

"It was right? What do you mean, my dear?" asked the lady a little sternly.

Fanny blushed, and her eyes shot angry glances at the lady as she answered:

"You would have thought it right to gather these flowers if you had a very dear little brother in his coffin!"

The mention of her brother brought all Fanny's grief into her heart, and she burst into a violent fit of weeping. The lady soothed her tenderly, and then by a few kind questions drew her story from her lips. After dwelling on dear Willie's goodness and her love for him, she closed by asking the lady: "Now, was it wrong to gather the flowers to put in the coffin of such a good little brother?"

"Let me ask you a question," replied the lady. "Why did you look first this way and then that before plucking the flowers?"

"Because I was afraid the gardener would see me, and because the little board yonder says we are not to gather the flowers; but I knew in my heart that I wanted them."

"But were they *your* flowers?"

"No, ma'am."

"God says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Now stealing is taking anything that belongs to another. Have you not, therefore, stolen those flowers?"

"I never steal, ma'am," said Fanny with a frightened look and trembling voice. "I only wanted these flowers to show my love for Willie and not for myself, and God knows this."

"Yes, he knows that. He knows how much you love Willie. He knows, too, how bad you feel because of Willie's death. He pities you, and will comfort you if you try to please him. Still, he says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Fanny now saw that she had done wrong. Could she have restored the flowers to their stems she would have done so. But, since that was impossible, she did all she could to undo her evil deed. She pushed them under the rails and left them in the garden. Then the lady led her to her own garden and gave her some lovely bunches of flowers to place in Willie's coffin.

Did Fanny *steal* those flowers she took from the gentleman's garden? Was she a *thief*? She did not mean to be a thief. She only meant to show her love for Willie. Was she really a thief?

She was. She took flowers that belonged to another without his consent. True, she meant to make a good and loving use of them. But that did not make it right for her to take them. It did not make her less than a thief. Fanny did what many other mistaken persons have done—*she did evil that good might come*—which was wrong. God does not wish any person, young or old, to break one of his laws for the sake of keeping another.

Will you stick a pin here, my child? Will you please note this truth down in your memory? Let me write it in capitals: **IT IS WRONG TO DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.** Then if you are ever tempted to join in a raffle at a fair held for a good object, or to steal that you may do good with the money, or to tell lies to save somebody from suffering—or to do any wrong act whatever for the sake of pleasing those you love, you will have an answer ready for your tempter. You will say, "**I MUST NOT DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.**" May the Lover of children help you to stick to this precious truth! X.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

THE servants of Lord — having been greatly impressed, and evidently reformed, under the preaching of the Gospel, his lordship was one day jeered by some of his friends upon the change. The noble lord replied:

"As to the change of their religion, or what their religious sentiments are, I cannot tell; but one thing I know, that since they have changed their religion they have been much better servants, and shall meet with no opposition from me."



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"COZ HE COULD TRUST HIM."

A TEACHER was once telling the scholars in a mission school about Cornelius (see Acts x) sending a devout soldier with a message to Peter. She asked them:

"What is a *devout* man?"

"One who has family prayer," was the not entirely inappropriate answer.

"Why did Cornelius send a *devout* soldier?" inquired the teacher.

"'Coz he could *trust* him, teacher," replied the pupils with great emphasis.

That was well said. Pious men and pious children *can* be trusted. Will my children write me *why*? X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MARCO AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

A FRENCH nobleman had a tame old bear. He kept it in a small cabin, or hutch, placed within his barn. One winter night some poor people stole into the barn to sleep on the hay. Among them was a little boy, who, seeing the bear's nice quarters, crept in and lay down near the bear.

Marco, though tame, was not used to such freedom. It is surprising he did not eat the little fellow for his supper. It is still more surprising that, instead of doing that, he with great good-nature drew the boy gently with his paws close up to his shaggy breast and kept him warm and snug until morning. The poor child liked his bed and the next night returned to it, and was received by Marco in the same gentle manner.

The boy kept up his visits to the bear's house, and the animal seemed to grow quite fond of him, for after his second night he saved part of his sup-

per for his little friend's use. The hungry child eat it with gratitude, and was quite content with Marco's friendship.

After some time the poor child died. Marco missed his coming and was uneasy. He ate very little for a long while, thus showing that even a bear can grieve enough to spoil his appetite.

Master Gruffy may, I think, take lessons from old Marco. If Gruffy's brother or sister happens to be in his little rocker when he comes in from play, he cries, "Get out of my chair, will you?" If little Frankie, his youngest brother, happens to want a bit of his cake, he screams, "Put down my cake!" There is not half so much kindness in Master Gruffy as there was in old Marco. I would appoint Marco to be his teacher did I not know that he may be a pupil in the school of the great Teacher. What say you, Master Gruffy? Will you go to the school of kindness and learn of that loving Teacher who taught us how to love one another by loving us himself even unto death? X.

THE POWER OF LITTLES.

GREAT events, we often find,
On little things depend;
And very small beginnings
Have oft a mighty end.

Letters joined make words,
And words to books may grow,
As flake on flake descending
Forms an avalanche of snow.

A single utterance may good
Or evil thoughts inspire;
One little spark enkindled
May set a town on fire.

Wee words are very often
Full of weal or woe,
Joy or grief depending
On saying "Yes" or "No."

What volumes may be written
With little drops of ink!
How small a leak, unnoticed,
A mighty ship will sink!

A tiny insect's labor
Makes the coral strand,
And mighty seas are girdled
With grains of golden sand.

A daily penny—saved—
A fortune may begin;
A daily penny—squandered—
May lead to vice and sin.

Our life is made entirely
Of moments multiplied,
As little streamlets joining
Form the ocean's tide.

Our hours and days, our months and years,
Are in small moments given;
They constitute our TIME below—
ETERNITY IN HEAVEN!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PLEASANT MESSAGE.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL was once on an excursion in the country. Some of the children amused themselves by running down a green hill-side. One little girl, about to start with her companions in the race, paused, turned to her teacher, and said:

"Teacher, if I fall down hill and get killed, please tell mother I died happy."

That little girl was a Christian. She carried Jesus in her heart while she played. That's the right way to do, for Jesus is just as willing to go to the play-ground with his little lambs as he is to go to Sunday-school or Church with them.—But how many of my readers could send such a pleasant message to their mothers? Q.

If the spring put forth no blossoms in summer there will be no beauty and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, middle life will be without usefulness, and old age miserable.