

"Why, you see Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash 'em all."

Joe knew that this was not a right feeling, and expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said in a quiet way:

"Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! burn him?" asked Joe doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head. With a queer smile Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he, "that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now, tell me how to do it—quick!"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." There," said Herbert, "that's God's way of doing it, and I think that's the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now, I do say, Cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that's a real take in. Why, it's just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill-temper, and he said sullenly, "But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said Herbert: "I've known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose—'ut no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that."

Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away. Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts he saw Fritz coming down the lane carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string!" but he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the good fellow began at once with, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home and done all my work I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "O may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And, Fritz," he added a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast, but after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said:

"O Joe! I did it; but I can't begin to tell you

how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean when you promised me the books, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

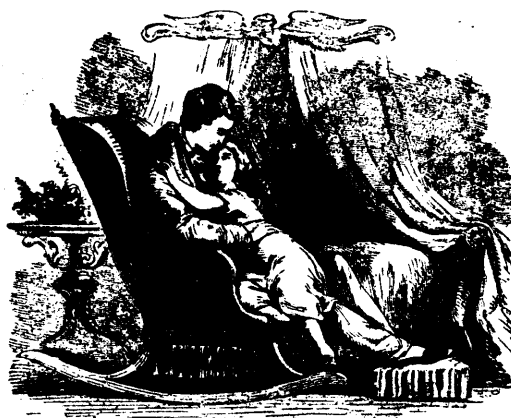
"And yet you didn't—" Fritz could get no further. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal *does* burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine."

Joe took two or three somersaults, and went home with a light heart and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg-money. The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he was never more happy in his life. And Joe found out afterward that the more he used of this curious kind of coal the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be. Joe was sowing righteousness when he put that coal on Fritz's head, and he had "a sure reward" in the pleasure which it yielded him. *Pleasure is one part to the reward of sowing righteousness. This is sure.*



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ROSIE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

WHY have the children all stopped in their playing?

Bright shines the sun in the sky overhead;
Icicles clear on the bare trees are swaying,
What is it that the young voices are saying?
Softly they murmur, "Rose Percy is dead!"

Dear little Rosie! Thy course is soon ended;
Five fleeting summers make up thy brief day;
Vainly hath wealth sheltered thee and defended,
Vainly hath love all thy footsteps attended,
Like the May flowers thou hast faded away.

Miss we thy laugh and thy voice softly humming
Its unstudied music, so artless and clear;
Miss we the light step so cheerfully coming,
All thy sweet presence so bright and so dear;
Ah, who will fill up thy empty place here?

We must not regret thee, though pale death doth sever
The cords that unite thy loved being to ours;
We still catch thy smiles, and our spirits can never
Forget that we shall in the coming Forever
Recover again earth's loveliest flowers.

I WILL devote an hour each day
In prayer to God on high;
That he will guide me in the way
To joys beyond the sky.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE MARTYR SADOH.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF PETERMAN.



DURING the long reign of Sapor II., King of Persia, the Christians of that country were subjected to many cruel persecutions. The Jews and heathen priests inflamed Sapor against them by representing them as Greek spies.

Under this influence he put to death, in the thirty-first year of his reign, about one hundred of the most holy persons of his kingdom.

In subsequent persecutions the good Simeon, Bishop of Seleucia and Ctesiphon, suffered death. His successor was Sadoth, who, as an archdeacon, had been sent to the Nicene council. He was bishop, however, only a short time. In a dream he was forewarned of persecution. He seemed to see by night, as Jacob of old, a ladder reaching up to heaven, on the top of which stood Simeon, who looked kindly on him and said, "Come up hither, Sadoth, to me; for I ascended yesterday and thou shalt come up to-day." From this he inferred that as Simeon had perished so would he, and he related the dream to his friends, and exhorted them to stand firm to their favour and to put on the whole armor of holiness.

When Sapor, two years after the first persecution, was dwelling in Seleucia, he caused the pure and God-fearing Sadoth to be arrested, and at the same time with him one hundred and twenty-eight others, among whom were presbyters, deacons, old and young. These he cruelly imprisoned and bound in chains and fetters for five months. Three times during this period were they taken out and fearfully tortured in order to compel them to offer idolatrous worship to the sun, which if they had done they would all have been restored to freedom and honor. But Sadoth, in the name of all of them, said:

"We stand in one strength, in one wisdom, and in one will; and in one faith praise we the only God whom we serve with our whole soul. But the sun which he made and preserves we worship not; and fire, which he gave us to use, we reverence not. We cannot obey thy command and displease the true God."

When this was reported to the king he sent word to them that if they would not obey him they should immediately be destroyed. To this they replied:

"To our God we cannot die, and to his Son we cannot be lost; for he is ready to awaken us to a new life and to receive us into his kingdom. Destroy us in whatever manner you please, we are ready and content to die for our God."

Then the king ordered their execution. They were led in fetters outside the city, but as they went they all sang together the forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation," etc. When they reached the place of death they joyfully said, "Praised be God who has given us this crown for which we longed, and praised be his Son who leaves us not in this world, but calls us and raises us up to himself through the sacrifice of our own blood." And this song of praise did not cease until the last death-blow had been struck.

J. P. L.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOVE FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN THE DEATH-HOUR.

WHEN ELVA LESTER was near her end the Sabbath came. She knew the holy day and requested to be carried to her Sabbath-school. This, of course, was impossible; but her request shows how she loved her school, and it ought to shame those children who, with the best of health, can hardly be forced to attend. Elva is at school now where the great Teacher hears the lessons.