

"You will care, though," replied William, "when father lays the rod over your shoulders."

"I don't care, I tell you, and I wont weed any more to-day," rejoined Michael spitefully.

"You'd better do it," pleaded his brother.

I guess Michael thought as William did in spite of his "I don't care," for after grumbling a while he went to work and finished his job. He did care after all.

"I don't care" is a cheat. Most children who say it don't mean it in their hearts. They say it to keep down their fear of punishment. But they do not succeed, though they keep on doing wrong. Their hearts will tremble in spite of the "I don't care" which drops from their lips.

"I don't care" are bad words, false words, wicked words, fit to help children to do wrong and nothing else. Don't use them, my children!

W.

A Good Rule.

A 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 spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but one 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 I then could play with more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

For the Sunday School Advocate.

"When I go to Heaven."

Do you ever say that? Do you ever think what you shall do and what you shall see when you are there? When you have the promise of going to the city, or of making a visit to grandma, you talk about what you expect to see and to do. Well, heaven is far more wonderful than anything you can see in this world, and besides, while something may disappoint you in earthly visits, you are sure to go to heaven if you have learned to love Jesus as you ought to; for he has said that all those that love him shall be with him where he is. So, then, if you are God's child it is perfectly right for you to think about what may happen when you go to heaven, and to talk about it reverently. I think little Sarah's feelings were about right. She had been singing a sweet hymn for her teacher, she dearly loved to sing, and when she had finished she threw her arms around her neck and said, "O when I get to heaven I shall have a golden harp, and shall sing with all the little children there. They are angels now, and I shall be one too." Her teacher inquired if she expected to die. "I would not be sorry to die," she replied calmly and seriously; "heaven is so beautiful, and they are all good there. I know mother would miss me, and my brothers and sisters, and you too. And when father comes home from California he will look around for his little Sarah, and they will tell him where I am, and he will be sad. Dear father, I would like to see him here again."

Little Sarah did die after a few weeks, and I have no doubt that her first views of heaven were sweeter and brighter for having thought about it beforehand. You and I may, and we may not, die so soon; but there is no reason why we should not think about our home in heaven, for it is very near us. And I believe the Lord wishes to have us do so, for he has told us a great deal about it, and he says that we are to be always ready, so that when he comes and knocks for us we may open to him immediately. Now I am going to get the good book, and read over once more all the texts that tell us about our home in heaven.

A. J.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

The Birthday.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"It is my birthday! Do you know
That I am ten years old?"
So said a little blue-eyed girl,
With waving curls of gold.

"It is my birthday. Let me see;
I'm eighty years to-day."
The old man's eyes were dim with age,
His hair was silver gray.

"O grandpa!" said the little girl,
"How very old you are!
And what a long, long time to live!
I cannot think so far."

"And yet, dear child, it seems to me
A short and troubled dream;
Just like a fickle April day,
Half shadow and half gleam."

"But there's so little of it left,
So few days more to live;
O, grandpa, will my coming years
So little have to give?"

"So little? Here your life begins;
A life that has no end;
It will be rich or poor as you
Its precious moments spend."

"But, grandpa, does the future bring
To you no dread, no gloom?
Is it not terrible to find
Yourself so near the tomb?"

"Nay," said the old man, "there is life
And joy beyond it all;
And gladly will my dull ears hear
The Father's homeward call."

A long time sat the little child
In busy, earnest thought;
Counting her years, and thinking o'er
The lessons they had brought;

Thinking, as children often think,
Of long life and its close,
But shrinking back, as children will,
From age and its repose;

Casting at last, in loving trust,
Her cares upon His breast
Who bids the children come to him,
And enter into rest.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Where God is not.

"WHERE is God?" was the question asked of a class who were reciting the catechism.

"God is everywhere," was the general response. The teacher talked to them a minute or two

about this, explaining that God is in all places, and knows all things, and then she asked, "Now can any of you tell me of a place where God is not?"

"Yes, I can," said a little boy. "He is not in all the thoughts of the wicked."

The thoughts of the wicked can hardly be said to be "a place;" yet that answer should make us reflect seriously, and ask, "Is God in our thought?"

Be Honest.

AN INCIDENT AT A RECENT FIRE.

A FEW days after one of the large fires which have been so frequent in our land during the past season, a gentleman who had kept a hat store, which had been burned, was accosted in the street by a boy, who said: "Mr. H., I have got a whole armful of hats that belong to you. I carried them home the day of the fire so that no one should steal them. If you will tell me where to bring them I will go right home and get them."

The gentleman appointed a place, and the boy ran away toward his home.

Soon he appeared with his hats, and sure enough, he had all that his two arms could hold!

When he had laid them down, the gentleman began to try first one and then another on his head. When he found one that fitted him, he said, "There, my little man, that is yours."

He was a poor boy, and a nice new hat that was "just a fit" was a greater treat to him than to many boys.

When the little fellow fully realized that the hat was his own he began to caper about, and cried, "See, see, I have got a new hat, and I didn't steal it either. I know another boy that has got an armful of hats, and I don't think he means to bring them back at all."

The boy that wears that hat can hold his head up straight, and look every one in the face, because he is an honest boy.—N. Y. Evangelist.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"Let your Light Shine."

A LITTLE girl heard her minister preach from these words, "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your works may glorify your Father which is in heaven." She was a thoughtful little girl, and as she walked along home she said to herself, "I wish that I could glorify God, but how can my little light shine? It is so very small that nobody can see it. Now the minister is like a star; everybody sees his light and rejoices in it." Just then she saw something bright under the hedge. Stooping down to it, she saw that it was a glow-worm that lighted up all the leaves and grass around it. As she went on she thought, "God can make even a worm shine to his glory. Even so may a poor little child. I will do all that I can."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Boy with Sugar in Him.

"CHARLEY, what is it makes you so sweet?" asked a loving mother as she fondled her darling boy to her bosom.

"I dess," lisped the boy, "dat when Dod made me out of dust he put a little thugar in."

That was a queer conceit for a little boy. There was no sugar put into the dust of his body, but I suspect that some sugar—the sugar of love—had been put into his heart. That was what made him so sweet and precious to his mother. I recommend every child who has a sour or sinful disposition, to get a little of that sugar put into his heart to sweeten it.

Q.