

A Fine Bit of Word Painting.

The following will make a good declamation for a boy who has a little dramatic power, and it contains also a good deal of material that can be utilized as a recitation and language lesson. The authorship is not certainly known but it has been ascribed to Judge Arrington, of Texas:

A Famous Brewery.

Where is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children?

Not in the simmering still over the smoky fires choked by poisonous gases and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption doth our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, pure cold water.

But in the green glade and grassy dell where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play; and low down in valleys where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and away up in the tall mountain tops where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms chash; and far out on the wide, wild sea where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roar,—there he brews it, this life giving water. Yet everywhere it is a thing of beauty, sparkling in the dewdrop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice gem till the leaves are turned to living jewels, spreading a gold veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze about the wintry moon, sparkling in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail shower, spreading its snow curtain softly about the wintry world, and weaving that many colored iris the seraph zone of the skies whose warp is the rain drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful this life giving water. No poison bubbles on its brink, its foam brings not madness and murder, no blood stains its liquid glass, no pale widows and starving orphans drop burning tears into its depths.

No ghost from the grave rises up to curse it in words of eternal despair. Speak on my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?
—Selected.

Poetry, is simply the most beautiful, impressive and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance.—*Matthew Arnold.*

One morning, just before starting to school, little Bobbie, aged six years, was watching his mamma put up his noon lunch. Suddenly he said: "Mamma, I wish you'd let Katie put up my lunch instead of doin' it yourself. Won't you?"

"It's no trouble, my dear."

"I know."

"Then why—"

"'Cause, mamma, she's got a better appetite than you, an' she puts more in.—*The August Delineator.*

A splenetic Englishman said to a Scotchman, something of a wag, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied, 'Tastes differ; I'se tak' ye to a place, no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand of your countymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thotcht o' leavin' yet.'

The great Irish tragedian, Barry Sullivan, was once playing Richard III, and had just come to the lines:

"A horse, a horse,
My kingdom for a horse,"

when someone in the gallery shouted:

"Would a donkey do as well?"

"Yes," replied the actor, "please come round to the stage door."

Heard during military drill at the Summer School, Sackville: *Student* (drilling class).—"Class—Advance one pace, counting two with the left foot."

Captain Hill.—"What is the correct marching position?"

Student.—"Head up, shoulders erect, knees bent."

Gayly chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
Leap the squirrels, red and gray;
Drop the apples red and yellow,
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day.

—*Ruskin*

He might forget his book or slate
When he was just a little late;
But you will never, never find
A boy who leaves his lunch behind.