

Sunday-School Advocate.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MARTYRDOM.

LONG before this paper can reach you, my children, you will have heard that the great and good ABRAHAM LINCOLN was basely murdered on the evening of the 14th of April. The Advocate is printed so long in advance of its publication that this is the first opportunity it gives me to speak of it. And now you have heard so much about that awful crime there is little need that I write anything. Nor will I, except to tell you how much I detest the fearful deed and the spirit of which it was born. It was a most shocking crime, and it came from a most wicked parent. That parent was slavery. Slavery, as you know, caused the rebellion. The men who began the war were slaveholders. They began it because they wanted to make slavery eternal, and to enjoy its pleasures and profits without rebuke. To gain these ends they fired on their country's flag, slew thousands upon thousands of men, starved thousands of prisoners of war, fired cities, and finally shot the great and good Abraham Lincoln! Yes, slavery murdered the chief magistrate of the United States. The murderer, as you already know, has been shot. May his memory and slavery perish together! I want you to say "Amen" to this wish, my children, and to pray Almighty God to give you such a hatred of slavery as will make you all grow up into such advocates of liberty as Wilberforce, Buxton, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, and Abraham Lincoln. Peace to the ashes and blessings on the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

BEWARE!



BEWARE of what? Beware of doing a thing merely because others wish you to do it and because they praise you for doing it. Let me tell you why through a story I read in *The Young Reaper* the other day.

Young Bernard was a bright boy. He was witty, too, and could make very smart and funny remarks, which made those laugh who heard them.

The landlord of a tavern which was near Bernard's home used to invite the boy into his public sitting-room to amuse his guests. The boy was proud of the laughter and admiration which greeted him, and often stole out from his bed-chamber in the evening to enjoy the fun of mingling with the merry-makers at the tavern. He thought he was having a good time, and he was, indeed, a prodigy in the eyes of the drunkards. He feasted on their praises.

No doubt many of his boyish companions envied him, and he, on his part, despised them. Let us see what good came to Bernard from the praises he received for his wit. What sort of fruit grew on the tree of his pride?

As a matter of course, he learned to smoke and drink. How could he help it? He touched pitch and it defiled him. He became a drunkard. As he grew up his love of drink grew stronger. Everybody admired his talents, but they were useless to himself and to others because he was a drunkard.

Drink made him crazy at last. He had that terrible "delirium tremens," which, sooner or later, changes the drunkard into a maniac. While in this state he one day sprang from his bed, and while his terrified father and sisters held him in their arms he screamed, "I have done nothing great or good!" and—*died!*

That was the end of Bernard's pride. His ruin began when he took pleasure in the praise of drunkards at the tavern. He went there because he loved to be the hero of their circle. He knew he was wrong, but he loved to be petted and admired. You see how that love of praise led him astray, don't you? Very well. Let his mistake be your beacon. Let it warn you. It says to you in very plain terms:

"Never do a thing merely because others ask you to do it and praise you for doing it."

Do you understand? Give heed to it, then, my child, and write this resolve in your heart:

"I will never do a thing that I know to be wrong. I will not sin to please anybody, or to win the praises of my companions."

WONT YOU LOVE MY JESUS?

LITTLE BESSIE was visited one day by her Uncle Norman. He was a grand-looking man, and it was some time before he won the child's love. But she did learn to love him at last, and they became excellent friends.

This friendship was broken one day, however, by a remark her uncle made about the blessed Saviour. He jeered at the holy name, and Bessie was struck with hor-



ror. Her face was filled with pity and her eyes with tears. She uttered not a word, but her looks said:

"I thought you loved my Jesus! O how could you say that of him!"

The next morning she stole quietly into his room, touched his arm very softly, and gazing most lovingly into his face, said:

"Wont you love my Jesus?"

Before her uncle could make any reply Bessie was gone. The next morning the child stole to his side again, asking the same question and gliding away as before. She did it the third time. On the fourth morning her uncle, scarcely knowing what he was about, replied before she could get away:

"Tell me how, Bessie."

Bessie looked into his eyes, and seeing that he was in earnest, sprang to his knee and told him in simple language the story of the Saviour's love. The grand man's heart was touched by the music of the child's voice, and the power of that sweet story of old which fell from her loving lips.

Again and again did Bessie repeat her morning visit to her uncle's chamber. But after a few days she came not. She was sick. Scarlet fever had smitten her. Death was coming to take her to the land where there is no death. Her uncle often stood at her bedside. One day she opened her eyes and exclaimed:

"Dear mamma! dear papa!" Then, seeing her uncle, she said, "Dear Uncle Norman, wont you love my Jesus? Mamma loves him. Papa loves him. I am going to him, and I want to tell him that you love him. Wont you love him?"

"Bessie! little Bessie!" replied the now broken-hearted uncle, "tell your Jesus my heart and life are his for evermore, and may my soul become as pure as hers who bears the message to him."

"Mamma! papa! O my Jesus! I am so happy now! Now I have all I want. Now I come! I come! Come, Lord Jesus."

And so little Bessie died and went to that Jesus she loved so well, and to tell him that her uncle had promised to be his disciple. Happy little Bessie! She wears the white robe and the golden crown now. She is among happy spirits and will see her Jesus evermore.

Bessie, you see, stood up for Jesus. Will not all the little ones in our Advocate family, especially those in the Try Company, stand up for Jesus too? I hope they will, and I hope, too, that many of them will be able, like Bessie, to persuade some big sinner to become, like Uncle Norman, a disciple of our Jesus.

EDITOR'S TABLE TALK.

CHILDREN, I have an instrument on my table which is worth more than all the playthings you ever owned. I do not mean that it cost more money, but that it is worth more as a source of amusement and instruction. It is called the *Novelty Microscope*. I once recommended the Craig Microscope to you, and now I recommend this. You can put living or dead insects, seeds, leaves, flowers, or any small objects, into it and it magnifies them hundreds of times. It thus gives you power to discern the wonderful beauty with which God has clothed the tiniest insects which swarm the earth and air. Its use will please you and make you wiser too. Save your money and send two dollars to G. G. MEAD, Chicago, Ill., U. S., and he will send you the "Novelty Microscope."

A friend writes me of a girl named SARAH J., who in her last sickness called for her library book. Handing it to a friend she said, "Return this to the Sabbath-school!" She next took three cents, the sum of her earthly treasure, and said, "Put these in the missionary box!" Then, like a housekeeper whose day's work is done, she composed herself as if to sleep, smiled, and slept in Jesus. That was dying bravely.

NELLIE E. L., of C—, says:

"I love to attend Sabbath-school. Pa is the superintendent, and ma has a Bible-class. I am delighted when the Advocate comes. I keep them and intend to have them bound. Ma has two large volumes. She has the first number that was ever printed, and has taken them ever since. I think the pictures in my book will be the prettiest. Last November my little Brother Sammy and Sister Flora died with diphtheria, so I have no one to play with now. I cannot tell you how sad our hearts were when we saw them lowered into one grave, nor how desolate our home is without them. They used to sing so sweetly together. O how we miss them! But I have learned this winter to love Jesus, and I hope to meet them in heaven."

Nellie has gone to the right place for comfort—the cross of Jesus. There is no place like it. May her heart always be a resting-place for the Saviour!—EMILY E. W., of B—, writes:

"Brother Almon and I want to join your Try Company. Brother is ten and I am nearly eleven years of age. We are striving to serve the Lord. I am a member of the Methodist Church, and brother is going to join the class. I have commenced to read the Testament through. We have good teachers and a good superintendent. We have concerts monthly. Brother and I attend them. We study the map of Palestine."

Emily gives a good account of herself and Brother Almon. She did well in joining the Church and in going to class. If she sticks to her Bible-reading, prays three times a day, and watches against temptation, she will grow in grace. I hope Brother Almon will follow Jesus too with all his heart. They are enrolled.—SOPHONIA T. F., of T—, says:

"Your dear paper comes to gladden our hearts way off here in Wisconsin. We should feel lonely without it, more especially in the winter, as we have no Sabbath-school. Will you please admit Frank and Clara Freeman to your ranks? Though young we are trying to be good and love our Saviour. Long live the dear editor to write for the children is the prayer of your servant."

"O Lord, bless little Frank and Clara! Make them kings and priests in the kingdom of glory." Thus prays the Corporal, and I say, Amen! They are admitted.—MARY E. M., of Granville, writes:

"I never went to school much, so you must not expect much from me. I will write better next time, perhaps. I would like to join your Try Company. I am trying to be a Christian. I like to read in the Bible very much. I am trying not to say 'I can't' any more. I have made up my mind never to wear any jewels except those of the heart. I have sent for the flower-seeds you told about in the Advocate, and expect to have some beautiful flowers this year."

Mary is on the right track. She has her face in the right direction. May heaven bless her, crown her character with the jewels of faith, love, hope, and purity, fill her garden with beautiful things, and her heart with the flowers of gentleness, modesty, and humility. The Corporal admits Mary cheerfully.