

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

LITTLE LESSONS.

A silver-winding streamlet,
Through an emerald meadow flowing,
Flecks of light and blue so bright,
Back from its sun-face throwing.

A dainty, woodland blossom
Forth from the dark earth springing,
Filling the air with a fragrance rare,
And joy to the wild wood bringing.

A gleam of the glancing sunlight
Deep into the forest stealing,
Lighting it low with a golden glow,
And beauties rare revealing.

A crystal flake from the snowcloud,
So pure and fair and white,
A perfect form from out the storm,
That filled the winter night.

Only a crystal dewdrop
To the lily's petal clinging,
A jewel bright in a setting white,
Its mite of beauty bringing.

A bit of budding childhood,
Yet great are its gifts of sweetness,
There is nothing so small but it holds in thrall
Full beauty and completeness.

Oh, touch of baby fingers,
And gleam of eyes so clear,
Oh, lead us on till the days are gone,
Of our toilsome journey here.

Sweet sounds of childish laughter,
Sweet love of hearts so true,
The dark old earth had lost its mirth,
Oh, children, but for you.

AGNES WOODMAN.

THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

O the poet of the future! He will come to us
as comes
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar
of drum,—
The beauty of the bugle's voice above the
roar and din
Of battle-drums that pulse the time the victor
marches in.
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted
brow will bear
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol any-
where,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's
at the plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his
brow.

He will sing across the meadow—and the wo-
man at the well
Will stay the dripping bucket, with a smile in-
effable;

And the children in the orchard will gaze wit-
fully the way

The happy song comes to them, with the frag-
rance of the hay;

The barn will neigh in answer, and the pasture-
lands behind

Will chime with bells, and send responsive
lowings down the wind;

And all the echoes of the wood will jubilantly
call

In sweetest mimicry of that one sweetest voice
of all.

O the poet of the future! He will come as
man to man,

With the honest arm of labor, and the honest
face of tar,

The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul
of love

For human-kind and nature-kind about him
and above.

His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted
brow will bear

No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol any-
where,

Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's
at the plow,

His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his
brow.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

OUR COSY CORNER.

Yes, dear cousins, winter is here again, and though at times it places a limit to our freedom, yet it is in itself a dear delight, possessing not less of beauty and pleasure than the summer season, and though it wraps our beloved blossoms beneath a coverlet of white, with draperies, we know it is only protecting them while they slumber, to rise again with renewed freshness in the coming spring, and though we may feel something like its chill in our spiritual natures we may conclude that our buds of promise that lie hid beneath the ice may be the better for its coming, and rise to bloom again in heaven's good time. In regard to faith, if our faith is right it will be with us always; nor sunstroke, nor chill can drive it away. When we hear something that is in keeping with it the heart says "Amen," and when we hear that which is not in harmony with it