

For Friday Afternoons.**Spelling Match.**

Two children appointed by teacher take opposite sides. Each chooses a good speller from the class, and the ones chosen choose, continuing thus until all pupils are selected.

Teacher "gives out" the word only once.

The child who spells correctly a misspelled word, chooses a child from the other "side," who then becomes one of his "side." Of course the chooser always selects the best speller from the opposite side.

At the close of the spelling lesson, the side having the greater number of children wins; and all who started out on that side clap for it—no matter which side they are then on.

Interest is kept up from start to finish, for no child is made to sit down when he misses, as in the old-time spelling match.—*Popular Educator.*

This is a game we call the Language Game: One child stands at the front of the room with his back to the board, and the teacher writes the name of some animal over his head. The children then give sentences about the animal in question, beginning, "This animal"—and telling some fact which will help the child at the board to guess the animal. This game can be used in the same way for flowers or birds.—*Primary Education.*

Geography End Letter Game.

A very interesting game for recesses and noons we call the geographical "end-letter game." It may be played the same as a spelling match, or the players may be seated anywhere in such a way that they may play in turn only a limited time, say one minute being allowed to each one. For instance one gives "London"; the next must give a city beginning with N, as "New York," the third one beginning with K, as "Kensington," and so on.

It is well to confine the pupils sometimes to one country, then again let them go all over the world. A list may be as follows:

- Cities and towns of one country.
- Lakes and rivers of the world.
- Mountains and peaks of the world.
- Countries and islands of the world.

—*Teachers Magazine.*

October's Reign.

October once again is with us,
In its ripen'd beauty bright;
See it's forests varied gleaming,
Leaves with many colours dight.

Ripen'd cornfields richly waving,
Fields so slowly growing brown,
Asters in their autumn beauty,
Golden rod in brilliant gown.

Now it's colours deepen slowly,
From the tints to darker shade;
Then the change comes — oh! so quickly
For its grandeur soon must fade.

Breezes come with sighing voices,
Greeting children of the air.
Soon the leaves are lying lifeless,
And the trees are gray and bare.

When we view the ruin 'round us,
With a vain yet sad regret,
We would fain recall the brightness
That it might be with us yet.

The lost month we can ne'er bring back,
Till a year has passed again.
Then, with equal pomp and splendour,
Once again October'll reign.

Flume Ridge, N. B.

MARY SCULLIN.

The Autumn Leaves.**FIRST CHILD:**

I am a leaf from a tall elm tree
That stands high upon the hill top there;
Patiently my watch I keep
O'er all the hillsides and valleys fair.

SECOND CHILD:

I came from the maple tree
By the church with its huge iron bell;
Many a time I've heard it say,
"A tale of hope and peace I'll tell."

THIRD CHILD:

I am a leaf from the old oak tree
Deep in the woods; I know
All the secrets of fairyland,
And how the flowers grow.

FOURTH CHILD:

And I am a leaf from the aspen,
Do you know why I tremble so?
I heard a child tell a lie one day,
'Tis an awful thing to know.

FIFTH CHILD:

Down where the dead lie sleeping,
In a calm and quiet spot,
I came from the willow, weeping,
O'er the blue forget-me-not.

SIXTH CHILD:

I grew on the big old apple tree,
Where the blue birds and robins nest,
The children love me, and the breeze—
O, you can guess the rest.