

pine, hemlock, etc. Let the children examine these minutely, handling, testing, and smelling them, so learning to distinguish one from another. If possible, have some hemlock, or other evergreen decoration in the school-room during December.

A guessing-game may be introduced, in which, with closed eyes, a child tries to decide by sense of touch alone what kind of tree a certain branch or twig belongs to.

The last afternoon before vacation may be given up to a Christmas entertainment of some sort given by the children for their friends. Some recitations, a few songs, and a short story or two may form the programme. If possible to have a Christmas tree, it may be decorated by the children themselves with their own work. Paper chains make a light, pretty decoration, and many dainty things may be made of tinted cardboard as presents for the visitors. Do not let children's minds be filled with the greed of *getting*,—teach them to *give*, even if they only have ever so little to bestow. Encourage them to bring last year's Christmas cards, or play-things, or picture-books, to send to children who are too poor to buy such things.

One class in a certain school sent a lot of picture-books of their own manufacture one Christmas to an Indian school a few miles away; and this without any cost, except that of brushes and mucilage. Even that trifling expense might have been avoided, as flour paste would do as well, and it could be applied with a little stick flattened at the end. The teacher secured from a bookstore an old sample book of wall-paper. From this were cut sheets in size about 8 x 12. These were then folded once, and a few of them sewed together into book form, the outside sheet in each case being one that showed some pretty pattern for a cover. Then these books were filled with pictures pasted in by the children, the pictures coming from different sources, but chiefly from the advertisement pages of magazines.

Jack Frost came to the window pane
And gently tapped with his icicle cane
"Excuse me," I said, "but the door is shut tight
And I'd rather you wouldn't come in to-night."
So he scratched his name all over the glass,
And the baby sneezed as she heard him pass.

Selected.

Winter-Time.

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy head;
Blinks but an hour or two, and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;

Or with a reindeer sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad.
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

R. L. Stevenson.

Snowball Game.

Tune—"Lightly Row."

Lovely white, from a height
Falls the snow in flakes so light,
Spreads the ground
All around,
Fun flies far and wide.

Let us now some snowballs make
At each other aim to take;
Oh' what fun!
Do not run!
Dodge them every one!

Selected.

1. (Children standing. First verse sung slowly.) Lift the hands high, then bending the wrists and letting the fingers droop, bring them down slowly, twinkling the fingers as they descend to represent the falling snow.
2. Hands outstretched, palms down, touching at first, then separating and giving a slow, sweeping movement to right and left to indicate the snow-covered ground.
3. (Faster.) Pretend to pick up snow, making balls and taking aim, throwing them at others, while dodging to avoid being struck. (If children are allowed to leave their places during this game it should be insisted on that they return at once and quietly at its close.)

Papa came hurrying home one night,
The lamp was lit, and the fire was bright,
And there in the bed by Mamma's side
Was a flannelly bunch that squirmed and cried,
Such a queer little thing!
But it grew, and grew,
And we kept it and loved it,
And now it is *you*!

Selected.

The Bells.

• BY LOUISE P. WARNER.

Ding-a-ding-a-ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
How I love to hear you tell,
With your merry, merry chime,
Of the happy Christmas time.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, bell,
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong bell,
Listen to the ringing of the merry, merry chime,
Telling of the joyful Christmas time.

Selected from "A Dozen and Two" Songs for Kindergarten and Nursery.