

now he was too weak to do it, and *prize* gate was opened by other boys.

When Moses went into business he found *Prosperity Gate, Honor Gate, Useful Gate, and Happy Gate* all shut, and his poor lazy arms too feeble to open them. Little Gate Opener stood perched on their arches and mocking him as he came up to them one after the other, but would never help him in his efforts to open them. Thus the boy who wanted and accepted help at work gate and study gate was never able to open the gate of reward, honor, usefulness, or happiness. Finally he stood at the gate of ruin, and there he found Little Gate Opener ready enough. Poor Moses! The help of Little Gate Opener ruined him.

Do you understand my story, boys and girls? I think you do. You know the Gate Opener to be that spirit of mistaken kindness which makes your parents, teachers, or friends smooth all the rough places for you. Their helps are ruining you. You must help yourselves, or be worse than nobodies all the days of your lives. Learn to help yourselves. Tell the Gate Opener to go to the drones; you are a working bee, and don't want him.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### Wheat or Chaff.

A LADY teacher, while hearing her class read those solemn words of Jesus about the wheat being gathered into the garner and the chaff being burned in unquenchable fire, asked her scholars:

"What is wheat?"

Now these poor children had been brought up in a city. They had never seen wheat growing. They did not know wheat from corn, or oats, or buckwheat, and they made no answer. She then asked:

"What is chaff?"

"Impudence, ma'am!" replied the children in concert.

Poor things! They knew no other meaning than that for the word chaff. In that sense they understood it too well. You know chaff to be the husk of the wheat. It is useless, and is therefore burned with fire, or cast into the manure heap.

When Jesus speaks of his wheat he means his disciples. Good children are wheat. By chaff he means those who will not love him. Wicked children are chaff. The wheat will be taken to heaven at last. The chaff will be cast into the fire of hell.

You see it is of great importance to you to know whether you are wheat or chaff. It is very easy to

know this. If you love Jesus, if you pray daily, if you obey your parents and teachers, if you are truthful, honest, and pure, you are wheat—Christ's wheat. If you are prayerless, hateful, false, quarrelsome, disobedient, and vile, you are chaff.

My child, which are you? Chaff or wheat? I pray that you may be wheat, so that you and I may meet in heaven, which is Christ's granary. We shall be very happy there always; but if you are chaff, and will not let Jesus change you into wheat, you will never be happy, but always, always miserable. My heart prays, O Lord, make all my children pure wheat! W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### "An Inch too High."

FREDDIE walking in the garden,  
A bunch of cherries did espy;  
And reaching up his hand to get them,  
Found them just an inch too high.

Vainly standing on his tiptoe,  
Did the little fellow try,  
And still, much to his vexation,  
They were just an inch too high.

"Only one inch more," said Freddie,  
And a tear stood in his eye;  
But that did not help it any;  
Still they were an inch too high.

Suddenly a bright thought struck him,  
And to the house he soon did hie.  
"I will get them," cried he gladly,  
"If they are an inch too high."

Returning soon with cane in hand,  
Quickly down a branch did fly,  
And tumbling, off the cherries came  
If they were an inch too high.

Proudly bore he off his treasure,  
While triumph glistened in his eye;  
"I have conquered though so little,  
And they were an inch too high."

Little persevering Freddie,  
Great's the lesson that you teach;  
For you tried until you conquered,  
Though you thought them out of reach.  
"IRENE."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### Truth in the Heart.

THIS afternoon, when Mary was standing in the hall door, I heard a little voice from the next yard call out:

"Mary, have you got company?"

"Yes," was Mary's reply in a low voice hesitatingly.

"What did you say? Have you got company?"

"Yes, I have got company," replied Mary, with some more assurance in her tones.

"Who is it?"

But Mary did not choose to let it be known that she heard this question, so she closed the door, and came into the room where I was sitting.

"What company have you, Mary?" I inquired gently.

Mary blushed and stammered, and at last she said, "Why, auntie, I have you and sister Hattie."

"Was that what Diantha meant? I suppose she knew we were here, and she does not call us company."

"Well, you are all the company I want just now."

"Why did you not tell Diantha who your company is?"

"I did not hear her ask, and besides I wanted her to think I really had company, because she was going to come in here if I hadn't, and I don't want her to come in."

"Well, then, you wanted her to believe a lie, did you?" I inquired very seriously.

"O auntie!" exclaimed Mary, shocked at the word I had used. "You know I wouldn't tell a lie for anything. I did not *say* there was anybody else here."

"No, but you wanted her to think so, and you told her what you believed would make her think so. Now did you speak the truth in your heart?"

Mary was silent, and I continued: "I used to think that my little niece was very truthful, and I felt pleasure in trusting her."

"Well, auntie," she exclaimed earnestly, "you don't think I'd deceive you, do you?"

"Did you not try to deceive me a minute ago, when you told me you did not hear Diantha ask who your company is? And besides, how can I trust you when I know that you try to deceive others?"

Mary's pride was very much hurt now, and she



put her hands to her face, and the tears began to trickle through her fingers. But I was determined to show the little girl her own heart, and so I continued:

"I am sorry to say that more than once of late I have noticed you carefully studying your words, so as to be able to use those which will make a false impression without laying yourself open to the reproach of telling a lie. You wish to have the advantage of the lie without the responsibility of telling it. But you do tell it in your heart, and that is where Christ says all the wicked things come from. And when the lie is made it is very easy to speak it. Just as a few minutes ago you made a lie for the purpose of leading others to think that you did not hear Diantha's last question. You then acted it out by shutting the door, and when you found that was not enough, you spoke it out to me, without thinking that you had *told* a lie. Ah, the guilt came when you made it in your heart. Now, my dear little niece, such a course of conduct will make you false-hearted, unhappy, and wicked. I hope from this time forward you will cease making lies in your heart, and studying how best to tell them. Rather study how to speak the truth without hurting the feelings of others, and to endure inconvenience rather than displease God."

I ceased speaking, but Mary's shame was so great that she did not know how to break the silence. So I gently put into her hands my little Bible, opened at the fifteenth psalm, the first two verses of which read as follows: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." She looked at them attentively a few minutes, and then in a low voice asked me if I would lend her the book. I did so gladly, for I think she wanted to spread it out before the Lord, and ask him to so purify her heart that she might be one of those who can live near to him.

BREA.