

## FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

## Motion Play—The Winds.

(To Teach Directions.)

1.

Up from the south came a gentle breeze,  
 (point south)  
 It rocked the bird's nest in the trees,  
 (wave both arms)  
 It said, "The summer is almost over,  
 Fly away birds, it is late October." (wave arms)

2.

Oh, ho, oh, ho, hear the west winds blow,  
 (point west)  
 The daisy buds are nodding so, (nod heads)  
 It said, "We'll shake the gay leaves down,  
 (raise and lower arms)  
 Leaves of red and yellow and brown."

3.

Up from the east came the wind again (point east)  
 Down fell the gentle drops of rain (tap desks)  
 It said, "We will water the thirsty flowers,  
 For earth is refreshed by gentle showers."

4.

The north wind came with rollicking song,  
 It shook the apple-tree, sturdy and strong,  
 (shake with right hand)  
 It said, "It is winter, ha! ha! ho! ho!  
 Then down fell the feathery flakes of snow!  
 (Raise and lower arms, gently shaking fingers).  
*Kindergarten-Primary Magazine.*

## An Apple Lesson.

(By a Girl).

When teacher called the apple class, they gathered round  
 to see  
 What question deep in apple lore their task that day might  
 be  
 "Now tell me," said the teacher to little Polly Brown,  
 "Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing  
 down?"

Poor Polly didn't know, for she had never thought to look,  
 (And that's the kind of question you can't find in a book.)

And of the whole big apple class not one small pupil knew  
 If apple seeds point up or down! But, then, my dear, do  
 you? —St. Nicholas.

God comes down in the rain,  
 And the crops grow tall—  
 This is the country faith,  
 And the best of all.

—Norman Gale.

## Farewell Summer.

(The Wild Aster.)

In the meadows near the mill,  
 By the wayside, on the hill;  
 In the fields that wander down  
 To the edges of the town,  
 And beside the farm house door,  
 "Farewell summer" blooms once more.

Little asters blue and white,  
 Many as the stars at night.  
 Summer's flowers have blown away;  
 Now you come to make us gay.  
 When the fields are growing brown,  
 And the leaves come fluttering down.

How I love to gather you,  
 Purple flowers and white and blue,  
 On the cloudy afternoons,  
 When the wind makes pleasant tunes  
 In the orchard grasses dry,  
 Where the ripened apples lie.

Dear to me are days of spring,  
 And the summer makes me sing;  
 Winter has its times of cheer,  
 But the best days of the year  
 Come when, close beside our door,  
 "Farewell summer" blooms once more.

—St. Nicholas.

## Faded Leaves.

The hills are bright with maples yet;  
 But down the level land  
 The beech-leaves rustle in the wind  
 As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red  
 Along the hilltops glow,  
 And in the still, sharp air the frost  
 Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the briar rose  
 Have lost their rounded pride,  
 The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums  
 Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The pigeons' black and wavering lines  
 Are swinging toward the sun;  
 And all the wide and withered fields  
 Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now  
 The squirrel hastes to gain,  
 And sets his house in order for  
 The winter's dreary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,  
 To read good books, to sing  
 The low and lovely songs that breathe  
 Of the eternal spring. —Alice Carey.