

drawing, or writing in his copy-book, or copying his composition you have to listen to such long-drawn sighs. "O dear," you will hear him say, "how crooked this is! I never can learn to draw, never!" or, "How badly this composition sounds! I shall give up trying to write compositions, I am such a dullard; there is not a boy in school but can write better than this."

Now Frank is as good a scholar in some branches as other boys of his age. In many points he excels others, or he would if he could be induced to persevere. It is hard for any one to feel cheerful where he is, he fills the room so with his complainings if allowed to speak; if not, he looks so gloomy it is nearly as bad. If his mother and teacher would allow him he would give up everything he commences as soon as he came to something difficult to understand at once.

Suppose John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, had been such a boy as Frank Stuart! We never should have heard of him making that Indian grammar, such a laborious work, requiring such perseverance! When it was finished he wrote at the end of it, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do *anything*." Then he translated the whole Bible into the Indian tongue, and you can imagine how tedious it must be to have such words as this to write, "Wutappesstukqusunnooh-wehtunkquoh," which means "kneeling down unto him."

Then, if Mr. Eliot had any of the spirit of Frank Stuart, he would have given up entirely when he found he had made such a mistake as to translate the word lattice into a long Indian word meaning eel-pot! You must know that when he was translating the Book of Judges he came upon the word lattice, and describing to the Indians as well as he could the form of the lattice, which is used as a window in the East, they gave him a word in Indian which he inserted in his translation. When he became more acquainted with their language he found he had written, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the eel-pot."

But this mistake did not discourage him, nor a hundred difficulties a great deal worse than this. I think he was rather inspired by difficulties to go on with the more zeal and energy; and he did not fail to ask for help from above in all he did.

I wonder how our war would progress if all the generals were like this Frank! UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOING TO GOD FOR A PA.

"SUPPOSE they take your pa for a soldier?" said a mother to her little daughter one day after talking with her husband about his being drafted into the United States army.

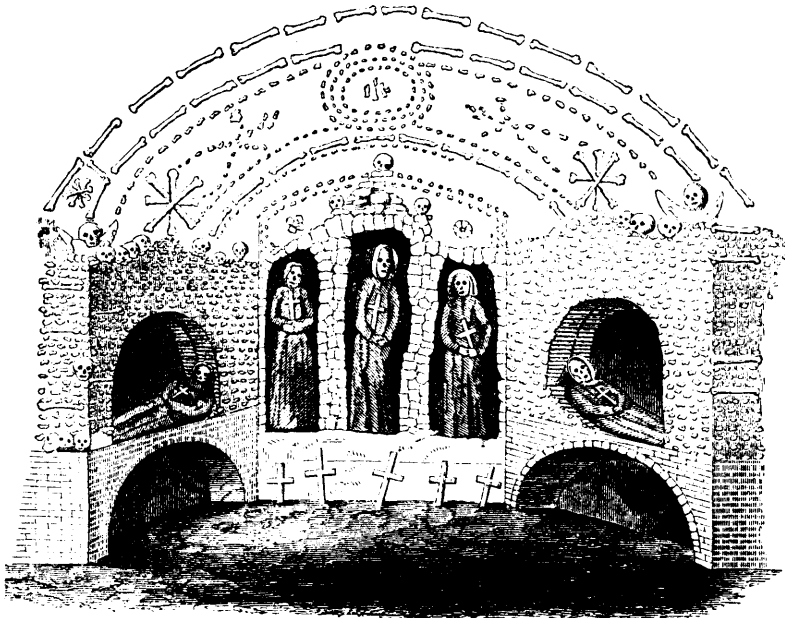
"I will go to God for a pa," replied the child.

Sweet little trustful child! May that divine faith never perish from your heart, and may it be given to all the readers of the Advocate. X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CATACOMBS.

Do you think this is a pretty picture? Will you think so when you are told that these walls are built of bones of men, and women, and children? Very many years ago there were great caves under a part of the city of Paris. They had been made by taking stone from under the ground for building houses, and remained empty for a long while. In 1784, when the graveyards in the city were full, some one proposed to move all the bones from the old graveyards to these caves.



At first they were emptied into the caves in disorder, but afterward they were arranged as you see them in the picture. Skulls, and bones of legs and of arms, and of other parts of the body, were formed into figures of various shapes or built up in walls. It is said that the bones of three millions of human beings are thus buried. There are more dead people under Paris than there are living people in its streets and houses.

Such underground burial places are called CATACOMBS. In Egypt there are a great many of them. The Egyptians embalmed the bodies of the dead, as you read in the Bible. To embalm a body is to prepare it, by means of spices and various drugs, so that it will not decay. Bodies embalmed after the manner of the Egyptians are called *mummies*. Perhaps some of you have seen such mummies in museums. There are supposed to be under the mountains in Egypt *four hundred millions* of mummies. I think that must be guess-work, for I am quite sure that nobody could count them.

The most interesting catacombs are around and under the city of Rome, extending for many miles. Like those under Paris, the caves were at first made by quarrying stone. Then they became places of refuge for Christian people who were wickedly used by the heathen; for all this happened not many years after Christ died. These good people lived in these stone quarries under ground, being afraid to come out lest their enemies should kill them.

There was a Christian in Rome by the name of Hippolytus. He had a sister named Paulina, who, with her husband, Adrias, was a heathen. But they loved Hippolytus their brother, and when he had to go to the quarries to save his life they sent him every day a basket of food by their two children. Many others who went to the quarries for fear of their enemies were fed by their friends.

When these good Christian people died they were all buried in some part of the quarries. After many years the Roman people became Christians, and knowing the story of the good men and women who were buried there, they made the quarries a Christian burial-place, and thus these caves became catacombs.

They afterward became hiding-places for robbers, and at last were all shut up by order of the Roman rulers. They remained closed for a thousand years, and then were opened for the curiosity of visitors.

The passages through the Roman catacombs are more crooked than the streets of Boston. It is impossible for a stranger to find his way without a guide. The larger passages are generally six feet wide and from five to twelve high. There are many much narrower and lower. On either side are cells cut in the soft rock, each being large enough to contain a body. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PHOTOGRAPH IN JEWELS.

I SAW a young lady's photograph the other day which had many jewels on it. There were earrings, a breast-pin, bracelets, finger-rings, and watch-chain.

What remark do you think I made to myself as I looked on it? "You said it was very pretty," replies Miss Lively. Not so, my merry miss. But I did say, "The young lady who sat for that photograph is pretty enough, but she is also very, very vain."

Yes, it is only vain folk—that is, folk who love to be admired by others—who love to wear ornaments on their persons. I think such people are very silly. A meek spirit, a modest face, a gentle tongue are far prettier in my eyes than gold, pearls, or diamonds.

The good Queen of England, Victoria, showed her good sense when she sat for a photograph in a plain black silk dress without an ornament of any kind. "Had not your majesty better send for some jewels?" said the artist.

"No," replied the sensible queen; "this photograph is to go among my people, and I wish to do all in my power to discourage *extravagance*."

That saying was worthy of a queen. Ponder it carefully, my dear girls. I wish I could persuade all of you never to wear any jewels except those of piety, modesty, purity, and heavenly love. I know you would be handsomer in calico with these ornaments than you could be in silks and jewels without them. Who of you will make a fixed resolve to wear none but jewels of the heart? U. U.

Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE NED AND THE SHOWER.

"DEAR me! it never rains so hard
As when I want to play:
There are my playthings in the yard,
And there they'll have to stay.

"It is too bad, I do declare!"
Said angry little Ned:
"We'd such a lot of nice things there,
All piled up on the shed.

"And now this *hateful* rain comes down,
To spoil our splendid fun!"
And Ned's bright face put on a frown—
O what an ugly one!

"My boy, what did you say just then
About the *hateful* rain?
You surely have forgotten when
We longed for showers again.

"'Twas yesterday, I think, you said
The brook had run away;
And when your rose-bush hung its head,
You wished for rain to-day.

"It grieves me much, my child, to see
Such temper as you show:
Come here, and take this seat by me,
And let your playthings go.

"Remember, He who sends the rain
To bless the fading flowers
Sees every naughty look with pain,
And hears each word of ours.

"And when his angel in the book
Writes down the words you say,
I fear 'twill be with saddened look
He'll think of those to-day.

"Then always try to guard your tongue
From such impatience wild;
And when you're tempted to do wrong,
Just *stop* and *think*, my child;

"And ask your heavenly Father kind
To keep you in his way:
Whene'er to stray you feel inclined,
Ask pardon—watch—and pray."