The Safeguard. A baby crept to his father's knee And was lifted up and lulled to rest,
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he;
And his little head tell peacefully
At ease on the ready shoulder there,
While the baby hand, so soft and fair,
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said when men drew near To flerce temptation of deadly strife, And lost their way in a maze of tear,
Or periled their souls for worldly gear,
By a way unknown an angel hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land
Into the light of a nobler life.

The story is true for the wored to day; We see no white-robed angels mila;
But out of the dark and perilous way
Where men and women forgot to pray,
Into the peace of a purer land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand
The hand of a little helpless child.

—Sunday Afternoon.

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| The content of the

The Funny Small Boy.

The room it was hot, And the room it was school; So the schoolmaster got

Fast asleep on his stool,

When a ball, badly aimed,

For its terrible blows;

"Come bither, my child,

Thou art writing, I see;

And the schoolmaster smiled,

"Come, now, right on my knee; The up-strokes, you see, are made lightly, The down-strokes are heavy and tree."

While that small boy was tanned, Came his laughter-a rour,

While the scholars were having a trolic Berett of all reason and role.

Struck the schoolmaster's nose,

Then he scowled on those innocent scholars, In a way he could scowl when he chose.

Which was long and quite famed