

CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL M. S.

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TRYING THE PIANO.

WHAT a pretty little girl! How pleased she looks! The note she has sounded pleases her ear. It is all the sweeter because it has come from the action of her fingers on the keys. Judging by her looks, I should think she has an ear for music, and will, if she has patience to practice thoroughly, become a fine player by and by.

Mark! *If she has patience to practice thoroughly.* Everything depends on that. She may be gifted with musical power, but that will not make her a good player unless she spends many, many long

hours in practice. "Practice makes perfect," you know. It will do much for a dull child, it will do wonders for a gifted one.

AMELIA — is a gifted girl, but she is lazy. She don't like to stick to anything long at a time. Her teacher says she might excel if she would persevere. But she won't. When told to practice her "scales" she sits down, runs over them once or twice, and then begins to thrum "Pop goes the weasel," "Yankee doodle," or some other equally simple air. Hence, Amelia makes no progress. Her mother coaxes, commands, threatens, and promises rewards. But nothing succeeds. Amelia will not practice, and so, with ability to fill her home with

sweetest strains, she will grow up a musical dunce and blunderhead.

How do you like this portrait of Amelia? Does it resemble yourself? Is a lack of perseverance your *fault*? Do you slight everything you touch? Are you in consequence of this habit a backward scholar, a slipshod sewer, a poor tool at everything? I'm sorry for you. I fear you will be counted in the awkward squad all your lifetime. That will be a very unpleasant thing for you, and the worst feature of the case will be that it will be your own fault.

How do you like your prospect, Miss Do-everything-in-a-hurry? How do you like it, Master Slipshod? You don't like it a bit, eh? Neither of you? I am glad you don't. That's a good sign. Show me a slipshod child who stands at the stupid end of all his classes without blushing—a child who is content to be counted a know-nothing, and I will show you a child who will be a good-for-nothing all his life. But there is hope for a child who has sense enough not to feel easy at the prospect of being written down among dullards and boobies. But one thing more is wanting, namely, a strong resolution to do your duty always—to be thorough and persevering in every right thing.

Make that resolution and stick to it, trusting the grace of God, and you will take rank with the world's benefactors and worthies.

THE CORPORAL.

TOM'S TRIAL.

It was a pleasant day in that particularly pleasant part of summer-time which the boys call "vacation," when Tiger and Tom walked slowly down the street together. Nearly a year ago, on Tom's birthday, Tiger arrived as a present from Tom's uncle, and as he leaped with a dignified bound from the wagon in which he made his journey. Tom looked for a