

## How Herman Slept in the Minister's Chair.

(A. M. Tirrell, in Little Men and Women.)

Herman was staying in the country with Grandpa and Grandma Brown. Uncle Eli and Aunt Jane lived about a mile from Grandpa Brown's. It was less than a mile if you went there across lots; that is, if you went up the cow lane and took the path down through the sheep pasture. Herman often went that way. Uncle Eli and Aunt Jane had no little grandson and they liked to have Herman visit them. Herman liked to go there because Aunt Jane made very nice apple turnovers and Uncle Eli often let him ride old Trotty to the watering-trough. Old Trotty was Uncle Eli's horse.

One Saturday morning Herman went over to Uncle Eli's to spend the day and to stay all night. He was going to church on Sunday with Uncle Eli and Aunt Jane, and then going to ride home with grandpa and grandma. It rained for an hour on Saturday afternoon and Herman felt afraid that the two little turkeys that grandpa had given him would get drowned in the wet grass. It worried him so that he thought he would go back to grandpa's that evening instead of staying at Uncle Eli's all night. He did not like to go through the wet fields across lots, and he asked Aunt Jane if he might not go home by the road.

"Yes," said Aunt Jane, "if you will go straight home and not stop to play anywhere. Little boys ought not to be out after dark." She gave him a little paper bag with an apple turnover in it, and she told him again to hurry home, as it was getting late.

Herman started for grandpa's, intending to mind Aunt Jane and not stop to play on the way. But, as he was going by the village church, he noticed that the door was open and someone was singing inside. He stopped a moment to listen; and then, somehow, he found himself in the church and going on tiptoe up the aisle, until he could see three or four people in



### Cousin Mary's Way.

Fred said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred," said Cousin Mary, "you surprise me."

Now Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller as he replied, "It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that—only ten verses."

"Oh, it is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, Cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little verse, 'If ye forgive not, neither will your Father forgive your tresspasses.' That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you say a few minutes ago, that you would never forgive Bob Brown as long as you lived!"

Fred had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all on his tongue, he had thought that he knew it by heart. Cousin Mary's way was better.—"Our Little Dots."

the gallery practicing choir music for Sunday.

"I have a good mind to go on up into the pulpit," he whispered to himself. "I should like to tell the boys at school, next winter, that I have been right up in a real pulpit where the minister preaches." And then he went on up the aisle to the pulpit stairs. He climbed the stairs, peeped into the big Bible, and then sat down in the minister's chair.

It was a very comfortable chair. Herman leaned his head against its plush back and suddenly thought how tired he was. He felt hungry,

too, and he took Aunt Jane's apple turnover out of the bag and began to nibble at it as he rested. The singing seemed to grow fainter and fainter. Herman nodded and then—he was fast asleep.

The singers locked the church-door and went home. They had not seen Herman at all.

After a while the moonlight streamed in through the church windows. A mouse came out of its hole and looked in wonder at a little boy fast asleep in the minister's chair, and holding an apple turnover in his hand.