

The citizens who heard the boy's speech to the stove believed him, roused their fellow-citizens, marched to the cellar, captured and then banished the wicked nobles, and thereby saved themselves from death and their children from the rule of the tyrants of Austria.

That boy was a shrewd little fellow, wasn't he? He kept the *letter* of his oath by telling a dumb stove the great secret he had learned instead of speaking to the *men*. That he violated the *spirit* of his oath is true; but I am not sure that he was bound to keep more than the *letter* of an oath forced upon him as that was. Still, I am not quite sure on that point. An oath is a *secret* thing. This much is clear, however, even to you; he was a shrewd little patriot, and the people of Lucerne ought to have adopted him as the child of the city. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW A BOY WAS HELPED TO GET HIS LESSONS.

"MAMMA," said a little boy one day, "I wanted to be a good boy at my lessons this morning, and when I was going to begin I asked God to make me good and help me; and my lessons which seemed so hard yesterday were not difficult at all to-day, but very pleasant and very easy."

There is a boy and a girl among my readers who often sit over their lessons and pout, and cry, and whine, and say, "O dear, how I do hate these tiresome lessons;" but they never find their lessons easier to get after these fretting fits. Which, then, is the better way to get over a tough lesson—*praying* or *fretting*? W.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

On each returning Sunday,
As in my class I stand,
To hear about the glory
Prepared at God's right hand—
About the joys of heaven,
And how to enter there;
About eternal sorrows,
That wicked men must bear;
About the Saviour's dying
To ransom us from hell;
And all that holy Scripture
Was given by God to tell:
I see myself so sinful,
While Jesus was so good,
I do resolve sincerely
To love him as I should.
But then upon the week days
Temptations come so fast,
And so next Sunday finds me
No better than the last.
Lord, help me to be faithful,
And guide my giddy thought;
And grant me grace to love thee,
And serve thee as I ought.
Lord, save us all from falling—
Each scholar, teacher, friend;
O, let not one miss heaven!
But save us to the end.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LILLIAN'S PRAYER.

THERE was a pleasant home in the country to which a man carried evil tidings one bright summer's morning. Meeting Lillian, the eldest of the two little girls who lived in the house, he said:

"Lillian, dear girl, put your arms round your poor mamma and whisper that papa was taken very ill; that he could not come home; that he is—in heaven now."

Lillian ran trembling to her mother and whispered the dreadful tidings. Her mother turned pale as newly-fallen snow, sunk on the sofa, and sat silent as a statue. Her grief was so great she could neither weep nor speak.

Lillian and her sister Celia, though very, very sad themselves, vainly tried to rouse their mother. Find-



ing it impossible to rouse her, they stepped to the window, where Lillian said, "Didn't you hear the minister say that we can only pray for God to comfort mamma? Can't we do that, Celia?"

"Why, we always pray for her, you know," sobbed Celia, "when we say our prayers; but God hasn't kept away the sorrow."

"O, I don't mean that way," rejoined Lillian; "I mean a real prayer of our own, just what we want this minute. Do, dear Celia, let us try to pray to God to pity us and comfort dear mamma."

Then those precious girls knelt down and Lillian prayed: "O God, mamma hasn't spoken to us since the dreadful news. She looks so ill. O God, don't take away mamma too. O, do comfort her as nobody else can!"

This prayer was overheard by the broken-hearted mother. It roused her. Calling her children to her side, she kissed them fondly and wept.

Those tears probably saved her life. Lillian felt it was so, and when friends called to see her mother she went out of the room with Celia and said:

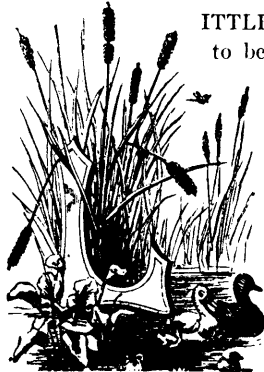
"Celia, our prayer is heard. What shall we do for God who has done this for us?"

Wasn't Lillian a blessing to her mother? Don't you think her mother must have loved her very dearly after that? I do, and I think that Lillian's example should move every child who reads about it to make some such resolution as this:

"I am only a child, but I will try to do something every day to make my mother smile."

Who will make that resolution? X.

LITTLE FRANK'S SELF-DENIAL.



LITTLE FRANK early learned to be self-denying and useful.

He was about five years of age when a fever broke out in the village; and one day he found his mother in her room making up bundles of clothing. "What are these for, mamma?"

He was told that they were for the sick children. His interest was immediately awakened,

and he asked if he might not give them something. "But you have not anything of your own, Frankie, except the clothes you wear and the meals you eat, so how can you help them?"

He caught up the words, "*the meals you eat*," and said, "I should like to send them half of *all* my meals; do let me?"

Consent was given, without much thought; and from that time, while the fever lasted, he never tasted food until he had first put a full half of whatever it was into the children's bowl. Nor was he ever reminded; it was his own first thought. His father was accustomed to give him after dinner a small biscuit, and, to his mother's surprise, this too was divided every day. Even if he received a piece of bread at any hour the half was silently devoted to the "children's bowl."

At another time he consulted one of his sisters as to whether if he left off eating biscuits he might have their value in money; because, if so, he would make over his share to the missionary-box. The bargain was concluded, and he never departed from it, until he received a regular weekly allowance of pocket-money, and had thus money of his own to dispose of.

But it had been his daily treat to have a nice biscuit from his papa, while sitting upon his knee and listening to a story. The story was told as usual, but no persuasion could induce Frankie to eat the biscuit. His papa, not knowing of the agreement, tried to coax him to eat.

"No, thank you, papa."

"But why not, Frank? You used to be so fond of your bit of biscuit; have you taken a dislike to it?"

"I never eat biscuit now, papa."

This perseverance in the refusal from day to day puzzled his father until it was explained to him. The child had kept the matter quite secret, under the impression that acts of benevolence should not be boasted of nor talked about. Wasn't Frank a noble boy?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE USE A LITTLE BOY MADE OF HIS HAND.

WHEN little Eddie was six years old he returned from school one day, and walking up to his father said in a dejected tone:

"Father, every boy in school swears!"

His father looked upon him and said, "Why, that is dreadful! But I hope there is, at least, one little boy in school who never swears—you do not, Eddie?"

"No, sir, I never did; but I'm afraid I shall."

"Why so, my son? You know it is very wicked to swear."

"Yes, sir, I know it is, and I don't mean to; but when I hear them all swearing around me, it seems as if I must swear, and I have to put my hand over my mouth to prevent it."

Well, Eddie never learned to swear, but grew up a good boy. When he was eighteen years old he went to live in a great city among strangers. There was much wickedness in the city, but Eddie did not fall into it, for he took his place in the Church of Christ and made good people his associates, and became active in doing good to others. When he saw his country in danger from wicked tyrants, he enlisted in the army for her protection. He was noble and brave, and when he was twenty years and six days old he fell at the battle of Whitehall, N. C., killed by a rebel sharpshooter while bearing a fallen comrade from the battle-field.

Eddie is gone, but he did not live in vain, for his fall is mourned by many good people, and his pastor said of him, "Edwin has made his mark. . . . His memory is like precious ointment."

Little boy, if ever you are tempted to swear, remember the use little Eddie made of his hand.

HABITS.

OUR customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.