

for it was a hard life for her to wander for years among the hills and heaths of Scotland begging for a blind old grandfather. But that is always the way with Sin, especially with the sin of drinking. It makes its servants hurt others as well as themselves. Believe me, Sin is a cruel monster.

Children, Davie's blind eyes speak to you from the picture. They say, "Strong drink closed us. Strong drink made our owner blind. Don't touch it."

The blind eyes give good advice. I advise you to heed it and to sign and keep this pledge:

"Strong drinks are poisons: they destroy life. Strong drinks are thieves: they steal people's senses, brains, happiness, money, and friends. I, therefore, solemnly promise that, Jesus helping me, I will never taste them unless ordered to do so by a physician."

Who signs this pledge?

Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HER MOTHER IS DEAD.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

O PITY her! Do not turn coldly away;

Life's heaviest sorrow rests on her young head;
She feels not the beauty and warmth of the day,
She sees not its light, for her mother is dead.

Look, how her lips quiver with anger suppress;
The dark eyes are heavy with heart-tears unshed;
O weep with her! win her to trust and to rest;
Speak sweet words of cheer, for her mother is dead.

There is no sight so sad as a desolate child,
The love and the hope of whose childhood has fled;
On whom the soft eyes of a mother once smiled,
Who sorrows alone, for its mother is dead.

Let us think of her loneliness, think of her pain;
Our feet may in fair, pleasant pathways be led,
But the sweet joys of childhood will never again
In their fullness be hers, for her mother is dead.

At night, when the day's busy actions are done,
And gently thy mother kneels down by thy bed,
O remember to pray for the motherless one,
The poor little orphan whose mother is dead.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"ISAAC IS CONVERTED!"

In a recent revival a young man was converted. On the return of his Christian brother to his home that evening he said to his mother, "Mother, I have good news to tell you: Isaac is converted!"

She rejoiced on hearing this. In the morning, in the midst of their rejoicings, the father (an unconverted man) said to the mother, "It would seem that your cup of joy ought to be full."

"No," said little Joseph, a child of eight years and a Sabbath-school scholar, "it lacks *just one inch* of being full, and that is *you*, father. If *you* will seek the Lord, Davie (a brother a little older than himself) and I will, and then our cup of joy will be full."
A SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE HAPPY BEGGAR.

THERE was once a man who had been a preacher for eight years, but during all this time he knew but little of true religion. He was learned and eloquent, still he could not find in his heart the happiness he needed. He was not able to find the way of peace himself, even though he tried to preach to others.

One day as he passed by his church he saw a poor old beggar clothed in ragged garments. Being a kind-hearted man, he stopped to speak to the poor man.

"God grant that this may be a pleasant morning to you," said he.



"Sir," said the beggar, "I do not recollect that I ever had an unpleasant morning."

The unhappy preacher instantly thought of the many sorrowful days he had seen, and said to the beggar:

"What is this you say? I hope that God may confer every favor upon you as long as you live."

"Sir," replied the beggar, "God's favors have always been upon me."

The preacher did not know what to make of this. Here was a poor man who seemed to be about as wretched as any man well could be. He was old, and sick, and friendless, and ragged, and poor, and yet he seemed to be happy and contented with his lot.

"I don't understand how it is that you are so happy," said the preacher to him. "Will you tell me, that I may be happy too?"

"Certainly I will, and that most cheerfully," answered the beggar. "You first wished me a pleasant morning. I told you that I never had an unpleasant one, and this is true. This is the way I am happy: When I am hungry, I praise God; when I am cold, I praise God; when it rains or snows, when it thunders or lightens, I praise God; no matter what the weather is, I always praise the Lord. This is the reason why I have never had an unpleasant morning."

"A very good reason, truly," said the minister; "but tell me how it is that God's favors are always upon you?"

"That I can easily do," said the beggar. "I commit myself into the hands of God, and am certain that he does all things for the best. Everything, therefore, that God permits to come upon me, whether it be sweet or sour, joyful or sorrowful, fortunate or unfortunate, I look upon as meant for my good, and take it with thankfulness. This is because I know that all things must work together for the good of them that love the Lord."

The minister was very much astonished at such language from a poor beggar. But he asked him another question, "What would you do if God should cast you into hell?"

"Cast me into hell!" said the beggar; "that God will never do. But if he were to cast me into hell I have two arms: an arm of faith and an arm of love. With these I would lay hold on God and cling to him so firmly that I would take him with me down to hell. And surely no evil would befall me then, for I would rather be with God in hell than to be in heaven without him."

Thus the unhappy preacher learned from a ragged and forlorn beggar that the way to happiness and to heaven is to trust in God at all times. This beggar, with his strong faith in God, was happier than many who live in fine houses.

The very best time to begin to trust God is in early life. Don't wait until you become men or women. You will find it hard work then. But go to Jesus just now in the days of childhood and say, "Here, Lord, I come, a feeble child. Take me and make me thy child, and keep me even unto death." That is the true way to happiness. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BETTER THAN TOBACCO.

BY UNCLE PETER.

"JOHNNIE, dear, what are you doing?" said Mrs. White to her son, a dashing boy of ten.

"Smoking," replied Johnnie rather curtly.

"Smoking!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "My dear boy, what could put such an idea into your head?"

"All the fellows are learning to smoke," replied Johnnie, looking a little sheepish under his mother's glance.

"The fellows had better be doing almost anything else," said his mother. "Smoking is a bad habit: bad for the body, bad for the mind, bad for the heart. It kills the first, weakens the second, and

hardens the last."

"Whew!" said Johnnie; "how you do pitch into a fellow, mother!"

"Pitching in are vulgar words, my son. I have no doubt you learned them from some of the fellows, as you call them, who are learning to smoke."

"That's so," replied Johnnie. "Jem Ward is always talking about pitching in."

"Johnnie, how would you like to own my speckled hen?" asked Mrs. White.

"How? It would be first-rate. She is a beauty. The best hen in the lot."

"Well, if you will promise me to quit smoking I will give you that hen."

"You will?" said Johnnie with an eager glance at his mother.

"I will," replied the lady, "and you may do what you please with her eggs."

"It's a bargain, then," said the boy. "I don't care much about smoking. It makes me awful sick, and it will cost a good deal for cigars when I get older. I'll take the hen and let the smoking go."

Johnnie kept his promise. The hen became his hobby. He sold her eggs until he had change enough to buy another. Then he set one of his hens and sold the chickens. In the course of a year he saved money enough to buy a pig. Then his pig brought him ten little squealers. He sold them and bought a cow. Then he sold milk to the neighbors, saving the money until he was able to buy a second cow. Thus from year to year Johnnie went on making and saving money until he became a young man. Then, when his mother was unable to take care of herself, he kept her in great comfort.

"Ah," said John one day when he had counted a pile of money which he poured into his mother's lap, "this is all your money, mother. If you hadn't bought me off from smoking with the speckled hen I should not have been worth a dime. I should have smoked all my money away instead of saving it."

"And most likely, my son, you would have added drinking to smoking. The cigar and the bottle, tobacco and rum, are almost always found in company."

"You were always a dear, wise, good mother," said Johnnie, "and I love you very dearly for teaching me to avoid evil habits and to seek the favor of the Lord."

Thus you see, boys, how Johnnie rejoiced over his good fortune in giving up the use of tobacco. I hope you will be at least as wise as he, and if you have begun to use it, give it up. If you have not begun, don't touch it. It is an ill weed which breeds more evils in the body and soul than I can describe.

WHEN Canning last saw his mother they were both in perfect health. The parting words of the deceased statesman were:

"Adieu, dear mother! In August we shall meet again!"

In July the mother died suddenly, and in the beginning of August her son followed her.