

going about trying to do good! Isn't it a delightful thought? Will you all try to have it so?

"How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has but little strength
And little wisdom too!

"It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by its love."

W.



OUR FATHER KNOWETH BEST.

I HAVE a little daughter
Whose years are not yet four,
And daily I have taught her,
For a year or two or more,
About the blessed Saviour
Who came to earth from heaven,
And of a Father's favor
Through him to children given.
I've said, "Whate'er he doeth
Is surely ever best;
Whatever path he showeth
Alone will lead to rest;"
And when the storm-clouds gather,
And the winds blow loud and chill,
I say, "Our heavenly Father
Is kind and faithful still."
And once in my repining,
While raged without the storm,
No gleam within me shined,
My heart to cheer and warm,
A little voice came saying,
In tones as sweet and blest
As heavenly harpers playing,
"Our Father knoweth best."
O then I prayed the Giver
Of blessings true like this,
To lead my daughter ever
To rest upon his grace;
That when life's storms are beating,
With faith and courage strong,
"Our Father's will we're meeting,"
May be her joy and song.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW A SOLDIER BOY DIED.

As a chaplain was passing among the wounded after a battle he saw a boy, pale and slender, in great agony. "Mother! mother! mother!" was the constant cry of the dying lad. The chaplain bent over him and said:

"Do you want me to pray with you, my son?"
The boy's eye rested on the chaplain, whose hand he eagerly clutched as he replied:
"Yes; pray quick!"
"I want you to pray," rejoined the chaplain.
"O I can't, I can't!" said the lad mournfully.
"I will teach you a short prayer which you can pray yourself," said the chaplain. "Now repeat after me, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,'"—the boy repeated the words.—"Can you rest on that?"

asked the good man. "It saved the man who prayed it in the New Testament. If you will rest there—on God's mercy in Jesus Christ—all will be safe."

Once more the dying boy said that touching prayer. He then told the chaplain his name and home—John Russell, Plainville, Conn.—threw his arms round the good man's neck, drew his face down, and, holding his own lips to those of the unresisting chaplain, gave him one long, earnest kiss. It was his dying embrace. In a few moments his arms relaxed, he fell back, and his calm, pale face showed that his young soul had gone from the field of earthly battle to the quiet land.

Thus did young John Russell give his life up for his country. Honor to his memory! May my children never need to be called to prove their love for their country on the battle-field. But when peace comes again, as come it will, let them never forget that they owe their quiet and happiness to such noble fellows as John Russell. Those heroes are giving their lives for our peace. Let us honor the memory of such patriots, my children. THE CORPORAL.

THE SILVER BUCKLES.

A NOBLEMAN once brought a pair of silver buckles to his princely home, and gave them to his little boy to wear in his shoes. They were beautiful buckles, and the boy felt very happy to receive them.

One day this boy was playing in the village-street with a poor little boy. The servant came out of the nobleman's park to call him in to dinner. As he was going to leave his playmate, the poor boy said: "There is no dinner for me at home, and I will wait until you return."

"Come with me, then!" said the kind-hearted lad; but the poor boy was too timid to go and sit down at a rich man's table, so he said:

"I don't like to do that."

"But," replied the nobleman's son, "have you no money to buy a dinner?"

The poor boy looked very sad and answered:

"No!"

This made the rich boy feel very sorrowful, and when he reached the house he said to his father:

"Papa, what was the price of the silver buckles you gave me?"

"Five shillings, my son!" replied the earl.

The good boy looked up very earnestly at his father and said:

"If you will let me have the money I will give you the buckles again."

The earl gave him the money, and away ran his happy son to the poor boy who had no dinner and gave him the whole amount.

That was a noble act, and every boy and girl should learn from it to be generous and kind to playmates and friends.

"NO MORE GOOD SUNDAYS."



SOMETIMES little May says things that do not sound very pretty.

One day she said, "Mother, what day is it?"

Her mother answered, "It is Saturday."

"Saturday!" said May. "I do hate Saturdays, because next day is Sunday. I do wish there would not be any more Sundays until next summer!"

"Why, what do you mean, May? not love God's holy Sabbath day! not love God's holy day, his day of rest, which he commands us to remember and keep holy!"

"Well, mother," said May, "I did not mean to be naughty. We don't have any more good Sundays now. When we had church, and you could go and take me, I liked it; but Aunt Emma said

there was to be no church till next summer, so I don't like Sundays, because there will be no more good Sundays till next summer."

"But we must love the Sundays at home, May. It is God's holy Sabbath just the same whether we go to church or stay at home. Don't you remember the beautiful verses I read to you last Sabbath and the little hymn you learned?"

"Yes, mother; but then church is better, is it not?"

"O yes, much better, my dear; but as we have no church we must make the best of it, and not waste the holy time away."

I am glad little May loves church so much, and I hope she will also learn to love the holy Sabbath whether she attends church or not; but she is a very little girl, and is not very wise. We hope she will love all the Sundays, and they will be good Sundays too.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A GLORIOUS LITTLE DRUMMER-BOY.



LITTLE drummer-boy, says an exchange, who had become a great favorite with many of the officers, by his unremitting good nature, happened on one occasion to be in the officers' tent when the ban of the soldier's life passed around. A captain handed a glass to the little fel-

low, but he refused it, saying:

"I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now. I insist on it. You belong to our mess to-day, and cannot refuse." Still the boy stood firm on the rock of total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain, turning to the major, said:

"He is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major playfully, and then assuming another tone, added, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders."

The little hero, raising his young form to its full height, and fixing his clear blue eyes, lit up with unusual brilliancy, on the face of the officer, said:

"Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my dear mother on my bended knees that, by the help of God, I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir; but I would rather suffer than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge."

That boy was a hero. He would not be overcome by the sharp sword of temptation. He was afterward wounded in battle. Bullets could hurt his body, but nothing could hurt his soul, because he had hid himself in the wounds of Jesus. Glorious little fellow! His crown in heaven will be a very bright one. I wonder how many such boys I have in my Advocate family.

W.

"BE NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING."

A PIOUS man and woman had an only son named Thomas, who, to the great grief of his parents, began to be dissolute. Mr. Rees, a worthy minister, went to lodge at the house, and the father and mother informed him of the ungodliness of their son. The following morning Mr. Rees took the young man by the hand, and spoke very seriously and affectionately to him respecting his salvation. In family worship he prayed earnestly for him, and among others used the following expression: "O Lord, say to *this Thomas*, Be not faithless, but believing."

The words entered his heart, a permanent change was effected; he soon became a Church-member, and was an ornament to his Christian profession till death.