



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE BEAUTIFUL DANCER.

HER name was Salome. She lived more than eighteen hundred years ago, and not on our side of the world, but far in the East. Yet she *really lived*, as much as you or I, and breathed the same air that circulates about this earth, and talked, and laughed, and sung as you do now.

Did you ever think, when your minister or Sunday-school teacher talks to you about coming to Jesus, that if you could only have lived in the very time and the very country of our dear Lord it would have been far easier to become his disciple? I have known children who thought this, but they were mistaken. Salome lived at this very time and in this very land of Judea. But she was very far from making it her great joy to follow Jesus, very far from wishing to sit at his feet or to minister to his wants. Instead, she lived a life of pleasure, just as many do in these days. She dressed and danced gracefully for the purpose of pleasing wicked men.

Once, on the king's birthday, when he and his nobles and courtly guests were feasting and drinking wine, Salome came in and danced to entertain them. This might have been through a deep-laid plot of her mother, who was an artful and extremely wicked woman. For this mother of Salome's had murder in her heart, and against one of the best of men; against John, who was a preacher, and who baptized our Lord. She hated him because he reproved her sins, and she had been trying to induce the king to take his life; but the king did not dare kill so good a man. He went so far, however, as to put him in prison. And now when Salome danced before these men it happened as her mother hoped it would. The king was so delighted with the girl that he told her, binding his promise by a great oath, that he would give her *anything* she might ask if it were not more than half his kingdom. Salome ran to her mother and said:

"What shall I ask?"

Would you have believed a mother could have instructed her daughter to ask for the head of a prisoner to be brought her on a dish as a present? And this was the end of that dance!

How much one would rather have been in the place of that little Israelitish girl who lived long before in the same country, and was carried away from her dear home and friends captive into Syria! She did some good in the world. She was the means of the healing of the nobleman on whose wife she waited of a dreadful disease, and thereby of introducing the knowledge of the one true God to those idol-worshippers.

How much better even to be like Pocahontas, the heroic Indian girl you read of in your history, who saved the life of Capt. Smith by throwing herself between him and the war-club, who saved the life of many others by going in the dark and storm many miles through the wilderness to put them on their guard against the savages, and who from loving the white man came to love the white man's Saviour.

But we are not in the place of any of these. God

our Father has given us a place in life which no one but ourselves can fill. When he created each one of us he had a plan for us. If we come to him in prayer, believing in his love and willing to become what he wishes, he will show us what he intends us to do for him in the world. UNA LOCKE.

## THE MAGPIE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A MERRY and sly  
Little magpie am I;  
(For I will not my faults and my fallings deny);  
My plumage is bright;  
Very keen is my sight;  
And I chatter and chatter from morning till night.

For, like girls and boys,  
I am fond of a noise,  
And find in loud talking the chief of my joys.  
It's all very fine,  
As a song-bird to shine,  
But I'd rather by half have a tongue such as mine.

But then when I go  
To my work, you must know,  
I'm as still as a mouse, or else whisper quite low;  
And that is how you  
Should endeavor to do;  
When your duties are weighty, your words should be few.

Some folks when they see  
My large nest in the tree,  
Pronounce it a great deal too spacious for me;  
But I should suppose  
A magpie best knows  
How to fashion the dwelling he wants for repose.

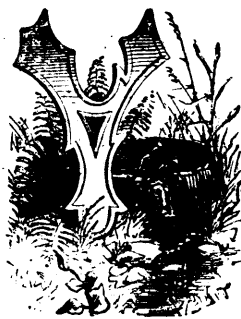
I build mine with sticks,  
And thorns round it fix,  
In order to keep off the boys with their tricks;  
For now if they come,  
They are sure to get some  
Of these sharp little points in their finger and thumb.

Six eggs, or else eight,  
Small in size and in weight,  
Are laid in the spring by my excellent mate;  
And no one can tell  
The glad feelings that swell  
In our breasts when our young ones burst forth from their shell.

A merry and sly  
Little magpie am I,  
Enjoying myself as the moments glide by;  
As happy and free,  
Dear young folks, may you be,  
As I am, and also much "wiser" than me.

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## LITTLE YAN THE "DUCKIE DOCTOR."



AN was the pet name of a little girl whose father lived among the "Granite hills" of New Hampshire. He had horses, cattle, sheep, turkeys, hens, geese, and ducks. Her brothers had a big dog, and she what she called the "very nicest little Kitty that ever was." And a fine time they all had.

When Yan was a little girl she used to think the mothers of the little chickens and ducklings very unkind and cruel because they did not take care of them when sick and give them medicine to make them well as her mother did her.

But as she grew older she learned better. She learned that when God created man he breathed the breath of life into him, "and man became a living soul." But to the beasts and fowls he gave life only to the body. And because they have no souls she knew they could not think or reason as even a little child may. And though for this reason she did not now blame the mothers for not taking care of their sick children, yet she did not cease to pity them. After using the power of thought that God had given her, she concluded to try and doctor them herself.

She got along so nicely in her new profession that



her brothers gave her the name of "Duckie doctor." She did not like this name very well, but so long as she could relieve the little sick creatures of their suffering she did not mind it.

Once in a while one would die in spite of all she could do. But this did not discourage her. Instead of sitting down to mourn over it, she said, "Well, I'm glad if I can save any. May be they would all have died if I hadn't taken care of them."

Now, dear children, do you think the name "Duckie doctor" was a disgrace or an honor to little Yan? I think it was an *honor*, for in her case it meant a "relief angel."

I would rather be a pauper, and have a heart to relieve the pain of body or mind of my fellow-creatures, than be a queen on her throne and have a *hard, selfish heart*. What do you think, Miss Bright-eyes? And you, Master Love-fun? LILLA.

## A BOY'S RELIGION.

"My son," said the Rev. Legh Richmond, "remember you must die, and you may die soon, very soon. If you are to die a boy we must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour, a boy's salvation; or else a boy's ignorance, a boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's idolatry, a boy's destruction. Remember all this and beware of sin; dread the sinfulness of an unchanged heart; pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon, and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus."

WHEN we see the rapid motions of insects at evening, we exclaim, "How happy they must be!" So inseparably are happiness and activity connected in our minds.

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