



GOING TO SCHOOL.

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School will begin to-mor-  
row,  
And oh, what fun there  
will be,  
For I'm going to sit this  
summer  
With my cousin, Clarabel  
Lee.

We have got our books all  
covered,  
And our pencils sharp-  
ened nice,  
And velvet over our slate-  
frames  
So we can be quiet as  
mice.

We shall sit in that pleas-  
ant corner,  
Where the window opens  
wide  
Right into the elm-tree  
branches,  
Pressed close to the  
school-house side.

And then in the long, nice  
noon-time,  
We shall go to the woods  
for flowers,  
And to where the wild-  
grape tangles  
Make two of the prettiest  
bowers.

And there we shall play  
housekeeping,  
With lots of the loveliest  
things,  
And Clarabel says her  
brother  
Will make us some grape-  
vine swings.

Oh, I'm so happy for think-  
ing,  
I don't like to wait at all,  
I wish to-night was to-  
morrow,  
And I heard the school-  
bell call.

We mean to have splendid  
lessons,  
The perfectest ever were  
heard,  
And we hope we may say  
at the end of the  
term,  
That we never have  
missed a word.

If it makes your sister  
glad to have you amuse her  
for a little while, is it not  
worth giving up your own  
pleasure to hear her grate-  
ful "Thank you," and see  
the happy smile on her  
face? Try it, and see.