

"Wee Jeanie lay within her arms,  
Willie stood by her side,  
And O! they looked as beautiful  
As on the day they died."

"Tell me no more, my Nellie dear!  
The hour has come at last!  
Never or now!—I hope the time  
Of pardon is not passed—"

"God helping me, I'll change my life;  
The accursed drink no more  
Shall turn me to a beast, and drive  
All comfort from my door."

"Kiss me, my Nell—yes, once again;  
My heart is like to break;  
I'll love you till the day I die  
For your dear mother's sake."

He slept; but from his troubled rest  
He woke ere break of day,  
And wept again to hear his child  
In whispered accents pray,

"Almighty God, who art in heaven,  
And Jesus kind and true,  
Help father to amend his life,  
And bless and keep him too."

The heartfelt prayer even of a child—  
Was never prayed in vain:  
John Somerville is now a good  
And sober man again.

His house, for long years desolate,  
Is now so neat and clean,  
A home more cheery there is not  
In all our village green.

And then, when night lies on the world,  
When beams the morning sun,  
Kneel John and Nell to thank the Lord  
For all that he hath done.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### JACQUELINE'S FAULT AND HER REMEDY.



LITTLE girl named Jacqueline had a great fault which stood in the way of her improvement and of her happiness. I dare say some of you, little readers, have this same fault, so I am going to tell you about it, and inform you what means Jacqueline took to cure herself.

The fault was impatience. It manifested itself in various ways. Sometimes she would become very angry if any one, not quite understanding something she had said, asked her to repeat it. Now it happened that her Aunt Sabra was a little deaf, and if Jacqueline spoke turning her back toward her, as she was very likely to do, or had something in her mouth which did not belong there, as her fingers or chewing-gum, which was also quite possible, it was not strange if Aunt Sabra could not understand, and I do not see that it was unreasonable for her to ask to have the question or remark repeated.

But Jacqueline seemed to think so, and became very impatient at such times. Then she would become angry with herself for not comprehending her arithmetic, or for playing false on the piano, or for being unskillful in her drawing lesson; and I am ashamed to tell you what impatient words she used, to the surprise of her teacher and the mortification of her mother. She was *enraged*, one might say, so vehemently impatient was she with her little brother if he would not attend to her on the moment, or give her or tell her something at once. Her uncle's harmless and merry banter would make her forget herself so far as to speak very fiercely, as though she were some sort of a wild animal in a cage instead of a reasoning and reasonable child. But at length her mother's prayers for Jacqueline were answered, and she began to love her Saviour, who loved her so as to give his life for her. And then she wished to please him and to give up all her sinful habits. It was hard work to keep herself quiet and look pleasantly when people tried her patience. It is very vexing to impatient children, you know, not

to have everything or to know everything they desire the minute they wish to do so.

Now, you know, the true way to cure ourselves of any fault is to pray to the Lord Jesus, who is more ready to help us than we are to ask him; and then we must *expect* his help, while at the same time we must do the part he has given us to do, which is to *watch* against sudden temptation, to be like a soldier who is set as sentinel, constantly on guard against surprises from the enemy. Into this true way Jacqueline has entered, and she learns all the texts she can find in the Bible against anger and in favor of patience and long-suffering, which is nearly the same thing. And all about the blessed Lord who, when he was reviled reviled not again.

Don't you think it would be a good plan for you to do the same? UNA LOCKE.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### STUDYING FLOWERS.

PLEASANT task! as good as play! Don't you think you would like to stay out in the garden and hear curious stories and facts about plants and flowers, especially if you could have so kind a teacher?

Little Carl loved it dearly, even when only four years old, and his good father took great pains to teach him. They lived as much as a hundred and fifty years ago in the cold country of Sweden, in the north of Europe. But they had a nice garden and a green-house, and there are some fine wild flowers in that country too if it is cold.

Carl loved them all dearly, and his father thought to make him a botanist. So at the age of six years he was set to study the Latin names of the flowers. Carl did not fancy this part of botany. It was very like hard work to commit to memory long lists of difficult names, and I am sorry to add that he said "can't" and "don't want to" more than once. But his father was both wise and kind, and he would neither take Carl out to walk in the forest nor give him his lesson in the garden until he had finished his task.

So by and by Carl succeeded in learning his list of names every day. By this means he cultivated his memory, which was of great use to him afterward. And he learned, too, the great lesson of perseverance, without which he would never have become a great man. For he was obliged to struggle hard in order to get a good education. His father was so poor that he could give him only forty dollars a year, and Carl worked his way through college on this sum. He was almost starved sometimes, but he persevered. He worked, and studied, and became a physician, but his love

for botany and natural history were so great that he devoted the most of his time to them. He wrote many books on those sciences, and showed that he knew so much about them that he was appointed professor in the same university where he worked and studied so hard to graduate.

Finally, the king made him a noble with the title "Von Linné," but we know him best by his Latin name of Linnæus. Every student of botany knows the name and loves it whether he knows anything about the nobility of it or not. A lordly title could not add much to the widespread fame of Linnæus. He made the study of botany far easier and more interesting than it ever was before. He wrote many books about it, and his system of names has been in use now over a hundred years. Those who study botany now have many new words to learn the meaning of, but they do not have to sit down and commit to memory a long string of Latin names as Linnæus did when he commenced.

Botany is now so easy that you can set about it and learn it by yourself, even without a teacher, if you have perseverance enough. I knew a young girl who did that once, though she had no one near her who was able to give her any assistance. It is true, she was obliged to study hard, but enjoyed it exceedingly, and she found afterward that she had learned more about it than the most of those who study it in school. That was because she gave it close attention and studied it all out for herself. She had to contend, too, with the difficulty of having very poor text-books. If she could have sent, as you can now, for Gray's or Wood's beautiful Manuals, she would have saved herself many a fruitless search and gone on much faster. But she, too, learned the lesson of perseverance, and that is a good lesson for everybody to learn. Will you try it?

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### TRUE LOVE.

"RENOUNCE Christ and you shall be saved," said a persecuting magistrate of the olden time to a poor woman who stood at his bar accused of being a Christian.

"Never, never!" she replied.

"If you will not renounce him you will be burned."

"Mark me," said she to the magistrate, "if I stood on the brink of a river rolling with fire, and saw my Saviour on the opposite bank calling me, I would wade through the flames to reach him."

Wasn't that a noble speech? Didn't that woman love Christ, think you? Ay, that she did. How many of my children, think you, would walk through a river of fire to Jesus? Only those who love him very truly, you may be sure. Do you love him well enough to die for him, my child?

Q. Q.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A GREAT QUESTION WELL ANSWERED.

"WHEN should children give their hearts to Christ?" asked a teacher of her scholars one day.

"When we are thirteen," replied Mary.

"When we are ten," said Rachel.

"When we are six," said Annie.

"Just as soon as we know who God is and that we have sinned against him," said poor hump-backed little Faith.

Which was right? I think Faith was. If any of you think otherwise you can write to the editor and give him reasons for your opinion. U. U.

### "CAN TRY."

A SABBATH-SCHOOL speaker out West says that the Sabbath-school men have a new way of spelling the word "can't." They find the *t* a crooked thing when alone at the end of a word, and so they add two more letters to it, and make a word of it to be used with the word "can." The whole makes "Can try."