

home of the holy Jesus. Mary's heart was stained with these sins when her body was drowned. The boy was no better than Mary. I fear they were both shut out of heaven.

Children, be obedient. Be pure. Let Jesus wash your souls in his precious blood. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### TELLING LIES.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NEVER stoop to tell lies:  
'Tis the meanest of vices,  
And the silliest wife  
Of all Satan's devices.  
Not gambling or theft  
Can dishonor you more,  
And drunkenness sure  
Does not rank any lower.

Never stoop to tell lies;  
Never try to deceive:  
Do not act the vile falsehood  
That none should believe.  
There is nothing so lovely,  
In childhood or youth,  
As the fresh rosy lips  
Which are sacred to truth.

Do not stoop to tell lies;  
Let no hypocrite's play  
Of gesture or look  
Lead another astray.  
'Tis the pure simple language  
Of truth that doth win,  
The words that come fresh  
From the warm heart within.

Do not stoop to tell lies;  
God hears all you say;  
He knows the wrong meaning  
Your false words convey.  
And the lies, lightly spoken,  
Forgotten when said,  
Will appear when he judges  
The quick and the dead.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### ROSIE IN UNCLE CHESTER'S PLACE.

I KNOW a little Sunday-school girl some four years old, whom we will call Rosie. She lives with her uncle and aunt, whom we will call Uncle Chester and Aunt Minnie. She loves them very much, and is very unwilling to have them away from her.

One morning Uncle Chester was obliged to be absent on business very early before breakfast, and little Rosie felt very badly to have him gone. To quiet her feelings, Aunt Minnie told her she might take Uncle Chester's place at the table, etc. This pleased her very much; but she saw herself soon in a dilemma, for Uncle Chester said grace at the table, and if she was going to fill his place, this was what she did not know how to perform. She wanted to know if it would do to say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep," etc.

This seeming inappropriate, her aunt told her she could omit this part of Uncle Chester's duty. This she reluctantly consented to. Breakfast being finished, next came family worship. Here was another trouble. Uncle Chester read his Bible to his family, and Rosie could not read, so she said, "I think we'll omit reading." But she insisted on taking Uncle Chester's place and pray in the family. She therefore exhorted Aunt Minnie to be serious and pay good attention while she prayed, who did so with all the sobriety she could control, while Rosie knelt in Uncle Chester's place and offered up, I believe, an acceptable prayer to God for a blessing on them. How appropriate the words she used I cannot say. It was a simple, childlike prayer, in broken accents and singularly arranged sentences. But it was honest, fervent, and uttered in unusually solemn tones.

Faithful little Rosie! Her prayers are heard in heaven. God loves the simple offerings of prayer and praise of innocent childhood. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." N. C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### IN A PASSION.

WHEW! How mad MASTER NED is! His temper is up to more than blood heat, and he is stamping the chickens to death with all the fury of a savage in a field of battle. As the wise man said, his "wrath is cruel" and his "anger is outrageous."

Look at him, my children! Mark his fiery eyes, his set teeth, his clenched hand, his raised foot. What a sad picture! Then see what he has done. He has trampled two helpless chicks to death and his foot is almost down on a third. Isn't he a furious fellow? What ails him? Why is he so mad?

You will hardly believe me when I tell you that all this passion was roused because his friend, JOE BAGSTOCK, wouldn't swap knives with him. Just that and nothing more. Of course, Joe had a perfect right to keep his own knife, and he had very kindly said to Ned, "No, I would rather not swap." Upon this Ned's temper magazine took fire, and he cried, "Then I'll kill your chickens," and at the bad work he went, as you see him in the picture. Ned's temper goes off like a lucifer match.

What do you think of Ned? "He is a poor foolish fellow!" "A wicked boy!" "He must be very unhappy!" I hear you say. Yes, he is all that, and if he does not mend his manners by repenting and going to Jesus his temper will ruin him. Men will avoid and God will punish him.

May the peaceful Jesus heal the evil temper of every Ned in the Advocate family. Amen. Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### A HARD-HEARTED SON.

IN INDIA, as you know, it was formerly the custom to burn widows alive with the dead bodies of their husbands. The English do not permit this cruel practice now. The heathen dislike the English for this. A Hindoo youth was talking against them one day to a missionary, who asked him:

"Are not you an eldest son?"

"Yes," replied the youth.

"And when a widow is burned the eldest son has to apply the torch to the funeral pile."

"Yes."

"Then but for the English, of whom you complain, you might have been required to set your mother on fire?"

"Yes."

"And you would have done it?"

"Yes."

Thus, you see, the Hindoo boy was sorry because he had not been permitted to burn his mother. His heart must have been hard, indeed. What made it so? Heathenism. Thank God, my children, you were born in Christian America and not in heathen India. And fail not to do all you can to make those hard-hearted heathen into kind, loving Christian sons and daughters. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### IDA B'S SHARP WEAPON.

IDA B. loved to pray. Sometimes when her mother was sick she would come to her and kiss her and say, "Ma, I will pray for you."

One day she came home from school and said, "Ma, we had a new scholar to-day."

"Who is it, dear?"

"Nancy H., and she is my seatmate."

"How do you like her?" said her mother.

"I don't know what to make of her," replied Ida.

"Why?"

"Because she is all the time pulling the little hairs on my neck and it hurts me."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. B.; "but if she continues to do so, perhaps you had better tell the teacher of her."

"Ma, I don't like to tell of her if I can help it. Shall I pray for her, ma?" said Ida, feelingly.

"Yes, dear."

And Ida prayed for her seatmate, her tormentor. How much better to pray for her than to quarrel with her, or even to complain of her to the teacher. But I wonder if praying cured little Nancy of her bad conduct to Ida?

The next night Ida came home looking quite cheerful.

"How did you get along to-day, Ida?" said her mother.

"Nancy only pulled my hair once or twice to-day. I can get along with that. Ma, I will pray for her again."

The next day when Ida returned from school her mother again asked her how she had got along.

"O first rate; Nancy didn't pull my hair at all to-day."

Nancy never pulled Ida's hair again, and is it strange that Nancy began to love Ida and treat her kindly all the time, and that these girls became warm friends? Now Nancy thinks there is nobody like Ida B., and often comes to her mother's house to visit her. I think all the children, both big and little, would do well to imitate Ida B.'s example.

S. D. J.

### KILLING A QUARREL.

TOM JACKSON and HARRY SIMMONDS were looking as fierce as two Turkey-cocks, and their noses were so close to each other that you could hardly have slipped a sheet of paper between them. Tom's fist was doubled, and Harry was turning up his cuffs.

"Hallo, mates!" cried a merry voice, the proprietor of which, Jem Dix, came running at full speed. "What's up now? I declare you look as if you wanted to swallow each other. Going to fight? I know better. Why, Harry, didn't Tom get you out of that scrape with Dr. Tingleboys last Tuesday? and I say, Tom, didn't Harry Simmonds help you with your lessons when you were doubled up with the toothache? Well, all I can say is, if you are going to quarrel I'll cut your acquaintance, both of you; and so shake hands, old fellows."

It took at least a quarter of an hour to get the crimson out of the two boys' faces, but the quarrel was stopped.

HOME.—Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love, by the innocence and sports of childhood, is the only home of the human heart.—LESLIE.