

change was caused by Ronald, who, having left the cricket-field, came bounding up the hill to his little friend.

"Why did you come, Ron, dear?" asked Philip, "why did you come? but I am so glad to have you near me; did you win, Ronny? I am sure you did; they say you would be king of the field if you were in the club. How glad I should be if I could even run for you, or do anything to show how much I love you. My dear friend, Ronald, it is so grand for such a wee boy to have such a great strong friend."

Ronald slipped a great apple into the child's hand.

"O thanks, Ronald; but why don't you eat this yourself? it is such a lovely apple; the boys say you never give yourself a bit of fruit, and yet you are always drawing something for me out of your pocket when there is nobody by."

"Have you heard from home lately, Phil?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I heard last night. Mother grieves about my leg; but she can't get what would make it right. I have told her in each letter for the last six months, ever since the doctor spoke about it, that I don't mind it a bit; but she keeps on so"—and the child's eyes again filled with tears—"that it frets me more than the leg. Mother is so poor; since father died she does all she can for me; she is such a darling," he added after a pause, "that I wish she had never been told that my leg could be cured."

Ronald sat dangling one foot over the other while Philip was speaking; looking at his little friend with a smile, "Never mind," he said at last, "never mind, you will have a strong leg yet, and beat us all down yonder."

"No," said Philip, "I never shall, for the doctor said if I did not get the iron things this year it would be too late; but though I shall never be as other boys are, still I may be a great painter, or a great writer. You told me about a great writer who was blind."

"Yes," said Ronald, "I did. Milton his name was; he wrote poems."

"Being blind is worse than being lame, is it not?"

"A great deal."

"I should like to write a poem about you," persisted Phil, "and call it the 'Lame Boy's Friend.'"

"What a dreamy little chap you are, Phil; you will get rid of that when you are able to walk and run."

"You once told me of a great writer who was lame, and yet walked a great deal."

"Yes, Sir Walter Scott."

"Ah," said the pale child, "I know. Ronald," he added after a pause, "I want to tell you something I heard; the boys, you know, talk all sorts of things before me, as if I was deaf as well as lame; they said your shirt (this, you know, that you wear at cricket) was a shabby old thing, and that you were too stingy to get yourself a new one, though your mamma sent you money for it."

"Granted all," said Ronald.

"Then why don't you get it?"

"I think I can do more good with my money."

"And they say you not only deny yourself everything, but wont give a penny away."

"All true."

"Perhaps," said Philip, with sparkling eyes, "you are saving up all your money to buy a watch?"

"No."

"Or a pony?"

"No; but I have a reason, Phil."

"Tell me," exclaimed the little fellow, throwing his arms round Ronald's neck; "tell me your reason, you know you can trust me."

"With my life," said Ronald, "but not with my reason."

"Then you do not love me."

Ronald looked down at the boy, his eyes full of love; he made no reply, but kissed him.

"Then you will not tell me, Ronny?"

"No, Philip, dear, I will not; but you shall be

the second person who shall know the REASON of my thrift."

The reader shall know too in a future number of the *Sunday-School Advocate*.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### GOD IS LOVE.

BY SISTER MATTIE.

God is love, the brooklet said,  
Purling o'er its pebbly bed.

God is love, the breezes sighed,  
Floating o'er its silvery tide.

God is love, the floweret smiled,  
Bending o'er its surface mild.

God is love, the birdies sang;  
Sweetly o'er the echoes rang.

God is love, my heart replied,  
Leaning o'er its mossy side.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### LISTEN!

**LISTEN** to what? you ask. *Listen to your parents.* They are wiser than you. They love you. Let their words sink into your heart.

*Listen to your teachers.* They wish to make you wise with the words of knowledge. If you give good heed to what they tell you, you will become wise to win the good of this world and the glory of the next. Let their words abide in your memories.

*Listen to the still small voice.* Two boys once ran into the woods instead of going to school. Very soon Will said to Dick, "We shall not be found out." An echo replied, "*Be found out.*"

Dick started, and replied, "I fear some one overhears."

"*Some one overhears,*" said the echo.

"Never mind. Don't be afraid," said naughty Will.

"*Be afraid,*" replied the echo.

Will was frightened and said, "O Dick, what can it be? Let us go to school."

"*Go to school,*" replied the echo.

"O if our teacher knows," said both the boys.

"*Teacher knows,*" rejoined the echo.

"What shall we do?" cried Will. "We must not tell a lie."

"*Must not tell a lie,*" said the echo.

"I will never do this again," said Will, crying, "if teacher will forgive."

"*Teacher will forgive,*" responded the echo.

"Let us go," said Will, "we shall not be so very late if we make haste away."

"*Make haste away,*" said the echo.

"I'll go and do so no more," said Dick.

"*Do so no more,*" said the echo.

Then away scampered the two boys to school. They reached it just in the nick of time, and so escaped censure.

What made them fear that simple echo, think you? Was it not because it said the same things as the voice in their soul—as that still small voice which blames you when you are wrong, and praises you when you are right? Listen to that voice and obey it always.

*Listen to the voice of Jesus.* He speaks to you in the Bible. Listen to his holy words and they will guide you to "Jerusalem the golden," to that city which is out of sight.

Listen then, O my children, amid all your play, to those who would make you wise, happy, and pure.

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate

### A LITTLE DYING CHILD'S REPROOF.

Not long since I heard the following touching incident related:

A prominent lawyer in the Granite State had two lovely daughters whom he loved as he did his own life. The eldest one sickened and died. He was in deep distress on account of it, and being a stranger to the comforts which flow from Christ, he was nearly crushed in his spirits on account of his loss. But still he had this consolation, that though one was taken the other was left.

Soon sickness prostrated the other. She was a sweet little daughter of some five summers. He felt that if she was called away by death he should be like "Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted." He secured the best medical aid within his power. He applied every remedy within his knowledge. He watched the progress of disease by day and by night, but it was only to see her sinking down nearer and nearer to the grave every day. He revealed in his tearful eye and in his dejected countenance too plainly to his dying child for her not to read his troubled mind and bleeding heart.

One day as he sat by her bedside she said, "Father, you have done everything you can for me except one—you have not prayed to God for me!"

O how this pierced the heart of that kind but unchristian father! It called him to his duty, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he fell upon his knees and poured out an earnest and feeling but, we fear, an unsubmitive prayer to Almighty God that he would have mercy upon and save the life of his beloved child. But it pleased the Lord to take the precious little one to himself. That father was inconsolable, but I fear did not profit by the reproof.

Let all parents see in this little incident how trustfully and lovingly the heart of a little child will cling to the Lord and frequently call a father's heart to duty. How essential that parents, while doing all else for their children, see to it that they neglect not to pray for them.

I want the little children who read this story should learn from it your duty to pray to God for yourselves. No doubt many of you are more highly blessed than this little girl was. How thankful you ought to be for praying parents! You ought to love and obey your parents who pray for you. May you so live that when you come to die you may feel that you are going to heaven. And if your parents do not pray for you, you should pray for yourselves, and for them also, that you and they may be truly good and die well, and at last be saved in heaven forever.

N. C.

A PRUDENT man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished.