

Having Some Fun.

"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Frank to his playmates, who had come together one bright moonlight evening for sliding and snow-balling.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You will see," said Frank. "Who has a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, then, and you and Fred and Tom each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in ten minutes."

The boys all started to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in play. But Frank was much liked by all the boys and they fully believed in what he said and they were soon together again.

"Now," said he, "Widow Brown, who lives in that little house over there, has gone to sit up all night with a sick child.

"A man brought her some wood today, and I heard her tell him that, unless she got some one to saw it tonight, she would not have anything to make a fire with in the morning.

"Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easily as we could make a snow-man on her door-step, and when she comes home she will be greatly surprised."

One or two of the boys said they did not care to go, but most of them thought it would be fine fun.

It was not a long and tiresome job for seven strong and healthy boys to saw, split, and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path.

When they had done this, so great was their pleasure that one of them, who had at first said he would not go, proposed that they should go to a carpenter shop near by, where plenty of shavings could be had, and that each should bring an armful.

They all agreed to do this, and when they had brought the shavings, they went to their several homes, more than pleased with the fun of the evening.

The next morning, when the tired widow returned from watching by the sick-bed and saw what was done, she was indeed surprised, and wondered who could have been so kind.

Afterward, when a friend told her how it was done, her earnest prayer, "God bless the boys!" was enough of itself to make them happy.—*Sel.*

The school children at Berlin have been examined by health officers this year for the first time, and the results were astonishing. Ten per cent were found to be insufficiently developed either mentally or physically, to do the school work, and had to be sent home to grow for six months. Sixteen per cent were found to lack strength to study, owing to the debilitating effect of scarlet fever and other diseases, and five per cent were suffering from tubercular troubles.

Monosyllabic Poem.

The following curious illustration of the power of short words in the English language, was written by Dr. Addison Alexander:

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is strength
Which has more height than breadth, more depth
than length.

Let but this force of thought and speech be mine;
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and
shine;
Light, but not heat—a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts,
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far-off on their sick-beds lie,
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread,
The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

A good-sized scrapbook, with rough paper leaves, was placed upon the fireplace shelf in the school-room. Each Friday afternoon a "telling" of all that had been noticed out-of-doors was registered. Illustrations made at odd moments in school, or at home, were mounted with the written statements. This book was kept for a whole year, and was considered by the principal of the building as her best Christmas gift.—*American Primary Teacher.*

Dr. Edmund J. James, the newly elected president of the University of Illinois, has been granted leave of absence to visit the universities of Canada, and especially the university of Toronto, to examine and report upon the system of co-operation between the state universities and the denominational colleges.

In his report to the board of education, Dr. Edward Brooks, superintendent of public schools of Philadelphia, strongly endorses the working of the new rule of the board, under which capable pupils are promoted without having to undergo examination.