

FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

There are other times than Friday afternoons which demand variation and when the children, without saying a word, cry out for change. There are the stormy days when any close work after 3 o'clock strains the eyes. Put away desk work and try a spelling match, which makes no demand on the optic nerve. There are your own dispirited days when every child seems perversely stupid; there are those restless days when, in spite of courageous leadership, pencils break, boxes fall to the floor, the boys fidget, the girls giggle, and the spirit of confusion stalks abroad! On such an afternoon, if a simple change avails nothing, it is better to tell the pupils frankly that the conditions for study just then are not favourable, open the door and windows, let in plenty of pure air, have physical exercises and conversation for a few minutes, then read an interesting selection from a book which should be always ready for such an emergency. Things after that will go on more smoothly, and the next day will bring brightness and pupils eager for their work.

Language work may be improved by having a school newspaper, to which the larger scholars may contribute, and in the reading of which all will be interested on Friday afternoons, when hints may be given for its improvement. Two pupils may be appointed with the teacher to act as editors. One pupil may write a story, another a poem, another an essay, and a fourth look after the advertisements, while a reporter gathers local news and another culls the current events. The next week different pupils may be appointed for the different tasks, so that all shall have an equal chance.

That Sly Little Girl.

"Who," said the blackbird, "while I was away,
Scattered those crumbs for my dinner to-day?"

"Who," said the blackbird, "last night, do you think,
Gave me that basin of water to drink?"

"Who," said the linnet, "shouted out 'scat!'
And frightened away that terrible cat?"

"Who," said the robin, "that I didn't see,
Hung up these strings for my nest in the tree?"

And the little white owl in the tree-top, too,
Sleepily murmured, "Who! who! who!"

Then a little girl who had heard the birds,
Smiled—but she never answered a word!

—Selected.

1. What is, comically speaking, the chief river in the world? 2. What river in Germany might one kiss? 3. Where are travellers always intoxicated? 4. Where is a good place to get dyeing done? 5. To what city in France would you go to find a girl? 6. To what other city would you go to marry her? 7. What islands are best to have with you on a picnic? 8. What river in Europe reminds you of the beds in a country tavern?—*Woman's Home Companion for September.*

(Answers in a following number).

The Discontented Wild Rose.

There was once a little wild rose who grew in a country field. All around her, as far as she could see, stretched the green grass starred with daisies and buttercups, and overhead was the blue sky with white clouds drifting on it; and far away the village road with people passing. It was a pleasant life there in the field; but it did not satisfy the little wild rose. She wanted more. She had heard that there was a garden nearby where beautiful flowers grew, and where a gardener came every morning to take care of them. "Oh," sighed the wild rose, "if I could only grow in a garden with all those other flowers, instead of in this field where nobody sees me!" "But we see you and love you," cried the buttercups; "is not that enough?" "Yes," echoed the daisies, "and every day the farmer's little daughter comes to see if your petals are as pretty and pink as ever. The farmer's little daughter loves you, too!"

But the wild rose would not listen to her friends, the daisies and buttercups, and when the busy bee came bumbling and buzzing for his morning supply of honey, the rose asked him more about the garden. But the bee only buzzed, and said he liked the field flowers better than the garden flowers any day. So the rose waited till the butterfly came and asked him.

"What is it like in the garden?" said the rose.

The butterfly settled down on a leaf, and opened and closed his beautiful wings (he was very proud of them) and then he said: "The garden is a very beautiful place, full of roses and lilies, and mignonette and sweet peas, and every morning the gardener comes with a pair of shears, and a big green watering can, and sprinkles the flowers and prunes them. Oh, the garden is a lovely place! Not at all like a country field!"

"How I should like to be there!" sighed the rose.

"You are wasted here among these simple flowers," said the butterfly. And with that he flew away. The wild rose was more discontented than ever. Not all the dew or the sunshine or the sweet summer wind could give her any pleasure. All day long she looked over her shoulder at the garden wall, and wondered what the garden flowers were doing.

Now, when people or flowers long for things very much it sometimes happens that their wishes come true. So one morning the discontented rose awoke, and found herself—not in her own green fields—but in a place with grass plots, and gravel walks, and high brick walls. At first she could not imagine what this place could be: then after a while she knew it must be the garden! And near her were some flowers wearing pink and white sunbonnets!