

picked up a silver spoon under the kitchen window. He put it up his coat sleeve and walked into the house. Then he told the servants he "must see the lady." They asked what he wanted with her; but Billy would say nothing but "I must see the lady."

He was allowed to enter the parlor. It was full of company. Billy held down his head as if frightened to see so many fine people. The lady seeing his confusion, said kindly:

"Well, my little boy, what do you want?"

Billy pulled the spoon from under his sleeve, put it into her hands, and said slowly:

"Thou—shalt—not—steal!—Thou—shalt—not—steal!"

The company, surprised at the child's words and manner, formed a circle round him and asked him all sorts of questions, but they could get no reply from him except "Thou shalt not steal."

At last the lady of the house took him gently by the hand and said:

"Tell me, my dear, where you got this spoon?"

"Under—the kitchen window—Billy found—Thou—shalt—not—steal."

They then understood that Billy, silly as he was, knew that he ought not to keep that spoon because God had said, "Thou shalt not steal." No wonder the company admired his conduct, for there are many boys in the world with far brighter brains than Billy who would have kept that stray spoon in spite of the law, which says, "Thou shalt not steal."

If I knew that boy I should call him "wise Billy." He has more heavenly wisdom than many. I commend his example to that boy who found his school-mate's knife last month and keeps it hid among his own playthings. That boy is a thief, but "silly Billy" is an honest boy. God bless him! F. F.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

RIGHTS OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

TELL me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of human laws that sanction such a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time, such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages and opened to one world the source of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another all unutterable woes; such as it is this day. It is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man.—LORD BROUGHAM.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE IDLE SQUIRREL.

Do you like fables? If not, don't read this article. If you do, read on.

A noble horse, docile and swift, was dashing round a spacious plain when a sharp-eyed squirrel, which had been watching his motions, said:

"My dear horse, you need not be proud of your speed, for

'With equal spirit,
Just such gambols
I can do and even more.'

I can curvet, and run, and leap as lightly and gracefully as you can."

The horse paused, bent his ears forward, laughed, and replied:

"No doubt you can skip, and come and go. You can turn, and twist, and play more idle freaks than all the horses in the world. But what does all your turning and twisting amount to? To what use can you be put? I serve my master. My life is worth something, but what is yours worth?"

The squirrel was dumb. He blushed, hung down his tail, and crept into a rotten log. He felt that his life was one long frolic and nothing else.

Which part are you playing, Miss Rosy-cheeks? Idle or useful, which are you? If the former you had better hide yourself in some dark corner and ask the Unseen One to make you good for something. If you are useful, if you are a joy in your household, a help to ma, a comfort to pa, a blessing to brother and sister, and a sunbeam in the ways of life, you may shake hands with me; yes, you may do more, you may kiss my old cheeks and take my blessing with you.

The child who does nothing but frolic and play,
Like a squirrel, is wasting his life away;
The child who is busy as busy can be
Shall frolic enjoy and real pleasure shall see.

THE CORPORAL.

KATY AND HER MISSIONARY CHICKEN.



NOT long ago a little girl in the Sunday-school heard a missionary tell about the heathen children, especially the little heathen girls, how cruelly they were treated because they were girls; put to the hardest work, and then beat if their strength gave out and they could not do it; their fathers al-

ways rough to them and their brothers never kind; no pretty plays, no sweet kisses, no beautiful books, no pleasant schools, no God but an old stone or an ugly block, no lovely spirit of forgiveness, no dear child's prayers, no "Now I lay me down to sleep," no knowledge of Jesus, the precious Saviour of the world; all rude, miserable, and down-trodden, BECAUSE Jesus was

not there. He would put things right and mend the homes of these little girls and boys, and no one else could. And he had already sent them word what to do.

"He sent word by Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, and Paul. But Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and John, and Paul cannot get there without your help," said the missionary to the Sunday-schoolers. "Wont you help these to go and preach the gospel which tells how sin can be washed away?"

The Sunday-schoolers looked at the missionary with "I am sure I want to help" in all their eyes. One little girl said to herself, "O I MUST help; I WILL." She went home thinking, and said to her mother:

"Suppose, mother, I was a poor heathen; should I not think it very hard if Sunday-school children here did not send me the word of Jesus—didn't TRY to save my soul?"

So upon the Christian principle of doing as she would be done by, she began to think what she could do. She was very poor. She had nothing to give. She was sickly and could earn nothing. She could pray. Yes, a little child can do that; and she did; but that only made her the more want to do something besides.

The next morning her mother took care to wake her up pretty early, and the first question she asked was, "Mother, is Pet mine to KEEP?"

"Yes," answered her mother, "Pet is yours to do what you please with."

Pet was a little motherless chicken about a month old, which a neighbor gave her, and which the little girl named and loved dearly. She never had a pet before. And Pet loved the little girl. It knew her voice, and used to run after her wherever she went like a little dog. This was the little girl's treasure, her "all."

"Mother," she said with a sweet seriousness, "I am going to give Pet to the missionary. I've nothing else, and I'll carry it to the minister's house this morning."

"Well," said her pious mother, "do, Katy, as you think best."

Katy gave chicken its breakfast with tears in her eyes. It pecked so cunningly, and these were its last crumbs from her hand. But mother did not like to interfere. If the Holy Spirit was teaching and strengthening her little child to give its all to Christ she should not stop the work. So Katy stirred up the wool in Pet's basket and put it in. Pet did not want to go in, it had rather run about the kitchen, as it was used to; for, of course, it did not know it was to be a missionary-chicken, and if it had been told, I dare say it would not have been able to understand it. Katy took the basket in her arms and set off to the minister's. Poor Katy!

I do not know what happened in the minister's study, where Katy told her story. I only know that a tear dropped from the good man's eye on the study-table, and he said:

"Who of my parish will give their ox, or a cow, or a sheep, or a barrel of apples, or a load of hay to preach Christ to the heathen?"

The minister bought the chicken. He paid sixpence for it. She put the sixpence in the mission-box on the minister's table, and was about to take leave of her dear Pet, when the minister said:

"I've nobody to take care of the little chick in my house, Katy; wont you carry it home and keep it for me?"

"O yes, sir!" she cried, and home little Katy trudged with basket and chicken as happy as child could be. She was faithful in little, and God fulfilled his promise in making her "faithful also in much."

A ROMAN emperor once said, "I cannot relish a happiness which no one shares in but myself." The way to increase our own joy is to share it with others.