

orphans had cause for rejoicing, owing to the effect of young Edmund's Christmas prayer.

Children, let Edmund's example teach you to care for others as well as yourselves. Seek your enjoyment more in making others happy than in self-indulgence.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Little Humpback.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A little humpbacked girl
Came slowly up the street;
I watched her pale sweet face,
Her weary, lagging feet.
I saw the earnest look,
Too thoughtful for her years,
And caught the passing smile,
That sadder seemed than tears.

Sweet, merry voices chimed
In happy, childish play,
And joyous laughter rang
Along the dusty way.
Strong healthy boys and girls,
With many a careless shout,
Were telling all the world
That school was just let out.

The little girl, apart,
Stole silently along,
Too tired to join the plays,
Too weak to swell the song.
'Twas sad to think that life
Such sorrow held in store,
To see the burden rough,
Those young, frail shoulders bore.

I saw a sadder sight:
The little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and lips,
And hair in sunny curls,
Turned scornfully away
From that poor, suffering child,
Or with loud taunting words
Her misery reviled.

"Hunchy!" I heard them say,
"What have you in that pack?
You carry all you're worth
Upon your broken back."
The little boys threw stones;
The rude girls laughed and jeered,
As if 'twere fun to see
How wretched she appeared.

As God looks down from heaven
Upon them all to-night,
Which of those little ones
Is fairest in his sight?
He sees the stricken one,
But not as others see;
Alas! he also sees
The heart's deformity.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Jumping too Fast.

ROMPING Tom, quiet Mary, and blue-eyed Ellen were standing before the kitchen hearth, one evening in early winter, watching the corn popper. By and by as Nelly, the cook, was gently shaking the popper, the tiny kernels began to pop, pop, pop, swell, and turn their jackets inside out. The children cried "O!" "Aint it funny!" etc. At last Tom, putting on a grave face, exclaimed:

"O, now I know what snow is—it is *popped rain!*"

Mary and Ella laughed at Tom's queer notion about snow. The cook said he was more witty than wise. When his mother heard it she said:

"That's just like our Tom, he's always jumping into false conclusions."

The mother was right. Tom saw a resemblance between the white popped corn and the white snow-flake. He concluded that as the former was popped by the heat from the pretty round kernel of corn, the latter was popped out of the round rain drop. You know he was wrong, because snow is caused by cold and not by heat. Tom's mind jumped too fast, and so landed in the wrong place.

Wide-awake boys and girls are very apt to make such leaps. I admire their wit, *sometimes*, but not their wisdom. They would be wiser if, instead of jumping to false conclusions, they inquired, "Why is this or that so?" "Please explain to me the reason of this or that?"

QUEERSTICK.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Having your Own Way.

Do you like to have your own way always, or does it give you pleasure to yield to your parents, and friends, and playmates, and sometimes consult their wishes? You like your own way best, do you? Well, I want to tell you what you may expect in that case. I want to tell you about a little girl that would have her own way, and what sort of a woman she made.

We will call her Lura. She was a pretty little girl, and her parents loved her and wanted to make her happy; and I suppose they thought the best way to make her so was to let her have all she wished, and do just as she liked. But they were mistaken.

God, who knows that we cannot always have our own way as we go through life, has so arranged it that we may learn while we are young to give up our own wishes gracefully and cheerfully, by yielding perfect obedience to the wishes of our parents. And if we do not learn to obey our parents, we are not half prepared to meet the crosses and vexations of life. That is something that children forget when they pout, and say that it is very hard to be obliged to obey pa and ma.

But Lura did not obey. She had her own way, and we will see what she got by it. Sometimes her pa and ma tried to insist on something that they knew would be for her good, and then she would scold, and cry, and sulk, and be very morose and unhappy, until she could have it just as she liked. Of course she often made herself ridiculous, because her judgment was not so good as that of her parents, and she often felt mortified; but she was no more willing to give up her own way after that than she had been before.

Among her playmates she did not show out her disposition quite so much, because she liked to have their good opinion. Still, in all their visits, and games, and amusements, she would usually make some naughty or hateful remark, or show in some other manner that she was not pleased if they did

not yield to her wishes. And then she found fault with the weather if that did not suit her, and with a thousand other things that could not be helped, so that she would often spoil a pleasant visit or excursion by her complainings; and if afterward she had occasion to speak of it she remembered and talked about all the unpleasant things. Of course it often happened that her friends could not please and when they tried, and some of them thought she never was quite pleased with anything, and they doubted if she was able to please herself.

So as youth and vivacity passed away, her friends dropped off one by one, and what new friends she made did not last long, and she became more unhappy than ever.

When she was quite advanced in life her parents died, but those who knew her did not wish to take her into their houses even to board. She then married, but when her husband found out her disposition, he treated her so unkindly that she could not feel at home in his house. She then went to her brothers with her complaints, but they said to



themselves, "Why should we make ourselves and our families unhappy by trying in vain to please her? She never was satisfied anywhere, and she never will be, no matter how much is done for her."

I do not know what is to become of her. She thinks, "O if I could go to such a place, or if I could do thus and so, I should be happy!" but she is mistaken. Her habits are fixed, and I do not think she will ever be really happy in this world. She is trying to be religious, but she finds it very hard to submit to God's will, much more difficult than it would have been if she had in early life learned submission to her earthly parents. O children, when you are tempted to be willful and disobedient, stop and think whether it pays to insist on having your own way!

BERRA.

The Child's Time Table.

SIXTY seconds make a *minute*,
Sixty times the clock ticks in it.
Sixty minutes make an *hour*,
To stay its flight we have no power.
Twenty-four hours, one *day and night*;
Some hours of darkness, some of light.
Seven days there are in every *week*;
To keep the seventh day holy seek.
In every *month* the weeks are four,
And some have two or three days more.
And twelve months make up the *whole year*;
Spend well each one God grants you here.