

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

Talks about the Ten Commandments.

BY UNA LOCKE.

THE third commandment is this: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."

It seems strange that we should need this commandment, does it not? Strange that we should have any temptation to repeat the name of the great and high and good God, our Father, in any sort of a light, careless, irreverent way; but how much more strange that we should speak it in a passion, or with wicked feelings in our hearts! And yet we see that there was need for God to make a law about it. We hear wicked men not only call on God to destroy forever those with whom they are angry, but they ask him to destroy their own souls and their own bodies! O how dreadful! If they loved him with all their hearts would they do this? No, never. You are shocked at this, perhaps, and would be astonished if I were to hint that you too sometimes take the name of the Lord your God in vain. But do you not sometimes say your prayers at night and think of something else all the time? And don't you sometimes hurry through them, and feel a little relieved when they are done? Now what is this but taking the Great Name in vain?

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The Power of a Child's Tear.

A LITTLE girl was sitting by her mother in the presence of her father and three or four guests. In course of conversation one of the gentlemen spoke lightly of our Saviour. His words struck the little child's ear, and pained her heart. Tears began to course down her cheeks. This was quickly observed by her mother, who naturally inquired the cause of those tears. This only caused them to fall still faster. The little girl's heart was too full to find utterance. She was led from the room, soothed and caressed by her fond mother, when she told her tale of grief.

She said she "could not help crying when she heard that gentleman speak ill of Jesus, her dear Saviour."

The mother, much affected, led her child back to the company, and told the cause of her child's grief. The one who had been guilty of the sin that inflicted such sorrow on the heart of the child took her by the hand, expressed his sorrow for what he had done, told her he felt the reproach, and promised he would never speak ill again of that Saviour whom she so loved.

The child sweetly smiled through her tears, and was again happy. Not so the gentleman. That little child's tears sank deep into his heart, and gave him no rest till he had given himself to that Saviour she so loved, and he had used with such despite. He called upon the mother a few days after, and declared that her little child had been, in the hands of God, instrumental to his salvation. He is now a faithful follower of Jesus.

Children, let this encourage you. All those who truly love Jesus may and can do something to bring glory to his name.

Translated from the French for the Sunday School Advocate.

The Lily of the Valley.

A LITTLE girl who was a gardener's daughter, and whose name was Rose, once fell very sick. Louise, who was the daughter of the mayor of the village, took her every day a cup of broth, and this was the only nourishment the sick child could take. When Rose recovered she said to herself, "How much good this good young miss has done me during my sickness! How happy I would be if I

could do her some favor in return." By chance she learned that Louise was a great admirer of the little flower called the Lily of the Valley. One day early in May, she went into the forest to collect a first bouquet of these favorite flowers for her benefactress. After seeking long, she finally found several clusters on a side hill, and at the foot of an oak tree. Filled with joy, she set to work to collect and arrange them into a bouquet. While thus silently occupied, she suddenly heard the voices of two brigands who were talking together in a thicket near by. "Finally," said one, "the day has come when we can avenge ourselves on the mayor, who arrested and condemned my brother. This key is the key of his house, which the servant left in the door by chance." "Good," said the other, "we will kill him this night, and also his wife and daughter, and then we will carry away his safe, or all there is in it."

Rose, trembling with fear, glided away with her flowers, took them to Louise, and related to her all that she had heard. The mayor stationed armed men in his house, and watched with them himself. At midnight the murderers came, were seized, and soon after punished. The mayor then said to his daughter, "Thy charitable conduct has been of great value to us. Thou hast restored to health the poor little sick girl by furnishing a little broth, and she in return has saved the life of us all."



For the Sunday School Advocate.

My Pet.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A LITTLE BROWN toad,
With the loveliest eyes,
In color a rainbow,
A pin head in size.

When the soft summer eve
Shadows valley and hill,
And I silently sit
On the low cottage sill,

He hops up the pathway
That leads to the road,
And sits by my side,
The kind, neighborly toad.

When I catch his bright glance
In the green garden-rows,
I wonder how much
Or how little he knows.

In the day-time I watch
While he snaps at the flies,
They are eaten so soon
There's no time for surprise.

By the broad plantain leaves,
Or the lettuce, he waits,
And dines with no thought
Of the high market rates.

He seems to know me
By my black mourning guise;
I recognize him
By his beautiful eyes.

It is better to have one God on your side than a thousand creatures; as one fountain is better than a thousand cisterns.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"Not for a Hundred Dimes, Sir."

"HERE, my dear, drink a glass of wine," said a lady, as she handed a glass of sparkling champagne to a bright boy.

"No, thank you, ma'am, I belong to the cold water band," replied the boy.

"I'll give you a dime if you will drink it," said a gentleman, who wanted to test the little teetotaler's strength.

"O no, sir," rejoined the boy, "I would not break my pledge for a hundred dimes!"

Noble young teetotaler! How many of my readers are as true as he? Q.

I will go to Jesus.

"Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke xviii, 16.

Well pleased those little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smiled;
O then he will not frown on me,
Though I am unworthy child.

If babes so many years ago
His love and pity drew,
He surely will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

A Saviour for Nine Years Old.

A LITTLE girl went to church one Sabbath. She listened with all her might. Mr. Adams preached to grown-up people, so I do not know how much of the sermon she took for herself; but when she came home she said, "Mother, is Jesus a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Her mother, I know, said, "Yes, indeed;" and lest some other little child might think the same question, I want to say, "Yes, indeed." Jesus is a Saviour for a little girl nine years old. He was once nine years old himself, and knows the sins and sorrows of nine years old. He knows just how you feel. He knows what worries you. He knows your little trials and temptations. He knows what makes you glad, and when you are happy. He can feel for you. He can carry your little sorrows for you. He can take away the evil of your heart, and give you his Holy Spirit to make you good and happy.

He is a Saviour also for ten years, and twelve years, and for a child of one year, and two years, and three, and so all the way up. He was a babe in his mother's arms, and a boy at his mother's knee; he worked and studied and played as you do, and knows all about you; and he died upon the cross to save you, my little one. You need not be afraid to go to him and tell him all your wants, and thank him for all your enjoyments.

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Raising Cucumbers for Jesus.

A BOY wanted to give some of his own money to the missionary cause, but the question with him was, how to get it.

Where there's a will there's always a way. This boy had the will. He soon found a way. He sowed some cucumber seed in his little garden, and when the plants bore fruit he sold it, and put the price in the missionary box. Thus did that boy raise cucumbers for Jesus.

Child, what are you doing for Jesus? Q.

Does thy Heart say this?

"Now, Lord, I would be wholly thine,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A little child like me?"

Hear the answer: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."