

If I was you I would push him into the puddle and let him see how he likes it."

"That would be wrong," replied Edmund. "But if it were not, what good would it do me to push him in? It wouldn't clean my coat, and there would be two suits to clean instead of one."

Do you think old King Solomon could beat the wisdom of that answer? It was wise and it was Christian too. Edmund had learned *not* to return evil for evil. Blessings on that little Solomon!

X.



WHITER THAN SNOW.

"CAN you tell me of anything that is whiter than snow?" inquired one who was addressing a Sunday-school.

"The soul that has been washed in the blood of Jesus," was the satisfactory answer of a little girl.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Psa. li, 7.

"These are they which . . . have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Rev. vii, 14.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i, 7.

SWEET WILLIAM.

A LITTLE boy, a very little boy, named William, was so affectionate and so thoughtful about others, that he used to be called after the flower of that name, "Sweet William." Before he was two years old he was shown some large Scripture prints; one of them was the lame man healed by Peter and John at the beautiful gate of the temple. He looked earnestly at it, and noticed that the lame man had no shoes on. What do you think he did? He took his own little shoes off his feet and said:

"Poor lame man can't walk; give him my shoes."

He thought the reason why the lame man could not move along was because he had no shoes on his feet, so he was willing to part with his own shoes that the poor man might be able to walk. Then little William tried to make his shoes fit on to the picture—he did not understand that it was *only* a picture—and he seemed sadly disappointed that he could not get the poor man to wear them.

Now you are wiser than this dear little boy was about pictures, but are you as wishful as he was to help others? I think you might learn from him a lesson of kindness and self-denial. How much less heavy would be the sorrow in our world if everybody tried to lighten it! Dear reader, are you doing *your* share?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BLUNDERING GRATITUDE.

A MISSION-SCHOOL was out on a picnic. One of the teachers was seated on the grass beneath a wide-spreading elm with an Irish woman, the mother of two or three of the school children. Her husband came up with his broad brown face wreathed in smiles, and, looking gratefully at the teacher, said: "May you live forever, and die happy!"

That was a genuine Irishman's blunder, but I like it, nevertheless, because it was the sincere expression of a true Irish heart. Gratitude is always beautiful, however homely and awkward the phrase may be in which it is expressed. Children, do you grow that lovely flower in your heart-garden? X.

THE OPEN DOOR.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread,
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the holy book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclosethe the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster* passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow smiling said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord,"
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no birds had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BAND OF HOPE BOY.



OME years ago I knew a little boy whose name was Henry Thompson, a member of the Richmond Band of Hope. On Saturday evenings, when they met, it was customary for the children to sing some temperance songs and listen to a short address from some loving friend. Harry, for so we used to call him, here learned to feel for the children of drunken parents, and frequently brought in a new member.

Now, children, what do you think he used to do to get them to come? I will tell you of one way,

* The burgomaster is the mayor of a Dutch town or city.

and hope you will seek to imitate his example in this or some other way to increase the number of your Sunday-school.

One day going along the street he met a little boy, when the following dialogue took place:

Harry. Will you come to the Band of Hope next Saturday night?

Thomas, (the little boy.) I don't like to come. But what do you do there?

Harry. We sing nice songs, and some gentlemen tell us how to be good boys that we may get to heaven. Now, if you will come I will sing you one of our songs.

An affirmative answer being given, the song was sung, and Harry started off home.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE VAIN GIRL.

THERE was a little girl who was very fond of fine dress. Her name was Jane. Bright ribbons, big bows, and pretty feathers were her delight. When she was fixed up in her best things she walked with haughty steps and a toss of the head which was quite laughable. Jane thought that other children admired her as much as she admired herself. She was mistaken. Her playmates only laughed at her. Older folks pitied her. They knew that she was vain, and therefore likely to fall into trouble.

Jane did fall into trouble. I will tell you how. When she grew to be a young woman she went to live with her aunt. This aunt kept boarders. One of her boarders died of the cholera. The doctor, fearing the infection might be in her clothing, ordered it to be burned. Now Jane had seen this dead lady wear a splendid silk dress, which she coveted the first time she saw it. So when the clothes were taken into the yard to burn, she contrived to steal away the silk dress and secrete it for her own use.

A few days later Jane went home to see her mother. Then she "came out" in the dead lady's silk dress, which happened to fit her nicely. Now, I cannot say that the infection was in the dress, but it is a sober fact that Jane was taken sick with cholera while she had it on, and three days later was a corpse!

What killed Jane? Wasn't it vanity? If you think so don't you be vain. Don't be proud of little things. Vanity may not kill you, but it is sure to hurt you. It will hurt your soul, and make God angry with you. Be humble, therefore. Be plain. Be sure that your happiness depends more upon what you *are* than upon what you *wear*—more upon the goodness of your heart than the quality and make of your clothes. X.

SABBATH-DAY.

As a little boy not six years of age, a scholar in one of the schools in York, was going one Sabbath with his parents a short distance from that city, they were met by an aged gentleman on the road, near which place sat an old woman with fruit for sale. The gentleman said, "Well, Richard, my boy, you see here are nuts, oranges, and gingerbread, what shall I buy you?"