

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT A THOUGHTLESS CHILD SAID.

CHILDREN often say funny things which are as foolish as they are funny. Here is a case which I have just cut from an exchange paper:

A kind aunt was teaching a little child of five years the Lord's Prayer. When she came to the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," the little one stopped short and said:

"Aunt Libby, I'll pray for bread for grandma, but I don't want bread, I want meat."

The same child on another occasion was asked by his aunt if he did not want to say his prayers.

"O no, Aunt Libby, not to-night; wait till some other night," he said.

"But don't you want the angels to watch over you?"

"Well, aunty, Topsy is a very good dog. She watches over Uncle George, and I think she can watch over me to-night."

"But don't you want your daily bread?"

"Yes, aunty, but grandma can get that in the morning at the baker's!"

These speeches are *cute*, aren't they? But if that little boy had stopped to *think* he would not have made them. By thinking he would have seen that "our daily bread" in the Lord's prayer means everything we need to eat; that dogs are poor guardians if God is not our protector; that if God did not give "grandma" money she could not buy bread of the baker; and that if God did not make the grain grow the baker could not make bread. Little children must try to *think* before they speak so that they may speak wisely as well as cutely. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LESSON IN PUNCTUATION.

As the following sentence is punctuated it is nonsense:

"He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare."

Now let my Try Company put the "stops" in their right places, and see if they can turn it into a readable sentence. THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE POISON-BUSH.



LITTLE boy in one of the Bahama islands once sought refuge from a heavy shower of rain under a bush called the Poison-bush. The rain, however, dropped from the leaves upon him, and the poison struck into his limbs so that he soon died. Poor little fellow! He did not know the bush was poison.

But, though poisoned, this boy might have lived had he known that close to the poison-bush there grew another bush—it is always found there on those islands—which was its antidote. Had he rubbed himself with the leaves of this bush the other would not have killed him. Wasn't it a pity the little boy didn't know about both bushes?

You wouldn't like to live where poison-bushes grow, eh? Well, it isn't pleasant to be among such dangerous things. But suppose I tell you there is a very deadly poison-bush growing near, perhaps in, every one of your homes, what would you say? You don't like the idea, but would like to know about it if it is so, eh? Wisely spoken, my children! SIN is the poison-bush in or near your homes. The precious blood of Jesus is the antidote which cures it. Do you understand? If, therefore, you have slept beneath that poison-bush, as I fear you all have, and you do not wish to die an everlasting death, go to Jesus

and ask him to heal your souls. Will you go? All of you? Will you go *at once*? You will, eh? Very good! May I meet you all by and by round the tree of life in the realm of glory. W.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

One evening, after a little girl had been listening, with her eyes full of tears, to a story of some colored children near them, who were very poor and distressed, she carried her trouble to her heavenly Father—surely the little ones teach us—and after repeating her usual evening prayer, added this petition:

"O God, you have made these poor children *black*, and now will you please make white people *kind* to them."



WINTER.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

THE ROSES HAVE FADED.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

THE roses have faded,
O sweet sister May!
The beautiful roses
Have withered away;
I searched long this morning
In each garden-bed,
But found them all lying
There, yellow and dead.

I sat down beside them
And bitterly cried,
To think my loved roses
Had faded and died.
O why should they perish,
Why sink to decay,
So fragrant and beautiful,
Sweet sister May?

Because, Bessie, darling,
Fair summer has gone,
And without her sweet presence
They cannot live on;
Their work having finished
God gave them to do,
He bade them lie down
With the last summer too.

Weep not, little darling,
They will come back again.
When winter has fled
With the frosts, snow, and rain,
And summer trips out
With her tresses of gold,
The sweet, blooming roses
Again you'll behold.

And you, like the roses,
Must soon fade and die,
In the cold, quiet grave
Must soon slumbering lie;
But to waken again
On that radiant shore
Where the sweet summer roses
Will bloom evermore.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

STICK TO IT!

Do you see that little boy across the way there? He cannot get the gate open. He tries the latch. It will not yield. He pushes, he pulls, he kicks, but without success. He walks back and forth, but there is no other way in. He will not give it up so. It is plain that he has made up his mind to get in.

And now, with all the rest, there comes the dog. "Bow wow, wow, wow!" he says very sharply. I wonder if he will bite? Why don't the boy go away now? He might tell his mother that he could not get in, and that the dog would bite him if he did.

But no, I see plainly that he is not going away with any such foolish excuse. There! he has opened the gate at last! How bravely he walks right in past that noisy dog! I wonder if he is not a bit afraid of him? One thing is certain, he is not going to let him scare him out of his errand. He rings the bell. What! he does not even go in. All that fuss just to deliver a message! Well, now, I like that little fellow. That's what I call real bravery. What a fine soldier he'd make! Yes, and he has perseverance too. He'll make a fine man in any good business. And as for being a soldier, I'm pretty certain he belongs to the "Try Company" already.

Three cheers for the "Try Company!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE CLOUDY.

Who is "Little Cloudy?"

Little Cloudy has a frown on her brow, a pout upon her lip, a tear in her eye, and a fretful word upon her tongue at least ten times in a day. Little Cloudy always carries a full "peck of troubles" in her pockets, and she sheds so many tears that if they all flowed into one channel I really believe they would turn a very tiny mill-wheel. Little Cloudy seldom laughs. She has very few friends, for the little folks love her just as they love a "stick tight," a sting-nettle, or a thistle. I pity Little Cloudy very much, don't you?

Do any of you know where Little Cloudy lives? If you do you may get her photograph and send it to me. Maybe I'll print it and maybe I won't.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE PROFIT OF LYING.



DO you know that lying is a sin that pays a *very great profit*? The liar gains a guilty conscience, the scorn of his friends, the anger of the great God, and a "portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

CYRUS, a heathen prince, used to say that by lying a man gained this—"Never to be believed when he speaks the truth."

Such are the *profits* of lying. Terrible profits, are they not? You don't think they are profits at all, eh? Well, I won't dispute with you about words. The things I have named grow on lies just as fruit grows on a tree. So, if you don't like the profits—*fruits* I mean—you mustn't grow the tree, you must not lie. Let your motto be, "I will never tell a lie. I will always tell the truth, even at the cost of property or life."

THE CORPORAL.

HAPPINESS.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.