

native earth, and our Louise, much afflicted, looked on and said it was such a pity to thus tear it from its accustomed surroundings. But when she saw it in this favorable place, and becoming the ornament of the garden, she was rejoiced, and thanked me for transplanting her most loved and favorite flower. Therefore, as a tender mother, do not weep longer, but rather rejoice. Our Louise, who in beauty and innocence resembled this lily, taken up from this ungrateful earth and transplanted to the gardens of Paradise, enjoys there an unalloyed happiness and a life which is immortal. God's hand has only transplanted our lily that it may better prosper."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A Sunday-Scholar in Prison.

"I know you, sir," said a convict one day to a gentleman who was inspecting the prison.

"Know me?" queried the inspector, "and who am I, pray?"

"Your are Mr. —, my Sunday-school teacher," replied the convict with a deep sigh.

The inspector soon recollected the prisoner as having once been his scholar, and also as having been a quiet, attentive, promising boy. He rejoined:

"My dear young man, how is it you are here?"

"You know," replied the convict, "that I was a teetotaler, and worked in a foundery. One summer's evening I washed myself, and walked out for a stroll. I met some of my fellow-workmen who were going to spend a jolly night at a tavern. They invited me to go with them.

"I can't," said I, 'you know I'm a teetotaler.'

"'Pooh!' replied one of them, 'you can drink root beer or peppermint cordial. They are teetotal drinks, you know.'

"I foolishly fell into the snare, sir, and went with them. After awhile I drank with them. We stayed late. Fearing to go home to my father's house, I resolved to sleep in a field behind a hay-cock. The others agreed to spend the night with me, and we all went into a hay field. While we were there an old man crossed the fields. My drunken companions seized and robbed him. He described them so clearly to the authorities that they were arrested. As I was known to be with them I was arrested too, and, though I did not rob with them, yet I was convicted with them, and that, sir, is how I came to be here."

This was a sad story for a Sunday-school scholar to tell. The road from innocence to prison was very short in his case. It shows you the importance of *beginnings*. The beginning of evil is as when one letteth out water—first a drop, then a stream, finally a dashing flood. When a youth takes the *first false step* he never knows where it will lead. Hence, every sensible youth will refuse to take the first wrong step.

This boy's case also shows how dangerous it is to enter the path of the wicked. It thunders this warning in the ears of every Sunday-school scholar:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men."

Do you hear this warning, my wandering child? Heed it!

The Young Christian's Wish.

O THAT mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see!
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear!
That truth my tongue might closely tie
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived, within my breast!
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Old Watch Dog.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I CALL him Old Towser,
But that's not his name;
He answers to Major,
Or Mage, just the same;
He's old and rheumatic,
And often is lame.

By the road-side he sits,
So stately and still;
He waits till some stranger
Comes up the long hill,
And then his great bow-wow
The whole air doth fill.

The little school children
Slip by one by one;
They forget he is old,
That he's too lame to run;
That he does not chase children
Not even in fun.

But he looks such a monster,
So surly and grim,
So able to hold you
If that were his whim,
That all the boy-rogues
Give a wide berth to him.

A faithful old servant
Is Towser to-day,
He asks for no wages,
He'd scorn to take pay,
And cheating and lying
Are not in his way.

So true to thy trust,
Little child, mayst thou be!
As faithful, as honest,
As watchful as he;
And so may God's blessing
Come richly to thee!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Talks about the Ten Commandments.

BY UNA LOCKE.

WHICH DID NOAH BREAK?

"O no, you must not go out into the woods to-day. Don't you remember what day it is? You would get to playing, and I am dreadfully afraid a bear would come out and tear you in pieces, as the two bears did the wicked children in the Bible."

This was said by my great grandmother to her little boys on a Sabbath morning, when she was herself a young woman, which was more than a hundred years ago. These beautiful smooth hills

which I see from my window, sloping into lovely meadows that fringe the river, lay, at that time, in dense dark forests, alternating with broad clearings and log houses dotted here and there. The Indian tribes had at last withdrawn from the region, though companies of them did even then sometimes appear in the settlers' homes; and although deer abounded, the wolves had become more scarce. Still a pack of these frightful animals was heard to howl often of an evening in the "west-lot woods," and occasionally a bear was seen, more afraid of the human form than otherwise, clumsily making its way among the trees by the cave on the river bank.

My great grandfather and great grandmother were people who read the Bible, and who thought every one of the ten commandments was to be obeyed. And they tried to teach their children to think so too.

But after his father and mother had mounted their horses and gone over the river to meeting, my great uncle Noah thought—as I am afraid little boys and

girls of his age do in these days sometimes—that it would be very nice to have his own way.

"Pshaw! I don't believe that I need to mind everything my mother says. I am big enough to take care of myself. I don't believe that old bear story."

So he went out across the cornfield into the woods toward the river. Dear, dear! what do you suppose made him turn and run like a frightened deer to the house, never stopping till he was safe at his grandfather's chair? Why, he actually saw, in the edge of the wood, a shaggy black bear waddling toward him! I never heard that Noah had been in the woods long enough to play as his mother forbade; he hadn't been bird-nesting, he hadn't shot a single striped squirrel with his bow and arrow, when the bear interrupted him. But I think in his heart he broke two of the commandments. Which of the two? Can you tell?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Why Don't You Swear?

"Why don't you swear at play like other young persons?" asked a vile young man of a pious youth. "I know no game worthy of an oath!" was the prompt reply.

It was a wise answer, too. Swearing is a sin, and what game is worth sinning for? Sin is the millstone which sinks souls into endless death. Is any game of play so precious as to be bought at the price of losing the soul? Swear not, O my children!

Humility.

A FARMER went with his son into a wheatfield to see if it was ready for the harvest. "See, father!" exclaimed the boy, "how straight these stems hold up their heads. They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down, I am sure, are not good for much." The father plucked a stalk of each kind, and said: "See here, foolish child! This stalk that stood so straight and high is light-headed, and almost good for nothing; while this, that hung its head so modestly, is full of the most beautiful grain."

Good Advice.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.