

"I know it," said Nellie, "but when you say, 'I promise,' it makes me feel so sure."

When Jesus made a special promise to his disciples, he began by saying "Verily."

Never forget that a promise is a very solemn thing, and when you make one be sure that you keep it.

#### THE BURDEN OF PLAY

*By Margaret Sherwood*

Not long ago, I had a conversation with a little girl of to-day that set me to thinking of many things. She came into the library, breathless and red of cheek from running, and flung herself down upon a rug, stretching out her sturdy legs to rest.

"O dear! I'm so tired of playing!" she said, "I've played Puss-in-the-Corner, and Blind Man's Buff, and I've taken the dog for a walk, and now Lucy" (Lucy was the nurse) "says I must come out and play something else, 'cause it's such a lovely day."

"Do you ever get tired of playing?" I asked, surprised, for I could not remember anything similar in my own experience as a child.

"Heaps of times," said the little girl, mournfully, "I scarcely ever have any time to myself, you know. I like to think: don't you?"

"That depends," I said, "on what it is about."

"I like to think 'most always," said the child, "and just when I begin to have a nice time reading, or something, I remember that I ought to play with the doll that Aunt Alice gave me, for fear she will think I don't like it, or with the playhouse that Uncle Norton gave me. And I do get tired of entertaining the dog!"

Just here a voice called, "Edith! Edith!" and my visitor climbed to her feet and ran away. Outside the library windows Lucy was waiting to tell Miss Edith to run down to the gate with Robert, because, Lucy explained, when her charge demanded why, running was good for her, and developed her legs.

I know a flock of little girls who have

long, delicious hours when they are allowed to run wild in the fields, and who are developing in a thousand ways that the most careful educator could not have suggested. Walking through the fields one day last summer, I saw the whole flock sitting on a high board gate with arms outspread. With one swoop they lighted at my feet and explained what they were doing.

"We are learning to fly!" said the oldest one, breathlessly. "We can do it ever and ever so much better than when we began."

"We're going to keep on doing it, and then we'll teach our little children to do it, and they will teach their children, and by and by everybody can fly just as well as not" said the third little girl.

"If I had only kept on flying ever since I was a baby," said the second, mournfully, "I could do it ever so much better. I don't know why I stopped."

How I wished that all small children could be given what these little girls had, a chance to find their own wings and fly.

Nothing, to a thoughtful child, can ever take the place of those hours when the sun shines, and the shadows of the lattice or of leafy branches fall somewhere on the grass, and ideas and fancies come from far away to wander up and down with him. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and thrice blessed are the children who are allowed to think them.—The Interior.

#### SHOES

Did you ever think how many kinds of shoes are worn in this world?

There are the sandals of the Arab, the thick-soled shoes of the Chinese men, and the tiny handmade cloth ones of the poor bound-footed woman. There are the straw sandals of the Japanese, the soft buckskin moccasins of the Indian, all beaded over, or embroidered with colored porcupine quills by the squaws, and many other sorts besides the pretty walking boots and comfortable slippers worn by girls and boys in this country.

When you put on your shoes in the morning, are you careful to put the right one on the right foot and the left on the left foot?