

behind. He needs personal help. They all need it. How shall I manage it. I *must* manage it."

Thus it came that, in the quiet half-hour after the others had gone, leaning on the arm of "teacher's chair," with the western sun streaming in at the window, after many struggles and some tears, Peter learned to read.

The Little Mother hurried along through the first snowfall. She was a little late. As she turned the corner, a flock of children came flying to meet her all talking at once.

"O Miss Lawrence, Peter is dead! Peter Van Waldenberger is dead!"

The Little Mother called at the house of mourning that night. She stopped at the florist's, on her way, for a few carnations. It took her car-fare, but never mind. She would enjoy the long walk home. It would give her time to think.

As the teachers walked up to the high school the next afternoon for the Friday meeting they discussed Peter.

"I'm so glad he learned to read," said the Little Mother.

"Mercy! What difference does it make now?" laughed the Merry-hearted Teacher.

"I believe," said the Little Mother, "as truly as I believe in the Immortal Life, that the discipline received in learning to read will be a joy and benefit to that little soul all through eternity."—*Mary B. Woodward, in Primary Education.*

The Rhyme of Dorothy Rose.

Dorothy Rose had a turned-up nose.
Did she worry about it, do you suppose?
Oh, no; but a plan she began to hatch,
To make the rest of her features match.

First of all, she trained her eyes
Turning them up to the sunny skies.
Look at the mud and the dust? Not she!
Nothing but sunshine would Dorothy see.

A flower that droops has begun to wilt,
So up went her chin, with a saucy tilt,
An ounce of pluck's worth a pound of sigh,
And courage comes with a head held high.

Lastly, her lips turned their corners up,
Brimming with smiles like a rosy cup.
Oh, a charming child is Dorothy Rose,—
And it all began with a turned-up nose!

—*Pauline F. Camp in November St. Nicholas.*

A Child's Thoughts.

"Oh, isn't it a doleful day?"
That's what you hear the people say
When cold November comes this way,
And winds are bleak and skies are grey,
I don't think *that's* the thing to say. Do you?

The birds that worked with such a zest
To make a snug and cozy nest,
The flowers that tried to look their best,
I'm sure they ought to have a rest.

The leaves that once were gay and bright,
And fluttered in the golden light,
And danced about from morn till night,
I'm sure they're glad to say "Good-night!"

There's time for work, and time for play,
Time to be sad and time to be gay;
We should not like it always May,
And Winter's just a resting day.
I think that's what we ought to say. Don't you?
—*The Children's Calendar.*

This Time of Year.

A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;
A shadowy highway, cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down.

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year.

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

—*Bliss Carman.*

