

**The Bloodless Sportsman.**

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;  
 I fish without a pole;  
 And I bag good game, and catch such fish  
 As suit a sportsman's soul;  
 For the choicest game that the forest holds  
 And the best fish in the brook  
 Are never brought down with a rifle shot,  
 And are never caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,  
 I hunt for game in the trees,  
 For bigger birds than wing in the air,  
 Or fish that swim the seas.  
 A rodless Walton of the brooks,  
 A bloodless sportsman, I —  
 I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,  
 The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,  
 The brooks for the fishers of song;  
 To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game  
 The streams and the woods belong.  
 There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,  
 And thoughts in a flower bell curled;  
 And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern  
 Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood,  
 Till the going down of the sun;  
 There is plenty of game still left in the woods  
 For the hunter who has no gun.  
 So, away! for the fish by the moss-bordered brook  
 That flows through the velvety sod;  
 There are plenty of fish still left in the streams  
 For the angler who has no rod.

— Sam Walter Foss.

**The Golden Rod.**

All hail the lovely golden rod,  
 The dusty roadside fringing!  
 Midst grasses tall its gray crests nod,  
 The world with glory tingeing.

Its fluffy blossoms manifold,  
 The swampy meadows flecking,  
 Weave tapestry of cloth of gold,  
 The fields with splendor decking.

Along the dark old forest's edge  
 The yellow plumes are streaming,  
 And through the thick and tangled hedge,  
 The golden wands are gleaming.

The lakeside slope is all aglow,  
 Where golden rod is drooping,  
 Bright mirrored in the depths below,  
 In many a graceful grouping.

**Two Little Birds.**

Over my shaded doorway,  
 Two little brown-winged birds  
 Have chosen to fashion their dwelling  
 And utter their loving words.

All day they are coming and going  
 On errands frequent and fleet,  
 And warbling over and over,  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, O sweet!

What if the sky is clouded?  
 What if the rain comes down?  
 They are all dressed to meet it  
 In waterproof cloaks of brown.

They never mope nor languish,  
 Nor murmur at storm or heat,  
 But say, whatever the weather,  
 Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!

—Selected.

**Exercises in the Meaning of Terms.**

For recreation place the following on the board  
 and have your pupils tell the difference in meaning:

1. Six gallon jars and six-gallon jars.
2. Two spoons full and two spoonfuls.
3. Two inch circles and two-inch circles.
4. Two hundred thousandths and two hundred-thousandths.
5. A paper box and a paper-box.
6. An ice house and an ice-house.
7. A salt seller, a salt cellar, and a salt-cellar.
8. Baby's milk and babies milk.
9. Baby's scream and babies scream.
10. Your fair maid and your fare, maid.
11. You're fair, maid, and your fare made.
12. The spirit's sigh, the spirits' sigh, and the spirits sigh.
13. John having left, Mary cried; and John, having left Mary, cried.
14. The boy's playthings and the boys' playthings.
15. The horses feed, the horses' feed, and the horse's feed.
16. May flower, May flour, and Mayflower.
17. Dislike, despise, detest, abhor, scorn.
18. Pupil, student, scholar.
19. Allow, permit, let, grant, concede.—T. E. Sanders.