BY THE FIRE

order to learn to dance. Birds do not learn to fly or fishes to swim. Just the air or the water is all that is necessary.

It is quite equally true that beautiful motion is just as much the right of every child, providing the spirit has been left untrammeled and its body has been given health and nourishment.

We trust that the inevitable result of all this dancing throughout the world will be a better understanding of the rights of childhood; sweeter spirit of freedom for young people, a greater chance for beauty of body to express that freedom.

BY THE FIRE

I HAD a little boy a few years old,
And we were chums together, oft we strolled,
In the first cool of evening, yards and yards
Beyond the picket-palisade that guards
Our peas and carrots from the neighbor’s sheep.
We knew a cedar where the gray squirrels keep
Their choicest nuts till Christmas, and a stone
That shines like silver. One day, all alone
In the old thorn, we found a broody dove
Upon her nest, her mother-heart above
The warm, white eggs, and next night as we stood
Watching for wonders in the little wood,
On trampled grass and plantain leaves we found
Two little naked doves stretched on the ground.
We laid them on the moss beneath the thorn
And covered them with briar buds, new-born.
It seemed so sad the little things should die
Before they taught their tiny wings to fly.

To-night I sit here, silent, by the fire,
And watch the young sparks leap in wild desire—
Poor, hopeless stars, they perish in the same
Cruel moment that they leave the mother flame.

O God, it seems so strange, your way,
That unfledged doves, and sparks,
And sturdy little boys should so soon pass away.

LEBOY FREEMAN JACKSON.