

## A QUEER HIDING-PLACE.

LITTLE Miss Mousie walked out one day,  
To view the world in her own small way,  
She peeped in the granary, and there she  
spied

Dear grandpa's saddle, and slipped inside.  
Oh! this lovely padding," she cried in  
glee;

I really think it was put here for me.  
I will line my nest so nice and warm,  
And keep my little ones safe from harm."

So to work she went with claws and teeth,  
And pulled the padding from underneath;  
But as it scattered upon the floor

A sudden step was heard at the door.  
Poor mousie quaked in dreadful fear

When she saw grandpa coming near.  
"What's this—a mouse!" soon grandpa  
cries,

And to catch poor mousie tries.

All round and round they scampered fast,  
Till mousie disappears at last.

All searching proves of no avail—

She's safely hid from nose to tail.

He thinks she can't be found to-day,

And to his business turns away;

And where was her hiding-place secure?

You never will guess, I am very sure.

When grandpa was looking the other way,  
She slipped in his pocket and there she  
lay.

He searched and searched, but could not  
see

Where that naughty mouse could possibly  
be;

But as at his work he trudged about,

Miss Mousie soon from his mind slipped  
out,

Till his hand in his pocket for gloves he  
sent,

When—out jumped Miss Mousie and away  
she went.

## THE MORNING SONG.

BY E. W. BUCKINGHAM.

VERY few children, probably, ever  
waken early enough to hear the birds'  
"Hallelujah Chorus," as the sun takes his  
first peep at the earth, sweet and fresh  
from her bath of midnight dew, and bids  
her "Good-morning."

What is it like about three o'clock on a  
summer morning? Would you like to  
know?

Suppose I should call you at that hour.  
What should we hear and see?

Let us try it. Here I am. Wake up,  
little sleepyhead.

How dark it is! What fol' waken

one at the dead of night! There is not a  
sound to break the deep silence.

Come! don't go to sleep again. Have  
you never heard

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn-  
ing"?

See! already it is not so dark as it was  
five minutes ago.

Hark! there is a faint twitter out in the  
vines by your window.

All is still again. That was some bird  
dreaming. But no! there it comes again,  
that tender, sleepy sound from the birds  
in their nests and tucked under the leaves.

Now you can see dim outlines of the  
furniture in your room.

Suddenly, out in the barnyard, chan-  
ticleer crows out his morning challenge.  
Instantly there is a rustling of wings, and  
a robin springs out from his leafy covert,

and, wide awake and alert, answers him  
with a few loud calls, the prelude to a  
burst of ecstatic song. The sparrows in

the vines nudge and scold their sleepy  
neighbours until every one is awake and  
adding his feeble notes to swell the grow-  
ing chorus. Barnyard after barnyard

sends out its clarion notes. The thrush  
shakes down its liquid melody from the  
topmost bough of every tall tree. The  
catbird forgets his disagreeable "meiow,"  
and trills and quavers a gracious, pretty  
song. The flicker drums and calls aloud  
to his mate. The song sparrow adds its  
silvery sweet music.

Now it is all light, gray and pale, with  
a dawning blush stealing over the sky.  
Not all the birds are awake as yet. Now  
and then is heard a soft, sleepy, cooing cry;  
but no bird could sleep through such a  
concert as this, and the laziest shakes out  
his ruffled feathers, throws off his sleep-  
iness, and hurries to join the glad chorus  
that welcomes the coming day.

The rosy flush spreads and deepens,  
until the whole sky is crimsoned, and the  
very grass and leaves reflect the glowing  
hue. Up, up, leaps the sun, and at his  
coming every tuneful throat pours  
out its joyous lay. What a mad burst of  
music! Now the sun shows his full broad  
disc, and swiftly mounts above the horizon.  
Every tree, every bush, and every dewy  
vine is trembling with the waves of song.  
Every bird in all the region round seems  
filled with rapture.

The rosy flush fades away in the clear  
golden light, the leaves and grass lose  
their tint of red, and sparkle with myriads  
of diamonds and silver sheen. The air is  
sweet, fresh, and clear, the flowers unclose

their folded petals, and shake out their  
sweet perfumes. All the while the jubilate  
increases in volume and richness.

You may go back to bed and to sleep if  
you like; the hour is yet too early for you,  
but you must draw the shutters, for the  
sun streams in at the window as if to shame  
lazy creatures into enjoyment of the day.

Have you learned nothing from this  
morning concert of song? If the birds  
lift up their voices in glad, jubilant songs  
of praise at the return of day, surely you  
ought to lift your heart and voice in grati-  
fied praise to your heavenly Father for  
his loving care of you through the night.  
Do you thank him and praise him every  
morning? If you have not done so hereto-  
fore, do it ever after this.

## BEING POLITE TO CARLO.

"COME and see Captain Carlo!" shouted  
Albert, as he spied Henry and George  
down the street a little way.

"O how did you teach him to hold his  
head still? Shake, Captain," said Harry,  
offering the dog his hand, into which the  
good fellow put his right paw with all the  
dignity of a soldier.

"How did I teach him?" said Albert.  
"Why, by being polite to him."

"Being polite to him? O, who ever  
heard of being polite to a dog!" shouted  
George.

"Well, now, I guess Carlo knows when  
you are polite as well as anybody. Just  
you speak roughly to him, and you'll see  
how soon he'll drop his head and tail and  
try to move off. But if you say, 'Come,  
Carlo—nice fellow,' he looks as pleased as  
can be. He was just as proud as could be  
when he learned to keep his hat on, be-  
cause we all praised and complimented  
him so."

"Well, if you don't talk the funniest of  
anybody I ever saw. I thought people  
only had to be polite to company," said  
George.

"I don't know, only what mamma says,  
and she told me that true Christian people  
were polite to everybody."

"Dogs and all?" said Henry.

"Yes; to your own people and dogs  
more than to other people and dogs, be-  
cause you ought to love them best."

"Well, I never!" said Henry; "but I  
think it's a pretty good way."

It is said that "brains will tell." Some-  
times they will, and sometimes they  
will not. Sometimes the more brains a  
man has the less he tells. Children, this  
means not to talk too much.