

man of him. Had he laughed at instruction and despised the truth, do you suppose he would have stood there with four medals on his breast? Never. He would probably have worn the parti-colored garb of the convict.

Children, if you wish to be honored here and saved hereafter, you must, like this sailor, mind your teachers and obey the truth. X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ANNIE AND FRANK.

"WHAT a pity it is that Frank should be so awkward," said a lady to me one day; "he seems to be a kind-hearted boy, but politeness isn't natural to him. His brother Howard is a perfect gentleman, and so easy and graceful in his manners."

I happened to be spending some time at the home of these two boys very soon afterward, and I would like to tell my little readers how they appeared there, and let them decide which was the gentleman.

"Howard," said Mrs. Lester one morning, "I wish you would call at old Mrs. Hall's this morning and ask her to come up and take tea with us; she must be very lonely since her sister died."

"Now, mother, don't ask that old fudge up here," said Howard; "people will think she's my aunt or something. Besides, I promised to go to the bookstore to select a picture for our French teacher this morning—we're going to surprise him with one, and I am to make the presentation-speech."

"I'll stop and tell her," said Frank; "nobody ever wants me to make any speeches. It's always, 'Now, Frank Lester, do try for once not to stumble when you go on the stand and spoil everything by your awkwardness.'"

"Seems to me you *might* try a little harder, Frank," said his mother, smiling.

"I *do* try, mother," said Frank good-naturedly, "and I believe that's the very trouble; if I could forget all about myself, and not feel as if everybody was saying, 'What a great clumsy fellow!' I should do a great deal better."

"I don't think you're clumsy," said Annie, with a loving glance at her brother; "I like you most the best of anybody."

Frank kissed Annie as he gathered up his books, and then turned back from the door to ask if he could do any errands for his mother as he went down town.

"I'm not at all sure," thought I, "but I like *kind-hearted* boys quite as well as gentlemanly ones."

"Mrs. Hall seemed very much pleased with her invitation," said Frank at dinner after his return; "and I told her to be ready at two o'clock and I would come and walk up with her; the sidewalk is icy in a good many places."

"You'll be a graceful couple," laughed Howard; "look out that you don't run the old lady into a lamp-post."

Frank colored a little at this unkind speech, but he said nothing, and soon went away to Mrs. Hall's, while Howard went to his room to write his speech.

"Annie," said Howard the next day, "I wish you'd stitch this necktie for me before evening; I want to wear it to-night."

"But mother said I must make Frank's first," said Annie; "he hasn't a single nice one, and you have that pretty blue one."

"That's always the way," said Howard, crossly, "I never can get anything when I want it. I don't see what difference it makes what Frank wears, so long as he is so awkward."

Frank came in in the afternoon while Annie was busily stitching away at his necktie.

"I'm afraid your head aches, Annie," said he, seeing how pale she looked.

"Not much," said she, trying to smile.

"Put up your sewing and I'll give you a good slide before tea-time," said Frank; "you want fresh air."

"O no," said Annie, "I want to finish your necktie."

"Pooh!" said Frank, "who cares about a necktie; I can wear this one just as well; or maybe Howard will let me have one of his old ones; wonder if it wouldn't help me to talk as nice as he does."

Away went the sewing into the depths of Annie's work-basket, and while the dear child was driving away her headache in the clear air I said to myself, "I believe, on the whole, it is quite as much the mark of a gentleman to be kind and thoughtful to the dear ones at home as to be graceful and polite to strangers."

Before my visit was ended I discovered that the cat was afraid of Howard, and would run at the sound of his voice and hide out of sight.

"I'm going to give away my kitty," said Annie; "I can't bear to have Howard torment her so. He says it don't hurt her, but I know it does, or else she wouldn't cry and try to get away from him. He says it's natural for boys to tease girls and cats, but Frank never does so."

I think the best definition of politeness which I ever read was this: "*Politeness is kind feeling kindly expressed.*" So you will see that without kind feelings in the heart we cannot be truly polite; and where the kind feelings are, they are very sure to find expression in a way that will be agreeable to others. But don't let any boy imagine that he can be ungrateful to his parents, disrespectful to the old and poor, rude and unkind to his brothers and sisters, or cruel to helpless animals, and yet be a gentleman.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"COME HOME, BESSIE."



HAT a pleasant thing it is to be at home, to feel that you have all your loved ones around you, to sit in papa's lap, and lean your head upon mamma's bosom. What do you suppose you would do if you had no home, or if you were away from home and could not get there? Some of you would almost break your hearts about it. But you will go away some day, and you will not feel very bad about it either if you are good, because you will have another home to go to, a home where God will be your father, and

Jesus Christ will be your brother. I know some of you will say that you do not wish to go away from your papa and mamma; but you can pray to God to make them good, and then they too will go to the same place, and you will all be happy together.

But you don't think it will seem like home to you? Well, I don't know about that; it may seem better. Jesus calls it our home, and I think he will make it very happy for us where he is. And, besides, I have heard of a great many little children who have been so pleased with the prospect of going there that they seemed to forget all about their old home here on earth.

There was dear little Bessie that died only a short time ago, and several times the last day that she was here she said that she heard the angels calling her, saying, "Come, little Bessie, come home!" and she wanted the friends around her to pray that God would take her home. The last thing she said was, "Dear ma, the angels have come to take me home." And I don't imagine that Bessie will ever feel homesick up there. The Lord Jesus knows just what his children need, and he will take care of them. I hope we shall be as fortunate as Bessie, make God our Father here, and then go to live with him forever in our heavenly home.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SAVIOUR.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

THOUGH angel bands announced his birth,
In humble guise he came to earth;
And while a star the wise men led,
A lowly manger was his bed.

And though in heaven he had a throne,
Yet here he called no home his own;
He said the wild bird had its nest,
But he on earth no place of rest.

Toils and temptations thronged the way
The Saviour trod full many a day;
His weary feet were never stayed,
Nor e'er his works of love delayed.

He gave sight to the hopeless blind,
And clothed anew the wandering mind;
He called to life the dead once more,
And oft man's woes and sorrows bore.

Oft was he met with words of strife,
And often too they sought his life;
And one of his own chosen band
Against him raised the traitor's hand.

The scribes, the priests, the elders, all
Were gathered in the council hall,
And there the suffering Saviour stood,
Their rude bands thirsting for his blood.

A purple robe they made him wear,
And mocking bowed before him there;
Bound on his brow a thorny wreath,
And then delivered him to death.

He meekly bore his cross along,
Amid the savage shouting throng;
When cruel hands had nailed him there,
For them he breathed a dying prayer.

Amid his dreadful suffering,
They rudely cried, "Hail, Master, King!"
"Tis finished" then he faintly sighed,
And there, for you and me, he died

KIND WORDS DID IT ALL!

"I'll never speak to her again, that I wont; the spiteful thing, to go and talk against me in that way!" and tears of vexation came into Lizzie's blue eyes.

"Hush, Lizzie, hush!" said her Sister Jane; "are you quite sure that your friend spoke against you? At all events, had not you better make inquiries before you deprive poor Ellen of your confidence?"

Jane spoke very gently, but Lizzie saw the wisdom of the advice. KIND WORDS soon softened down the harsh opinion she had formed of her school-fellow.