

"Every time I think of the expression on those children's faces, as they stepped out of the dumbwaiter, I nearly take a fit," she said.

"I wonder whether Miss Marler will be severe and expel them; I'm afraid that she will, Mabel."

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The petition was contrived some way or other during the morning and sent round for signatures between classes. It was handed to Miss Marler just before luncheon. All this time the four culprits were still in their rooms. Annie Fraser and Muriel Smith were on the same flat. Annie was sitting near the window and dismally looking out when hearing a slight rustle behind her; she turned and beheld Muriel cautiously closing the door behind her.

"Annie," she said.

"Well, what is it?" from Annie crossly.

"Mabel is going to get the worst of it."

"Why?" asked Annie, with a conscious look on her face.

"Because Miss Marler thinks Mabel was the one to propose the whole affair. She was told to remain in her room last night, but we three were told we could go into one of the class rooms."

"I know all that," said Annie.

"Well, Annie?" said Muriel.

Both girls looked at each other. "Very well, Muriel," said Annie quietly, but with a very pale face, "I'll tell Miss Marler that it was I who proposed it, and Mabel did not want to join us at first at all."

"All right, dear old Ann, and I'll go with you and help you out."

As it happened, Miss Marler sent for the girls separately. Muriel, Annie, Mollie, and lastly Mabel.

Mabel went into the den utterly hopeless and fully prepared to receive her conge, but with a child's quick perception she became aware that Miss Marlers' expression was not so very severe. They had a long talk. Annie and the others had entirely exculpated her from

the blame of having been the ringleader of the escapade.

This certainly placed matters in a new light to Miss Marler, who with former pranks of Mabel's in her mind's eye had been prepared to deal severely with the little girl.

"All the same, Mabel," she said, "You took part in it, and I was deeply disappointed, as it did seem as if you had been trying lately to improve."

The result of this talk was that there was a much better understanding between teacher and pupil.

Mabel remained at the school for five years, and I may add, for the benefit of those who are curious on the subject, that she is now at the head of a naughty little family of her own.

MARY C. OAKES.

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OUR GIRLIE.

The following lines, written on a postal card, passed through the mail:

I thought I would tell
You the baby is well,
And just in front of me sitting;
With tiny bronze shoes
And little short clothes,
A-watching her grandmother knitting.

With forehead so fair,
And dark brown hair,
And lips like the roses of morning,
With eyes so bright
With love-lit light,
And cheeks that hint of the dawning.

Her slender hand
Doth hold like a band
The heart of her gray old daddy;
But by-and-by
I fear, on the sly,
'Twill fall to some other laddie.

From the tip of her nose
To her wee, small toes,
So shapely, soft and pearly,
She can only seem
Like an angel's dream
Embodied in our little girlie.

Her cooing words,
Like the warble of birds,
Are wondrous, soft and winning;
Her beautiful smile
I think would beguile
A demon back from sinning.

Her ears like shells
From ocean's wells,
Just border the silken tresses;
Such is our baby,
The winsome baby,
The sweetest of all sweet Bessies.

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God asks, indeed, the birds to fly,  
Yet none of these, but birds of wing  
Expects not sight from blinded eye,  
Nor ever asks a crow to sing.