

For Friday Afternoon.

THE BISHOP* AND THE BABY.

A poor little pale-faced baby,
Lost and hungry and cold,
With the chill wind pinching her tear-wet cheeks,
And ruffling her bright hair's gold.

For just when the busy people
Were hurrying here and yon,
Buying their gifts for the Christmas tree,
Her mother was suddenly gone.

She did not cry, poor midget,
But lifted pitiful eyes
At the crowds of careless strangers,
At the gray, indifferent skies.

Jostled and pushed and frightened,
A tiny waif of the street,
With the wintry darkness falling,
And the snowflakes gathering fleet.

She was seen by a great kind giant ;
With swinging stride he came.
Even then the angels in heaven
Wrote Saint before his name.

From the height of his splendid stature
He stooped to the little maid,
Lifted her up in tender arms,
And bade her not be afraid.

Against his broad breast nestled,
She clung like a soft spring flower
That a breeze had caught and carried
To a strong and sheltered tower.

In his thick, warm cloak he wrapped her,
The little shivering child.
"I'll find your mother, baby,"
The bishop said, and smiled.

That smile like a flash of the sunrise—
'Tis but a memory dim,
For the years are hasting onward,
And we are mourning him.

The white cold snows are drifting
Where to-day he lies asleep.
After his life's long warfare,
The soldier's rest is deep.

But of dear things said about him,
Of victories that he won,
No sweeter tale is told than this,
Of his grace to a little one.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Harper's Bazar*

*Phillips Brooks.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Longfellow.

"KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP."

There has something gone wrong,
My brave boy, it appears,
For I see your proud struggle
To keep back the tears.
That is right. When you cannot
Give trouble the slip,
Then bear it, still keeping
"A stiff upper lip !"

Though you cannot escape
Disappointment and care,
The next best thing to do
Is to learn how to bear.
If, when for life's prizes
You're running, you trip,
Get up, start again—
"Keep a stiff upper lip !"

Let your hands and your conscience
Be honest and clean ;
Scorn to touch or to think of
The thing that is mean,
But hold on to the pure
And the right with firm grip,
And, though hard be the task,
"Keep a stiff upper lip !"

Through childhood, through manhood,
Through life to the end,
Struggle bravely and stand
By your colors, my friend.
Only yield when you must ;
Never "give up the ship,"
But fight on to the last
"With a stiff upper lip !"

—Phæbe Cary.

A RAIN SONG.

Tinkle, tinkle,
Lightly fall
On the peach buds, pink and small ;
Tip the tiny grass, and twinkle
On the willows green and tall.

Tinkle, tinkle—
Faster now,
Little raindrops, smite and sprinkle
Cherry bloom and apple-bough !
Pelt the elms, and show them how
You can dash !
And splash ! splash ! splash !
While the thunder rolls and mutters, and the
lightnings flash and flash !
Then eddy into curls
Of a million misty swirls,
And thread the air with silver and embroider it
with pearls !

And patter, patter, patter
On the mossy flags, and clatter
On the streaming window pane.
Rain, rain,
On the leaves,
And the eaves,
And the turning weathervane !

Rush in torrents from the tip
Of the gable peak, and drip
In the garden bed, and fill
All the cuckoo cups, and pour
More and more
In the tulip bowls, and still
Overspill
In a crystal tide, until
Every yellow daffodil
Is flooded to its golden rim, and brimming o'er
and o'er !

Then as gently as the low
Muffled whirr of robin wings,
Or a sweep of silver strings,
Even so
Take your airy April flight
Through the merry April light,
And melt into a mist of rainy music as you go.
—Evaleen Steen, in *St. Nicholas*.

P.—The sun just swings back and forth nearly overhead all the time in this place, (pointing to the globe) and the earth is turning all the time, so that would make a hot strip around the earth.

T.—You are right. Where, then, shall we find the hottest part of the earth ?

P.—In this strip.

T.—Yes ; and this strip is called the Torrid zone, and the line running through the middle of it is called the equator.

"How easy !" says one, "but what would the teacher have done if that pupil had not suggested the hot strip ?"

My dear brother, or, maybe, sister, do you think that this was a mere happening ? Don't you know that the subject was presented in such a way as to cause the pupils to see just that fact ? It is likely that many others saw the same thing before it was told. "But if *no* one had seen it ?" Why the teacher would have kept doing things to arouse the proper mind activity. It takes more to move some minds than others. "Why not *tell* him that the Torrid zone is a hot strip around the earth midway between the poles ?" Because we wish to *teach* him. If we tell him and he remembers it, he gains much less in mind power than he would if we did something to cause him to think it. If we simply wish him to be able to repeat the words (on examination day, for instance), telling is just the thing.

But the teacher had none of this in his recitation. He went on as smoothly as if what came was just what he expected to come. And we are inclined to believe this to be true. His next move was the following :

T.—Now, suppose we come away from the equator to where we live, how would we find the temperature here as compared with that ?

P.—I think it would be cooler.

T.—Suppose we were to go away south of it ?

P.—I think it would be warmer, for the farther south we go, the warmer we get.

We and some of the pupils could hardly keep still, because we knew the answer was wrong ; but the eye of the teacher quieted us. He did not frighten us, his look just said "Wait." We waited.

T.—In the winter, where is the warmest place in our schoolroom ?

P.—Near the stove.

T.—If I move *south* of it, will I find it warmer or cooler ?

P.—Cooler.

T.—State the effect of going north or south from the equator.

P.—The farther we go from the equator the cooler we find the temperature.

SECOND P.—We might say that the nearer we are to the equator, the warmer we find the temperature.

T.—Yes.

This is the law that they have discovered. Of course, there are exceptions, or rather modifications of this law of the general distribution of heat. These will come up later. We can afford to allow the pupils to remain in "blissful ignorance" for awhile. The teacher will spring this subject on them at the proper time, and they will, under his guidance, think it out.

The teacher closed this lesson with some "practical" applications.

He said : "I have a friend who lives on the equator ; what kind of clothes do you think he wears, light or heavy ?"

P.—I think he must wear very light clothes, because the weather is very hot there.

T.—I have another who lives a long way south of the first one. The first one is going to visit the second. What kind of clothes has he, probably, in his trunk when he starts ?

P.—I think he probably has heavy clothes in his trunk, for the farther south we go from the equator, the cooler we find it ; and you said he was going a long way south.

Many more were given, but this is enough to suggest the idea.—*Indiana School Journal*.

A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our Public Schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault, when she said : "I saw you, Jerry."

"Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash, "I tells them there ain't much you don't see wid them purty black eyes of yourn." That was the soft answer that turned away wrath.

An English paper, some years ago, quoted the answer of a schoolboy to a question about Homer as an improvement upon the famous old one that Homer was not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name. The new aspirant for Hibernian honors, after listening to a lecture on the Homeric question, calmly wrote : "It is said that writing was not invented when Homer composed his poems. He must therefore have lived a good deal later." *Palmar qui meruit ferat.*