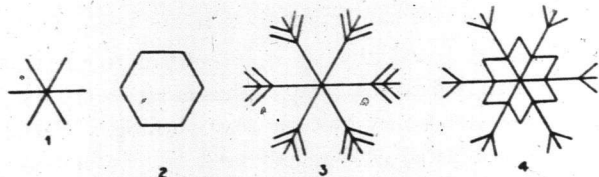


glass can be heard, so much the deeper is the impression made on the children. Subsequently, this experiment can be acted out in play. Let a small boy close his hand lightly; then place over it a thin paper bag, tying it closely round his wrist. The fingers inside the bag represent the water-drops in the bottle. Some child personating Jack Frost now blows his chilling breath over them. The fingers begin to move—to stretch themselves, until—*snap* goes the bag, and the fun is complete,—and the mystery of the broken bottle and of the bursting of the water pipes is solved.

This is simple play, perhaps too small to be taken account of by some teachers; but those who study the ways of little children know that it is wisest often to meet them on their own ground. Their play brings them an immense fund of working knowledge; and we cannot afford to neglect a means so effective. If a moment or two, occasionally, of such play leads them to take a greater interest in things around them and helps them to understand better what they see, the time is not lost but gained.



SNOWFLAKE DESIGNS MADE WITH STICKS.

Two-inch sticks are best for figures 1 and 2; three-inch and one-inch sticks are figures 3 and 4.

Little children enjoy making pictures on the black-board of houses or trees in a snow-storm, dots being thickly placed to represent the snow. They also make very interesting attempts, sometimes, at illustrating, by drawings, some story which has been told by the teacher.

#### WINTER SONG.

(Selected from "Songs and Games for Little Ones," published by Ditson & Company).

Lightly, lightly falls the snow,  
Many flakes together,  
Dancing, dancing, to and fro,  
Oh, what stormy weather!

'Neath a blanket soft and white  
Grass and flower sleepeth,  
Safely through the winter's night  
Earth her treasures keepeth.

After winter comes the May,  
Sunshine warm, and showers,  
Birds will sing and lambs will play,  
Then, too, come the flowers.

Key F.—

{		s . m : m . m		f . s : l		f . r : r . r		m . f : s	}
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#### A LITTLE BOY'S WALK IN WINTER.

By L. KATHERINE WOODS.

(Selected from "Kindergarten Review," January, 1901).

A little boy went walking  
One frosty winter's day.  
He saw some little snow birds  
That quickly hopped away;  
He saw the ice-bound river  
With snow all glist'ning white;  
Jack Frost had worked so quickly!  
Oh! 'twas a wondrous sight!

He watched the merry skaters  
All passing to and fro;  
And other children coasting  
Upon the crusty snow.  
He saw the trees now sparkling  
With many diamonds bright;  
And icicles were hanging  
From every roof in sight.

He saw the silv'ry pictures  
Jack Frost puts everywhere;  
And heard the merry sleigh bells  
That jingled through the air.  
He saw the grey clouds gath'ring;  
And, as the snowflakes fell,  
He said: "I must find mother,—  
I have so much to tell!"

#### "THAT'S HOW."

(Story selected from "Rhymes and Tales," published by E. Steiger, N.Y.)

It was a bitter cold day. There had been a great snow storm, and the sky had a black and angry look.

"Dear, me," said Mrs. Wilson, as she looked out of the window, "See how the snow has drifted into the yard! Ann cannot get out to the wood-house for her kindlings. Those poor hens, too, have not been fed since yesterday morning. What shall we do without anybody to dig a path?"

"I can shovel a path," said Johnny, a bright boy about eight years old.

"It is too hard work for you, I fear," said Mrs. Wilson, "and, besides, we have nothing but this coal-sifter to shovel with."

"No matter," said Johnny, "I can try."

So Johnny put on his cap, pulled on his over-stockings, buttoned his coat, got his mittens, and went to work with a will.

He was digging away like a good fellow, when a man came lounging along with both his hands in his pockets. Instead of lending Johnny a helping hand or saying a kind word to him, he called out in a sneering tone: "Boy, how do you expect to get through that snow-drift?"

"By keeping at it, that's how!" answered Johnny, as he tossed the snow out of his little shovel. Then without wasting any more time in words, he turned straight to his work again. It was hard work. He was soon very tired, and his hands were cold, but he kept at it bravely until he had dug a good path. Then, while Ann got the kindlings, he made the hens happy by taking them a fine hot dinner.