



THE DOCTOR VISITING EVA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE NIGHT WATCH.

DEAR little Katy, usually so well and hearty, fell sick one day during Aunt Eva's visit, and in spite of all that could be done for her grew worse and worse. How a few days' sickness changes a child! All the bright laughter died away on her lips, and she felt too languid and ill to care anything about her old plays. All the family were alarmed, and her mother scarcely left her bedside. All night long she watched beside her, and in the daytime she was there too. Did you ever think how much your mother has done for you in the times when you were sick? How can a child ever be unkind or ungrateful to his mother?

One night Aunt Eva persuaded her sister to lie down while she took her place for a few hours.

"Do you think I am going to die, auntie?" asked Katy very anxiously as she sat alone with her in the lonesome midnight.

"I hope not, darling," said her aunt very gently; "but if it is God's will, would my little girl be afraid to go?"

"Yes, auntie, I should be so afraid. I have been such a naughty girl very often. I have been proud and I often get angry, and I think about my plays on the Sabbath, and O I can't tell you how bad I am in here," she said, laying her little pale hand on her heart.

"Katy, do you think anybody goes to heaven because they are good?"

"Why, yes, good people are the only ones who go to heaven, are they not, auntie?"

"Jesus Christ said to a thief, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' He had been a very wicked man."

"Yes, Aunt Eva, but he loved Jesus, and prayed to him even when he was on the cross."

"That was it, Katy. He believed in Jesus as a Saviour. He had *faith* in him. So he prayed that he would remember him when he came into his kingdom. It was not a good life that saved him, but faith in Christ, and everybody else must be saved in the same way. If my little girl will only turn her thoughts to Jesus, only believe what he says and give her love to him, he will surely save her. Whether you get well or not, Katy, you cannot begin too early to serve him."

Much more did Aunt Eva say to her little niece in that long, sleepless night-watch, and though she recovered at length very slowly, she seemed ever after to be a changed child. God can give a little

girl a new heart just as well as he can an older person, if they will only come to him in the right way to save them. If they will only trust all to Jesus Christ, and if they are really the Lord's children, they will be very careful to do everything exactly as Jesus would love to have them. They will be good because they love him.

Aunt Eva went home as soon as Katy was well enough, but her good teachings staid in the heart of the little girl through all her life. J. E. M'C.

## THE FLY.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

BABY bye,  
Here's a fly;  
Let us watch him, you and I.  
How he crawls  
Up the walls—  
Yet he never falls!  
I believe with six such legs  
You and I could walk on eggs!  
There he goes  
On his toes  
Tickling baby's nose!

Spots of red  
Dot his head;  
Rainbows on his back are spread!  
That small speck  
Is his neck;  
See him nod and beck!  
I can show you, if you choose,  
Where to look to find his shoes!  
Three small pairs  
Made of hairs—  
These he always wears!

Black and brown  
Is his gown;  
He can wear it upside down.  
It is laced  
Round his waist;  
I admire his taste;  
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,  
He will lose them, I'm afraid,  
If to-night  
He gets sight  
Of the candle-light.

In the sun  
Webs are spun;  
What if he gets into one?  
When it rains,  
He complains  
On the window-panes.  
Tongues to talk have you and I;  
God has given the little fly  
No such things;  
So he sings  
With his buzzing wings.

Catch him? No!  
Let him go;  
Never hurt an insect so,  
But, no doubt,  
He flies out  
Just to gad about.  
Now you see his wings of silk  
Drabbled in the baby's milk!  
Fie! O fie!  
Foolish fly,  
How will he get dry?

Flies can see  
More than we—  
So how bright their eyes must be!  
Little fly  
Ope your eye—  
Spiders are near by!  
For a secret I can tell,  
Spiders never treat flies well!  
Then away!  
Do not stay—  
Little fly, good day!

For the Sunday School Advocate.

## THE KAFFIR AND THE GHOST.

A POOR Kaffir was once very wretched. He was haunted, he said, by a ghost, which tormented him day and night, and brought all sorts of trouble upon him. Poor fellow!

Was he really haunted by a ghost? Of course he was not, because there are no ghosts in the world.

It was only his fancy. But the funny thing in his case was that he thought it was the *ghost of an elephant* that haunted him! He had once shot an elephant, and he fancied the spirit of the dead animal was seeking his ruin. Poor, foolish Kaffir!

What did he do? He killed an ox and laid it at the feet of the supposed ghost. A cloud happening just then to arise over the wood in which the ghost was thought to dwell and to send a shower down upon the earth, the poor man thought his sacrifice was accepted. His fear fled away, and he went home happier than he had been for a long time before.

It is to teach such poor men the truth, to save millions of children from growing up in such silly beliefs and from feeling such needless torment that we send missionaries to the heathen. Let us thank God we were not born heathen! Let us do all we can to send missionaries to instruct and save those who are in such darkness! W.



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

## THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.—2 Tim. ii, 3, 4. See also Josh. v, 14; Psa. lxxviii, 9.

THAT poor soldier is having a hard time. The rain pours down upon him in torrents. It has soaked through his hat, it runs down his neck, it fills his boots. But he clings to his horse without grumbling. He knows it is a soldier's duty to endure hardship.

The young soldiers of Jesus have to endure hardships too sometimes. When a boy or girl nobly stands up for Jesus in the face of those who mock at their piety; or when a good child is teased, beaten, or abused for refusing to walk in an evil way, then he endures hardship like a good soldier.

## THE BEE-FLOWER.

"O PAPA," said Arthur one day when he was taking a walk with his father, "do tell me what those pretty odd-looking flowers are called. They seem to have plenty of honey on their leaves; for see, papa, every flower has a bee upon it. How still they are! The quiet little rogues are making a rich feast there."

"Touch one of them with your little finger, Arthur," said Mr. Moore, smiling.

"I shall disturb it, papa, and I should not like to do that."

"No, Arthur, you will not disturb *that* bee," said his father, "so touch it."

Arthur placed his little finger as gently as possible upon it, and to his great astonishment he found there was nothing but the flower, the mere resemblance of a bee! He was then told that the plant was a species of *Orchis*, called on account of that resemblance the bee-flower.

"O papa," said Arthur with a modest blush, "I remember what you told me as we came along the road: 'Trust not too much to the outside show of things.'"