

"O, no!" said the mother;
 "You must stay here with me;
 Little birds are safest
 Sitting in a tree."
 "I don't care," said Robin,
 And gave his tail a fling;
 "I don't think the old folks
 Know quite everything."
 Down he flew, and kitty seized him
 'Fore he'd time to blink;
 "O," 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 safety
 Where no danger shows;
 Don't suppose you know more
 Than any body knows.
 But when you're warned of ruin
 Pause upon the brink,
 And don't go over headlong,
 'Cause you didn't think!

JACK AND HIS MEAL BAG.

The mill was doing a great business that day, when Jack and David Jamieson rode up with their bag of corn to be ground. They lived on a small farm five miles off the main road, and were therefore not sorry at the prospect of waiting several hours for their grist. It gave them a chance of seeing something of the liveliness and bustle of "The Corner," as that part of the village was called where the tavern, store, and mill stood. They ran about here and there, and saw and heard a great deal.

At last, a heavy shower coming on,

they went back to the mill to eat their lunch, and see when their turn came. The miller's son and the squire's son were engaged in a brisk talk, which soon took Jack's attention. David went to look after the corn. The miller's son was urging upon the squire's son the importance of finding what truth the Bible enjoined, which the squire's son parries by saying it "*was no matter what a man believes, provided he is sincere.*" The rattling off-hand tone of the young man pleased Jack, and he wished he could talk so. "Wouldn't he silence his grandfather? Yes, that he would. *No matter what a man believes, provided he is sincere,*"