

Thomas. Let him laugh, but let Thomas by all means plod away. Ten years hence the plodder will be out of sight of the easy student in the race of life. His work and patience will do more for him than smartness and hurry will do for John. Let him plod on then cheerfully, and let all my readers who wish to win the prizes of life learn to work and wait. Especially let them go to Jesus, get new hearts, and then "work out their own salvation," serving God with diligence, enduring their trials with patience, and God will give their "patient continuance in well-doing" the grand prize of "eternal life." X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### WHAT TOM SAID TO THE TEMPTER.

"Tom," said a Sunday-scholar to an old playmate, "Tom, you must be converted."

Tom did not know what being converted meant, but he said he would try to seek Jesus. Of course, he soon found him, for whoever really tried to find Jesus and failed? Shortly after Tom's pastor said to him:

"Are you happy in Jesus, Tom?"

"Yes, sir; I know that Christ is with me."

"Don't you have doubts about your conversion?"

"No, sir, not much," rejoined Tom.

"Does not the devil tell you you are not converted?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you tell him?"

"I tell him," replied Tom, "that whether I am converted or not is none of his business."

That was wisely said for a poor boy trained as Tom had been. You see he put more faith in the Saviour's voice of pardon than he did in Satan's voice of temptation. Let Tom's faith encourage you, little Christian, to cling to Jesus in defiance of all temptation. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY R. CHIPPINDALE.

EIGHTEEN hundred years are gone  
Since the Saviour Christ was born;  
He was in a manger laid,  
Honors to him there were paid,  
To the infant Jesus.

Wise men came from lands afar,  
Guided by a beauteous star,  
Offered to him odors sweet,  
Laid them at his infant feet,  
At the feet of Jesus.

Angels beautiful and bright  
Sung sweet songs that glorious night—  
Peace on earth, good-will to men—  
Heaven and earth exclaimed, Amen!  
In the name of Jesus.

Jesus Christ is now our King,  
Let us to his glory sing,  
Serve him, love him while we breath,  
Then he'll be our friend in death:  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### ONLY THREE CENTS.

JAMES was an Irish errand-boy in a large store, and it was a part of his business to deliver small parcels and collect the pay for them. He was a bright, quick-witted little fellow, but he was poor and his wages were barely sufficient to pay his board, so he had very little pocket-money.

One day he carried home a package of goods for a lady and she paid him at the door. His quick eye soon saw that she had paid him three cents too much, and the temptation seized him at once to take this three cents for himself. No one would ever know it, and so he kept turning the matter over in his own mind and thinking how many things that he wanted could be got for three cents. But before he reached the store he took the wise resolution to



tell the merchant about it and give up the coveted three cents.

Now you can imagine how much more cheerful and light-hearted he felt than he would if he had kept the three cents and resolved to hide the matter. And how different he felt when that lady came into the store a few days later. In fact, he was busy, and he hardly noticed her, for he had almost forgotten about the three cents. But she recalled it to his memory, for she soon remarked, "I paid James three cents too much the other day."

Now, if he had kept it, his master would have called out, "James, how is this?" and then he would have been exposed, disgraced, and perhaps dismissed. As it was, the master's voice sounded to his ear like a strain of sweetest music as he replied, "O yes, so the boy told me; there it is."

That was the turning-point in the boy's career. He grew up to be a happy, a successful business man, and he finally bought out his master and carried on the business for himself, while he often told the three-cent story to his children.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### EDDIE'S MISUNDERSTANDING.



HERE are two boys belonging to the same Sunday-school who are intimate acquaintances. The first one is named Eddie and the other Willie. Eddie is naturally of a sensitive, excitable temper, while Willie is a very quiet and modest lad, and generally considers things coolly, and never

lets his temper rise.

Willie's parents not being wealthy, like those of Eddie's, were obliged to put him to work instead of sending him to school. He had got a situation as errand-boy in a dry-goods store, and worked very diligently there.

One day, while taking some goods home, he happened to pass Eddie, who was going to school. Eddie pulled off his hat and bid Willie a good morning, but just as he did so Willie's attention was drawn across the street where a policeman was arresting a drunken man, and by that means Eddie escaped his observation.

When Eddie observed Willie turning his head he thought he was angry at him, and wanted to avoid him. Eddie's temper arose then, and he thought to himself, "It's all right, Willie. You're mad at me

because I asked you to treat me the other day, and it would not have been much to have treated me but once, after all, having treated you to soda-water and ice-cream so many times. If you don't want to notice me it's all right. I sha'n't notice you for a while now, and I'll see how you'll like it. You'll miss many a nice treat, I'll guarantee."

Sunday morning came and the boys were in their class as usual. After services had been opened, Willie chanced to look down the aisle. He saw Eddie was looking at him, and he bowed in the usual manner, but Eddie did not return the compliment. After school Willie went to church, and there seeing Eddie, he bowed a second time, but Eddie would not notice him.

The Sabbath following Willie again bowed to Eddie, but he would not respond. Willie left church disappointed. He saw that Eddie was angry at him for some unknown cause, which he determined to find out and straiten. He again met Eddie the following Sabbath at church, and he thought it was as good an opportunity to speak to him as he could get. Just as soon as services were over he walked up to Eddie, and holding out his hand to him, said, "Eddie, I wish to see you for a few mo-

ments alone, if you have no objections."

Eddie replied in a very unbecoming manner, "I don't wish to see you, sir! I don't want to have anything to do with you."

Willie exclaimed, "Why, Eddie, there must be some misunderstanding between us. Wont you please tell me how I have wronged you? do, please, and don't be backward."

Eddie still refused to notice Willie, but Willie persisted in knowing the reason of Eddie's unkind treatment, and after a great deal of coaxing he at last got Eddie to make a confession.

"Didn't I know it?" Willie exclaimed; "just as I had anticipated."

He then explained his part, and Eddie at once saw where he had been wrong. He immediately grasped Willie's hand and asked him to be his friend as in former times. K.

It is good to correct misunderstandings between friends, but better not to fall into them.—ED.

#### THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.

"DOCTOR, how long shall I live?" gasped a young man who had been thrown from a carriage, and who lay dying.

"You will soon be dead," was the reply.

All was done to lead him to look to a Saviour that could be done, but all to no purpose; he had refused to listen when in health, and he died crying, "Lost, lost, lost!"

If such is the way in which the wicked die, then surely we cannot be surprised that Balaam's desire was, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

#### THE HABIT OF PRAYER A BRIDLE.

SOME bad boys tried to persuade a good little boy to play truant. "No, no; I cannot," said he.

"Why? now why?" they asked.

"Why?" answered the boy, "because if I do I shall have to pray it all out to God by mother's knee to-night."

"O, well," they said, "in that case you had better not go."

Bad boys expect of boys better brought up than themselves better things than they can practice. But you see what a *bridle* the *habit of prayer* puts on a little child.

A GIFT in secret pacifieth anger, and a reward in the bosom strong wrath.