

old Ma'am Screwface, down Whichway Lane; she is always grumbling. She grumbles about the weather, about her house, about trade, about people, and my! how she does grumble about us boys! She says 'boys are worse than the savage Injuns used to be.' It gives me fits to hear her talk. Guess I'll carry her some of the new medicine if I can find out what it is. What can it be that will cure grumbling?"

The remedy is very simple, Johnny. It consists of two well-known articles, one of which is to be taken in pretty large doses three times a day, and the other as much as the patient can bear every time the fit comes on.

"O that wout suit Ma'am Screwface," rejoins Johnny; "she'd grumble about the expense and wouldn't buy it."

No, Johnny, I don't think she would, for these medicines cost nothing, and the old lady can always keep them in the house if she chooses. They are called *prayer* and *singing*. If the old lady, or anybody else, will pray three times a day and begin to sing whenever a desire to grumble rises the cure is sure. The disease can't stand it. Prayer and singing will cure the worst case of grumbling ever known, Ma'am Screwface not excepted.

Who objects to my medicines for the cure of grumbling? They are certainly as sweet and as pleasant to take as they are cheap. Let every grumbler in my Advocate family try them and let me know the result. W.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

A GREAT many of the slaves in the southern part of the United States have been freed since the commencement of the rebellion. They run off to the Union lines whenever they can get a chance. And the United States government gives them food and clothing to make them comfortable; and in many places, as at New Orleans, La., Beaufort, S. C., and Newbern, N. C., the northerners have established schools for them and sent missionaries among them. It is no easy task to teach in these schools, but there are many ready to undertake it for the love of doing good. And the schools are filled with men, and women, and children all eager to learn, for when they were slaves they were not permitted to read. And they learn very fast, and show themselves as bright as anybody. The American Tract Society at Boston publishes a paper purposely for them, and in it is a story about a colored boy only six years old.

His teacher asked him if he loved God.

"O yes, missus, I love God a heap."

"What makes you love him?"

"Mammy says he gives me breath every day, and he helped us to run off from old massa. He give me good strong legs."

"Yes, John, God has been very kind to you and made you free, and sent you books and teachers. But how are you going to show your love to him?"

John stopped to think a minute and then said:

"I bring you flowers and eggs, and I'se going to give you some sweet 'taters when they's grown; but I can't give sich to God, can I?"

"No, my little boy. We have to show our love

to him in another way. I will tell you how, by trying to please him in all we do."

"Please him? How?"

"By doing just what he tells us to do, and by not doing what he forbids."

"O, well, I'd do that if I only knowed."

"He says you must never tell a lie. Will you mind that?"

"But I telled a lie to-day. I tore the book; but I was afeard you'd whip, so I telled you no."

"O that was very wicked; John, God was not pleased then."

"I'se sorry, but I didn't know. I'll never do so no more—never."

"And God says you must not steal. You must never take the least thing that belongs to another."

"Not a red cent?"

"No, nor a nut, nor a paper, nor anything."

"I wout then, never no more."

"And God says you must obey your parents. You must mind them the minute they speak, and never do what they tell you not to."

"Hi! reckon that's hard."

"No matter if it is hard. You must do it to please that good God who has been so kind to you. Will you try?"

"I'll try, right smart."

And John did try, and it was really wonderful to see the change in him. He prayed every day that God would help him do right, for, you know, we can do nothing without God's help. And the good Spirit was sent into his heart to teach him the right way. And he was a very happy boy, for God always makes those happy who try to please him and do his will. He says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

FLOWERS OF LIFE.

THE VIOLET.

HAVE you observed in spring-time

A small but welcome flower
Which blooms in shady places
Or in some rustic bower?
It seems to shrink from notice,
Beneath its leafy shields;
But you are sure to find it
By the sweet smell it yields.

The violet! ah, you know it,
The pretty, modest thing;
In town, as well as country,
Fair herald of the spring!
Tied up in tiny bunches,
The sick one's room it cheers,
And by its lovely perfume
Itself to all endears.

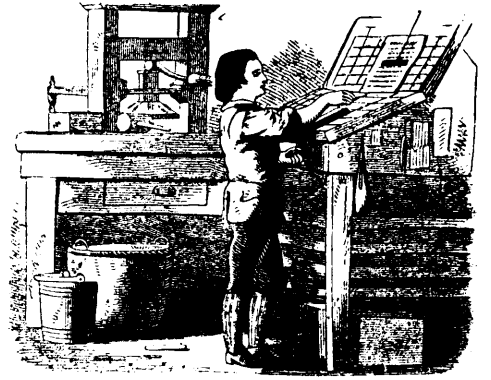
A shy, sweet little creature,
Gulleless in all her ways,
Our blue-eyed Lucy dreams not
How oft she winneth praise.
When strangers gaze upon her,
Close to our side she clings,
Unconscious of the fragrance
Which all around she flings.

By kind and loving actions,
By winning words and smiles,
She fills our home with gladness,
And every care beguiles.
Thus meek and unassuming,
All thoughts of self put low,
Our humble little Lucy
Does like the violet grow.

A MAN THAT SWALLOWED FIFTEEN COWS.

Just as I was passing a crowd that had collected together to listen to a working man who was addressing them, the speaker said: "I met a man the other day who had swallowed fifteen cows! You may think this strange," continued the speaker, "but I will tell you how it happened. When I first knew him he was very well to do in the world. He had a comfortable home, and a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows. But at length he took to drinking,

until first one cow went, then another, and another, and another, until at last, by the drink which he sold the cows to procure, he swallowed the whole fifteen, and he is now an inmate of an almshouse."



LITTLE JOSEPH.

LITTLE JOSEPH lost his parents when he was only seven years old. They had taken great care of him, and had taught him to fear God. He had been early told that he must work for his bread, and had learned the texts, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat;" and, "In all labor there is profit."

Little Joseph did not wish to beg, and so he tried to find work. He went into a printing-office, and said to the foreman, "Sir, I am very hungry. I have had scarcely anything to eat for two days; will you give me work?"

The foreman asked why his parents did not take care of such a little boy as he was.

"I have neither father nor mother," said poor Joseph.

"But what can you do, my poor child?"

"I can do anything you like, sir. I can run errands, and clean your boots, and do whatever you bid me."

"Well," said the printer, smiling, "there is sixpence; go and spend it for me."

The child hastened away and returned in a few minutes. He brought what he had been told to buy, and gave back a few halfpence which he had received in change.

"Have you anything more for me to do, sir?" said he, eagerly.

Touched by his honesty, and his anxiety to work, the foreman gave him something to eat, and told him to go into the work-room, which was then almost empty, as the workmen had not returned from dinner. The little boy began to sweep and clean it, to the best of his ability. When the printers returned, they were amused to see such a small boy at work; and when they heard his story, they were so sorry for him that several of them gave him money.

When the office was closed the child disappeared, but he returned early in the morning to begin his work. Surprised to see him, the foreman asked him where he had slept.

"I went," said Joseph, "to the houses of poor people, and I asked them if they would take me in for the night. At several places they refused me, but at last I found a kind woman who let me sleep in a corner on a little straw."

The honest answers of the child, his frankness, his gentleness, and his earnest desire to be useful, so interested the printer and his wife in his favor that by degrees they grew very fond of him, and at length took him to live in their own house.

Thus the poor orphan, who had trusted in God, was not forsaken by Him to whose care his parents had committed him; for the promise of God is sure: "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive."

It is now many years since Joseph became a printer, and he is now so skillful that he is able to earn good wages. He has never forgotten the lessons of his pious parents, and is a true Christian, as well as an excellent workman.