

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LETTIE'S MISTAKE.

WHEN Lettie was five years old she went to the funeral of a little playmate. She had been told that this would be her last opportunity of seeing little Freddy's remains. She came home with tears in her eyes, saying sadly, "O, mamma, I did not see little Freddy after all."

"Why not, my child?" inquired her mother.

"Why, because there was a man there who told all the *Congregationalists* to go and see the corpse; but you know, ma, we are *Methodists*, so I could not go."

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WHAT LITTLE GEORGE THOUGHT OF HAIL-STONES.

ONE fine summer's morning, while traveling to our "new appointment," observing unusual quantities of gossamer floating lazily in the air, and ever and anon dropping into our buggy, one of our company observed, "See the shreds of our white robes angels are cutting out."

Our little George immediately exclaimed, "Then, pa, hail must be the pearls from our buttons!"

R. W. WILLIAMS.

GOOD NEWS.

"O, SIR," said a poor boy in the reform school to his minister, "I am not GOOD ENOUGH to go to Christ."

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save SINNERS. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your BADNESS, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him," answered the good man.

"O," cried the boy, "that is news, that is good news! There is hope for me!"



HOME PETS.

I LOVE my snow-white kitten!  
I watch her at her play;  
So frolicsome and nimble,  
So busy and so gay.  
If I would play as happily,  
I heartily must work;  
For cheerful play they cannot have  
Who daily duties shirk.

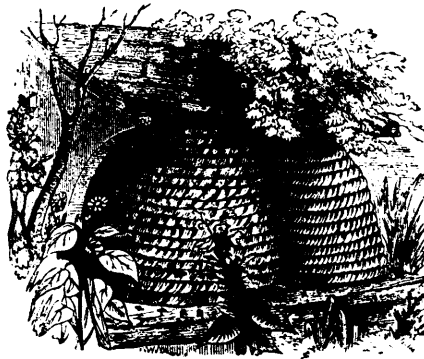


I love my old friend Rover!  
I like with him to walk;  
He looks up straight into my face  
As though he wished to talk:

He comes when'er I call him;  
He follows where I lead—  
A pattern of obedience  
And trust, which I must heed.



I love my pretty rabbits!  
I keep their hutch quite clean;  
I feed them well with clover  
And parsley fresh and green:  
So gentle and so tame are they,  
From out my hand they eat;  
Says mother, I must learn of them  
To be in temper sweet.



I love to watch the swarming bees!  
They feed us from the flowers:  
The honey they in summer store,  
In winter will be ours.  
And father says that I must strive,  
In youth's bright summer day,  
To fill my mind as they their cells,  
From flowers in wisdom's way.



I love our pet Canary!  
How joyously it sings!  
We let it fly about the room  
Sometimes to stretch its wings.  
And as for our Poll Parrot,  
With feathers red and green,  
She's fit to go to court, and be  
Presented to the queen.

But O! I love our baby  
Better than all beside!  
Our little loving household pet  
Fills every heart though wide.



When father takes her in his arms  
She crows for very glee;  
And when I pat her dimpled cheek  
She laughs most merrily.

I love to sing to her the while  
She in her cradle lies;  
I love when showing her my toys  
To see her beaming eyes.  
I love to see her folded close  
Upon my mother's breast;  
Or when asleep or when awake,  
I love the baby best!

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EMMA'S LECTURE.

EMMA and FANNY were playing at housekeeping. Emma, who called herself the mother, thought it necessary to give her little girl some good advice, which she did in this style:

"Fanny, I want you to be a good girl, and then you will grow up to be a good woman and people will love you. Now you know it is very wrong for you to cry for sweetmeats when I do not think it best to give them to you, and very wrong for you to help yourself to them when I am not by to see you. These things are very wrong, Fanny."

As we might readily surmise, a love for sweetmeats was Emma's own particular failing.

WHAT FOUR?

THERE is a man in the United States army who was born July 4, 1844, at 4 o'clock, at No. 44 in a street in Boston, a 4th child, has 4 names, enlisted in a company which has joined the 4th battalion, 44th regiment, 4th company, and on the 4th of September was appointed 4th corporal, and is now going forth to defend his country.

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