

loop at school. But, papa, maybe it wasn't the man's own wagon. I guess his new carriage was away somewhere, and his grandmother got sick, and he had to go after the doctor, and so he took an old wagon that the boys used to play in."

Mr. Norton smiled at Susy's guessing. Her grandmother was sick, and they were on their way to visit her, and little Susy was very tired with such a long ride, so he was glad to find anything to interest her. Presently he said, "Here is another track, Susy. Do you see anything wrong about that?"

Susy looked at the track carefully and then said, "Only those places where it is so much deeper and wider than the other. It looks as if they had a big wheel on this side and a little one on the other."

"One of the hind wheels didn't turn," said Mr. Norton, "but went dragging along through the sand. I dare say it made a great noise, creaking and grating, and it must have been very hard for the horses to pull."

"How do you know it was the hind wheel, papa?" asked Susy.

"O, because if it had been the front wheel the hind one would have pushed dirt over the track, and you see it is clear. I'll tell you, Susy, what that ugly, dragging wheel makes me think of. I've seen people that were just like it. If you undertook to get any work out of them, you would always have to pull the whole load and them too. They never rolled plumply and squarely along, and carried their part of the load, but they dragged, and groaned, and creaked, and *wouldn't turn*. It's a very bad thing to have to depend on such a wheel, Susy."

"Yes; but, papa, I wouldn't have it," said Susy; "I'd just take it off and leave it by the roadside, and say, 'Lie there, you lazy, stupid thing!' and then I'd get a wheel that *would* turn."

"Ah, yes, that's a very good way," said papa, "but sometimes it's all the wheel you've got, and so you have to do the best you can with it; and then you have to be all the time oiling, and pushing, and dragging, and it's hard work."

"Do you mean me, papa?" asked Susy; "because when I do things for mamma sometimes she says it takes more work to keep me at it than it would to do it herself, only she thinks it is her duty to make me do it. I guess I'm a wheel that don't turn sometimes."

"Well," said Mr. Norton, "I have heard of a person, I believe it was a girl, who undertook to keep her father's study in order. She did it very nicely for two mornings; after that, when her papa wanted to write, he would have to wipe the dust off his table with his handkerchief, or else run all over the house saying, 'Little Pickle, come and dust the study!'"

"O, papa," laughed Susy, "that was my own self."

"And I know a person," went on Mr. Norton, "who was intrusted with the care of her brother's stockings, because her mamma thought she was old enough to learn to mend nicely. Very soon afterward her brother was seen turning his clean stockings over and over, trying to make up his mind whether he should put his foot in at the top or the toe. 'Ah, me,' said mamma, 'that's little Pickle's darning!'"

"That was me, too," said Susy; "I forgot all about 'em till Sunday came."

"I could tell you a great many more things of the kind," said her papa, "but this will do. Only when you know what part of any work fairly belongs to you, be sure you come right up promptly and do it without any dragging. *Never be a wheel that doesn't turn!*"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

REAL greatness does not depend on the things we do, but on the mind with which we do them.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A STRANGE PILLOW.

How would you like a lion's den for your bedroom and a lion's breast for your pillow? *You wouldn't like it at all!* I suppose not. Yet the man in the picture appears to enjoy the situation. His sleep is as sound as an infant's, and his face is as placid and calm as happy dreams can make it. Even the lion seems to enjoy the sleeper's company, and his eyes look at you with glances which say, "This man is under my care; touch him if you dare."

What does the picture mean? *It is Daniel in the lions' den.* Yes, that's it. The sleeper is holy Daniel. He has been thrust into that den through the devices of bad men who hated him for his virtues and who wanted the lions to kill him. But Daniel's God shut the lions' mouths, and they did him no harm. No one can hurt a good man without God's permission.

It is a good thing to have God for a friend, my children. It is better to have God's friendship than be the idol of a nation or the owner of millions of money. The best of all is, that while most of you cannot have either riches or men's honors, you can all have the friendship of God. I hope you will all seek it. It is more precious than rubies.

I want you all to get your Bibles, find the Book of Daniel, and read all about that blessed man. It will make you wiser and better children. Will you do it?

Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT LITTLE ALICE WANTED.

ONCE on a time a rich man went to visit his nephews and nieces. He carried a great many beautiful things with him as presents, so that you may be sure the little folks were glad enough to see him. They clambered upon his knees, clustered round his legs, and almost killed him with kindness.

"Give me this!" cried one of the girls, seizing a lovely doll.

"I want this splendid ball," shouted one of the boys.

"I'll have this battle-loor," cried Nellie, the eldest sister.

"No you sha'n't," replied Bella, "I want that."

But sweet, blue-eyed little Alice stood back gazing at the beautiful gifts with smiling lips but saying nothing. Presently her uncle, having shaken off the crowd which had hid Alice from his view, said to her:

"And what does my little Alice want?"

"Only what uncle pleases to give me," replied she.

Sweet child! Do you wonder that her uncle drew her to his side, strained her to his bosom, kissed her, and then gave her the prettiest thing he had? I don't. I should have done so too, for I think that quiet, patient, unselfish Alice was the best child in the group.

Let covetous children feel rebuked by her unselfish words. And let us all learn to go to the Giver of all good with her spirit and say, "O Lord, we want only what it pleases thee to give us." Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BE CIVIL.

"My young friend," said a gentleman on horseback one day to a lad who was standing near a well, "will you do me the favor to draw a pail of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off?"

Instead of giving a gruff reply, as many lads would have done, the boy drew the water and gave it to the horse. His manner was so pleasant and cheerful that the stranger, delighted with his spirit, asked his name and residence, and then, after thanking him, rode on.

The good-natured lad thought no more of his act of civility until, some months later, he received a letter from the gentleman offering him a clerkship in his store. The offer was accepted. The lad prospered, and finally became chief magistrate of a large city.

Thus, you see, that a little act of civility to a stranger was the first round in the ladder by which that boy climbed to honor and wealth. Now I do not say that civility will always lead to such honor, but I do say that it always raises its possessor in the opinions of others and in his own self-respect. Be civil, therefore, my boys and girls. Civility is an ornament you should all wear. X.

THE WARNING BELL.

In every youthful breast doth dwell
A little tingling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill or well,
And when we put bad thoughts to flight,
And choose to do the good and right,
It sings a psalm of delight.
But if we choose to do the wrong,
And 'gainst the weak strive with the strong,
It tolls a solemn, saddened song.
And should we on some darksome day,
When hope lights not the cheerless way,
Far from the path of duty stray,
'Twill with its tones serene and clear,
Of warning in the spirit's ear,
Our slow returning footsteps cheer.
And always in the worldly mart,
With its sweet song it cheers each heart,
To do with energy their part.
Then let us strive with main and might
To shun the wrong and do the right,
And the bell's warning sound ne'er slight.

CONSCIENCE.

BE WISE IN TIME.

A young prince whose mind had learned in some degree to value religious truth, asked his tutor to give him suitable instruction that he might be prepared for death.

"Plenty of time for that when you are older," was the reply.

"No!" said the prince, "I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves, and there are many *shorter* than I am."