

is the better and happier boy, think you? This or that? Ah, I know how you all vote on that question. You say, "We like that go-to-meeting boy. He is the better and happier of the two."

No doubt of it, my children. I never knew boy, girl, man, or woman to be good and happy who did not like to go to meeting. Did you? W.



I HEARD A LITTLE CHILD SWEAR.

He took God's holy name in vain!
I heard the fearful word;
Devils rejoiced, and angels wept,
As the dread sound was heard.
That little child, poor feeble thing!
My heart wept bitter tears,
As I thought of his future doom
In swiftly coming years.

He took God's holy name in vain!
He knew 'twas awful sin,
For oft at Church and Sabbath-school
That little child had been;
And God's commands he knew full well,
He'd learn'd them o'er and o'er;
And yet he dared to take in vain
The name angels adore.

He took God's holy name in vain!
How dark his path will be!
No God above to guide him here,
None for eternity.
For if we turn from the great God,
And his wise laws do spurn,
Th' Almighty Lord will hide his face,
From us in anger turn.

He took God's holy name in vain!
"Have mercy, Lord, I pray,
Upon that child," so prayed my heart,
As I pass'd on my way.
Ah, little reader, warning take;
Abhor this awful sin,
And pray for grace to sanctify
And govern all within.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"KISS ME, MOTHER."

A FEW weeks ago the One hundred and third Regiment, O. V. I., was stationed in Western Kentucky. At one of the hospitals, crowded with the sick and dying, lay a youth, a mere boy, suffering from that terrible disease, *camp-fever*. His parched lips, glowing cheeks, and strangely bright eyes indicated that the fever was preying in no gentle form on his delicate frame. He tossed restlessly from side to side, until at length the fire which burned his cheek found its way to his brain, and he became

delirious. Visions of the dear old home and bright green fields, through which the little brook with many a gentle ripple took its way to the river, passed before him, and he talked of them rapidly for a while, and then began calling loudly to his mother to come and kiss him.

The kind-hearted chaplain endeavored to soothe him by kind and gentle words, but in vain; nothing seemed to divert his thoughts from the dear object which occupied them, and he turned sorrowfully away to administer comfort to other sufferers. Some time after he returned. Still the sick boy was pleading, "Mother, do come and kiss me!"

The good chaplain listened, and his eyes grew dim with tears, and bending over him he whispered softly, "Yes, my son, mother will kiss you," at the same time kissing him tenderly.

The deed acted as magic. The wild delirium immediately subsided, and the little soldier boy soon sunk into a gentle sleep.

Little boys and girls, do you ever think as your kind mother places you snugly in your little bed at night and leaves you with her good-night kiss warmly imprinted upon your rosy cheek, how much you owe to her love and tenderness? Do you ever in your little prayer thank God for a loving mother? Be grateful, dear children, and by prompt obedience and kind actions try to merit her love. And when years have passed and you are separated from her, may you as fondly recall and dearly prize, as did the poor soldier boy, a mother's kiss.

ALICE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE IDA.

IDA was a lovely, happy child, full of life and song, the very light and sunshine of her home. Every one who knew Ida loved her, for she was very lovable, and she tried to do right. Sometimes, however, she was not watchful enough, and, like some other little girls, she would do a naughty thing. One word of reproof was enough at any time to set her thinking, and then the first question was, "Pa, was I wicked?"

When shown that she was in the wrong she gave herself no rest till she felt that she was forgiven, and then she was joyful and happy as before.

That is the way we should all do—never rest till we feel that God is our friend, and like her we can always sing,

"Why should I fear when God is near,"

and when death comes go as she has done to delight ourselves in his presence.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE UNSELFISH BOY.



RS. RICHARDS tells the story of two little boys who were using a new hatchet by turns. While Herbert chopped with it Eddie cleared away the chips, and then Eddie took the hatchet and Herbert picked away the chips. But it so happened that once, while Eddie was chopping, the hatchet slipped and cut off one of Herbert's fingers. When Eddie saw what he had done to his little playmate, whom he loved dearly, his heart was ready to break with grief, and he burst into an agony of tears.

"O don't cry so!" said Herbert, twisting his own face to keep from crying. "Of course you could not help it. I was just as likely to cut your finger off in the same way. It don't hurt much, and I guess it will grow on again," and so he bravely tried to hold it in its place as they went to the house. "If it don't I sha'n't mind it much. You see I don't have to work, and so I shall not need to use

this hand. Isn't it a good thing that it wasn't the right hand though? Mamma," said he, running up to her, "do comfort Eddie. He is crying dreadfully because the hatchet slipped in his hand and struck my finger. Don't you think it can be sewed on and will grow to my hand again? O tell Eddie he must not feel so badly. How could he help it?"

And so the dear child, thinking far more of his friend's sorrow than his own hurt, bore the pain and the loss of his finger without a murmur. It was never restored, but he had little further need of it. Before the year went round he heard a voice saying, "Come up higher," and he laid aside the little mutilated body, and went perfect and happy to dwell "forever with the Lord."



From the "Sunday-School Almanac."

THE COMPASSIONATE VISITOR.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—Rev. iii, 20; Luke xii, 30; John xiv, 23.

As that old man stands knocking at that door, so Jesus stands before every child's heart asking to be let in. The voice in the soul that whispers, "Seek the Lord," is the Saviour's knock.

A little girl told a lie one day. When she thought it over she felt sad, very sad indeed. She felt sad because Jesus was knocking and she was listening. "O dear," said she, "how wicked I have been. I wonder if Jesus will forgive me?" Then kneeling down she lifted up her little fat hands and said, "Please, Jesus, forgive a sinful child. Please change my heart and make it so good and true that it won't make me want to tell a lie any more."

When little Laura said that prayer she was opening the door of her heart to let Jesus in. Jesus went in directly, for he loves to dwell in the hearts of children, and made Laura very happy. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

NO PRIDE IN HEAVEN.

ONE of our little Sunday-scholars was very sick. She thought that she was going to die, but her mother, who was not a Christian, could not endure the idea. One day, while talking to her little daughter, she said:

"When you get well I intend to buy you a nice set of furs, and you will put on your nice silk dress, and you will appear as well as any other child in the Sunday-school."

The sick girl looked into her mother's face for a moment and replied:

"Mother, I don't think it right to be proud of our clothing, for the devil was cast out of heaven through pride."

PRICE OF A BIBLE.

In the reign of Edward I. the price of a fairly-written Bible was £37. The hire of a laborer was three halfpence a day. The purchase of a copy would, of course, have taken the earnings of above fifteen years and three months.