

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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OUR GRANDMA.

I wish I could paint her for you, just as she appeared to my childish eyes. I know you would say she was one of the handsomest women you ever saw. Handsome? Yes, although the seasons of seventy years had passed her on her journey. Her hair was a dark auburn, and notwithstanding the years she had told, but few grey hairs silvered its richness. She always wore it in a French twist, with finger puffs at the sides of her face; no cap ever hid the beautiful covering with which nature had adorned her head. Her eyes were dark brown; complexion fair. She stood about medium height, well-proportioned, and moved with a stately mien well befitting one of her age.

But dearest of all to me was the gentle, patient smile which ever wreathed her lips; the musical tone of her voice as she called my name.

Do you see her? If you do, place her in a low arm chair, with two little ones at her feet, looking up earnestly as she tells them stories of other climes than this, and you have the picture that comes to my mind every time I hear the sweet name, "Grandma."

She had crossed the ocean five times, this grandma of ours; she had seen it sleeping peacefully; she had seen it when all the elements seemed aroused to the one mad purpose of destruction; when the angry waters seemed desirous to leap from the bed, too narrow for their vastness.

Her life had not been devoid of sorrow. She had buried three bright little children, and mourned the loss of a husband, at whose dying bedside she had not been permitted to stand; whose grave was to her forever unknown.

She never grew tired of talking to us, or hearing us talk. She taught us to re-

peat the old nursery rhymes, "Old Mother Hubbard," "The Woman Who Lived in Her Shoe," "The House That Jack Built" and all those tales so marvelous to childish understandings. From her we learned the sweet words of "Rock of Ages" and "The Lord is my Shepherd." They say all grandmas are indulgent; ours was unusually so.

One summer mamma had gone from home for several weeks and the care of sister Eleanor and myself naturally fell to Grandma. I think now with some misgivings of the anxiety we caused her during that time. We were wicked enough to take advantage of her patience.

Our bedtime was at dark, and from the time we were up in the morning until that time we played with all the might in our mischievous little bodies, and when evening came we were so tired that weariness overcame our devotional spirits, and we willingly retired with only a hasty recitation of our evening prayer. One evening being unusually tired we begged to be allowed to say our prayers in bed, and Grandma seldom denied us, so this favor was granted. She listened to me first. I clasped my hands, closed my eyes, trying to make amends for indolence by being very reverent. Then she listened to Eleanor, watching her very intently. I discovered that her eyes were open. I felt this to be an outrage, and whispered, "Eleanor, shut your eyes." She was just repeating "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," but my whispered words brought her to a close with the exclamation, "I won't." Then she began again, eyes open as before. This was too much, and I called out, "Grandma, Eleanor won't shut her eyes." I see again the almost angelic expression of that sweet face as she said, "It doesn't make much difference, Bessie,