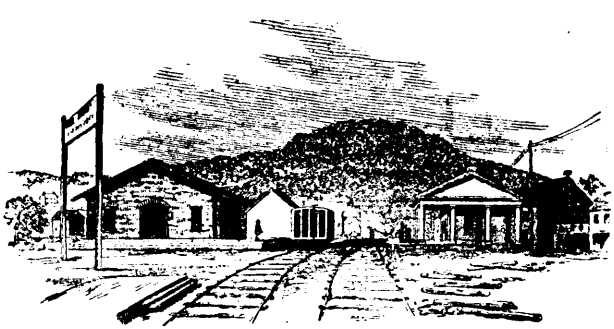


out and fall upon her. She was cruelly put to death, but her faith in Christ rendered her happy to the last. She spoke her last words to her brother. They were:

"Stand firm in the faith, and let not my sufferings stir you up to anger."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MAD MOLLIE.

"I don't care. It's too bad. I won't be quiet. I hate those men for going on without me."

Such was the language of little Mollie May as she wept and stamped on the platform of a railway-station, while her aunt was vainly trying to soothe her. She was in a terrible passion, "real mad," as children sometimes put it, because she and her aunt had arrived one minute too late at the station owing to an accident to their carriage on the way.

Mollie was going to visit her grandpa, and her disappointment was very great. There was no other train that day, and Mollie would have to wait until the next morning.

On their way back Mollie's aunt said to her:

"Don't you know, my dear, that it is very wicked to give way to your temper in this way?"

"I don't care!" said Mollie, snappishly.

"Let me tell you a story," replied her aunt. "A good man, named Mr. CHARLES, once went on board a ship bound from the coast of Wales to Liverpool. When he reached the deck he found that his baggage had been sent aboard another vessel. There was not time to remove it, because the vessel he was on would be off before he could get his baggage shifted. So he went ashore feeling very much grieved to be delayed until the sailing of the other ship. Now mark this, my little Mollie! The ship that sailed without Mr. Charles was lost and all on board perished. The mistake about the baggage saved his life!"

"O how strange!" exclaimed Mollie, forgetting somewhat her own grief in the interest awakened by her aunt's story.

"Yes, dear, it was strange. And who knows but that something good may grow out of our disappointment this morning?"

Mollie looked very sober a while. At last she looked up sorrowfully into her aunt's face and said:

"Aunt, I am sorry I was so mad just now. I'll try not to feel so any more."

"May the good Saviour help you!" replied her aunt.

There are many little girls in the land just like Mollie. They can't bear to be disappointed. They get very cross, "real mad," if they are. This is all wrong and should not be yielded to. What children and grown folks call disappointments are often blessings in disguise. So when we meet with them we should feel as we do when a fish nibbles our bait. We should say, "There is a blessing nibbling. I must try to catch it." Will you remember this, my children?

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DIDN'T QUITE DO IT.

"How was it? Tell me about it."

"Well, you know pa and ma have been away almost two weeks. And ma made me promise before she went that I would not go out in the boat at all while she was gone. Now, I love to go a boat-

ing above all things, and I can manage a boat just as easy! Pa says I am a natural sailor, but ma is always afraid something will happen to me. I did not like to promise a bit, but ma asked me and I had to say yes, of course. But on Saturday I was down by the dock, and there lay the boat close up, and no one was about. I thought it would be so nice just to take a turn down to the Point and back. I came close up to it and another step would have taken me right in, when I seemed to feel mother's hand on my hair, and I just turned about and walked straight away, saying out loud, 'No, I never have told my mother a lie and I won't begin now.'

"But may be nothing would have happened if you had gone in the boat."

"Yes, but how do you suppose I should have felt when ma came home last night? And when she held me off a minute and

looked into my eyes and asked me if I had been a good boy, what could I have said to her? Ah, don't you think I'm glad I didn't quite do it?"

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SABBATH-SCHOOL SONG.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

SWEET Sabbath day!
Dear Sabbath day!
Blest day of all the week!
How should our tongues
With grateful songs
Thy hallowed influence speak.

With joy sincere,
We gather here,
To our own Sabbath-school;
With smiling face
Each seeks his place,
Obedient to the rule.

O did you e'er
Such music hear
As our young voices make?
Or ever see
A company
More pleasantly awake?

We would not stay
From school away,
Or idly roam abroad;
Our teachers pain,
God's day profane,
And slight his holy word.

No, no! for here
Our teachers dear
With gentle lessons come,
To make it plain
How we may gain
Our sweet eternal home.

The weather may
Be dull or gay,
The air be hot or cool,
It shall not keep
Our eager feet
Away from Sabbath-school.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DON'T BE LAZY.



LITTLE boy was once walking along a dusty road, the sun was very warm and oppressive, but, as was his usual way, he stepped along very quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey.

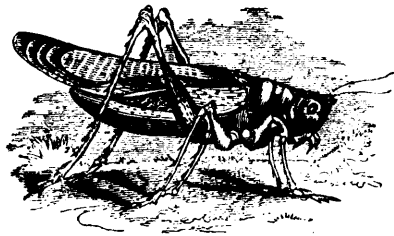
He soon heard a carriage coming, and when it had caught up with him the driver reined in his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which he gladly accepted.

When he was seated in the wagon the gentleman, a good old Quaker, said:

"I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so

asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily I would not have done so by any means."

Boys, think of this, and wherever you are, whatever you may be doing, never be lazy, and you will always be repaid for your trouble in some way if not by being picked up by a Quaker. ALPHA.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A GRASSHOPPER CHASE.

A LITTLE boy seeing a solitary grasshopper leaping about in a field, thought he would like to catch it. So he began to chase it with all his might.

What do you think came of that grasshopper chase? Why, that boy was led by it to a spot where lay a sweet babe whose wicked parents had placed it there to perish. He carried the baby home. It lived and became a man, a great merchant, and the builder of what was the first Royal Exchange in the city of London, England. Should you ever visit the present Exchange you will see the figure of a grasshopper on the top of the building.

Curious, wasn't it? Chasing a grasshopper saved a valuable life. A little deed brought a great result to pass. Let it teach you not to despise little things, for they are often the seeds of great results.

U. U.

WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.

A LITTLE boy came in from school the other day looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He had hardly spoken at supper-time, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked again, "Willie, what ails you, dear?"

"Mother," said he, "mother, I swore. The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God and ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could. Mother, will God forgive me, ever forgive me for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me mother," and Willie sank upon his knees and hid his face.

His mother did pray for him, and Willie did pray for himself—prayed to be forgiven—prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than to be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; he wanted the word of God on the subject; he said "he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, and carry it about with him everywhere;" so she found and copied this text:

"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." Exod. xx, 8. This is the third commandment.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, have you heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of great 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 streets and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up your thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them, and they will grow into other thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.—ELIHU BURBITT.