

I can hear her pious counsels,  
And can see her pleasant smiles,  
When we sat beside the fireplace  
Looking at the painted tiles!

So I think a book of pictures,  
By some careful hand compiled,  
Is the parent's best assistant  
In the teaching of the child.

For a picture sends its meaning  
Through the eyesight to the brain,  
Where it makes a deep impression,  
Scarce to be effaced again.

The days of Dutch tiles have passed away, and the era of picture books and papers has come. We hope you will profit as much by our picture stories as Master Philip Doddridge did by his mother's talks about the quaint old pictures on those old-fashioned Dutch tiles. F. F.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### Bobolink.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Do you see Bobolink?  
He sits on the fence,  
Pretending to think,  
Like a bird of some sense.

But only one moment,  
Before you can wink,  
He swings on the willow,  
And shouts "Bobolink."

Such a fellow for fun!  
Such a mixture of notes!  
You would think that they came  
From a dozen bird throats.

Now, deep in the dingle,  
With merriest strain,  
He rouses the echoes,  
Again and again.

Then, perched on a tree-top,  
Or far up the hill,  
He pipes his gay carol;  
He cannot keep still.

Ah, birdie, bright birdie,  
So glad and so free,  
You bring the fresh gladness  
Of life back to me.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### It Stings.

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, "It stings! it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower, how could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee in search of a dinner had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking nectar from it most heartily, when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So being vexed with the child he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with harts-

horn, and when the pain was gone she said, "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that 'many pretty things have very sharp stings.'"

Let every child in my *Advocate* family make a note of this—MANY PRETTY THINGS HAVE VERY SHARP STINGS. It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay; but he learned to swear there, and thus that pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing. He drank it, and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious Bartlett pear from a basket and ate it. "Have you eaten one?" asked her mother. Fearing she should not get another if she said yes, she said "no," got another pear, and then felt so stung that she could not sleep that night.

Thus, you see, sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply too. It stings fatally. The Bible says "the sting of death is sin."

If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus with it, and he will cure. After that, never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### You Can't Catch it.

You can't catch it, boys or girls. You may be as fleet of foot as the antelope, or you may fly as on the wings of an eagle, yet you cannot overtake it.

Cannot overtake what?

The bad word which has passed your lips! It fled to heaven, and wrote itself on the book of God. You can't catch it.

The wicked deed you performed. It soared to the judgment, and was stereotyped on the memory of the Judge. You can't catch it.

The sinful thought you indulged. Its image was caught by the light of God's eye, and photographed on the roll of your history. You can't catch it.

Beware then, O my children, what you think, what you do, what you say. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

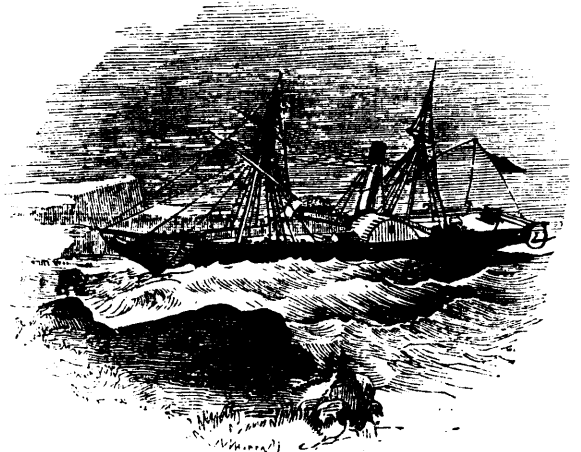
### The Life-Boat.

ONE cold, dreary, stormy night in January a large emigrant ship from Germany was nearing the port of New York, to which she was bound. She had on board a large number of passengers, many of them consisting of families who had left the shores of the old world to find a home in the new, bringing with them all the treasure they had in the world. As they drew near to their journey's end, they felt glad in the hope of soon being on shore, and once more finding a home. But when the skies became dark, and the storm came on, the wind rising in fury, the captain's heart began to fail him because of fear. He knew the dangers of the coast, for he had crossed the ocean many times, and on one occasion had barely escaped being wrecked on the shore toward which the storm was driving them.

But the brave man made all the preparations he could for the storm, being determined to do his duty, and, if possible, outlive the gale. Toward midnight the storm increased. The good ship was tossed about by the strong waves as a child would toss a ball. Ere long the vessel was completely disabled, and no human power could save her from drifting before the gale. On, on she went, rearing and plunging like a frightened horse, and every moment getting nearer the shore. At last the shock

came. Her keel struck the sands, and the white breakers dashed over her. A wail of hopeless agony went up from all on board at the fearful prospect of death before them.

When the day dawned the situation of the ship was discovered by some fishermen who had come down to the beach. They saw the forms of men,



women, and children clinging to the rigging. They heard their loud cries for help, and at once set to work to save life. No common boat could live in such a sea. But not far off there was a life-boat. It was made of thin sheets of metal, and there was a hollow place between the inside and the outside which was filled with air, and there were also air chambers at either end. This was to make it float, even though full of water.

The brave fishermen quickly brought the life-boat to the beach and shoved it off, willing to risk their own lives to save those of others. In a moment they were wet to the skin; but they pulled on, while the people on the ship encouraged them with cheers. O how they watched that little boat as it danced upon the waters, for they knew that all their hope was in that. Once they thought the fishermen lost, as they seemed to disappear beneath the waves. But they had only been hidden for a moment by a breaker which dashed over them. Nearer and nearer they came to the disabled ship.

At length they were on board. They fastened one end of a stout rope to the ship's bow, and taking as many passengers as their life-boat would hold, they returned to the shore, carrying the coil of rope with them. They reached the beach in safety, and fastened the other end of the rope to a large stake firmly driven in the ground, and thus were able to guide their life-boat back and forth, until all on board the ship were brought to the shore.

Thus does the Gospel of Christ save poor sinners. Sin has ruined the world just as the storm drove the emigrant ship on shore. The Gospel comes like a life-boat, bounding over the billows, and all are invited through it to be saved. Men, women, children, all may come, for provision has been made for all, and all are invited.

Children who are old enough to feel themselves sinners ought at once to seek after salvation. If you feel the danger in which sin has placed you, just as the poor wrecked emigrants felt their danger, remember that the Gospel invites you to come to Jesus, the children's friend.

### Manners.

They asked Lukeman, "Of whom didst thou learn manners?" He replied, "From the unmanly. Whatever I saw them do which I disapproved of, that I abstained from doing."

FLOWERS! the brightest, fairest things left in our fallen world, who can calculate their influence upon the human heart!