

In connection with talks on the wind, the fable of "*The Sun and the Wind*" may be told, after which the following puzzling questions may be asked: "What is it that you can feel and hear, but cannot see?" "What is it that you can feel and see, but cannot hear?"

March is the time to bring into the schoolroom some willow-twigs, or a grass-sod. Give plenty of water and sunshine, and in return you will get early tokens of spring.

"Open; shut them;
Open; shut them;
Give a little clap.
Open; shut them;
Open; shut them;
Lay them in your lap.
Creep them; creep them;
Creep them; creep them;
Up to the little cheeks;
Open wide the merry eyes,
Through the fingers peep.

Open; shut them;
Open; shut them;
Onto shoulders fly.
Let them like the
Birdies flutter,
Flying to the sky.
Falling, falling,
Falling, falling,
Almost to the ground;
Quickly raise them,
All the fingers,
Twirl them round and round."

—Selected.

The motions for this finger-play scarcely need description. Open and close the fingers with a good deal of energy so as to develop strength. Have one clap only. Lower the voice at "falling, falling," letting the fingers and wrists grow limp as they descend.

If we do our best for a day we shall rise next morning to a higher life.

Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: There are few schools in the country which can beat Langholm, Scotland, in the following attendance records: A boy named John Fleming has only been absent one day in ten years; his brother Robert has not been absent at all in five years, and his sister Jennie has not been absent in three years. A girl, Margaret Davidson, has not been absent at all for eight years, and other scholars have not been marked absent for four or five years; two families have been so constant in attendance that out of a possible number of attendances amounting to thirty-five years only one child has been absent one day.

Memory Gems.

March nodded to Winter, "Good-bye, Good-bye!
Off to your home in the North you must hie,
Oh, have you forgotten, under the snow,
The wee seeds are waiting, yes, waiting to grow?"
—Selected.

Oh, March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows!
Beauty you summon from winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.
—Celia Thaxter.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

The sweetest sound our whole year round:
'Tis the first robin of the spring!
The song of the full orchard choir
Is not so fine a thing.
—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A SEED.

A wonderful thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless forever;
Forever old and forever new,
Forever faithful and utterly true,
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow!
Plant hate and hate to life will spring;
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.
—Selected.

When Douglas was carrying the heart of Bruce, to bury it in the Holy Land, he was attacked by a body of Turks, and finding the result somewhat doubtful, he took the silver vase and flung it among the ranks of the enemy, saying: "O, brave heart of Bruce! go forward as you have ever done and I will follow." Take the beating heart of Christ and throw it among your temptations, and follow where that leads by its divine impulses, by its eternal recognition of that which alone is right and good and true.—Chapin.

The great secret of doing much is doing one thing at a time.—Locke.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God believe also in me.—The Bible.

In the morning when thou risest, unwittingly let this thought be present: I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm?
—Marcus Antoninus.

A little daily cheerfulness, a little self-denial, will make our light trouble less and help each heavier trial.

In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight see the straight.—Ruskin.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.—Hannah More.