

As the squire trotted up to the gate Mr. Mortimer said, "Bring these little ones to my house to-morrow; I will find a book for them, and they shall have a run in the strawberry-beds."

O how they clapped their hands to think of to-morrow! Aunt Jane and Cousin Billy called on their way home. The cakes had been sold, but he had been left to take care of himself, and had lost his dime in the crowd; he was very tired, all over dust, and his face dirty with crying about his dime.

When they went to bed at night Ruth said to Lois, "How naughty I was to say that about mother! She is very good."

"Yeth," said Lois.

"If we had gone to the muster we shouldn't have seen Mr. Mortimer; and if she hadn't made us learn lessons he wouldn't have been pleased with us. I'm glad we haven't got aunt for a mother; ours is best."

"Yeth," said Lois.

"I'm glad we're not like Billy," but Lois was fast asleep, and Ruth soon followed her.

I hope she learned from that time to believe that her mother knew what was best for her—a lesson, by the way, that none of my readers should ever forget. Mothers are wiser than their children, and ought to be obeyed without grumbling.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WASHINGTON AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER.

THERE is probably not a boy or girl among all the readers of the Advocate that has not heard the story of George Washington and his hatchet. Perhaps they may not all be so well aware that throughout the whole of the public as well as the private life of this noble-minded man, truthfulness was one of the most prominent traits of his exalted character; and it secured him the entire respect and confidence of all who knew him. Even his enemies admired him, and men who in their prosperity abused him and tried to injure him, in their misfortunes came to him for assistance. He certainly did not think, as many boys seem to, that when they get to be men they will be obliged to lie and cheat in politics and in business. We need not wonder that his mother quietly remarked to some of her grand visitors who were praising the noble deeds of her son that she was not surprised at what he had done, for "he always was a good boy."

Washington had no children, but after bringing up the two children of Mrs. Washington by a former marriage, he adopted two of her grandchildren upon the death of their father. We have a pleasing instance of the truthfulness of one of these, a very pretty counterpart of the hatchet story.

After Washington had served two terms as President of the United States and refused another reelection, he retired to his beloved home at Mount Vernon. Miss Nelly, now a young girl in her teens, was charmed with the romantic wildness of the place, and it was her great delight to wander alone in the woods by moonlight. Her grandmamma considered this very injudicious, and after repeated remonstrances utterly forbade it. She would permit her to go with company, but not alone. For some time this injunction was respected, but one unlucky evening she transgressed again, and received from her grandmamma a severe lecture. Conscious that she deserved it, she made but little reply; and General Washington, who was present, was inclined to seek some excuse for her. Accordingly, as she was leaving the room, he suggested to Mrs. Washington that perhaps Nelly was not alone. The young lady heard this, and coming immediately back, she said modestly but firmly, "Sir, you have

taught me to speak the truth. When I told grandmamma that I was alone I hope you believed me. I was alone."

Washington in reply made a most profound bow. "My child," said he, "I beg your pardon."

AUNT JULIA.

A STORY IN RHYME.

O MANY years ago
In a country far away,
A little shepherd-boy went forth
To mind his sheep one day.

He was not very strong,
But he was kind and good,
And he gently led his flock along,
As careful shepherds should.

He led them where the grass
Was very nice and sweet;
And he chose a shady spot, because
They did not like the heat.

And when the evening came,
Still with his sheep he stayed;



He watched beside them all the night;
And did he feel afraid?

Yes; for, while watching there
So patiently all night,
He saw a fierce and hungry bear;
O what a dreadful sight!

Poor lad! what could he do?
For nobody was by;
He asked for help from God above,
And God soon heard his cry.

He gave him strength and skill,
Preserved him by his care,
And the brave shepherd-boy did kill
The fierce and hungry bear.

God saved the shepherd-boy,
And gave him courage too;
Then put your trust in God, dear child,
And he will succor you.

PAID IN YOUR OWN COIN.



GRANDMOTHER, I hate to go away from you; you like me and nobody else does. Last night George Redin and I had a quarrel. I struck him and he struck me. Nobody likes me."

Peter Jones said this as he was sitting on his trunk ready to start for home.

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother; "people generally do—a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate."

"I don't know but it is so," said Peter, looking very sorry, "but it is a poor sort of coin."

"How different it would be if your pockets were full of the *right sort* of coin," said grandmother.

"What kind?" asked Peter.

"The *coin of kindness*," said grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of *that sort* of coin, the more you paid away the more you'd get back, for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know; then how happy you would be."

"The coin of kindness," repeated Peter slowly; "that is a good coin, isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys they'd be kind to me."

"Just so," said grandmother.

Peter's own mother had died. After that he was sent to grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother; "carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy's mind. He wished he could be said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind and you'll be treated kindly; love and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him.

The next morning he arose early, as he was used to at grandmother's, and came down stairs, where, everything being new, he

felt very strange and lonely.

"I know I sha'n't be contented here," he said to himself, "I know I sha'n't. I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter went up to her and said:

"Mother, what can I do to *help* you?"

"My dear boy," she said, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help *you*? for I am afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother."

What a sweet kiss was that. It made him so happy. "That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter. Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, boys and girls, and you will never be in want.

MAKE A BEGINNING.

REMEMBER, in all things, that if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings-bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they furnish a beginning, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning!

THE greatest scandal in the world is the world's readiness to believe scandal.