfe, Sanders, Good and Brittain. At the close many rural students became members of this society.

Many of us heartily regretted the ending of the session of 1915. Let us hope for even a bigger and better school next year.

A VIOLA BURGOYNE.