



THE MORNING HYMN.

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There is no better way of beginning a day than with a hymn of praise. In many schools this is the custom. In Germany, most of the schools sing some grand old German verse of Luther's and then begin work with the words and the melody still ringing in their heads. In the private schools of England this is also the case, only the German words are changed to those of some of our beautiful old English hymns. In our cut we see seven or eight little girls singing the morning hymn of praise and thanksgiving. How they seem to enter into it, all singing away with their heads in different positions as the music rolls out of their young lips. Look at the tiny little one listlessly standing there with her little head on one side and finger between her lips, listening to the sweet strains of her older school companions. What a pretty group it makes

up altogether, with the bright, pleasing faces and the picturesque caps and aprons.

## THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE.

A little mouse, unused to the ways of the world, once left its quiet home, and set out upon a journey, and was greatly charmed with many of the strange things that it saw, among which was a dear little house, the door of which stood wide open. As there was no one about, it ventured to look in, and saw a bit of cheese suspended from the ceiling. "That cheese smells very good," thought the mouse, and forthwith walked in.

Suddenly there was a sharp noise, which greatly frightened the mouse, but when it tried to run home again it found the door shut!

I need not tell you what followed— suffice it to say that the mouse never saw its poor father and mother again!

There are traps for children, and tempting are the baits hung up to attract them; but remember—the best side of these traps is the outside.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are ways of death."—Proverbs 16, 25.

## HOW THE WOOD WAS PAID FOR.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut, one morning accosted by his pastor, said: "Poor Widow Green's wood is gone. Can you not take her a cord?"

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood and I have the team; but who to pay me for it?" The pastor replied: "I will pay you for it on condition that you read the first three verses of the Forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him into the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in sickness."

A few days afterwards, the pastor called on him again.

"How much do I owe you, Deacon, that cord of wood?"

"Oh," said the now enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible."

## HEROES.

"Mamma, tell me what's a hero."

Robbie said to me one day;

"When I grow to be a man

I will be one if I may."

"What's a hero? That's hard telling  
To a little boy like you.

Let us fancy what might happen;

You can think what you would do.

"Just suppose your little brother

Spoiled your very nicest toys;

Just suppose at school to-morrow

You should find the other boys

"Planning to do something naughty

To plague the teacher, 'just for fun

Suppose papa should say, 'Come Robbie

When you wanted one more run.

"Patience under little trials,

Courage to resist the wrong.

Prompt obedience to duty.

These are what make heroes strong.

Robbie stood a moment thinking.

Then he said: "When I'm a man

I should like to be a hero,

Mamma dearest, if I can."