



mīle <sup>mīle</sup> pöck'et <sup>počeket</sup> hūr'ry <sup>hurry</sup> elōš'et <sup>eloshet</sup> stāirs <sup>stairs</sup>  
 flōor <sup>floor</sup> tōss <sup>toss</sup> bûrn <sup>burn</sup> eūd'dled <sup>uddled</sup> mīt'tens <sup>mitten</sup>

#### A MOUSE AT SCHOOL.

One morning Robin Bell and his sister Lucy were getting ready for school. The schoolhouse was a mile from their home.

<sup>miss</sup> "Hurry, sister," said Robin; "it is almost school time, and we shall be late."

Lucy's coat was in a closet under the stairs, and she ran to get it. She found it on the floor.

<sup>deben</sup> "Little girls ought to hang their clothes up," said her mother. But Lucy was in a great hurry and did not hear her.

She put on her coat, and ran after Robin. They reached the schoolhouse at just nine o'clock, and were glad to know that they were not late.

The schoolroom was very cold. "The fire does not burn well this morning," said the teacher. "You may keep your coats on, till the room is warm."

Lucy put her mittens in her pocket and sat down at her desk. The room did not get warm for a long time, and the children kept their coats on.

When it was time to go out and play, Lucy put her hand in her pocket to get her mittens. Then she cried out "Oh, oh!" and the teacher ran to her.



“There is something warm and soft in my pocket,” said Lucy. “I can feel it move. I wonder what it is.”

“Let me see,” said the teacher.

She looked in Lucy's pocket, and sure enough, there was a cunning little mouse cuddled down in one corner.

The little mouse had been at school all the morning. He had heard the children read and spell. He had heard them sing. He had heard all that the teacher had told them. It may be that his bright eyes had seen their happy faces.

Not one of the children wanted to hurt the mouse. The teacher put him in a box. When school was out, Lucy carried the box home.

The children fed the mouse every day, and he soon became a fine pet. Lucy gave him a little ball to play with, and he learned to do many funny tricks. He learned to roll the ball about the room. He learned to toss it up in the air, and to carry it in his mouth.

How would you like to have a mouse for a pet?

Gōd      flōw      brōad      rīse      sweet'ly  
vāle      gāy      lēap      dāle      twīn'kling

GOD IS GREAT AND GOOD.

I know God made the sun  
To fill the day with light;  
He made the twinkling stars  
To shine all through the night.



He made the hills that rise  
So very high and steep;  
He made the lakes and seas,  
That are so broad and deep.  
He made the streams so wide,  
That flow through wood and vale,  
He made the brooks so small,  
That leap down hill and dale.