

**When My Grandmother Went to School.**

When my grandmother went to school, she dressed in  
brightest red,  
From her scarlet shoes and stockings to the hood upon  
her head.  
Her frocks were made so long she tripped as she ran to  
and fro;  
But that was very, very, very, very long ago.

When my grandmother went to school, she sat upon a  
bench;  
She did not study drawing and she did not study French;  
She learned to cipher, read and spell, work samplers,  
knit and sew;  
For that was very, very, very, very long ago.

When my grandmother went to school—so different then  
from now!—  
The girls they had to courtesy, the boys they had to bow;  
And they had rewards of merit that they carried home to  
show,  
Oh, that was very, very, very, very long ago.

When my grandmother went to school, one word she  
couldn't spell,  
And so the darling had to stand—now don't you ever tell—  
A whole hour in the fire-place! She told me, so I know,  
But that was very, very, very, very long ago.

**Where the Shine Came From.**

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his  
elbow on the old lady's stuffed arm chair, "what  
have you been doing here at the window all day by  
yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily:  
"I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and  
then looked out at the people. There's one little  
girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch. She has  
sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same  
sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what  
makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now."

"That girl with the brown apron on?" Arthur  
cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie  
Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Wouldn't you give  
anything to know where she gets all that brightness  
from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and to  
grandma's surprise he raised the window and called:  
"Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grand-  
ma wants to see you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the  
little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," ex-  
plained the boy, "what makes you look so bright  
all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's  
been ill a long while, and mamma is tired out with  
nursing, and the baby's cross with her teeth, and if  
I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting  
her arm around this little streak of sunshine.  
"That's God's reason for things; it is because  
somebody needs it. Shine on, little sun; there  
couldn't be a better reason for shining than because  
it is dark at home."—*Exchange*.

**The Little Chick's Lesson.**

(For Five Little Girls).

Said the first little chicken  
With a queer little squirm:  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,  
With an odd little shrug:  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,  
With a sharp little squeal:  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,  
With a small sigh of grief:  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A little green leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,  
With a faint little moan:  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A wee gravel stone!"

(This verse in concert).

"Now, see here," said the mother,  
From the green garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast,  
You just come and scratch."

—*Baltimore World*.

Some teachers do not believe in making school  
work interesting, and they have the boldness to  
proclaim their opinion. I have never yet seen any  
reasonable argument to favour an objection. If a  
man's life work is not interesting to him, he is not  
likely to make a success. Going to school is the  
beginning of life's work. The more we can view  
it in that light, the broader and more important  
becomes the function of the teacher. So I say add  
all the interest possible to every branch; let the  
teacher develop all the enthusiasm within her reach;  
and let her communicate as much of it as possible  
to the children. Their success in this beginning  
of life's work is the much more assured.—*F. H. S.,*  
*in Popular Educator.*