

Ah! blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone;
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man."

—Selected from *Blackie's School Recitations.*

The Key to the Box.

"What would you do," said the little key
To the teak-wood box, "except for me?"

The teak-wood box gave a gentle creak
To the little key; but it did not speak.

"I believe," said the key, "that I will hide
In the crack, down there by the chimney side,

"So this proud old box may see
How little it's worth except for me."

It was long, long afterwards, in the crack
They found the key, and they brought it back.

And it said, as it chuckled and laughed to itself,
"Now I'll be good to the box on the shelf."

But the little key stopped with a shiver and shock,
For there was a bright new key in the lock.

And the old box said: "I am sorry, you see;
But the place is filled, my poor little key."

The Child and the Snowflakes.

[The "snowflakes", from three to six little girls, should be dressed in white, with garlands of ravelled white cotton or cotton batting, continued to the hands. The hair should be concealed under white caps and the eye-brows powdered white. They should stand in a row, the smallest in front, diagonally facing the audience, and should recite and sing in concert, very softly and clearly.]

Child:—

Pretty white flakes of falling snow,
Whence do you come and whither go?

Snowflake:—

From our cloudland home we have come to-day.

Child:—

Pretty white flakes, you have run away.

Snowflakes:—

That is true little girl,—beyond a doubt
The cloud door opened, and we slipped out.
Then, lest the sun should carry us back,
Swiftly we ran o'er the wonderful track,
That leads from the sky straight down to earth,
Where in days gone by we had our birth.

Child:—

Were you born on earth, little flakes of snow?
You have no wings to fly—then how could you go
Way up to the clouds that seem so far,
And come back again—each a pretty white star?

Snowflakes:—

A part of the sea's blue waves were we,
Rolling about so wild and free,
Till the sun bent down and dipped us up,
And carried us off in his shining cup;
Then each drop floated now low, now high,
Till together we made a cloud in the sky.

And larger and stronger we grew till today
We found the door open and ran away,
Swiftly we came from the sky's blue dome,
Till we passed Jack Frost in his frozen home,
And we touched the mist as it hurried by,
Till it seemed white stars from an icy sky.

Now here we are back on the earth once more,
A pretty white quilt to cover it o'er,
And to keep it warm till the airs of spring
Shall once more the grass and the blossoms bring.

Sing. (Tune: "Lightly Row.")

Flutt'ring down! flutt'ring down!
On the branches bare and brown,
Over all, over all,
See the snowflakes fall.
Light as feathers in the air,
Dancing, dancing, here and there;
Winter's bees, winter's bees,
Swarm upon the trees.

Stars of snow! stars of snow!
Dropping to the earth below,
From the sky, from the sky,
See the snow-stars fly.
Light as feathers in the air,
Dancing, dancing here and there;
Winter's bees, winter's bees,
Swarm upon the trees.

—Adapted from Kellogg's "Mid Winter Exercise."

Lesson on Snow.

A lesson on snow should precede the above. Snowflakes are gatherings of minute particles of water vapour frozen in the upper regions of the atmosphere where the temperature is 32° Fahrenheit, or below that. The particles arrange themselves in geometrical shapes around a centre, assuming a six-sided shape. This may be represented by taking three needles or splints of equal lengths and arranging them so that they will cross in the