

call a story and say it was good when it was not, and so she took the bitter cup in both little fat hands and drank it off, shivering all over after it, and then said quickly:

"Me wont tell oo!"

I burst out laughing, and as she stood before me waiting for me to begin with her hair, looking in my face with such sturdy defiance as much as to say, "I guess you'll mind your own business next time," I could not stop laughing.

I thought it as ingenious a reply as that of the Quaker, who, when asked an uncivil question, answered, "Friend, does thee want to know?" And when the bright head came from under my hands, shaking its wet curls as a pretty Spaniel shakes his long ears on coming out of the water, I led the little brave into the school-room and told all the other scholars of the heroic deed she had performed, and amid a great deal of laughter and the bestowal of much candy upon the heroine, it was agreed that we should all hereafter know what to say when we had to take bitter medicine, and Lucy Lovefun got a hint to apply the remedy to her bad lessons. Instead of going about whining over them, she had better, when asked if they were hard, sit down to them with both hands over her ears and say, "Me wont tell oo whether they are hard or not till I've learned them!" and Peter Crybaby was told that he had better wipe his eyes over that spelling-lesson, and when John Toosmart asked if he couldn't woot it, say, "Friend, does thee want to know?"

Finally, it was settled that from the mouth of a babe we had learned wisdom, and I hope the readers of the S. S. Advocate will think about it, and declare that when they have an unpleasant duty to do they will do it as bravely as little Sarah did, without stopping to think whether it is agreeable or not, if it only be right. You see that little Sarah, babe that she was, obeyed the Bible rule of doing things: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Did it not require "might" for that precious little one to raise to her lips the bitter cup? I think it did. I have often thought of it, and it has done me good when I have recalled the picture of the cunning little evader of unpleasant truth, yet the truth's best champion in deed if not in word. I heard from her not long since, and the word was that she was growing up to be a most sensible and studious young girl, and I prayed that God would bless her and make her a good and useful woman.

E. H.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

A RICH MAN'S SONS.

I READ the other day of a rich man who was as wise as he was wealthy, which is a rare thing. He had three sons to whom he gave his riches before he died. Having given each his portion, he said:

"Now, I have one diamond left. It is very precious. I will give it to either of you who will do a noble deed."

Each of these young men wanted the diamond. So they left their home for a few weeks and sought to do something noble. On their return their father said to the eldest:

"Well, my son, what have you done?"

"During my absence," replied the young man, "a stranger intrusted to me his property and I faithfully restored him all."

"That," replied his father, "was only an act of justice. You would have been a great rogue if you had done otherwise."

The second son now stepped forward and said, "I was near the water and saw a boy drowning. I pulled him out and saved his life."

"That," replied his father, "was only an act of common humanity. You would have done as much for a dog. There was nothing noble in that."

The youngest son now came forward and said, "I saw my enemy lying asleep on the edge of a precipice. I awoke him gently and pointed out his danger."

"That," said the father, "was a noble act. Take the diamond."

Was that father right, think you, in giving the diamond to the youngest son? Members of the Try Company, sit on the case and send me your judgment.

THE CORPORAL.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

CHURCH-LOVING ALFRED.

- I HAVE a reader who don't like to go to Church. She skulks whenever she can. Indeed, she often pretends to be sick when she is as hearty as her father's fat oxen. That is lying, of course, but what does she care? A girl or boy who don't love to go to church is very likely to be a lover of sin and wrong-doing.

Very unlike to that girl was Alfred B., who, when getting well of a cold, looked into his mother's face one day and said very earnestly:



"Mother, I shall soon be able to go to church three times on a Sunday, sha'n't I?"

Which of these children is *right*? Which has the smile of Jesus? You know, my dear children, as well as I do, and you know which example you ought to copy. If you have Alfred's spirit, instead of shunning God's house you will always love to be there, and, like the royal shepherd, will often be saying:

"For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

W.

TEN FRIENDS.

"I wish that I'd good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis with a yawn.

"Good friends! why, you've ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said the master.

Dennis looked down on his big strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say that you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

LITTLE JANE AND HER BROTHER.

NEAR sunset on a summer's eve, on rambling up a lane, I met a child who told me that her name was "little Jane." I love to talk with children, so, tarrying a while, I thus addressed the maiden as I sat upon the stile:

"Dear child," said I, "how is it that thus lonely here you stray?"

Have you no little brother to come out with you to play?" A glance that pierced me through the heart shot from her starlike eyes,

A pearly tear bedewed her cheek; I gazed in sad surprise.

"I have a little brother, sir," 'twas thus the maid replied, "He went to heaven—a happy place—but mother said he died."

No, mother, no, he is *not* dead—he is not dead, said I; For Jesus said, 'He that believes in me shall never die.'

"William believed his Saviour, and I've often heard him say

He'd rather think of Jesus than he'd pass his time at play. Can you, sir, tell me where to go that I may Jesus find? I'm sure he'd take me in his arms, he is so good and kind.

"With him my little brother *lives*—my brother is not *dead*—But lives in heaven with Him by whom the little lambs are fed.

Before he went he gave to me his playthings and his books, He kissed me, and so happy seemed, I can't forget his looks.

"He was so glad to go away, and said it was no pain,

To leave us for a little while, for we should meet again.

And yet, kind sir, I often cry, I am so much alone;

I fear he has forgot me quite, so long he has been gone.

"I know he's happy where he is, and do not wish him here.

Please, sir, is heaven a long way off, or is it very near?"

Could I just go and speak to *him*, then back to mother come,

He knows so many pretty hymns, I'm sure he'd sing me some.

"In heaven the happy angels sing—in heaven they all rejoice:

And then I know his Saviour hears my little brother's voice.

I sing his hymns, I love his way, his Saviour mine shall be;

And then he may say, 'Suffer little Jane to come to me.'

"And when I go I'll ask if I—" "Dear child," said I,

"forbear."

I descended from the stile and I breathed a fervent prayer,

That He who doth *all* blessings, unto those that ask, impart,

Would be pleased with his grace divine to touch this youthful heart.

So, parting from the child, I said, "God bless you, little Jane:"

And 'twill be long ere I forget my ramble up the lane. May all who read this artless tale of simple faith and love Be brought to seek the Saviour here and dwell with him above.

THE PEBBLE POLISHED.

A MAN walking on the beach picked up a stone, and after examining it carefully, placed it in his bag and carried it away.

"What do you want with that common pebble?" asked a stranger standing by. "It looks to me like any other stone of the shingle."

"Wait until to-morrow," replied the finder.

Then he took it home, and cut, and ground, and polished it; and then it appeared a costly agate of true value, and the stranger purchased it for a large price.

Never despise polished manners or neatness of appearance. A character of truest worth is often mistaken when these are neglected.

THE GRAVE QUESTION.

"WHAT word is the longest of all?" asked a wise man of a student. The student took his dictionary but could not answer. "Then I will tell thee," responded the other; "it is *ETERNITY*. Canst thou better tell me what word is the shortest of all?" he continued. And the other man was silent still. "The shortest word is *now*," said the wise man, "for it lasts but for a second. Let these remind thee that *now* is the quickly fleeting time in which to prepare for eternity!"