

jumped upon the fire with his wet feet and rolled upon it. At last he thought it was all out, and went happily away to his cave.

But a grey robin was flying near and had seen what the white bear was doing. She waited until the bear had gone away.

Then she flew down and searched with her sharp little eyes until she found a tiny live spark. For a long time she patiently fanned this spark with her wings. Her little breast was scorched red, but she did not give up.

After a while a fine red blaze sprang up. Then she flew away to every hut in the north land. Everywhere that she touched the ground, a fire began to burn. So that soon instead of one little fire, the whole north land was lighted up.

Now, all the white bear could do was to go further back into his cave and growl, for now, indeed, he knew that the north land was not for him.

And this is why the people in the north country love the robin. And they are never tired of telling their children how it got its red breast.—*Flora Cooke's "Myths."*

For Bright Eyes.

What anecdote can you relate from your own observation in bird life illustrating affection? perseverance? sagacity? cruelty? How many species can you recognize by their plumage? by their note? by their nest? What bird is associated closely in literature and nature with the elm tree? Why is this tree so particularly inviting to it? What birds are experts in mimicry? What species subsist largely during winter on the seeds of noxious weeds? What ones have the most beautiful plumage? What species are gregarious during a portion of the year? What species dwell almost wholly in woodland? What ones near the habitations of man? Name two or more species which frequently associate together? What small birds are noted for their pugnacity? What part does the male humming bird take in rearing the family? (See writings of Bradford Torrey in *Atlantic Monthly*.)—*Educational Gazette.*

"For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far at least, as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged and wingless neighbors that constantly meet me with a salutation which I cannot answer as things are. Why didn't somebody teach me the constellations, too, and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Julia Ward Howe's New Poem.

Written at eighty years of age.



Julia Ward Howe.

In 1862 Mrs. Julia Ward Howe stirred the nation with her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Thirty-seven years later, at eighty years of age, Mrs. Howe throws the weight of her influence as strongly in favor of peace as in the former days she made it count for war. She has spoken publicly in Boston in behalf of universal peace, and now she addresses a still larger audience in a poem written for *The Sunday School Times*.

THE MESSAGE OF PEACE.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

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Bid the din of battle cease!
Folded be the wings of fire!
Let your courage conquer peace,—
Every gentle heart's desire.

Let the crimson flood retreat!
Blended in the arc of love
Let the flags of nations meet;
Bind the raven, loose the dove.

At the altar that we raise
King and kaiser may bow down;
Warrior-knights above their bays
Wear the sacred olive crown,

Blinding passion is subdued
Men discern their common birth,
God hath made of kindred blood
All the peoples of the earth.

High and holy are the gifts
He has lavished on the race,—
Hope that quickens, prayer that lifts,
Honor's meed and beauty's grace.

As in Heaven's bright face we look
Let our kindling souls expand;
Let us pledge, on Nature's book,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand.

For the glory that we saw
In the battle-flag unfurled,
Let us read Christ's better law;
Fellowship for all the world!