

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WAKE UP, SOLOMON!

"Sol, wake up! It's time to get up," shouted young Harry to his sluggish brother one fine July morning as he jumped gayly out of bed and began dressing himself.

"What time is it?" yawned Solomon.

"Nearly six," replied his brother; "and mind, Sol, we start at seven."

"It's too early to get up yet," said Solomon; "I'll snooze till a quarter to seven."

So the lazy fellow turned round and was soon fast asleep again. When he awoke his room looked very full of sunshine. The house was very quiet too, and rubbing his eyes, he muttered:

"I wonder if it is seven o'clock yet?"

Crawling out of bed, he dressed himself and went down stairs. There was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the sitting-room, nobody in the dining-room. "What can be the matter?" thought Solomon as he rang the bell for the maid to bring him his breakfast.

"Where are they all?" he asked as soon as she appeared.

"Gone to the city," replied the maiden. "They started two hours ago."

"Why, what time is it?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock! But why didn't they call me?"

"You were called at six o'clock and wouldn't get up. Your father wouldn't have you called again. He said he would teach you a lesson."

"It's too bad!" cried Solomon, dropping his head upon the table and bursting into tears.

It was too bad that the lazy boy did not learn the lesson of that morning so as to turn over a new leaf in the book of life. I am sorry to say he did not. He loved sleep. He hated work. He was the slave of lazy habits, and is so to this day.

What sort of a man will Solomon Slowcoach be? Well, if he don't die of idleness before he becomes a man, he will be a shiftless good-for-nothing fellow. He won't have any knowledge, because he is too lazy to study; nor any money, because he is too lazy to work; nor any good character, because he is too lazy to conquer himself.

Wake up, Solomon! Wake up, my dear boy! Shake off the chains that are upon you! Be manly, be wide awake, be something! If you don't wake up you will soon be a lost boy. Wake up, Solomon,



wake up! If you don't you will make shipwreck of your life. Q. Q.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT A CHICAGO MAN SAID ABOUT CATCHING SLAVES.

A MAN who is weak enough to believe in slavery was at Chicago some months since attending a big convention. While talking with a gentleman named John Wentworth he said:

"I believe slavery originated with God, and he will protect it."

"Well," replied Mr. Wentworth, "let us leave it with God. We have repealed the fugitive slave law, and when a slave runs away I am for letting him alone until God catches him."

I like this idea. Runaway slaves will be all right if they never go back to their old masters until the Lord sends them. God is the God of freedom, and slavery belongs to Satan. Thank God, my children, that God has come down from his throne to destroy it, and very soon there will not be a slave on the earth. U. U.



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THE BOY'S DREAM; OR, THE GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN we dream everything is as real to us as if we are awake, and we feel just as we should if what seems to happen in our sleep really occurred when we were awake. Little boys and girls often cry out in their sleep and awaken themselves sobbing, just as much affrighted and distressed as if their dreams were all actual troubles into which they had fallen. Sometimes they are so much affected as to be almost afraid to go to sleep again. We dream because our minds do not go to sleep when our bodies do, but keep on thinking. Sometimes our dreams may be a benefit to us. We are permitted to see and to know just what our feelings would be if any great trouble should fall upon us.

I knew a lad who once had a dream that proved to be a great blessing to him. He was the son of an excellent minister. His mother died when he was about three years of age. She was a very good woman. He could only recollect her as looking tenderly upon him with a very pale and loving face, and talking to him with a very gentle voice. His father often told him how much she loved her little boys, how she prayed for them, and how happy she was when she died. He never forgot a dream that his father told him his mother had just before she died. She thought herself to be standing upon the bank of a deep, dark river, with some of her friends near to her. On the other side of the stream the shore was very beautiful, covered with flowering trees and shrubs. Shining ones were wandering through the groves. She could see many of her former friends who had died among them, and they were all beckoning to her to come to them. The only way to cross the stream was to place her hands around the neck of a horse and permit him to bear her over. She trembled a moment upon the brink of the stream, the waters seemed so dark, and the crossing so perilous. Her friends around her encouraged her with kind words and prayers. Placing her hands upon the mane of the horse she entered the river and quickly passed over, shouting aloud for joy as she went.

When the hour of her death came, while the family was standing around her bed, after a prayer was offered, she lifted up her voice in strains of praise, and it died away upon human ears with the shout of glory lingering upon it. The oldest son had often sat upon his mother's grave and thought of this remarkable dream and this wonderful death. He tried to think how his mother looked in heaven, and prayed that he might go to meet her there when

he died. As he grew older his thoughts of his dead mother wore away, and falling among gay companions, he gave little attention to serious things, and lived as if he thought it impossible for one of his age to die.

One night he dreamed that he was on board a ship far out to sea. It was a terrible night—a sudden tempest had come down upon them. The waves were thrown up into mountain-peaks, their tops white with foam. The ship groaned and staggered as the heavy gusts almost buried her under the waves. The sharp and constant streams of lightning alone illuminated the frightful scene, as the heavy clouds had put out every star, and the awful thunder pealed and rolled all along the heavens.

In such an hour and scene as this the boy dreamed that he was thrown into the sea by a sudden lurch of the ship. No one saw him as he fell overboard, and the night was fearfully dark. Down he sank into the boiling sea. He struggled to the surface. Just then a sharp gleam of lightning lit up the awful scene. He saw the ship driven madly along by the storm; he could hear the creaking of her rigging, and the beating of her sails like the reports of cannon; but in the momentary illumination he could see no one looking from the ship toward the lost boy. He was not missed. He tried to shout aloud, but the winds drove his voice with briny spray back into his throat again. Down he sank once more in the sea. He struggled up, gazing anxiously to see if there was anything that he could grasp. He stretched out his hand toward something upon the surface, but it was only the reflection of the lightning, and it vanished as he seized it. And now it came to him all at once, and so powerfully, that he must die! Once more he would sink down into the depths of the sea, and it would be all over with him for this world!

O how terribly real all this was! What could he do? He burst out into heart-breaking cries, saying as it seemed to him, "I cannot die now. I am not prepared. I have delayed too long. I always expected to go to heaven. My mother is there, my father will be there, and I can never see them!"

No language can describe the anguish of this moment. Sinking for the last time, the poor boy lifted up his cry, "O Jesus, have mercy upon me! I have waited too long. I do not deserve to be forgiven. I deserve to be lost; but if thou canst forgive a poor dying sinner, forgive me."

The poor boy thought he lifted up his eyes through the waves, and in his prayer did trust in the Saviour. Jesus heard him and forgave him. In the great relief and joy of the moment he awoke from sleep. The boy never forgot that dream. He was thankful that an opportunity was left him to pray. He saw there was no time for him to lose, or he might, after all, be disappointed of reaching heaven, and lose forever the company of the beloved friends that had died before, and those that should afterward gather there.

Children of religious parents and those that attend Sabbath-school, hearing so much of heaven, constantly singing about and enjoying the presence of those that are going thither, are apt to overlook their own preparation. They are resting upon their friends, and in the dying hour will pray and say in vain, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out."

If we would be with them, if we desire a peaceful dying, and if we would be sure of heaven, we must have the new heart and the blessed, filial feeling of love to God. We want it now; then it matters little whether we are called at midday or midnight. We shall always be ready to say when we hear the voice, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly!" P.

IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child—a boy or girl—
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to;
Is it you? It can't be you!