

What do they deserve? Of every one of them Solomon says, "He shall die without instruction: and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray."

I see many of these despisers of instruction every time I walk the streets of this great city. I know them by their faces, by their loud, wicked talk, by their walk and general manner. They walk proudly. Their air shows the big, swelling thoughts which fill their obstinate spirits. When I see them I seem to hear Solomon saying, "Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction."

Now, my dear children, I beg you to avoid the bad example of those who despise instruction. You are ignorant of much that your parents and teachers know. Without instruction you cannot help falling into sin, guilt, sorrow, perhaps death: therefore "Hear counsel and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in the latter end." X. X.

"I MUST DO MORE FOR MY MOTHER."

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as, with a glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said his interrogator; "why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"But you wish to leave; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the mean time, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered.

EARLY PIETY.

In the biography of Samuel Pomfret it is recorded that, having experienced the change of heart in his nineteenth year, "the remembrance of so large a portion of his life spent in impenitence ever after deeply affected his heart, and he used often to repeat the words of Austin, 'I loved thee, Lord, too late.'"



CORA AND GRACE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CORA'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

ONE afternoon in August of the last year the express carriage brought to the door of a cottage in the country Cora Weeks and her mother. They had come from the city, and it was very refreshing after their warm, dusty ride to sit in the shady little parlor in the midst of green vines and climbing shrubs. But Cora was not willing to stay long in one place if she could help it. So Grace Stone, who was her young hostess, took her out to walk. They went down the long avenue to the fields, Cora all the way asking so many questions and so fast that Grace, who was not a talkative child, soon tired of answering them. But that was a small annoyance compared with what followed, for as they came to an orchard, Cora, without asking if it would be allowable, walked forward and helped herself.

"This orchard doesn't belong to my father," said Grace.

But that made no difference to Cora. "O my! what a nice apple!" she exclaimed, gathering one from a young tree which was bearing its first fruit.

Grace was troubled, for she knew this was choice fruit, and the owner wished to preserve it upon the tree till fully ripe.

"Don't gather any more," said Grace as politely as she could.

But Cora paid no heed, and it was not until her pockets, hands, and mouth were full that Grace succeeded in leading her away.

"Let's go up the street for a little walk now," said little Miss Weeks, eating apples and pears as she went.

"No, I wouldn't. I think tea may be ready," said Grace.

But Cora insisted and Grace yielded.

"Now we will go into that cemetery," proposed Cora, pointing to a small graveyard at some distance on.

Grace fancied that politeness obliged her to assent to every whim of her guest, so she yielded again, though she was certain it was time to go home, as it proved. Tea was over, and the ladies had begun to look anxiously for the children.

The next day it rained. Cora turned the baby-house upside down, to the secret unhappiness of Grace, persisted in eating all the candy the latter had been saving for her grandfather's birthday, broke her crayons sadly, daubed the pictures in the new *Repository*, carried Grace's poor, little kitten by the tail, fed the chickens with salt and killed one or more; all this time bright and cheerful enough and

never speaking one cross word, for crossness and ill-humor was not Cora's fault.

The next day was bright, and Cora was determined to have a horseback ride. She teased Grace's Aunt Mary till she was nearly distracted; for telling the young lady firmly she could not go made no difference with her. She renewed the attack as though she were battering down a stone wall.

"I must ride," she insisted.

"My dear, there is no horse at liberty."

"There is Firefly; let me ride on Firefly!"

"Firefly is not broken; he would throw you; you would be killed."

"Then I must ride Jennie."

"Jennie is lame."

Not satisfied with this refusal, she went to the man on the farm and coaxed and begged, "Do, please, put the saddle on one of the horses for me. Now do. Please do. Come, do. I can ride Firefly just as well as not. I should think you might ask Mr. Stone if I may. Do let me."

"I guess you wouldn't stay on Firefly long if she knew you were there," said the man; "but I can't stop to hear you tease, Miss Cora; it is milking-time."

"O I must milk! you must let me milk!" said the forward young lady.

But I shall have to leave you to imagine the rest, for I cannot tell you half the trouble her pertness and want of consideration made, all because she fancied she need not take the trouble to behave in a lady-like way in the country. But country people have rights as well as city people, and it is just as proper to remember the golden rule in a small place as in a large one. It was a day of rejoicing to all dwellers at the cottage and at the farm, from Grace's grandfather down to Pansy the kitten, when Cora Weeks left for the city.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

COME, children, thank the Lord with me,
That he has made us know
The words of love, which from above
In blessed Scripture flow.

We sit beside the living spring,
And taste the sacred stream;
In every line is grace divine,
And mercy reigns supreme.

The little pagan cannot read
This book of life and light,
For fast asleep in darkness deep,
He lies in horrid night.

No story of the Child Divine
The Gentile mother sings;
But I have heard the heavenly word,
Unknown to eastern kings.

Then let us ask, in these our lays,
That we may read aright,
And let us praise Him all our days
For blessed Bible light.

NELLY'S TEMPTATION AND PRAYER.

LITTLE NELLY was five years old. Her mother had taken great pains to instill into her mind principles of right and truth. One day she stood at the door of the dining-room looking with earnestness at a basket of fine peaches which was on the table. Nelly knew she should not touch them without leave, but the temptation was strong. Soon her mother, who was watching her from another room, saw her bow her head and cover her face with her hands. "What ails you, Nelly?" she said.

The child started, not knowing she was watched. "O, mother," she exclaimed, "I wanted so much to take one of the peaches; but first I thought I would ask God if he had any objection."

IDLENESS is the dead sea, which swallows all virtues, and is the self-made sepulcher of a living man.—JOHNSON.