

Of course, this is only a fable, for fairies never lived anywhere but in stories; yet, fable though it be, it teaches two capital lessons. Can you guess what they are? No? Then I will tell you.

You see that those boys were miserable when they envied the girl; hence the first lesson is, envy makes children miserable. You see that the envious boy lost the use of his arm; hence the second lesson is, that envy prevents children from enjoying what they possess. In envying others' good, they lose the use of their own.

Thus you see envy is a dangerous guest to keep in the heart. May Jesus help you all to turn the creature out!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"ONLY FIVE CENTS."

HARRY was paying for a suit of clothes that he had just been purchasing, and he had not money enough by five cents. So he told the merchant that he would come in soon again and pay that amount. Now most persons would have said to themselves, "It is only five cents, what does that signify?" and they would have gone their way forgetting it, or at least neglecting it.

Not so Harry. He said to himself, "That five cents belongs to the merchant, and I don't think it is worth my while to commit the sin of stealing for only five cents."

So he carefully remembered it, and the next day in passing the store he stopped to pay it. But the merchant could not make the change. Harry did not give it up so, and when he had the right change he stepped in and paid it.

Now you may think it strange that the merchant did not say on the first day, and certainly on the second, that he would throw it in. The fact was, he wanted to see whether Harry was really honest; for he judged truly that if he would be faithful in so small a sum, he could be trusted with larger ones. And he was so well pleased with Harry's honesty that he afterward made him a present of five dollars. More than that, he became Harry's fast friend, and his friendship was worth having. So if Harry had carelessly said, "It is only five cents" in the first place, he would never have known that he had missed five dollars and a good friend for life.

But do not think, my little readers, that it will always be so. You may pay a forgotten five cents sometimes that will be received with a snap or a frown. Do not let that make any difference. The money is not yours. Do not sell your peace of mind or your honest habits for "only five cents," or any other sum.

AUNT JULIA.

LIKE JESUS.

A DEAR little girl, only six years of age, was promised by a friend who kept a number of fowls some feathers for her doll's hat. The next time the friend called she brought with her not only several feathers, but also some beautiful patches, out of which to make dresses for her doll. When the friend had gone away, the little girl, who was very glad and grateful for her presents, said to her mamma:

"Mamma, do you know what I have been thinking?"

"No, my dear."

"I've been thinking Mrs. Bell is like Jesus, for she gave me more than she promised."

Was that not a sweet saying for so young a girl?

She had found out that "the grace of the Lord Jesus is exceeding abundant," and that he gives to them that trust in him "exceeding abundantly above all they ask or think."

"I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO."

"I'LL never use tobacco, no;
It is a filthy weed:
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reid.

"Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.

"He'd spend his time and money too,
And make his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would come
From such a worthless lad.

"O no, I'll never smoke or chew;
'Tis very wrong indeed;
It hurts the health, it makes bad breath,"
Said little Robert Reid.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BEAUTIFUL ESTHER.

IN contrast to the self-willed queen, who broke four of the commandments in order to procure for the king a little vegetable-garden, is beautiful Queen Esther. She was married to a Persian king who was at that time the greatest monarch in the world. She was very much afraid of him, and I do not believe enjoyed her life in that splendid court half so much as she did her old home with her uncle. This uncle had an enemy at court who was determined to ruin him—a proud, pompous man, who liked to do everything on a large scale. Though this uncle of Esther's was an officer of the king, nobody knew he was related to the queen. Not that she was ashamed of him, but her uncle himself forbade her speaking of it.

One time her maids told her that this officer was seen in the street dressed in sackcloth, with ashes on his head, mourning, as was the fashion in that country, with loud lamentations. Esther was much alarmed, and sent to inquire, by a confidential messenger, what was the matter. He sent back to her a copy of a writing which had gone out in the king's name, sealed with his ring, which gave orders "to destroy, kill, and cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day!"

Now Esther and her uncle were Jews; but the enemy of the uncle, whose name was Haman, and who had influenced the king to do this, did not know that the queen belonged to that nation. Her uncle also sent a private message to her, telling her that she must go to the king and beg of him to undo the mischief.

How startled and distressed was the queen! It

was death to any person to go into the presence of the King of Persia unless he was ordered to do so. She had not seen the king for a month. It would be the height of daring to go to him! He had already cast off one queen because she did not obey his orders. She was not a bold, intriguing woman who liked to meddle with public affairs, and the thought of braving the displeasure of that dreadful monarch was terrible. But there was just a possibility that he might hold out the golden scepter to her, which would be a token that her life would be spared; and, it might be, the great God intended to save his people in this very way. So she decided she would go. But she sent word to the Jews who were near to hold a fast for her three days and three nights, eating and drinking nothing; she would fast also. "And so," she said, "I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish."

What strong cries for deliverance, what earnest prayers must have ascended in those three days to the Father above! There is, in the Apocrypha, a prayer which is written by an ancient writer who lived near the time of Esther, and which expresses the feelings she must have made known to God in that dreadful time of fasting and prayer. I copy some sentences from the prayer:

"O, my Lord, thou only art our King. Help me, desolate woman, which have no helper but thee . . . give me boldness, O King of the nations and Lord of all power, give me eloquent speech in my mouth before the lion . . . and help me which am desolate, which have no other help but thee. O thou mighty God, above all, hear the voice of the forlorn, and deliver us out of the hand of the mischievous, and deliver me out of my fear."

When this mourning woman

put off her sackcloth and put on her jewels and her gorgeous queenly robes she was exceedingly beautiful. But though she decked herself with ornaments and dressed in splendor, and knew that the king at first chose her for her loveliness, she was none the less timid. She could only trust in the great King above. And by thus risking her life she saved her nation.

The story is a very beautiful one, and you can read the whole of it in the Book of Esther, and as you read I wish you to compare this lovely queen with the self-willed Jezebel in the Book of Kings. Remember, as you go on with the stories, that you, little girl, though you are not a queen, can be, in your small way, either like Jezebel or Esther, which you choose.

UNA LOCKE.

I DON'T STOP TO DRINK.

A son of Dr. Jewett is a lieutenant in the army, and much thought of by his superior officers for special duty. Once called upon to convey an order in the shortest possible period, he was back sooner than was expected; when his superior said, "Is it possible you have been and back so soon?"

"Yes, sir," said Jewett; "for I spend no time at taverns on the way to get a drink."

So much for being a teetotaler.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FOR THE TOMB-STONE OF A CHILD-ANGEL.

ON earth a bud of fairest promise given;
Plucked by a Father's hand, to bloom above in heaven.

Also, selected:

"A bud of sweetest promise gone,
Where the flowers are not death's."

COUSIN GENEIE BELMONTE.