

old woman. You acted nobly. Now, sit down here by me. You can see everything here."

Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honoring old age by denying herself. You are glad, are you not? You admire her conduct, don't you? *Yes, but you don't think you would have given up your seat to a strange old lady?* That's an honest confession, though I am sorry your heart compelled you to make it. I think you need to take a lesson not only from Jeannette, but also from the pure and blessed Jesus. He denied himself enough to quit his heavenly throne and come to earth to die for you. Surely you ought for his sake to deny yourself little pleasures when by doing so you can add to the enjoyment of the poor, the feeble, the sick, or the aged. If you will your heart will grow glad under the smile of Jesus, and if no rich lady or gentleman rewards you here, yet in the great Fatherland above Jesus will say to you:

"I saw you give up your own pleasure to make another happy. I was pleased with you. Sit down on my throne."

That will be a glorious reward, won't it? Be self-denying, then, that you may gain Christ's approval—but mark! you will not be saved for doing such deeds—Christ's blood alone can save you, but having trusted in Christ, you will be saved in keeping his commandments. U. U.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

HATTIE was between three and four years of age. Her little bed was in the room where her parents slept. She noticed every morning that her father, before he went down stairs to his study, went into the next room for a short time. One morning the father was kneeling by his chair in the room by himself, offering his morning prayer, when the door opened very carefully, a soft little step was heard approaching him, and in a moment he felt the tender form of his little girl kneeling by his side. Not a word was spoken. She did not ask her father what he was doing. He did not ask little Hattie to pray with him; but she bowed down her head in the chair and commenced her prayer. She had been accustomed to offer her little prayer aloud, and after a moment of silence her trembling voice began to be heard, saying:

"God bless Hattie and make her a good girl. Please not to let the bad angel come to her to-day. Send the good angels to her to watch over her. Bless her dear papa and mamma, and Brother Charlie, and Brother Henry, and keep them all alive, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Her little prayer was ended; but she remained quietly kneeling, with her hands folded and eyes closed, until her father rose from his knees. She then took his hand and smiled very sweetly. Jesus had met her in her prayer and blessed her. It was a happy beginning of the day. Every morning after this for a long time, without waiting for an invitation, whenever the door opened to the place of the morning prayer, the little daughter and her father retired together. It was a blessing and a comfort to both. Little Hattie would much sooner forget or give up her breakfast than her morning

prayer. She is older now, and she does not pray aloud; but there is not a morning when that little form is not seen quietly kneeling by the bedside.

How can we forget to thank our heavenly Father when he has watched over us all the night long, and how can we forget to ask his blessings when he alone can keep us alive through the day?

"Mother," said a little boy, "I believe I sha'n't pray to-night."

"Why not, my son?" asked his mother.

"Because I can't think of anything that I have done wrong to-day."

"But does not my little boy wish to have God watch over him and keep him when he is asleep to-night?"

"O yes; I never thought of that."

"Does he not wish to have God take care of his father out upon the ocean and bring him safely home? And does he not wish to have his mother live, and little baby brother to be kept from being sick?"

"O yes," said the little boy, "and there is Father Stickney. I promised to pray for him every night."

This was an old minister who loved little children, and who once asked the little boy to pray for him when he prayed for his papa and mamma.

The little fellow found there was much to thank our heavenly Father for, in giving him food and clothes and loving parents, in keeping him from sickness, and making him so happy all the day long. He had much to ask God for—to make him a good and obedient boy, to preserve him and his friends alive, and to take care of him day and night.

Before saying our prayers we should try and think how much we have to be grateful for, what we wish to ask God to do for us, and what he has promised in the Bible that he will do for us if we love him and pray to him. This will help us in thinking what to say, and we shall not merely repeat the prayers that we have learned, but shall ask of God, in our own language, just what we need, and thank him for just what we feel that we have received. P.

CRADLE SONG.

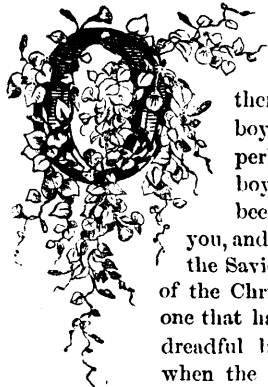
HITHER sleep! a mother wants thee!
Come with velvet arms;
Hold the baby that she grants thee
To thy own soft charms.

Bear him into Dreamland lightly!
Give him sight of flowers;
Do not bring him back till brightly
Break the morning hours.

Close his eyes with gentle fingers,
Cross his hands of snow!
Tell the angels where he lingers
They must whisper low.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"TELL MY MOTHER THAT I WAS BRAVE."



INCE in a while we hear about the boys in the American army. For there are many boys there—boys no older than you are perhaps. They are drummer-boys, and some of them have been Sunday-school boys like you, and they have learned to love the Saviour. One of the delegates of the Christian Commission found one that had been wounded in that dreadful battle before Petersburg when the mine was exploded. He was wounded through the lungs and could hardly talk, but when the delegate took his hand he pressed it faintly.

"My dear boy," said the man, "you are severely wounded."

"Yes, I am going to die."

"Wouldn't you like to have me write to your mother?"

"O yes! O do!" said he eagerly. "Tell my mother I've read my Testament and put all my trust in the Lord. Tell her to meet me in heaven, and my brother Charlie too. I'm not afraid to die."

That was all that he had strength to say, and his head fell back and his eyes closed. Tears trickled down the faces of the soldiers who had gathered around to hear these touching words. What a sweet thing it was for him to trust in Jesus then. After a while he opened his eyes again.

"Tell my mother that I was brave, that I never finched a bit."

Noble boy! Who could say more? Brave young Christian soldier! We wish that we knew his name that we might tell it to all the Sunday-schools in the land. But Jesus knows it. It is written on his hands. And his mother, too, has the consolation of knowing that her boy has served his country well and gone home safe.

If any of you, my readers, have lost dear ones on the field of battle, be comforted. They have served their country well. They have done the work that was given them to do and not in vain. X. X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SEEDS.

"A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

"Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow."

Do you understand these beautiful lines? You know what seeds are. Well, words, looks, and actions are like seeds, because they bring forth fruit after their kind. Suppose you meet an old man who cannot step over the gutter. You smile and help him. Your action is a seed and springs up in the old man's heart at once. He feels pleased and grateful, and says, "Thank you, my dear."

But if, instead of helping that old man, you laugh, make faces at him, and cry, "There goes old Daddy Crooked-legs!" your laugh, and looks, and words are seeds, and they bring forth the fruit of pain and anger in the old man's heart.

Thus you see how words, looks, and actions are seeds. You see, too, that good words and actions are good seeds, bringing forth fruit like themselves, good. Bad words, looks, and actions are bad seed, and they bring forth bad fruit.

Now read the lines at the top of this article again, and if you don't understand them write the Corporal about them. U. U.

AN ITALIAN EPITAPH.

The following inscription is found in an Italian graveyard:

"Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."