

mother used to kiss him, tell him stories, comfort him, and bid him good-night, said:

"I have been in all sorts of places and among all sorts of people, and I have had a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment in my life, but upon looking back I must say that the safest and happiest place I ever knew was in my dear mother's lap. There is no place like it."

What do you think of that, Master Would-be-a-man? *Think it makes a fellow a milk-sop to sit in his mother's lap, eh?* Sorry to hear you say that. It's a bad sign, my boy. You will be of a very different opinion a few years hence. You had better take care, my son. Your feet are in slippery places. Go back to your mother's lap and let her guide you. You will never be loved by any other person as you are by your mother. Trust her, obey her, love her.

You *love your mother dearly*, do you, Miss Right-will? No doubt of that, my dear. Nor is there any doubt that your love makes your mother happy. Cling to her.

May no member of my Advocate family ever cause a mother to shed a tear! Listen to counsel from the mouth of God! He says:

"Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old. The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice: and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him. Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice." X.



From the "Sunday School Almanac."

### THE NEEDLESS DANGER.

He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.—Prov. xxvi, 17. See also Matt. v, 9; Luke xii, 14; John xxi, 22; 1 Thess. iv, 11; 1 Pet. iv, 15.

THE vain man in the picture thought himself able to master a dog of which everybody else was afraid. But having seized the ugly cur by the ears, he doesn't know what to do with him. If he holds on he will lose his time and his dinner; if he lets go he is in danger of being bitten. He has meddled with what does not belong to him and has placed himself "in a fix."

When I see children take part in the quarrels of their playmates, and meddle in any other way with business which does not concern them, I think of this man and dog, and feel desirous of whispering the caution of the wise man, written above, in their ears.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

### HYMNS FOR THE DYING SUNDAY-SCHOLAR.

It is delightful to think how many of our hymns that show the Christian triumphing in death are favorites in our Sunday-schools. One brother, writing (we are sorry that we cannot print the letter) of one of the dear little ones of his flock, who was so confident on the approach of death that she said, "If I were not going to heaven I should be afraid to die, but I am not afraid," mentions the following hymns that were her favorites: "O sing to me of heaven;" "I would not live away;" "When for eternal worlds we steer," and her special favorite, "I want to be an angel."

Doubtless, the knowledge of these hymns was an untold treasure to the dying girl. We hope all our

Sunday-school children are learning these hymns. They will all die at some time, every one of them, and then they will be so glad that they ever learned these beautiful hymns.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A LITTLE GIRL'S IDEA OF THE DISTANCE TO HEAVEN.

LITTLE EMMA is the daughter of one of our ministers of the Cincinnati Conference. Not many days ago, when her father had returned from the funeral services of the lamented Mrs. M., Emma inquired of her father at the tea-table, "Pa, wont Mrs. M. get to heaven by to-morrow?"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### LITTLE AMY.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

LITTLE AMY fell asleep  
At the sunset yesterday;  
Softly as the fading light  
Her pure spirit passed away.

Just before she breathed her last,  
Just before she closed her eyes,  
"See," she said, "the angels bright  
Coming from the clear blue skies!

"Shining crowns are on their heads,  
Robes as white as snow they wear,  
Harps of gold within their hands,  
Music floats through all the air.

"Now they're all about my bed  
Whispering sweetly; they have come  
In their arms to bear me up  
To their far-off blissful home.

"Mother, dearest, I *must* go!  
Do not mourn and weep for me;  
Think, that safe from every woe  
Soon your little girl will be.

"And you know how oft I've longed  
The dear Saviour to behold;  
And the crystal streams of life  
Flowing o'er the streets of gold.

"And you'll come, sweet mamma, too,  
When a few more years have flown,  
And you'll find me seated there  
Close beside the great white throne.

"You will know your angel-girl  
By the glad light in her eyes;  
When she sees you robed in white,  
Walking there above the skies.

"Tell my teachers, schoolmates dear,  
Amy's only gone before;  
And she'll watch to welcome them  
Coming to that radiant shore.

"Good-by, papa, mamma dear,  
Do not mourn for me nor weep;"  
Thus, 'twas at the sunset hour  
Little Amy fell asleep.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### LOVE FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.



LITTLE GEORGE S., a bright, sharp fellow of five summers, had come to Sunday-school once or twice, and I had given him a ticket with a verse of Scripture on it, telling him to learn it and when he came again to repeat it to me. Although he could not read, yet he managed to learn it.

His parents forbade him to go to school, threatening to punish him if he did so. When the time came, George left for school without coat or shoes, and thus barefooted and ragged he made his way, a distance of nearly two miles, through the woods and alone. When the time came to repeat his verse, raising himself up with the dignity of

maturer years, his large blue eyes fixed upon me, he repeated his verse correctly and immediately started for home.

Poor little fellow! His parents punished him severely and he came no more to school. It was a sore trial to him, and although he did wrong to disobey his parents, yet his desire to go to Sabbath-school was praiseworthy. How many readers of the Advocate would risk so much to attend Sabbath-school? Let us pray that those parents may become truly converted to God, and that little George may be heard of spreading the Gospel of the Son of God.

G. W. L.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### KATY'S TWO LESSONS.

LITTLE KATY was busy one rainy morning making a new talma for her doll-baby out of an old merino sleeve her mother gave her. Aunt Eva cut it out, and Katy finished it very neatly. It is an excellent plan for a little girl to learn to make up even her doll's clothes nicely. It teaches her to do her work well when she comes to sew on something of more importance. Katy gathered up the scraps left over and thrust them all together into her "piece-bag," as was her custom.

"If I were in your place," said Aunt Eva, "I should assort those over carefully and lay each sort in a roll by itself. Then tie a string about each and put them away in the bag. Then, whenever you wish for any kind you can find it without trouble. Then, too, the pieces will be smooth and orderly, so you can cut them out easily. It is a great thing to learn orderly habits while you are a little girl. A gentleman was asked by another how he managed to carry on such an amount of business with so much success. 'Order, order is the great secret. I am now reaping the fruits of my mother's teachings when I was a boy,' he replied."

Little Katy, encouraged by her aunt, poured out the contents of her "piece-bag" into her lap, and a busy half-hour she had assorting her bits of cambric and merino, silk and velvet, and old lace. But it was not time wasted, for it taught her an excellent lesson.

"Here is a handful of scraps so little they are good for nothing," said Katy, preparing to throw them in the grate.

"I would not burn them up, Katy, they may be useful some time."

"But they are too little to make anything of, aunty."

"They would cover button-moulds nicely, and make a pretty trimming some time. There are enough of those green merino bits to cover a dozen."

"Well, that is a new idea," said Katy's mother, "and a good one too."

"I hardly ever find anything but fuel I am willing to see burned up," said Aunt Eva, laughing, "unless it is something injurious. If it is not of use