

"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 <sup>cunning</sup> 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.



He made each bird that sings  
 So sweetly all the day;  
 He made each flower that springs  
 So bright, so fresh, so gay.

And He who made all these,  
 He made both you and me;  
 Oh, let us thank Him, then,  
 For great and good is He.

*dark* shēl'ter eol'ors ān'i mal  
*cool* shiēld beau'ti ful ūse'ful  
*clap* eūr'tains tōwards brēathed

#### THE CLOUDS.

One day John and Mary took a walk with their father. It was a warm summer day, and far up in the sky were many clouds.

"Just look, father," said John, "what big clouds! I wonder what clouds are made for."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "do tell us what clouds are made for."

"Clouds are very useful," said their father; "they are great curtains."

"Curtains!" cried the children.



"Yes, they are great curtains," said their father. "What do we use curtains for?"

"Oh, I know," said Mary. "When the sun shines too bright, we pull down the curtains to keep out the heat and the light."

"Now," said her father, "when the sun shines bright, the cattle feel the heat very much, and the flowers bow their heads to the ground. Then the clouds are spread out like curtains to shield them from the heat."

It soon began to rain; they went into a farmhouse for shelter. The children stood at the window to look at the rain.



*P.*  
"That rain," said their father, "comes from the clouds. How useful clouds are! They are great watering pots."  
*segados de agua*

"Why do you call them watering pots, father?" asked Mary.

"Why do you ask that question, Mary? I saw you taking a watering pot into the garden this morning. What did you do with it?"

"I watered the ground about my flowers," said Mary; "for when the ground becomes very dry, the plants cannot grow."

"Just so; and when all the land becomes very dry the grass, and the wheat, and the corn cannot grow. Then the clouds water it."  
*trigo*

"Oh, I see! I see!" cried John. "The rain comes out of those great, dark clouds and waters the dry ground."

"Yes; the clouds are great watering pots which water this beautiful earth."  
*tierra*

The rain was soon over, and the children went out again with their father. "How pleasant it is," said they, as they breathed the cool, fresh air.

"Yes," said their father; "it is made so by the great watering pots. Now, look at the clouds!"

The children looked up, and began to clap their hands. "Oh, how beautiful!" they cried.

The great clouds were moving toward the east. The sun was shining upon them, giving them all shades of beautiful colors. One cloud looked like a ship, and another was shaped like an animal with three horns.  
*oriental*  
*de colores*

"You see," said their father, "that clouds are pictures as well as curtains and watering pots — and what beautiful pictures they are!"

hâir	sâke	eûrled	pret'ti ly
pāint	wōrld	pret'ti est	chānged
lēast	cheeks	wāshed	trōd'den

#### MY DOLL.

I once had a sweet little doll, —  
The prettiest doll in the world;  
Her cheeks were so red and so white,  
And her hair was so prettily curled!