

Henry C. Delitt.

THE NEW SWING.



BOSTON:

MASS. SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,

No. 13 Cornhill.

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“WHY, Mary, what are you crying about? Put down your apron, and tell me what is the trouble. Stop sobbing; I cannot hear what you say. Frank did what?”

“Frank won't let me swing any; he will have it all himself. It is my turn to swing.”



“Well, wipe up your tears, and look good-natured; then I will go out with you, and see what is the matter. I cannot go with a sour face. There, let me see you smile. That will do. Now we will go.

“Francis, is this your swing?”
“Yes, father.” “Who put it

up?" "George." "How long have you had it?" "Only just this morning. I asked him to put it up, and I found the rope, and then Mary cried because I would not let her swing all the time." "Frank, you would not let me get in once." "Well, ——" "Stop, my son, a moment. I want to know what *you* did, not what Mary did. Are you willing to tell me frankly all you did wrong?" "Why ——." Francis looked on the ground, and kept kicking the dirt. "Why, yes, father, I will. You see we wanted a swing. Then George fixed it for us,



because I was not tall enough. I was to go first, because I was the largest; and—and—it went so good I did not want to get out as soon as Mary called me.”

“Does Mary like to swing as much as you do?” “Yes, sir; but it went so nicely I did not want to get out. Then she asked me so many times that—

that I felt a little vexed, and told her I would not get out till I was ready. Then she ran off crying into the house."

"Was it so, Mary?" "Yes, papa. I wanted to get in, and he staid a long time."

"Francis, what *rule* have you forgotten this morning?"

After thinking a minute, Francis said, "I might have got out, and let Mary swing before. I suppose I was a *selfish* boy; but I don't know what *rule* I broke, I am sure." "Don't you, my son? Do you, Mary?"

"No, papa; I—I—I guess I was a silly little girl to cry."



“Do you remember when we were reading in the Bible last Sabbath?” “Don’t tell,—don’t tell, father; now I know all about it. I forgot the *Savior’s* golden rule: *Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.* Was it not that?” “Yes, my son, that was it; and you forgot all about it, and Mary did

too. Mary would not like to have had Francis cry. It is foolish and silly for her to cry when any little thing troubles her. And Francis would like to have had Mary give him his share of the swing.

“Now how much trouble it would save you, if you would only remember this *golden rule*. Whenever you are at play, always ‘*do unto others as you would have them do unto you.*’ Whenever there is trouble, or you wish very much to have your own way of playing; when you are becoming selfish; stop, my children, and remember this golden rule.”

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