



THE SWING.

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WHAT a merry swing little Maude Matchett is having. It is evidently holiday time and no thought of lessons troubles these young folks. You can almost hear their screams of delight as they shout and laugh with glee.

Give the children holidays,
Let them be jolly days.
Better men hereafter
Shall we have for laughter,
Freely shouted in the woods,
Till the echoes ring again.

FOOTPRINTS.

"WHAT is that, father?" asked Benny.
"It is a footprint, my son; and it is a sign that some one came into our front garden last night."

"It must be," replied Benny; "for there could not be a footprint without somebody had been there to make it."

"That is true, Benjamin; and now,

show me some of the footprints of the Creator?"

"I don't understand you, father," Benny said.

"Well, who made all these beautiful flowers; these splendid trees; the clouds up in the sky; the great round earth; and set the mighty sun flaming in the heavens, and started the bright moon?"

"Oh, God to be sure!"

"Then all these things are but footprints of the Creator. They are the sign that there is a Creator, and that he has been here. See this ice-plant that I hold—man could never have made it; see all the glistening grass, hear all the chirping birds—man did not and could not make them. God made them; and they are all simple 'footprints' of the great Creator, to prove to us that there is a good and great God, whom we love, worship, and obey. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father, I understand very well now, and I thank you for teaching me that lesson."—*Children's Friend.*

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese,
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other;
"I don't think you know."
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching "mousy" fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no!" said the mother;
"You must stay with me,
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said robin,
And gavo his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite every thing."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink;
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry!
But I didn't think.

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always surety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go over headlong,
'Cause he didn't think.

—S. S. Advocate.

WHAT GEORGE COULD DO.—George and Ray and Bert were playing together. Ray was cross and wanted everything his own way. Bert grew cross, too, and soon the boys were quarrelling sadly. George tried to make peace but he could not, so he went home and told mamma all about it. "You see, mamma," he said, "I couldn't do anything but just go away." It is not best to stay where there is trouble, unless one can help to stop it.