

boys and girls, and how they should give their money to send the Bible to them so that they might learn about God and know how to pray to him.

"But," said he, "while you are helping them to pray you must not forget to pray for yourselves."

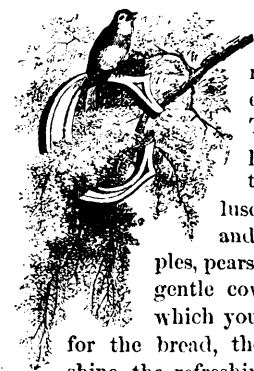
So he taught them a little prayer that he wanted them to use, not only at night and morning when they said their usual prayers, but they could use it all through the day at any time just when they thought of it. And if they were not alone where they could go and kneel down, they could use it in their hearts and God would hear it, for he knows all things and sees the thoughts of our hearts. And this was the prayer he taught them: "O God, for Christ's sake, give me thy Holy Spirit."

Now Lily was not a very good little girl. She knew that she often did what was wrong, and grieved her dear mother and displeased God. So she thought if she could pray this prayer, if she could have the Holy Spirit to help her, she could be a better girl. And she said this little prayer over to herself when she was alone a great many times, and at night when she awoke she said it over even with tears. And once, when some one heard her and asked what she was doing, she meekly told the truth, though she was very much afraid of being laughed at. But she knew that God was greater than man, and if he heard her it was not much matter what men thought about it, and so she kept on praying this little prayer in her heart. And God did hear her, and when she tried hard to be a good girl he helped her. And that made her happy, and her dear mother was very glad to see the change, and her little brothers and sisters learned to love her dearly, and she did them a great deal of good by the aid of the Holy Spirit.

Don't you think you had better learn to say that prayer too? A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FROM GOD COMETH EVERY GOOD AND PERFECT GIFT.



CHILDREN, do you often think of this? Do you realize that from God comes every blessing you receive? The gift of life, your kind parents, the food which sustains you, the berries in such luscious variety and abundance, and each in its season; the apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes; the gentle cows which yield milk, from which your butter is made, the wheat for the bread, the vegetables, the soft sunshine, the refreshing rain, the beautiful flowers, all, all are furnished by that bountiful Father in heaven who loves you so and who asks nothing in return but *your* love and obedience.

His commands are easy to obey, and are all intended for your good.

You should praise God all you can. See the birds! They praise God when they flit so merrily among the dancing leaves, filling the air with their joyful songs. O this is a beautiful, beautiful world! It is our bad actions that make the trouble we find here. If we were good and innocent like the birds, loving God above all, loving one another, helping one another, avoiding all strife, checking all evil thoughts, doing all the good in our power, then we might be happy as the day is long. If we would obey God there would be but little trouble or misery in this life. There would be no hungry, suffering children. All the rich would help the poor, the strong would help the weak, and all would walk joyfully together along the strait and narrow path which leads to heaven and to our Lord Jesus Christ. Pray that the blessed day soon may come when we shall obey God in all things. C. P. W.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BILDAD: SCHOOLBOY AND SOLDIER.

TWENTY years ago Bildad was led to school by his grandmother, and sat on a low front seat in a school-house in the country and learned his letters. He was only four years old then, but I never knew a child who would tell falsehoods with the ease of that little boy: with such an innocent countenance, so indignant too that you should doubt his truth! He told his teacher no less than three or four lies at one time about a grasshopper he had in his pocket. For you must know his mother had not only never taught him that it is very unmanly, and mean, and wicked to tell a lie, but she encouraged him in it. So he was not at all like George Washington, of whom you have read so often, who said he *could not tell a lie*, though he expected to be blamed for hacking his father's beautiful cherry-tree and killing it; and who afterward would not deceive his mother when she inquired for her favorite, a spirited colt, which he and his young companions had had the misfortune to kill in their attempt to mount him.

You will now be prepared to hear that Bildad has not proved himself in the army any such man as General Washington was. For at the commencement of the late war he entered the Union army. He had leave of absence, however, on excuse of illness, and as he was going home the company in which he served sent by him some tokens of regard to the widow of their captain, who had fallen in battle. They also sent a handsome watch which had belonged to him, and a small amount of money. But the young man never delivered these articles, and even strongly denied that they were sent by him. I do not know what was done about it, or what has become of the young man; but I cannot help thinking what a different young man he would have made if he had been a truthful boy at school, scorning to tell a lie even to save himself from punishment. For a noble, open, truth-telling boy will not be likely to become a false, deceitful man. UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I TALKED TO MYSELF."

POOR little Ned, how his teeth did ache! He bore it a long time rather than have the dentist perform any of his cruel operations. One day, however, that much-dreaded individual was at his father's house fixing some teeth for his mother. He came in the morning, and Neddie's father told him

that he had better make up his mind to have his rotten teeth extracted before the dentist left. So all day long he had it to dread, and the more he thought of it the more he thought that he *couldn't*, as many older people have done.

At last the dentist was through with his other work. "Come, my little boy," said he to Neddie, "I'm ready to attend to you now."

Neddie's heart came into his mouth with a jump as he looked at the bright, cold, cruel steel instruments lying ready.

"If you are afraid the dentist may give you chloroform," said his father.

Neddie left the room, saying that he would be back in a few moments.

"*Coward!*" I hear you saying. Just wait a bit, if you please. Soon he returned, walked straight for the great arm-chair, seated himself, laid his head back, and opened his mouth. His father came and held his head while the dentist quickly cut around the offending teeth. Then he placed his instrument on the tooth. Yerk! But no, it was a hard one and did not start. Neddie grasped the arms of the chair *hard* to keep from screaming. In a moment there was another stronger instrument on the tooth, and with a twist and yerk, out it came. Neddie clasped his hands to his mouth while the tears came to his eyes. Poor boy! He spit once or twice, then leaning back his head, shut his eyes and opened his mouth for another pull, for there was one more to come, and an ugly one too. This time at the first pull it came—twist, yerk, *creak!* Neddie thought that his head was coming off, *sure*. No, indeed! It was only the tooth, and it *was out!* The worst was over, but the poor jaws ached terribly. (Pity that some *talkative* one could not feel a *little* of it when they keep *their* jaws going so fast!)

The dentist took a bottle from his trunk, and pouring a little of the contents into a drinking-glass, filled it with water and handed it to Neddie, telling him to take it into his mouth, as it would take out the soreness. For the first time since the operation Neddie spoke, "What is it?"

"Only a little rum and water."

"I'm a Cadet of Temperance, sir, and I would rather that my mouth *should* ache than take rum into it!" said the noble boy, and he took clear, pure cold water.

After his mouth got easier his father asked him why he left the room just before the operation.

"Why, I went out and *talked* to myself. I said, 'Now, you have got two bad teeth in your head that *must* come out *some time*. Better now than when they get sorer, and save the pain besides.' Then I asked God to help me bear the pain, and then I came in and sat right down."

Was he not a noble boy? He had good sense, he had courage, and he went to the right place for help to bear the pain. Dear reader, do you go to the same place for help?

COUSIN GENEIE BELMONTE.

CHILD FAITH.

A LADY had taken a homeless little girl to bring up as her own. When the hard times came last year, the lady, who is not at all rich, was afraid she could not sustain so large a family. One day she told the little girl that perhaps she would have to get her another home, if she could find a good place. "No, mother," answered the child, "you won't have to send me away; God will give you something, so you can keep me; I know he will."

The mother thought no more of it at the time, but a little while after, hearing a sound up stairs, she opened the door and listened. It was the girl at prayer.

"O God, good God, do send mother something, so she can keep me; I don't want to go away. O, good God, do send mother something!"

Pretty soon she came down stairs with a very