

The meadow-paths we used to stray
About the glowing shut of day
When maiden reapers, arm in arm
(Behind, a child, with garlands gay)
Went happy homeward toward the farm;

The wood, a scented maze of green;
Bird-song, with brook-song shot between
The cadences; the hum of bees;
The dancing water's shifting sheen—
The Summer's orient imageries!

Aye, here is but a little part
Of our rich treasure-trove of heart—
An opulence to tide us o'er
Till Winter cease his bitter smart,
And Spring come singing up the shore.

For all these sweets of memory,
And fond hopes of the yet-to-be,
Lift we a canticle of praise
Unto the Lord of land and sea—
The Moulder of the nights and days!

October's Bright Blue Weather.

(This poem, by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, should be read and learned, talked over and enjoyed, in every school-room above the third grade, every year.)

Suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour,
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And leaves with grapes are fragrant.

When gentians roll their fingers tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

For Friday Afternoons.

Recitations.

(Fast.) Why do you suppose that old clock goes
So fast when I am having fun?
You wouldn't think! Quick as a wink
The hands go round; they truly run!

(Slow.) And do you know why it is so slow
At lesson time? The hands just crawl!
And when I look up from my book,
I think they do not move at all.

—Great Thoughts.

After The "Tallow Dip."

When Grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow dip,"
Held high above her head.

When Mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said, "Good-night,"
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.

As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.

Now, when the sandman comes for me
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe, my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see through the darkness
With the magical X-rays! —St. Nicholas.

Table Manners Among Birds,

The bluejay is a greedy bird. I often watch him eat
When crumbs are scattered from our door, he snatches all
the treat;

He drives the smaller birds away, his manners are so rude—
It's quite a shocking thing to see him gobble down his food!
And sometimes when I'm not polite I hear my mother say:
"Why, now I see a little boy who's eating bluejay way!"

The sparrows are a noisy set and very quarrelsome,
Because each hungry little bird desires the biggest crumb.
They scold and fight about the food, all chirping, "Me!
Me! Me!"

And sometimes when we children are inclined to disagree
About the sharing of a treat, my mother says: "Why you
Are acting now the very way the silly sparrows do!"

The jolly little chickadees are perfectly polite,
They never snatch, they never bolt, they never, never fight,
They hold the crumbs down daintily with both their little
feet,

And peck off tiny little bites—we love to watch them eat!
And when my sister's good at meals, my mother says: "I see
A little girl who's eating like a darling chickadee!"

—Hannah G. Fernald, in *Good Housekeeping*.