

TEMKIT'S FOR CHILDREN

TEMKIT'S MISSION:

To provide Bible based, true reading material for children and youth.

Year 3 - 1st Quarter - Issue #6



CREATION CORNER

CHATS ON GREEN LANE DOORSTEPS 2

Hoptoad Comes Out to Chat

Beneath a bush or weedy clump,
Where damp and shady is the ground,
My friend hoptoad makes his nest,
Or on his doorstep cool is found.

UNDER this burdock weed is as good a home as I can find in this Green Lane. It stays cool and shady here till well into the day, and the thick grasses and brambles all around keep the ground damp, and hold the morning dew a long time, undried. My stomach is well filled, and I am somewhat weary and sleepy from rambling all night, hunting bugs and worms; so I shall dig a shallow hole here, and cover myself up to my eyes in the moist earth. There! I can be fairly comfortable here all day, in spite of that sunshine which grows hotter every minute; and I can rest very well indeed, until the sun sinks over to the west, and the dewy evening comes again, to refresh and

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arouse me into hopping off on a new bug hunt.

But who can that be, crashing about through the bushes, near the home of Wonder Web, the garden spider? As sure as I'm alive, it is Susie and Bobby, out for a ramble already this morning. They come right on, through grasses and thicket. I wonder why in the world they do not get out into the roadway that passes down the Green Lane. Oh, I understand now! They wish to see the homes of everyone who lives here; and they couldn't find them out in the roadway.

Children, children! Look what you are doing! You have broken one of my best burdock leaves, and just missed trampling me with your feet. Don't you see my eyes and nose peeping out of the ground at you? Then I suppose I must crawl out of my cool nest and show myself, or you'll be walking over me again. Very well, I'll come out, but only as far as my doorstep. You shall not drive me into that sunshine, when I have only just got comfortably settled for the day.

Ah, you have spied me now! And are you

laughing? Yes, I know there is mud on my head and dirt on my back, brought with me out of my nest; and perhaps I look funny to you, but it is no laughing matter to be disturbed as I have been. You should be apologizing for disturbing me, instead of laughing at me.

Don't touch me, Bobby, or you may be sorry. No, I'll not harm you; but you'll find I leave an unpleasant smell, and perhaps an unpleasant wetness, too, on your hands. Do you see the large warts on my skin, especially those behind my ears? Well, when I get excited, or frightened, as I have been by your careless trampling this morning, a milky fluid oozes from those warts, and you will not like having it on your hands. At one time, this milky fluid was thought to be poisonous; but people know better now. It is meant merely as a help in protecting me from my enemies. My whole family are perfectly harmless, gentle creatures, and can be quite easily tamed for pets. We soon learn to know those who feed and are kind to us. There is a record of one pet toad that lived over forty years.

I am a useful creature, too, children, as well as harmless. My food is the insects and worms that injure orchards and gardens, and I swallow as many as four stomachs full every day. I never eat anything I find already dead. I'll not even eat a bug or worm that is standing still. It must be moving, to tempt my appetite; but when it moves within reach, my long, sticky tongue flies out and sweeps that bug down my throat like a flash. I haven't any teeth, so must swallow my food whole; but I can manage even a squirmy earthworm or a fuzzy moth, for all that.

You'll laugh again when I tell you about my tongue. Would you guess that it is put into my mouth backward? Yes, backward! Don't look so amazed, Susie; I mean it. The large end is fastened just inside the front part of my mouth, and its loose end points down my throat. When I see a bug I wish to catch, I open my mouth, and my tongue turns a somersault out upon the bug, and another somersault with him back down my throat. What do you think of that?

Like everyone else, children, you probably think me very ugly; but the Creator gave me at least one beauty, --my eyes. See how soft and large and bright they are. I want you to love me for my beautiful eyes, and for the good I do in your gardens.

You'll find me interesting, too, when you know more about me. Baby toads, you know, like the babies of our cousins, the frogs, are hatched from eggs that their mothers lay under water. For a while, they live there and swim about, looking more like little fishes than like toads. They have tails, but no legs; but presently legs grow and the tail drops off, and the baby toad hops out upon the land, where he afterwards makes his home. Both frog babies and toad babies are called tadpoles, and they look much alike; but a toad tadpole is smaller and blacker than a frog tadpole. While I don't live in the water, neither can I live long where it is very dry. You see, I never drink, as you do, children. The water I need soaks into my body through my skin, so I must keep my skin moist or soon die of thirst. That is why I roam through the dew at night, and rest in the moist earth in the daytime.

I must get back to my bed right now, too. Watch this evening, children, and you may see me again; catching bugs in that garden the other side of the lane.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS. From *Our Little Friend* Jan. 11, 1924 = ^ .. ^ =

TRUE-STORY-TIME

The S. P. C. M.

As you read this story, find out what S. P. C. M. stands for.

"Can you help me a few minutes, Marion?"

"I should like to, mamma, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a missions meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this."

“Done at last!” said Marion wearily, giving a finishing touch to her essay, at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw two angels bending over her mother’s face, both looking earnestly at the sleeper.

“What made that weary look on this woman’s face?” asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. “Has God given her no daughters?”

“Yes,” was the reply, “but her daughters have no time.”

“No time!” cried the other. “What are they doing with all the time I am allowing them?”

“Well,” replied the Angel of Life, “I keep their minds and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know that they are letting the one they love almost slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs come from overwork and anxiety to save money for music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin.”

The dark angel frowned. “Young ladies must be accomplished now,” continued the other. “Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, that they might have time to study ancient history and modern languages. Those wrinkles came because the girls had no time to share the care and worry of everyday life. That sigh comes because their own mother feels neglected and lonely, while the girls are working for the women of other lands. That tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor, exhausted girls are trying to sleep back their late hours. Those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk.”

“Surely the girls help, too?”

“What they can. But their feet get weary enough going around begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and the sick.”

“No wonder,” said the Angel of Death, “so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad: loving, industrious girls giving their mother over to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones do!”

“Ah, the hours are so crowded,” said Life wearily. “Girls who are cultured, or who take an active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much time bringing them up.

“Then I must place my seal on her brow,” said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

“No, no!” cried Marion, springing from her seat. “Please! I will take care of her, if you will only let her stay! Don’t take her! Oh please don’t!”

“Marion! Daughter, you must be having a nightmare! Wake up, dear; I fear you have missed your history class.”

“Never mind, mamma; I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those buttonholes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I will send word to the history professor that I must be excused to-day; for I am going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you so much like.”

“But, dear, I dislike to take your time.”

“It’s not like you have never given me any of your time! Now go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and do not worry about me. You are of more importance than all the languages in the world.”

So, with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such things, Mrs. Hensen fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

“I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation,” Marion thought to herself, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. “After this, what time she does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well rested, I will take charge of the house, and give up all the societies except one, that I’ll have by myself if the other girls will not join; a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers.”

And Marion kept her word. A few months later one of the Woman’s Progressive League members said to her, “We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly

educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. But how young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never before saw her looking so well.”

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the “S. P. C. M.”

Did you find out what S. P. C. M. stands for? I hope you all are members too.

This story is from years ago but the lesson is the same today. It applies to children and to grown ups too. No matter who we are or what we do in this world we have a duty to ‘Honor our Father and our Mother’. Jesus looks sadly on people who rush about to do a ‘wonderful work’ for missions or the community while their own family is neglected.

“But if any widow have children or nephews, (grandchildren) let them learn first to shew piety at home, and to requite their parents: for that is good and acceptable before God.” 1 Timothy 5:4 [story from the Jenness Miller Monthly. (1930s)] = ^ . ^ =

STORY LESSON

“Our Amazing Health Message!” Part 3

One of the interesting things that God showed to Ellen White in the Health Messages He gave her for His people was about how ladies dressed back then. Now why would God be interested in what kind of clothes woman were wearing?

It is interesting that ladies clothes in the 1700s had begun to become very large and bulky. From the early years when the clothes were just a fairly simple long loose-fitting dress with long loose sleeves, much like in Bible days, fashions began to change until later on in the 1750s, hoops and padding had been added so a woman took up a lot of space anywhere she was. This was a way of attracting attention.

In 1760’s women began to use pads and other devices to make very high hairdos that would be higher than even tall men. It was at this time too that padding was added to ladies’ bottoms and breasts to make them show up more. Extra padding on breasts makes them too warm and they can become diseased.

By the early 1800s these huge bulky skirts had gone out of fashion but a few years later in the middle 1800s they were back worse than ever. The women wore huge cage-like frames of wire and metal, called crinolines, fastened to their waists and covered with layers of cloth arranged like a fancy curtained window. Also there was another design called a bustle that was a frame worn over the lower back and bottom and draped with more curtains.

Though at first the rich mostly wore these huge skirts, it wasn’t long before even the poor did their best to have them too.

Besides how clumsy these things were to get around in (It was like walking with a tent on) the fashion also called for the ladies to have the tiniest waists above these huge billowing skirts. They used a device called a corset that had laces on all sides like you have in your sneakers. Now this thing was put on and then with the help of the lady’s maid, these laces were pulled as tight as possible until the waist was as tiny as could be.

Now if you were to take something and tie it very tight around your middle you would find it crowds your stomach, and makes it hard to breath. This was called ‘tight-lacing’ and not to wear it would make one laughed at. But think what this did to the body! The very ribs were all distorted and squeezed together!

Women’s organs were so crowded and pushed out of shape that they could not work right. Add to this the weight of these huge hoops and cages and all the cloth over them pulling on the woman’s waists. Then too the dresses had to be long enough to drag in the streets that were full of mud and horses, doing what horses will do. The skirts got full of mud and filth and then they were worn indoors as well, bringing in all this dirt and germs.

Because to make one of these dresses took yards and yards of material, none but the rich could afford to have more than a very few dresses and so they had to be worn a long time before washing them. They were not very warm either, as there was only a simple slip

or long pants under them and wind and cold could come up into these cage-skirts and chill the legs.

It was not at all easy for a woman dressed like this to use the washroom and take off all these things and so frequently they did not go as often as they should and this was very bad for the health as well.

On top of all this, even women who were expecting babies often wore these tight waists and huge heavy skirts and it could cause damage to the baby as well as the woman. It was no wonder that women often died when they gave birth to babies back then and women in general were not healthy and often fainted and got ill.

It was thought that women were delicate and so on, when it was just the foolish fashions designed by Satan that made them so. Now you can see why God warned our people to use simple, modest but sensible dresses and get away from fashions that are bad for health. But still many women would rather be sick than be out of style!

For the women who wanted more outdoor life, there were special costumes for riding. Of course the women had to sit sidesaddle, which forced them to ride with the spine twisted. Then the riding dresses often had long, flowing skirts that hung down over the horses almost to the ground. You can imagine how many accidents this caused!

Today we don't have fashions quite as bad as that, but still there are some that are not healthy or modest. Skirts above the knees and bare legs are not healthy or modest and neither are dresses that leave part of the chest or shoulders bare. This causes too much blood to be in the middle of the body and head while not enough goes to the arms and legs.

High heeled shoes and shoes with narrow, pointy toes are bad for the feet. Remember to wear clothes that are loose fitting, warm and modest and you will have better health and God's blessing. = ^ .. ^ =



Year 3: 1st Quarter:
“GO YE...AND PREACH THE GOSPEL”
WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON 6:
“A WICKED KING”

This series of Bible Story Lessons is about the wonderful adventures of the apostles. For our Bible lessons we are going to use the King James Version of the Bible. Just like the boys and girls used to use to learn to read from in the pioneer days. There will be some texts to look up for each day and you should practice your memory verse until you can say it without looking. Don't forget to learn the text too.

MEMORY VERSE: “A man’s pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.” Proverbs 29:23

Sunday

Text: “Acts 12:1,2 “Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword.”

In this lesson we are going to take a look at the life of Herod Agrippa I. This king was nephew and brother in law to Herod Antipas who was the one that Jesus was brought before in His trial. Agrippa I had got the throne from Antipas by dishonest means and he started right away to persecute the Christians the same as Antipas had done. He claimed to be a Jewish convert and always practiced the ceremonies carefully to please the Jews.

There were six kings who were called Herod and it was sort of a title. Starting with Herod the Great, who had all the little baby

boys of Bethlehem murdered to try and kill Jesus, this family always showed the spirit of the dragon, Satan, the devil. Most of them had terrible ends. Herod the Great died in agony of a loathsome disease.

Now as Herod Agrippa 1 took the throne, he wanted very much to please the rulers of the Jews. So he arrested James the brother of John threw him into prison and sent an executioner right away and had him killed with the sword. He was imitating what another Herod had done with John the Baptist. James was the first of Jesus' disciples to be a martyr for Jesus.

Now the Jews were indeed happy about this, but they said to Herod that he should have killed James in front of all the people so it would teach them a lesson about what would happen to these followers of Jesus of Nazareth.

So Herod arrested Peter and put him into prison and planned to bring him out at the Passover feast and kill him before all the people. The Jewish leaders were pleased but they were worried. They thought that it might not be safe to bring this famous apostle out before all the crowds at the Passover. He had done many miracles and the people might rise up and rescue him.

Also they knew that if he were to speak to the people as he had done in the past, they would not be able to prove him wrong and more believers would be won to the hated group. So they decided to wait until after the feast before they killed their captive.

It was during the Passover that these cruelties were practiced. While the Jews were celebrating their deliverance from Egypt and pretending to love the law of God, they were at the same time breaking every part of that law by persecuting and murdering the believers in Jesus.

Thought - if we turn our hearts away from the truth because we would rather believe our own ideas, the cruel spirit of Satan, who will have us do his wicked works, can control us.

Monday

Text: Acts 12:5 "Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.

It was a terrible loss to the believers when James was killed and now Peter was thrown into prison and it looked like he was going to be killed too! The whole group of believers fasted and prayed for God to come to their aid that they be not wiped out.

It is important to remember that prayer is the most powerful weapon the Christian has and we all need to know how to use it along with the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Bible.

Now Herod had been warned that Peter had escaped from prison before and so he set four teams of four guards, sixteen in all, to make sure this did not happen! These guards were to make sure that he did not get away this time. The cell where Peter was kept was carved into solid rock!

Two of them were chained to Peter, one on each wrist, and the other two were guarding at the door of the cell. These guards were changed often so they did not get too tired and fall asleep.

The delay in the execution gave the believers time to search their hearts deeply, and make earnest prayer. Pleading, tears, and fasting were mixed together. They prayed without ceasing for Peter; they felt that he could not be spared from the Christian work; and they felt that they had come to a point, where, without the special help of God, the church of Christ would become extinct.

But what was Peter doing? How would you feel if you knew that very likely you were going to be killed the next morning? Would you feel like sleeping? Well, Peter showed perfect trust in Jesus that whatever He saw best, would be done and so he lay down between his two guards and fell sound asleep.

Thought - We all need to learn about Jesus more and more and think about His wonderful promises. Then we will be able to trust Him and have peace in our hearts no matter what happens.

Tuesday

Text: Acts 12:6, 7 “And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.”

God heard the prayers of the believers as they pleaded with Him in the name of Jesus to save Peter’s life. A mighty angel from heaven was sent to go to the prison cell.

It was impossible for any human to rescue Peter, but it was easy for God. The angel came to Peter and struck him on the side to wake him up. Peter was sound asleep and when he opened his eyes he saw his cell full of light.

As he moved to get up the chains fell off his wrists and he saw the soldiers sound asleep. As Peter was confused, the angel told him what to do. “Get dressed”, he said, “and put on your shoes. Now wrap your coat around you and come with me.”

Peter did as he was told and followed the bright angel. He thought he was having a vision and did not know it was real.

The prison doors opened by themselves and they went through. They went past the first and the second set of guards who were sound asleep as if made of stone. When they came to the iron gate of the prison it opened by itself and they went out into the city and on through one street and then the angel disappeared.

Finally Peter realized it was real and he said; “Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.”

Thought – Peter had really thought that his time to die had come. But even so his heart was full of the Peace of Jesus and he slept soundly until the angel woke him. We can trust Jesus like that too.

Wednesday

Text: Acts 12:12-14 “And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark; where many were gathered together praying. And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter’s voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate.”

When Peter realized he was out in the street, he went to the house of Mary the mother of Mark. This was the house that had the upper room where Jesus had the Last Supper.

The believers were gathered and praying earnestly for Peter to be saved. All at once came a knock on the locked door. A young girl named Rhoda went to the door to ask who was there, while the others kept praying.

As soon as she heard Peter’s voice, she was so excited that she forgot to open the door but ran back and told the rest that he was there. Now here is an amazing thing; they were all praying for him to be saved and here comes the girl to tell them he is at their very door, and they don’t believe her!

Now what does this tell you about those that say that prayer is just the power of human minds joining together and by believing something they make it happen? Well, they were not believing! But God in His mercy answered anyway.

In fact they even told poor Rhoda that she was ‘nuts’. And then when she insisted, they said it must be his angel as it could not be him.

Now what kind of faith is that? They were praying for something but they did not believe it was going to happen or even could happen!

Peter kept knocking while all this discussion was taking place and finally they did open the door and let him in. Then they were astonished! Peter signaled them to be quiet and he told how the angel had taken him from the prison. He told them to go and tell this to James the brother of Jesus, who

was with another group of praying believers. Then Peter went away to a safe place.

Thought – We need more faith! Not to ‘make ourselves believe’ so we can make things happen, but faith in God that nothing is impossible with Him and His wisdom knows best.

Thursday

Text: Acts 12:18,19 “Now as soon as it was day, there was no small stir among the soldiers, what was become of Peter. And when Herod had sought for him, and found him not, he examined the keepers, and commanded that they should be put to death. And he went down from Judaea to Caesarea, and there abode.”

The next day was to be the big show, the execution of the apostle Peter! People were gathered to watch as Herod sent the order to bring Peter from the prison. He was to be brought with many soldiers to show the power of the king. Soon the word came back that Peter was gone. The guards were all there; the chains were still on their wrists; the gates were all locked, but Peter was gone!

Now Herod knew very well that it had to be God that let Peter out. There was no way that the guards would have allowed him to escape as they knew they would be killed if they did! He knew it, but he hardened his heart and was determined not to believe. Raging with anger the wicked Herod demanded that all the 16 guards be killed.

“Skeptics may sneer at the thought that a glorious angel from heaven should give attention to a matter so commonplace as caring for these simple human needs, and may question the inspiration of the narrative. But in the wisdom of God these things are recorded in sacred history for the benefit, not of angels, but of men, that as they should be brought into trying positions they might find comfort in the thought that heaven knows it all. Jesus declared to His disciples that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of the heavenly Father, and that if God can keep in mind the wants of all the little birds of the air,

He will much more care for those who may become the subjects of His kingdom and through faith in Him may be the heirs of immortality.” 5Testimonies 749

Thought – The more people turn away from believing the truth, the more hard their hearts become and the more stubborn and spiritually blind they get. It is a fact that it is only as we choose to serve God fully that we start to understand the ways of the universe. That is why the Bible says, “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” Psalm 111:10

Friday

Text: Acts 12:22, 23 “And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.”

Now after his plan to make a big name for himself by killing Peter had been stopped by the hand of God. Herod went to Caesarea. There he decided to make a great feast and celebration.

Pleasure-lovers from all around came to the party, and there was much feasting and wine drinking. When the people were drunken and eager from all the feasting, Herod came out before them dressed in a gorgeous robe of gold and silver. It sparkled in the sun as he moved and dazzled the eyes of the people.

Standing glittering there in the bright sun, Herod made a speech to flatter the people and they went wild with wonder and shouted out that Herod was not a mere man, but that they would worship him as a god!

A few years before, these people refused to see in the loving Jesus, the Son of God clothed in a poor man’s garments. Now they were ready to bow down and worship one whose shiny robes only covered a wicked, cruel heart.

Herod was thrilled; standing tall before the people he did not rebuke their wicked idolatry. Some of these same ones had been in the crowd that screamed for the blood of Jesus a

few years before, now they glorified a vile sinner.

He was about to respond to their adoration when suddenly a terrible change took place. He turned white as death and sweat poured down his face. He stood silent for a moment then cried in sorrow, "He whom you have exalted as a god is struck with death!"

He was carried away in great agony from the scenes of the feast, all his wicked deeds rising up in his mind. Killing James, trying to kill Peter, killing the guards he knew were not guilty; how he wished he had not done them.

STORY LESSON

This is a funny Health Poem; see if you can spot the health rules this little boy did not keep.

Why Willy was Sick:

O, Send for the doctor, do send for him quick!
For Willie, I'm sure, is going to be sick.
He scarce ate a mouthful of dinner, you know.
His temperature's high, and his pulse is quite low;
His head's aching so, it has most set him wild
I fear little Willie is not a strong child.

The doctor was sent for, he answered the call,
Bringing his silk hat, his satchel, and all.
He looked at his patient, and solemnly said,
As he felt of his pulse and rubbed his hot head,

"The poor little boy is surely quite ill;
So once every hour you may give him a pill.
Another sad case of dyspepsia, I fear -
Tis becoming more common with children each year.
You should give him a footbath and tuck him in bed,
And get a cool compress to lay on his head.
If he should grow worse, you had better not wait,
But call me at once, be it early or late."

So he bade them adieu, and was finding the door,
When a spry little mousie stepped out on the floor
"Dear doctor," he said, in his shy little way,
"I just want to tell you what I saw to-day

Now by accepting the worship of the people, he brought the judgment of God on himself.

The same angel that had struck Peter to wake him up had now struck Herod a different blow. The evil king was filled with worms that ate him up inside and he died a horrible death.

Thought - This display of divine judgment really made the people think. The apostle of Christ had been miraculously delivered from prison and death and his persecutor had been stricken down by the curse of God. The news went to all lands, and many believed on Christ.
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When I went to the pantry my breakfast to take,
'Twas Willie himself with a big piece of cake,
And he swallowed it quicker than I could wink.
'Twould have lasted me fully a month, I think.
Now if I should live only on cake and on pie,
I'm just about certain that I should die."
Then he made a neat bow, just to show that was all,
And quickly ran into a hole in the wall.

So the doctor strode out. Musing calmly was he
When a robin, perched high in a tall cherry tree,
Was anxious to know if he really could tell
How long it would be before Willie was well.

"They say birds tell secrets, and if that be true,
I've a little one I'd like to whisper to you.
It's just about Willie ; this morning, you see,
He climbed right up here into my cherry tree.
He first filled his pockets, and then his straw hat
And ate all the cherries he could after that.
If I should stuff cherries and cake all day long,
I never should live to warble a song."

By this time the doctor had well reached the gate
But a two-year-old heifer implored him to wait,
While she asked of the boy in a soft, gentle low,
Intending her very best wishes to show.
"I saw him to-day with a long candy-stick.
I was greatly afraid that it might make him sick.
If I ate as he does, I'm sure as can be,
I'd never have lived to grow up," said she.
"Next time," said the doctor, "I'll not be too nice,
But will give little, Willie some useful advice."
E. M. R.