

wish you to be happy. All their toil by day and night is for you. And when they ask or command anything of you, your happiness is bound up in your obedience, because they cannot ask, command, or prohibit anything of you but what is essential to your good. Their love for you makes this positive.

2. They have more knowledge of men and things, have more experience and age, and are, therefore, better prepared to say what is best for you; in other words, what will be most likely to make you happy. So that their love for you is added their wisdom and experience in directing you in the road to happiness.

3. For these reasons *God commands* you to obey your parents, and only promises the blessing to the obedient. "Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Now don't you think God and your parents love you better than any one else? And don't you think they know best what you ought to do? And will you not forever hereafter obey without a murmur? God help you all to do so. H. J. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ROSES AND CHILDREN.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

WHITE and crimson roses
Climbing on the wall,
Clinging to the network
Of the trellis tall,
Lift their pure sweet faces
To the evening dews,
Through the shaded dwelling
Spicy scents diffuse.

So do pleasant children
Grace a quiet home,
With their living beauty
Filling every room;
In the time of sorrow
Comforters they prove,
While they crown our pleasures
With the charm of love.

But along the rose-stalk
Grows the ugly thorn;
In the childish bosom
Wicked thoughts are born.
Each, its bent pursuing
Doth the wrong disclose,
Marring thus the beauty
Of both child and rose.

Let the sharp thorns flourish
On the pliant stem—
But the little children,
God hath need of them.
Bring the lambs to Jesus,
Lead them where he trod,
Love the little children,
Train them up for God.

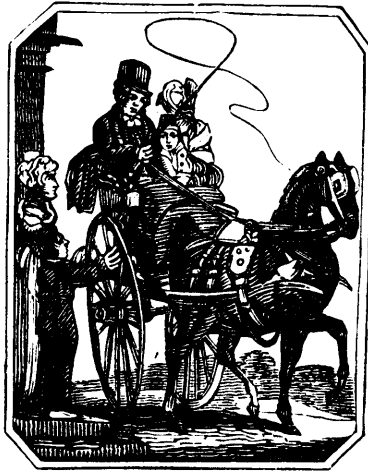
For the Sunday-School Advocate.

YOUR LIBRARY BOOK.

Don't you think it a fine idea to have a book to bring home to read every week from Sunday-school? Yes, I know you do, but I hear Tommy saying in a low tone that he would like it better if he could bring it home to keep. Ah, would you? So would the uncivilized Indians. I once heard a missionary teacher say that when she first introduced a library into her Sunday-school she had great difficulty in making the Indians understand the advantages of bringing the books back when they had read them to exchange them for others. In spite of all she could say, they would keep the books. Of course, this spoiled the library, and each one had only the reading of his own book. How would you like that?

Tommy does not wish to be compared to the Indians, eh? Well, then he must not be like them. Perhaps he would like it no better to be told that he is thirty or forty years behind the age. But I heard a gentleman say the other day that when he was a lad they had no books in Sunday-school to lend. They gave a few little rewards occasionally,

which, as Tommy says, the children were permitted to keep. But you get rewards now, and library books besides. I wish I knew who first got up a lending library in Sunday-school; I'd tell you his name, and we would raise a book monument to his memory. But this I know, that the first libraries that were put into Sunday-schools were not so nice as ours, because they could not get such books as we have to put into them. There were very few suitable books made for children, and after they had got all they could find of these, they put in old books and big books, books in fine print and books in coarse paper, and books with words so big that you could not get them out of your mouth, and sentences so long that you would get them all tangled up in trying to get through them. And then the illustra-



tions! Why, the figures in them looked like wooden dolls whittled out with a jack-knife. We have a few of those old books yet, and I have selected one of the cuts and contrasted it with one of our new



ones to show you the difference. It has fairly made my head ache to look over the frightful things.

The Youth's Library, now published in the Methodist Book Concern, was commenced in 1832 with a collection of fifty volumes. You that are quick at figures can tell how long ago that was. And during that time it has grown to seven hundred and thirty-nine volumes. Some time later the A Library was commenced. This contains little books for Sunday-scholars that have just commenced to read; and the B Library is for those a little further advanced. There are about two hundred and forty as pretty little books as need be in each of these libraries. Then there is the Young People's Library, which is for the grown-up scholars, and the Adult

Library for the teachers. So there are over thirteen hundred library books, besides reward books, and question books, and lesson books, so many that if you reckon them up nicely you will find that they have given you more than one book every week for all that long time. And it costs no small amount of labor to get up one such book. The author must write it, and the editor must read it and correct it, and the engraver must make cuts for it, and the compositor must set the type, and the proof-reader and editor must read the proof-sheets, and the pressman must print it, and the binder must bind it. Then your friends must collect money and send to the publishers and buy it, and the steamboats or railroads must carry it. All this and a great deal more in order to get library books for you to read. Ah, selfish Tommy, to want the book all to himself! AUNT JULIA.

THE DISCONTENTED NEEDLE.

LITTLE ELLEN had been given a long seam to do, and she had got out the neat work-box which her aunt had given her, and had threaded her needle and tacked her work, and left it all ready to commence when she came in from her morning walk.

"O," said the needle, "did anybody ever see such a long seam before! I am sure my back will be broken before I reach the end of it. Was there ever such a hard fate as mine, to be obliged to carry this long thread through this stiff calico so many hundred times; it quite frightens me to think of it. Why, when I have been through fifty times I shall have only come a little way, and how shall I ever reach the end?"

Then the good-natured thimble looked out of its little case and said:

"My dear friend, I will do all I can to help you, by pushing you through the holes; but if you will take my advice, you will not stop to count how many stitches you have done or how many more you have got to do, but just go on doing them as fast and as neatly as you can, and you will be quite surprised to find how soon the seam will be finished."

The needle took the good advice, and went on as swiftly and easily as possible to the end of the long seam. Then Ellen folded up her work and took it to her mother, who said, "How fast your needle has been going all this afternoon, my dear; you have finished your work very well and quickly."

Ellen looked pleased with her mother's praise, but neither of them knew of the wise counsel which the thimble had given to the needle.

STEPPING-STONES.

"HEIGH-HO! a weary life I lead of it," thought Martha Bean as she crossed the brook carrying home her milk-pail. "I'm sure 'tis work, work, from morning till night; I might as well be an African slave. There's poor mother crippled with the rheumatism, not able to rise from her chair without help, much less to look after the half a dozen children that my brother has landed upon us, so all the trouble and nursing and work come on me. I'm sure that to be kept awake half the night with a squalling baby, when I've to labor hard all the day, is enough to drive a girl wild. It's never a holiday I get; and as for a new dress or bonnet, where's the money to buy it, with all those children to feed and clothe? It's a weary life," Martha repeated as she entered the cottage where her sick mother sat wrapped up in flannels by the fire, with the baby asleep in a cradle beside her. Mrs. Bean was weak and full of aches and pains, but from those gentle lips no murmur ever was heard.

"Well, Martha, you're home early," she said, greeting her daughter with a smile.

"Yes, mother, because I have not now that long way to go round by the bridge."

"It was an excellent plan of the squire to put those convenient stepping-stones across the river," said Mrs. Bean.

Martha set down her pail on the brick-paved floor,