

Do you know what the *second* command forbids? It forbids the worship of images, which is idolatry. What does the *third* command teach? It says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;" which means that you must neither swear, nor use the name of the Lord in a light or trifling manner.

What does the *fourth* command teach?

It tells you to observe the Sabbath as a day of public worship. It forbids you to play or work on that holy day. It is God's day. Its hours are holy.

What does the *fifth* command teach?

The fifth command is meant for children. It tells them to honor father and mother. This means that they are to respect, obey, and love their parents.

What does the *sixth* command forbid?

Murder. This word stands for the highest injury you can do to the person of another. The command includes all lesser injuries. It means that you are to do no harm to any one.

What does the *seventh* command forbid?

Adultery. This is a word you do not understand; it is enough for you now to know that this law forbids you to use naughty words or to do filthy actions.

What does the *eighth* command forbid?

Stealing.

What is forbidden in the *ninth* command?

All lying. The *words* of the command refer to taking a false oath, but its spirit teaches you that you must never tell a lie to any one.

What is taught in the *tenth* command?

That you must never covet nor wish to possess anything that belongs to any one else. If you do covet you will be tempted to steal. So you must keep your heart pure from all desire to take that which belongs to another.

Such are God's ten laws. Write them on your memories, my children. Let them be to you a string of precious pearls. Obey them! But fail not to keep in mind the great truth that the power to keep them must come to you from the Holy Spirit. You must pray to and trust in Jesus and he will send you that kind helper called the "Comforter."

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"NEVER TREAD ON A SORE TOE."



"Of course, I wouldn't do that; it would be cruel," says Master JOHN CRITIC, and yet the Yankee guesses that John trod on his sister's sore toe no longer ago than yesterday. I will tell you how it happened.

John's sister—her name is Alice, and a sweet little thing she is too—can't endure the piano. I really believe she hates it with all her heart. Hence, you may be sure, her mother has hard work to make her "*practice*." Well, yesterday when John came rushing into the parlor after school he saw Alice sitting on the piano-stool and pouting. Turning to her, he said:

"How do you do, Miss Handel?"

Alice knew that Handel was a great musical artist and that John was poking fun at her. So she burst into tears. Didn't John tread on her sore toe?

But John has a sore toe as well as Alice. He is afraid of dogs. He will go a block out of his way to avoid passing a dog. Of course Alice knew this, and after crying a moment or two she looked up, and, smiling through her tears, said:

"Bow-wow! bow-wow!"

John's sore toe was bruised now. He didn't like it. It was all very well, he thought, to hurt Alice's sore toe, but when she came to hurt his he was angry, and muttering "Get out!" left the room.

Now you know what "treading on a sore toe" means, don't you? I guess you all have sore toes yourselves. Isn't it so? Haven't you all some fault or weakness about which you don't like to be

twitted? Well, that is your *sore toe*. You don't like to have it trodden on, do you? *Of course not!* Very good. Then don't forget that the sore toes of your brothers and sisters and playmates are just as tender as yours. Don't tread on them. It is not kind to do so. It is not doing to others as you wish them to do to you. "Never tread on a sore toe."

YANKEE.



PRAYING AND SAYING PRAYERS.

JEMIMA was a little girl
Who many prayers could say;
But O! she had a wandering heart,
And, therefore, did not pray.

She'd kneeled beside her little bed
"Our Father" to repeat,
The while she twisted into knots
The corner of the sheet.

Her roving eyes, as there she knelt,
Were never closed at all;
She'd count the roses on the rug,
The stars upon the wall.

And, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
Her careless tongue would say,
When all her thoughts were of the doll
That on the pillow lay.

Ah! 'twas no wonder that she grew
Ill-tempered, proud, and rude,
For if a child should never pray,
How can a child be good?

Dear readers! shun Jemima's fault,
And heed the words I say:
When you kneel down to say your prayers,
Be certain that you pray!

WHAT IS IT TO BE AN ORPHAN?

PASSING near the steps of an orphan asylum, I saw a company of rosy-cheeked little girls amusing themselves with the sports of childhood. I lingered to witness their hearty, healthy exercise, and inquiringly said, "Are those all *orphans*?"

"O no," replied one, and she turned toward me her beautiful animated eyes, "I am not an *orphan*. I have got an *aunt* and *cousins*."

Little readers, nestled in your comfortable houses, with parents, brothers, and sisters around you, do you ever think of the lone orphans? No one to meet them with an approving smile—no one to cherish them *for the love they bear them*. Charity, it is true, has gathered many of these little outcasts into comfortable shelters, where they are clothed, fed, and educated; but many are still wandering without an earthly eye to watch and love them. O when you kneel before your heavenly Father to thank him for the mercies he bestows on you, forget not the *orphan*.

THE ARCHER AND THE ARROW.

AN archer complained of his arrow because it did not hit the mark. "If you had directed me right," said the arrow, "I should not have failed."

We too often blame others when the fault is in ourselves.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"PUNISH ME."

IN a certain school there was a boy whom I will call ANDREW. He was an idle fellow, full of mischief as a monkey, and gave his teacher much trouble. One day his conduct was so bad that his teacher felt obliged to punish him. But just as the rod was uplifted, his brother, about four years older than himself, sprung from his seat and stood by his side.

The teacher's arm fell. The scholars looked on filled with wonder. For a moment there was silence in that schoolroom, which was broken at length by the teacher saying to the elder brother:

"Well, William, what do you want?"

"Please, sir," replied the noble boy, "will you punish me instead of my brother?"

"Punish you!" exclaimed the teacher; "you have done nothing to deserve the rod."

"Perhaps not, sir," rejoined the boy, "but I do not like my brother to be whipped. Please do punish me and not him."

Seeing that William was in earnest, and thinking that it might be the means of winning the idle Andrew to obedience, the teacher punished the innocent boy.

Don't you think William loved his brother very dearly? Don't you think Andrew's heart ought to have melted into love? *He must have been a very wicked boy if that love didn't win him!* So I think. But stop! Don't hasten on. Haven't you an elder brother who once bore punishment for you? Didn't Jesus die to save you from being punished for your sins? How is it then with you? Has the love of Jesus won your love? Has his love won you over to the side of goodness? If not, then are you not a very, very wicked, ungrateful child? How is it?

W. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BURIAL OF THE DRUMMER-BOY.



AT the battle of Bean Station, in East Tennessee, the Union troops were beaten and driven off. The Confederates, who were left in possession of the field, acted more like brutes than like human beings. They neither buried the dead nor permitted others to do so. They even shot those who came for that purpose, while they roamed over the field insulting the dead and robbing them of their clothing.

It so happened that they left the body of a little drummer-boy thus shockingly robbed near an humble house on one side of the field. Two poor young girls who lived here looked on with pitying eyes, and resolved to try what they could do. Perhaps the thought of some brother of their own who might yet be left thus destitute served them to the task. With sisterly care they gathered up such materials as they could find, and when darkness came on they carried them to where lay the body of the poor drummer-boy. Tenderly they wrapped it up in garments that they had brought from their own scanty wardrobes, gently they laid it in the rude box they had contrived to put together. Then they dug a grave with their own hands, lowered the body into it, and buried it away out of sight.

It was a scene to touch the hardest heart; and even some rebel soldiers, who had come to see the cause of the hammering, stood by without offering to interfere. And when the simple rites were performed each went his own way in silence, leaving the remains of the poor drummer-boy in their sacred resting-place. There may they rest in peace; and may those tender-hearted sisters in the day of their extremity hear the voice of the Heavenly One saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." A. J.