

her head until her brown curls almost covered her face, and said reverently, "Our Father who art in heaven, please to bless this nice breakfast, and make papa and mamma, Georgie and me, very good people, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Was not that a sermon for Mr. H.?

Some months afterward little Emma was taken very ill, and the doctor said she must die.

"I cannot give you up, my darling!" sobbed her poor father, kissing her wasted hands.

At this moment Emma opened her eyes, and looked up in his face with her own natural expression.

"Papa," she said, "I'm going to heaven, and I want you to come too when Jesus calls you. Say 'Our Father,' wont you, papa?"

Mr. H. sank upon his knees trembling.

"Can't you say it, dear papa?" urged the weak voice. "I will help you, if you'll try."

And she began the familiar words, her father's broken voice joining with her, but before the prayer was closed her strength failed; she sighed softly, and without a struggle her happy spirit ascended to the bosom of her Saviour, there to be blessed forever.

Will Emma's father ever forget the prayer that she loved, or the sermon that her brief life preached to him? No, no.

Centennial Jubilee Hymn.

WORDS BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

Tune—Webb.

JESUS, thou risen Saviour,
Our grateful praise we bring;
With thankful hearts and voices,
We glad hosannas sing.
Through years of wondrous blessing
Thy guiding hand we see;
The joy which crowns this hour
Is due, O Lord, to thee.

Within thy sacred temple
We children love to be,
To celebrate together
This year of jubilee.
With reverend heads and hoary,
In worship bowing down,
Would childhood's simple offering
Add luster to thy crown.

Forms that have borne life's burden
Are bending toward the grave;
Lips that have told the story
Of Jesus' power to save
Will soon be hushed forever;
The voices that we love,
Lost in the heavenly music,
That swells the song above.

O then upon the children,
The lambs of this dear fold,
Send down the holy power
That filled thy saints of old;
That we, with steady footsteps,
And Christian armor bright,
May boldly march for Jesus,
Contending for the right.

Then, when the golden ages
Have filled their song of praise,
And earthly choirs of voices
Blend with seraphic lays,
With all thy Church triumphant
Saved through redeeming love,
We'll join in celebrating
The jubilee above.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"A Land without a Storm."

WHEN Lydia was told she must die, she looked fearlessly into her father's face, and smiling said:

"Well, father, I will go to a much brighter home than this, to a land without a storm."

In her last moment she pressed her father's hand and said, "How precious! O how precious Jesus is!"

There was much beauty in Lydia's death. Whence did that beauty come? It sprang out of her faith, for she had previously given herself to Jesus, and it was through him that her character was made beautiful, and her death happy. Does the reader desire a happy death? Go to Jesus now, and he will make both life and death beautiful.

Y. Z.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Weaving Fruit Blossoms.

A LITTLE girl had a young cherry tree which bore beautiful blossoms one spring. She wanted flowers for a garland one day, and thinking the cherry tree blossoms very beautiful, she plucked and wove them into a garland. But when the time of cherries came the tree bore none. How could it? Cherries come from blossoms, and she had plucked the blossoms and made them into garlands. She could not use both blossoms and cherries.

It is just so with the hours of young lives. Hours are blossoms from which come the fruit of success and happiness in after years. Spend them in study, and they will grow into the fruit of scholarship by and by. Spend them in useful industry, and they will grow into the fruit of prosperity when you are older. Spend them in prayer and reading God's word, and they will grow into the fruit of ripe and manly piety. But if you weave them into garlands for idle sport they will bring forth no fruit. Your life will be like a barren tree. Do you understand?

Q.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Two Voices.

WHERE is the boy or girl who has not at times felt that there were two inward voices speaking to the heart? When one says, "Do," the other says, "Do not." When one says "Go," the other says "Stay." When one says "You may," the other says "You may not." These two voices never say the same thing. They are always arguing, and never agree.

There was once an Indian who, visiting some of his white neighbors, asked one of them for some tobacco. The man whom he asked put his hand in his pocket where he kept his tobacco loose, and gave a little to the Indian. He put it in his tobacco pouch and went home. When he came to the hut where he lived he asked his squaw for his pipe, and opened the pouch to get out the tobacco. As he was pressing the tobacco in the bowl of the pipe,

he felt something hard in it, and on examining he saw that the white man, in giving him tobacco, had also with it taken from his pocket a quarter of a dollar.

"Ugh! ugh!" said the Indian, "white man made mistake that time."

He put the money back in his pouch, and smoked his pipe. The next day he came back to the settlement, and finding the man who had given him the tobacco, told him about the money, and offered it back to him.

"But why didn't you keep it?" said the white man. "It was given to you, wasn't it?"

"Ah!" replied the Indian, "I got a good man and a bad man here in my breast. The good man say, 'It is not yours, you must take it back to the owner.' Then the bad man say, 'He gave it to you, it is your own, keep it.' But the good man he say, 'That not right. The tobacco is yours, but not the money.' The bad man then say, 'Never mind, you got it. Go buy some dram.' But the good man say, 'No! no! you must not do so. You take the money back.' So I didn't know what to do. I try to go to sleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night and trouble me. So I bring the money back as the good man told me, and I feel good. Here, you must take it."

The white man took the money, and the Indian felt satisfied. He had done what his conscience told him was right, and thus should we all do. Inclination and conscience do not always say the same thing. But the voice of conscience is to be obeyed whether it suits our inclination or not. The Indian was so troubled with the dispute of the "good man" and the "bad man" in his heart that he could not sleep. And he did not find any rest until he had done what the "good man" said. So we shall always feel better when we do right.

Sometimes these two voices are heard on the Sabbath day. One says to the little boy, "Go into the fields and have a pleasant walk; or into the orchard and get fruit; or take a boat and sail on the pond, or catch fish." But the other says, "No, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Keep away from all week-day pleasures, and go to the church and to Sunday-school. If the little boy obeys the first voice he makes himself unhappy. If he obeys the other he feels happy because he does right.

Here is a little girl who has done something she ought not to have done, and she fears to have her mother know it. Then she hears the two voices. One says, "Don't tell her. Make her think that some one else did it." But the other voice says, "Go, tell her all about it; tell her the truth, and it will be better for you." Now if the little girl does what the first voice says, she makes two wrongs where there was only one before. But if she minds the other voice she will save herself much pain.

Whenever you hear the two voices, obey what the good voice says, and heed not the other.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Beware of Him.

BEWARE of whom? A dangerous companion. He can't walk, for he has no legs. He can't seize you, for he has no arms. He can't look at you, for he has no eyes. He can't hear you, for he has no ears. But he can harm you nevertheless, for he has a tongue, and speaks wicked things. Do you know him? I hope not. Shall I tell you his name? It is BAD BOOK. Beware of him!

Y. Z.

What Can I Do?

ARE there none poor whom I can help?
None blind to whom I can read?
None sad whom I can cheer?
None sinful for whom I can pray?