



For the Sunday School Advocate.

### A LITTLE TEMPERANCE TALK TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

I DON'T know whether this man, so comfortably seated in his arm-chair, is sufficiently wide awake to see the temperance-pledge that some kind hand holds out before him; but I do know that the best thing he could do for himself and for his family would be to sign it and to keep it.

Behind him you see an evil spirit with a rum-bottle striking at a man's head. That's the way rum is serving this man. It will dash his brains out. Over his head you see how rum makes him beat his family. O how many good women there are whose drunken husbands treat them and their children thus.

I once heard of a drunken man who came staggering home, and was met by his sweet little three-year-old girl, who ran to the door with outstretched arms. Not knowing what he was about, he seized the child by the feet, and in his drunken fury struck its head on the stone step by the door. The poor little thing lived unconscious for a few hours, and then went home to its heavenly Father, where no one can harm it.

When this drunken man had slept off the effects of his drinking and found that his child was dead, he would not believe it. But, alas! it was too true, and he had killed it, though he knew it not. Rum had made him a madman!

It's a good thing for children to keep away from everything that intoxicates, but it's a good thing for their parents and other grown people to do the same.

A farmer who was in the habit of drinking a little every day, though he never got drunk, one day offered to each of his four sons a sheep if they would promise not to drink any liquor. To this they agreed, and the old man took them to the fold and each one picked out his sheep. When they had done this and were about to return to the house, the youngest boy, who was not more than ten years old, very gravely said to his father:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

Pretty smart boy that! But here is another story that is a match for it.

I knew a family who lived not very far from the city of New York, the father of which was a very respectable man, save that he drank his glass every day. And I am free to say I don't think that practice is respectable. He, like the farmer, had a boy about ten years old, a smart, wide-awake little fellow.

Johnnie came into the sitting-room one day where his father was talking with several gentlemen. A decanter of brandy and several glasses were on the

table. John stepped to the table, and taking one of the glasses out of which his father had been drinking, and in which he had left a little brandy with some sugar at the bottom, he put it to his lips thinking he would have a good taste.

"Stop, John, stop!" said his father; "you mustn't drink that. It will make you a drunkard."

"And wont it make you a drunkard too, father?" said John.

It was a word in season. The father from that moment became a strict teetotaler. F.

### CHINESE WISE WORDS.

THE Chinese are very fond of reading. Scraps from authors are put up everywhere, upon public and private buildings, upon shops and temples. Enter the poorest house in the most miserable village, and though you will find a want of the commonest necessities of life, you will be sure to see some beautiful maxims written upon scrolls of red paper. China might, in a sense, be called an enormous library. Their maxims are often finely worded and full of sense. Here is a specimen:

"One day is worth three to him who does everything in order."

"Great minds have purposes; others only have wishes."

"Who is the greatest liar? He who talks most of himself."

"My books speak to my mind, my friend to my heart, heaven to my soul, and all the rest to my ears."

### NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

A CHUBBY little four-year-old  
Plucked from the parent tree  
A budding moss-rose; but, alas!  
He pulled so eagerly,

That on the dimpled little hand  
A thorn its impress set;  
Ah, cruel thorn! to care to wound  
My charming little pet!

"Mamma," he lisped, with trembling lip,  
And tearful, childish woe,  
"I wished to love this naughty rose,  
And it has hurt me so!"

"Ah, darling mine! thy baby heart  
These pretty flowers warn  
That pleasure, grasped too eagerly,  
Must always leave a thorn."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLAR THAT FORSOOK THE SAVIOUR.



HEN preaching in the city of B. one Sabbath morning, a gentleman met me at the door of the church and desired me to visit a young man on F.-street, who was supposed to be very near to his end. The gentleman said he had mentioned my name as the only minister he knew in the city, and the only one he should feel willing to see. He had not been many months in the city, and had not been in the habit of attending church since he came thither. He had been very severely attacked with typhoid fever, and for a number of days seemed to be wasting away. All hope of his recovery had been given up. His mother had come on from their home in another state to take care of him in the boarding-house where he was staying.

From the gentleman I learned that he had been connected with a Sabbath school in the city of M.,

where I resided for a number of years, and where I was a teacher in the same school. This was his native place, and it was because he recollected me as a teacher that he expressed a willingness now to see me. While a scholar in the school he had become much interested in religious things. There was quite a revival among the children, and they had meetings for prayer among themselves. George, for that was his name, was a leader of these services, and seemed to give very good evidence of a sincere desire to be a disciple of Jesus. Some time after this he left the city of M. for that of L. in another state; and here he made the great mistake of not at once joining the Sabbath-school and Church, that he might enjoy the assistance and sympathy of warm and wise religious friends and teachers. His business led him among worldly and gay companions. As he did not take a public stand at once for religion, they felt that he was one of them, and gradually drew him aside from all his previous religious habits and duties. He gave up his private prayers and the regular attendance upon the house of God. He turned his back upon his Saviour and forgot all his previous promises, all the delightful hours of religious enjoyment which he had experienced, and became a careless, worldly young man. He afterward came to the city of B.; and here he was now, in all human probability, with the fountain of his life rapidly dying up, under the power of a burning fever.

After my service I went to the house. There were many boarders in it. They seemed very thoughtful, for it was understood that the young man could not live long, and they were full of sympathy for his poor mother, who was almost broken down with the care of him and sorrow for him. I stood by his bedside and began to speak to him, as he was lying, terribly emaciated, with his eyes closed, hardly breathing through great weakness.

"George, you know me," I said, "although I had forgotten you."

"You will have to speak louder," said the poor boy, "I cannot hear you."

He was so weak that the exertion of speaking brought the perspiration out in great drops upon his face; and he was so far gone that I had to shout in his ear the few words that could be said to him. What could be done for him under these circumstances? How fearful to neglect Jesus until the dying hour!

"George," said I, "you understand what I mean, for you have known what it was to enjoy prayer. Have you any comfort now in trying to pray?"

He opened his eyes upon me, and the perspiration started afresh as he answered distinctly, "No, sir!"

I placed my lips to his ear and asked him again, "George, have you any satisfaction in trusting in Jesus who died for sinners?"

Again the eyes opened upon me, and he answered, "No, sir!"

I could only entreat him in a few tender words to come back to his forsaken Saviour, and to confess his sins; once more to trust in Him who died for him, while he prayed, "God be merciful to me." I placed my lips to his ear as I kneeled to pray, and earnestly besought the dear Redeemer whom he had crucified afresh and dishonored to come again to him in this dreadful hour and to save him. He was too weak for further conversation. His poor mother was bowed at the bedside, praying only that his life might be spared long enough for him to obtain a preparation for the great event just before him. It was a sad scene. The boarders were in tears in the adjoining room. I left the house resolved to impress upon all the Sabbath-school children that I met the danger of putting off the work of prayer too long; above all, the fearful consequences of turning away from Jesus after we have become young disciples of his, and how terrible a thing it is to come down to the dying hour with no Saviour near us to illuminate the grave and to breathe into our hearts a sweet welcome to the mansions he has prepared above.