

'Why, it's Mr. Disbrow's little girl, Jessie Disbrow! She lives up on Maple Street. Their servant told ours that she was ten years old and had never been to school; so I guess she don't know much, anyway!'

Jessie Disbrow listened with reddening cheeks, and then in a moment she heard May Wander whisper loudly to a late-comer, 'The new scholar over there don't know much—Hattie Bangs says so! I asked her what her name was, and she couldn't tell!'

This was more than bashful, sensitive little Jessie could bear, and slipping into the dressing-room, she hurried to put on her jacket. If this was the longed-for school, she thought she wanted no more of it.

Her hat was on and she was about to start for home when the teacher found her.

Miss Capen understood little girls, and she let Jessie have a good cry on her shoulder before she attempted to remove the wraps. When she discovered the cause of the tears she must have known just how to smooth away the trouble, for a few minutes later Jessie reappeared in the schoolroom, able to meet the gaze of the pupils with little discomfiture.

Jessie was placed in the second class in reading, along with May Wander and Hattie Bangs; but when it was the new scholar's turn to read she did not stumble over the long words as Hattie and May had stumbled, but she read the paragraph assigned her almost as well as Miss Capen could have read it.

The children looked their astonishment, and the teacher said at once that Jessie must go into the first class, which brought a tiny smile of gratefulness to the shy face.

When the third class in arithmetic was called there was a new surprise, for it was learned that Jessie Disbrow had studied nearly to fractions; and when Hattie Bangs could not tell how much seven times nine was, and Miss Capen asked Jessie, she not only gave the correct answer, but at the teacher's request repeated the

sevens and eights of the multiplication table without a break.

Glances of approval ran around the class, and enough smiles of cordiality and admiration were given the new scholar to raise a hope in her heart that friends would not be lacking.

In geography and grammar and spelling Jessie was far in advance of the others of her age, and Miss Capen made the little girl very happy by saying that her mamma was so good a teacher she would like her to come and teach some of her girls and boys.

'Well, Hattie,' said May Wander, when school was dismissed, 'I hope there won't any more scholars come here that "don't know much," if they're going to turn out like this one! My, isn't she smart! Miss Capen won't be satisfied now till we can say the multiplication table as well as Jessie Disbrow can!'

The Flower Family.

(By Anna A. Gordon, in 'Union Signal'.)

Miss Gordon wrote these verses on the train after she left Eagle's Nest on her way to Northfield as she was being carried along through the fields which were beautiful in their summer dress.

A wise little maid, of summers three,
Stole off to the meadow one sunny morn;

There were many things she longed to see,
Like lady-slippers and tassels of corn.

In her dimpled hand she carried bread

To eat when she found a butter-cup full.

'I'll not be scared,' she sturdily said—

'Dandy-lion's long tail I will pull.

'I'll see how many pussies on willows grow,

When I find them they surely will mew;

I'll look for the dog who lost his dog-toe—

He will want to come home with me, too.

'I'll ring all the blue-bells loud and clear,

They will look like the pretty blue sky;

The humming-birds will come when they hear—

I'll invite them to lunch by and by.

'I hope some grass-hopping I shall see,

And Katy will tell what she really did;

'Twill be nice to know, for then—it may be

Katy didn't, instead of she did.

'I have been to church only once, and then

I went quite fast asleep right away;

But to Jack-in-the-pulpit down in the glen

I could listen the livelong day.'

* * * *

They found her far down the blossoming field

Still trudging; the brave little mite;

Her flowery quest unwilling to yield Though no butter nor bells blessed

her sight.

* * * *

Ah me! 'tis long since childhood's dear days,

Yet still their sweet fancies I share,—

Their halo of hope, their mystical maze,

The peace of my mother's prayer.

God grant me the boon of a child-like soul,

Its joy and its trust complete;

The kingdom of heaven my only goal,

Till its welcoming gates I greet.

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