

CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

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Baby's Wreath.

THREE loving sisters gathered flowers and vines one spring morning to make a wreath for their baby brother's brow. It was the work of love, and they did it with willing feet, nimble fingers, and laughing eyes. They were happy. Baby crowed with delight, and mother was pleased when she saw her pet's round head adorned with vines and flowers. They were all merry over the baby's floral crown, when good old grandmother came hobbling up to them leaning upon her cane.

"Don't baby look beautiful, grandma?" asked little Agnes, casting admiring glances on little pet.

"He looks very lively," replied grandma. "Those vines and flowers make a gay wreath. I hope the vines in pet's heart will always be as fresh and nice as those on his head."

"Vines in his heart?" queried Agnes. "Why, grandma, how funny! Vines don't grow in our hearts, do they?"

"Yes, child, they do indeed. Good vines or poisonous ones are sure to fill baby's heart."

Agnes was puzzled. Her grandmother seated herself on a rustic seat, took Agnes by the hand, and proceeded:

"Truth is one vine that ought to grow in every heart. Love is another and very beautiful vine. Patience, kindness, cheerfulness, are also both good and pretty vines. God plants all these in every heart by his Holy Spirit, and then appoints the owner of the heart to trim, dress, and keep them, so that they may bear fruit to his glory."

"How beautiful!" cried Agnes; "I never thought of that before, grandma; but what are the poison vines called?"

"Well, my child, there are many poison vines which if not rooted out will choke the good ones. There are, for example, *hatred, envy, temper,*

fretfulness, and above all the great giant vine **SELFISHNESS**, with many others."

Agnes held down her head in silence. She was thinking. She was looking into her heart to see whether it was filled with good vines or poison vines. That was a very wise act for a little girl. I commend it to all my readers. Let them find out what is in their hearts. If good vines are there, they must tend them with much prayer and care; if poison ones, they must pray that they may be rooted out, and good ones planted instead. Now is the time for this business, for childhood is the spring-time of life.

Do what you ought, come what may.



A Fable.

A TOAD which had been hopping lazily about all day came at length to a deep spring. Crawling upon a stone overlooking the water, he saw the antics of the merry frogs below. As he looked upon their shining green and yellow coats and sprightly forms, and saw the ease with which they leaped in and out of the water, toady became envious. As he looked upon himself he saw his dull knotty hide and clumsy body and limbs, and wished he was a frog. After becoming weary in bemoaning his sad lot, he crept under a plantain near by. In the morning a fearful noise awoke him. Peeping out from under his leafy roof, he saw to his horror some boys slaying and skinning the poor frogs. He kept close in his hiding place, until one of the boys on leaving by chance pushed him out with his foot. Toady shrugged up his back and closed his eyes, expecting his last hour was come, but the boys passed on, saying:

"Mr. Toad, if you were a frog we'd have your hind quarters too."

Toady crept once more upon his stone, and looked

into the water. One frog only had escaped. "Mr. Frog," said he, "how did you feel while your companions were being killed?"

"I thought," answered the frog, "if I were only a toad then I should not be killed!"

The moral of this fable is, that if we were what we would like to be, we should probably get what we would not like.

BROTHER TIM.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A Cheat.

"I DON'T care!" cried little Michael, when his brother William told him he would "catch it" if he didn't finish weeding the garden patch.