

in the programme of the school. Accordingly, plans were procured, a room provided and equipped, and a teacher engaged, Miss Mary E Sterrett, of Yarmouth, N. S., who taught the subject at the Kingston, N. B., Consolidated School, being the choice for the post of instructor. The problem confronting her was an interesting one, as the pupils in the residence were boarding themselves, and the intention was to make the instruction as real as possible, and to have it bear directly on the institutional life of the pupils, as well as on their home life later on. Nearly a year has passed since the department was opened, and it has more than fulfilled the expectations of those who were instrumental in starting it. The principal of the school, Miss Nowlan, said recently, "Household Science is doing more even than I thought it would. The girls are delighted, and are practising what they learn here at their homes in many cases."

The following naive but charming little composition, written by a pupil who was unable to speak any English a year ago, speaks for itself:

COMPOSITION ABOUT DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

I like very much to go in Domestic Science. The first class is going on Monday, the second class is going on Tuesday, and the first division of the third class are going on Wednesday, and the second division of the third are going on Thursday, and we are going on Friday. Last week we made fish balls, and it was very good. I am very anxious to know what we are going to do tomorrow. We are fifteen girls in our class. Our room is very nice and we have a desk for two girls. We are always cooking two together. When we are ready to cook the teacher makes what we are going to do, and we listen very carefully, and when she is done we make just the same as she did. When the food is cooked we divide it and we bring it down stairs for our dinner. Then each girl has her work and we make the room look very nice and clean. Then we copy the lesson on the board and we go to our dinner.

Perhaps no word of six letters concentrates so much human satisfaction as the word "garden." Not accidentally, indeed, did the inspired writer make Paradise a garden; and still to-day, where man has found all the rest of the world vanity, he retires into his garden. The word "heaven" is hardly more universally expressive of human happiness than the word "garden."—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

Children can not be forced to like school. They like it only when it is worth liking and when they like it they learn.—*L. H. Bailey.*

Memory Gems.

Sweet is the brook's soft purling,
"Peace is its whispered word,
"Joy" is the message repeated
From the throat of each caroling bird.
"Hope," say the orchards whose blossoms
Promise the harvest's cheer,
Look, listen, dear heart, and be happy
In May-time, dawn of the year.

As step by step the hill we mount;
As one by one we learn to count;
So word by word we learn to spell,
And line by line to read quite well.

The violets are opening their bright blue eyes,
We are smiling up at the sunny skies;
We nod and we dance for the children gay,
We are certainly glad we woke today.

Waste not, want not, be your motto,
Little things bring weal or woe;
Save the odds and ends, my children,
Some one wants them, if not you.

—*Mrs. E. P. Miller.*

Be useful where thou livest that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still;
Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—*George Herbert.*

Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the better
When we have labored so long.

He who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

—*P. Cary.*

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

No sight can I remember,
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring!

—*William Wesley Martin.*

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

—*Alice Cary.*

Why does all the whole big world
Smell like a fresh bouquet
Picked from one of God's flower-beds?
Oh, I know! It's May.

—*R. M. Alden.*