

If you are ever asked to disobey your parents, say "No!"

If you are ever tempted to use wicked words, say "No!"

Whenever you are enticed to do any wrong, say "No!" Say it firmly, and stick to it.

If you always say "no" to temptation and "yes" to God's commands, then when you knock at the gate of heaven and ask, "May I come in for Jesus's sake?" Jesus will reply, "Yes, you have trusted, loved, and obeyed me. You can come in and dwell with me forever."

That will be nice, won't it? If you want it to be so mind and say "no" to temptation.

SAY "No."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

IS IT A "LOW BUSINESS?"

DEAR CHILDREN,—I heard a voice one day saying to me, "Don't you think Mr. Wise is in rather *low* business making himself so intimate with children, writing to and receiving letters from them all the while? I should think an editor would want to be more thought of."

"O no, indeed," cried I, quite touched at the insult offered our kind friend, "I think Brother Wise is acting a glorious and honorable part, while he is obeying his Master's words, 'Feed my lambs.'"

It will be shown to the world, and angels too, by and by, who are the honored ones. O may we all, with our dear editor, be among them. Lord Jesus, help us!

M. A.

I am obliged to M. A. for his defense of my work. He may tell his friend that I would rather commune with my children through the S. S. Advocate than wear a bishop's miter, command an army, or sit in the presidential chair.

THE SOLDIER'S DYING FAREWELL.

THE following lines were found in a soldier's Testament by Rev. A. K. Burnell. The soldier had exchanged it for one with a larger type while on his death-bed. The lines are very touching:

"On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay;
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
Till the breaking of the day.
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again, I seem to roam.

"He to whom you taught me, mother,
On my infant knee to pray,
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,
When the vision passed away.
In the gray of morning, mother,
Comrades bore me to the town;
From my bosom tender fingers
Washed the blood that trickled down.

"I must soon be going, mother,
Going to the home of rest;
Kiss me as of old, mother,
Press me nearer to your breast.
Would I could repay you, mother,
For your faithful love and care;
God uphold and bless you, mother,
In the bitter woe you bear.

"Kiss me for my little brother,
Kiss my sister, loved so well,
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell.
Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country,
All from love to her and God.

"Leaning on the merit, mother,
Of the One who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom, mother—
Hark! I hear the angels call.
Don't you hear them singing, mother?
Listen to the music's swell!
Now I leave you, loving mother—
God be with you! Fare you well!"



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"IT DOESN'T PAY."

A YOUNG lad was walking very quickly along the street with his eyes down and one hand in his pocket, and he was shaking his head and muttering to himself, "It doesn't pay! No, it doesn't pay!"

"Who is it? What is he talking about?" said one who met him. "I'll get in his path there and make him look up. It is bad enough to have business men get lost in a brown study and talk to themselves—why, I declare, it is Charlie Reed! but I should hardly know him. Why, Charlie, where is that frank, happy smile you always carry? What has happened to you?"

"O it has cost me that too, has it? I was just saying it did not pay. Well, I am very much ashamed, but come this way and I'll tell you all about it."

They turned down a quiet cross street and Charlie took out a nice pear from his pocket, and placing it in the hand of his companion, said:

"There, I have been getting that pear and I have paid too dear for it. It is a bad bargain."

"Why, Charlie, that is a real Bartlett, worth at least five cents. What did you pay for it?"

"Indeed, I paid no money at all, but I paid what is worth far more. I wonder I never thought of it in that light before, but we boys don't often have five cents that we can afford to spend for a pear, and then, besides, they all think it is something cute to rob Goldie, that is the fruit man just around on the avenue there. He keeps a great deal of fruit out in front, but there is always some one on the look-out, and the boys generally get caught if they try to pick up any of it."

"But I did not think that you would stoop to such a trick as that, Charlie."

Charlie's cheek crimsoned with shame.

"I never did before, sir," said he, "and I did not think of doing it now till I was passing this morning and saw that no one was on the look-out. I had often wished for one of these pears, and I just picked it up and put it right in my pocket; but I felt so mean and thief-like when I got to the corner and glanced back to see if any one was after me—yes, after me for stealing—that I just made up my mind that it doesn't pay. Why, sir, I have lost my self-respect, I have broken the laws of God and man; my parents would be grieved about it, and all my friends that I care most about would despise me if they knew it, and, as you say, it makes a difference in my looks already. Why, sir, I'd work days and days to regain all I have lost. But then I was just thinking when I met you that several days' work

would bring me money enough to buy ever so many pears, and here I have only one pear, which I would have to go into a corner to eat, and choke it down at that. And I just made up my mind that it doesn't pay."

"But, Charlie, you know that most persons would consider it only a trifle."

"Just the reason why I should not pay so much for it then. I don't know any sum of money that would tempt me to sell my good name or my peace of mind, much less would I part with them for a paltry pear. So now I'm going right back to give Mr. Goldie his pear, and think myself happily rid of it. And if I am ever tempted again to take what does not belong to me, I shall remember that 'it doesn't pay.'"

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DON'T KNOW HOW TO PRAY!

Two little girls, whose pious mother had taught them to pray, had an irreligious father. One day one of them asked the question, "Does papa pray?"

"No, dear," was the reply.

"O isn't that wicked!" was the quick response.

The sister indignantly took it up. "No," said she, "papa is not wicked; he don't know how to pray!"

The first speaker stood thoughtfully for a few moments and then said gently, "I wonder why papa's mother did not teach him to pray?"

Ah, there is the root of the matter! Be thankful, little readers, if you have praying mothers, and remember to pray when you are grown up. But if your parents do not pray, there is so much the more need that you should pray for them and yourself too. And, now-a-days, we have Sunday-schools where all may learn how to pray, even those little neglected children whose mothers' knee was never made their praying-place. Ask your teacher to teach you, and then seek out some quiet place and ask God to help you, for it is a sad thing to grow up without knowing how to pray.

THE CROSS SCISSORS.



HY must we always keep together, fastened up tight by that tiresome screw?" so cried one of the two sides of a pair of scissors. "How much more work could we do apart! Each of us has a sharp point, each has a round ring at the end to hold a finger

or thumb, and each has an edge for cutting. We don't care to

keep together; we don't choose to keep together. If we can't get rid of that screw, we'll be as wide apart as we can!"

So the two points of the scissors were stuck out on each side as wide as they could go, and so were the two round rings. But the silly pair of scissors soon found out what a great mistake had been made. Some silk was placed between the two points, which it was their duty to divide; but it was very clear that no cutting could be done while they remained apart. "After all, I can't get on without you," said the right side to the left.

"Let us kiss and be friends," said the left hand to the right. So the two rings touched, and the two tips kissed, and the silk was divided with ease.

Little brothers and sisters, who do not love or help one another, who like to keep as much apart as you can, both in your work and your play, remember the story of the scissors! Be glad of the tie that binds you; join little hands, join little hearts, so your work will be done more quickly and your play more merrily enjoyed!