

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

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For the S. S. Advocate.

THE BROKEN GLASS.

ONE day, when David was going to the store on an errand, a friend of his mother's gave him a peach. As peaches were very plenty, and it would be no rarity to those at home, he ate it while standing in the store waiting to be served. This was well enough, but instead of going to the door and throwing away the stone, he tried to throw it out from where he stood. But it went against a pane of glass and broke it. When the merchant asked who broke the glass, David answered that he did it, for he was a truthful boy.

But when he learned that he must pay for the glass he was in great trouble. He had no money, and he did not like to tell his father about the broken glass for fear of his displeasure. So he put it off, but the longer he waited the worse he felt, and at last he summoned courage and went and told his father of the accident. His father received him very kindly, and gave him money to pay for the glass. Then what a change there was in his feelings! "Were I to live a thousand years," said this little boy afterward when telling the story, "I could never forget the load that was taken off my heart when I had confessed to my father what I had done, and he said, 'Well, my son, I will give you money to pay for it.' I felt like another person. My heart fairly leaped for joy when I heard the kind tones of my father's voice."

He saw then that he had been very foolish to wait so long, and he made up his mind that he would never do so again. If anything troubled him he would go to his father or his mother at once and confess it all. And if our earthly parents are so kind, how much more will our heavenly Father forgive us and pay our debts for us when we make our confessions unto him. And let us remember, too, that the longer we wait the more trouble we make for ourselves. Jesus is ready even now to say, "I have paid the debt for thee. Go in peace and sin no more." J.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

GLEEFUL CHILDREN.

THESE children are having a merry time of it under the greenwood-tree. They enjoy their game of bo-peep hugely. That is right. Children, good ones I mean, ought to be happy. Why should they be otherwise?

Children remind me of the flowers, for, like those pretty things, they are beautiful, fragile, and free from care. I love to look in the clear eye and upon

the smooth, plump, rosy cheeks of a child just as I do upon a rose, a lily, or a fuschia. I love to see its careless joy, because, like the flower, it knows no care. It lives, and grows, and laughs, and sings, fearless of want or hurt. It trusts pa, and ma, and God for all it needs. O happy, happy child!

Children ought to be happy. Why? Because they are so dearly loved. Pa and ma love them. They love each other. Grandpa and grandma love them. Uncles and aunts love them. Better than all, Jesus loves them. From his throne in heaven he looks down with smiling face and says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thus love, pure, careful, gentle love, meets children everywhere. Ought they not to be happy?

Play on, then, O happy children! Let your harmless laughter ring out upon the ears of careworn men and women. Be merry, my little ones, but O be good! Sin will spoil your laughter and turn it into grief. Be good, therefore, and then your joy will last forever. Your faces will grow old and your bodies feeble, but goodness will keep your hearts young and fresh forever. X.

For the S. S. Advocate.

MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND OLD FOLK.

I READ the other day of a medicine that is said to be a sure cure for a disease which is very common all over the land. I guess that many of

my readers often have it. Some of them have it very badly I fear. What is it?

Well, it is something worse than the toothache, the headache, the rheumatism, or the gout. It is very painful, and the patient gives a good deal of trouble. What do you think it is? You can't think, eh?

Here, Miss Talkative, let me whisper its name in your ear. It is the disease of grumbling.

"Ha, ha, how funny!" cries Johnny Merriman. "Grumbling! Why, it's worse than fits. There's