

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

—*Teacher's Magazine.*

The Boy Who Didn't Pass.

A sad-faced little fellow sits alone in deep disgrace.
There's a lump arising in his throat, tears streaming down
his face;

He wandered from his playmates, for he doesn't want to
hear

Their shouts of merry laughter, since the world has lost
its cheer;

He has sipped the cup of sorrow, he has drained the bitter
glass,

And his heart is fairly breaking; he's the boy who didn't
pass.

In the apple tree the robin sings a cheery little song,
But he doesn't seem to hear it, showing plainly something's
wrong;

Comes his faithful little spaniel for a romp and bit of play,
But the troubled little fellow sternly bids him go away.

All alone he sits in sorrow, with his hair a tangled mass,
And his eyes are red with weeping; he's the boy who didn't
pass.

How he hates himself for failing, he can hear his play-
mates jeer,

For they've left him with the dullards—gone ahead a half
a year.

And he tried so hard to conquer, oh, he tried to do his
best,

But now he knows he's weaker, yes, and duller than the
rest.

He's ashamed to tell his mother, for he thinks she'll hate
him, too—

The little boy who didn't pass, who failed of getting
through.

Oh, you who boast a laughing son, and speak of him as
bright,

And you who love a little girl who comes to you at night
With smiling eyes, with dancing feet, with honors from her
school,

Turn to that lonely little boy who thinks he is a fool
And take him kindly by the hand, the dullest in his class,
He is the one who most needs love, the boy who didn't
pass.

In the grammar of life, the great verbs are "to
be" and "to do."—Stewart.

The Deacon's Philosophy.

I remember when a boy
How I used to just enjoy
Riding with old Deacon Hill
When he used to drive to mill.
Skittish nag the deacon druv,
For he had a kind of love
For a good, free-actin' colt;
And he'd keep an easy holt
On the reins and when she'd shy
He'd just drawl, so kind of dry,
"There, there, colt! Now, now, no tearin'!
No use cuttin' up and rarin'.
Just keep right down in the road.
No use fretting at the load,
Steady pull's not half so wearin'.
There, there, colt! Now, now, no tearin'!"

Years ago that boyhood day;
Colt and deacon's passed away.
I ain't young's I used to be,
By a good deal, no, sirree!
Colish then, I must allow,
Well broke into harness now,
'Cept when things go wrong, then I
Want to rip and tear and shy.
Then inside me, kind of still,
Seem to hear old Deacon Hill:
"There, there, boy! Now, now, no tearin'!
No use cuttin' up and rarin'.
Just keep cool and peg away
Do the best you can each day;
There' there, boy! Now, now, no tearin'!"
Just keep patient and forbearin'.

—*Robert Seaver, in Youth's Companion.*

The Garden.

"The Garden" is a little play or exercise for four small
children, one carrying a small spade, one a small rake,
another a handful of seeds, and the fourth a small sprink-
ling pot. The girls wear large garden hats tied under their
chins and the boys large sun hats.

First Boy recites (pretending he is really spading):

First the garden bed is made
With sturdy arm and trusty spade.

Second Girl recites while she rakes:

Then the greatest care we take
To smooth the ground o'er with our rake.

Third Girl recites, kneeling as if planting the seeds:

When the earth is warm and fine
We plant the seeds in proper time.

Fourth Boy recites swinging watering pot:

Should the soil get dry and hot
We sprinkle with our watering pot.

Together:

After that, all of us know
We must wait for the things to grow.

—*Kindergarten-Primary Magazine.*