

Little Eddie, young as he was, had felt that he was a great sinner before God, and had sought and received pardon several months before, and would often urge his papa to love and serve God.

The third day after Eddie's birthday, Mr. H., the pastor, called at their house. After talking a few moments he said, "Let us have a prayer-meeting. We will all pray."

Eddie drew his little chair close to his mother. Kneeling by her side he quietly listened while the minister and his mother prayed. Then his father began in broken accents to thank our heavenly Father for changing his heart.

When the father arose, with his cheeks bathed in tears, Eddie's heart was filled with joy. He ran to him, and, leaning upon his lap, looked him in the face and said:

"Papa, I am so glad you are learning to pray. *Don't cry! don't cry!* If you *can't* pray as well as Mr. H. can he will teach you. Don't cry. I am so glad." H.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DR. RICKETTS AND THE APPLES.

WHAT a sorrowful looking girl this is! Thin and pale, and poorly dressed! Now she looks at the big apples on the stand as though she was hungry and wanted one. Poor Mary! She don't get many apples at home, nor much of anything else, save scolding and beating. Her father and mother are both drunkards and often abuse her. Do you not feel sorry for her?

But who is this old-fashioned man with a purse in his hands and an umbrella under his arm?

That is Dr. Ricketts. He is a very odd old man, as you may judge from his dress. Everything about him is of the old style. Do you see how his hair is fastened behind his ears and hangs down his back a short distance until it comes to a point? This is what is called a *queue*. If we should call it a *queue* it would not be misnamed.

You can only see the side of the doctor's face, but don't you think he looks good-natured? Far more so than the old apple-woman, for she looks rather cross. Perhaps, though, she has the toothache, as her face seems to be bandaged up. If she has, I don't wonder at her looking cross. But the doctor is buying apples. Let us hear what he and the apple-woman say.

"Fine large apples, my good woman. How do you sell them?"

"Sure and they're the largest apples ye'll find anywheres in the street at all, and I'm afther selling them for two cents apiece."

Poor little Mary! If *she* only had two cents how soon she would buy one. I wonder if she is not saying as much to herself as she stands looking at the apples.

"I'll take half a dozen of them," says the doctor.

If you could just now read Mary's heart you might, perhaps, find her wishing that this old man would give her one of his apples. What does he want of six apples? But now he turns toward her. You can't see it in the picture and so I must tell you all about it. I told you the doctor was very odd, and you must not be surprised at his queer sayings.

"Well, well, miss, and what are you doing here? You don't like apples, do you? Now look you here! I want somebody to carry these apples for me. Will you do it? Come, lift up your apron and I'll put them in. Now I want you to take them home for me."

"I don't know where you live, sir," says Mary.

"O never mind where I live. Take them to your home, and when you get there I want you to do me a favor. Will you do it?"

"I will if I can," Mary replies.

"Well, well," says the doctor as he takes a pinch of snuff, "if you can! Why, I guess you can. I want you when you get home to eat those apples for me, for, do you see, little girl, I don't care to eat them myself. And since they were made to be eaten I must get somebody to do it for me."

"Why, do you mean to give them to me?" says Mary, looking in his face astonished.

"How good you are at guessing," says the doctor. "Hit it the first time, sure! I do, indeed, mean to give them to you. Now go home as fast as you can and eat until you get enough."

That was the way good Dr. Ricketts sometimes helped poor folks. He had seen little Mary looking wistfully at the apples, and he knew he could easily make her a happier girl.

But was she any happier than he? Open your Bible and read Acts xx, 35. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE?

THROUGH a forest in Prussia a stout little boy and a delicate little girl were going along the road toward their homes. They had both been to the same town, though on different errands, and the little girl, Agnes, carried a heavy basket. But she looked cheerful, and neither the gloom of the forest nor the dusk of approaching evening cast a shadow upon her face. It was not so with the boy. He started at every little noise, and once he began to run, saying that he was certain that he heard a bear coming. Indeed, he had even begun to whimper when a man came along who knew them both. He called out cheerily, saying:

"And how does it happen that you little folk are out so late this evening?"

"My mother sent me to town," said Agnes, "to take a jelly to my aunt, who is sick. And I took her my Bible, too, for she had none, and she was very much pleased to get it."

"And are you not afraid here in the woods?"

"O no," said the child with a smile. "My mother said that God would take care of me if I do what is right."

"And perhaps," said the man, "she repeated the text, 'Who is he that shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?'"

"Yes, indeed, those were her very words."

"And you, Ernest," said he to the boy, "you do not look so cheerful. Do not these words comfort you too?"

"O no," said he sadly, but it was not like the "O no" that Agnes had uttered.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because," he whispered hesitatingly, "I was not following that which is good. I played truant and went to town to buy gunpowder, which my father forbade my having."

"Tut! tut! That's very bad," said the man. "Throw the gunpowder away, and when you get home tell your father the truth about it."

Ernest threw the little package into the ditch, and his heart was much the lighter for it. He forgot to think of the bears, and the next time he passed through the wood on a different errand he, too, found comfort in the text, because he could claim it as his own: he was following that which is good.

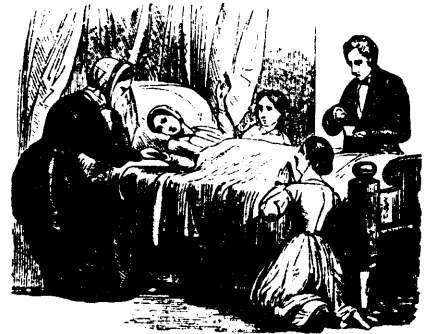
J. C.

A GOOD RULE.

A CERTAIN man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied:

"My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I easily formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

Let every one who reads this do likewise.



FOR A CHILD WHO IS ILL.

In my little bed I'm lying,
Weary, weary all day long;
And I cannot keep from crying,
Though I know it's very wrong.

Jesus, thou canst see and hear me,
Sleepless and alone I lie;
But I know that thou art near me,
When no other friend is nigh.

Thou canst comfort me, and make me
Very patient, very still;
For thou never wilt forsake me
While I am so very ill.

Bless the doctor, who so gladly
Tries to make me well again;
Bless my mother, while she sadly
Grieves to see me suffer pain.

Bless thy little child, and make her
Better, holier, every day;
And if she is dying, take her
To the home that's far away.

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts, almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.—ELIHU BURRITT.

A GOOD ANSWER.

"How can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl.

"By being myself just as good as I can be," was the reply.