

Happy Days

Vol. IX.]

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1891.

[No. 11

IN THE SWING.

THESE four little girls are enjoying the beautiful summer afternoon in their comfortable boat-swing. As they go up and down through the air, now almost touching the ground, and in another minute away up among the green branches of the trees, they feel as if they were birds for the time. They think they know just what it would feel like to be able to fly and feel the cool air blowing in their faces on the hottest day, as they sailed up, up into the white clouds. They feel sure that swinging is the next best thing to being able to fly or ride in a balloon. The motion of the swing does not make them dizzy in the least and they think it the greatest fun to have the leaves tickle their cheeks when they go a little too high among the branches. The nice high sides of the boat-swing make it safer for the young folk than the ordinary swing. There is one thing, however, very special about this swing. There is a bird's nest away up in the tree, and sometimes the four swingers get a peep into the nest and there they can count the three little blue eggs.



IN THE SWING.

WHAT THEY DO IN CHINA

"MAMIE," said Aunt Alice, "suppose your papa should conclude you were not worth

bringing up, and should bring a tub of water and put you in it, and hold your head down until you were drowned!"

And we must pray, pray, that more missionaries may go. You and I can do something to help them. Let us do all we can

Aunt Alice exclaimed Mamie in a voice of horror, "how can you say such a dreadful thing?"

"I was thinking that if you had been born in China that might have been your fate."

Why, do they do such things there?

Yes, indeed. They don't think girls are worth raising. I heard a missionary tell of one poor woman who had drowned six little girl babies, all her own. When she came to hear about Jesus, and gave her heart to him, the tears streamed down her cheeks, and she cried out, "Oh, it seems to me I can hear my babies crying, as they did before I drowned them. If I had heard about Jesus before, I might have saved my babies." Poor mother. Should not we hasten to let all the mothers in heathen lands know about our Jesus?

I heard this story, and I said to myself,

Yes, we must hurry, quick, quick, to tell the poor heathen mothers of Jesus."

But how can we get to them? We must save our pennies, we must earn pennies, and bring them to the mission box, to send missionaries and good books to tell the glad story