

father that he was so many years ago, before she had ever heard the dreadful taunt of "Drunkard's Daughter."

One day he staid in the house much later than usual, and Mary, after having helped her mother below all she could, went up stairs and saw him lying on the floor in a drunken sleep as she supposed.

"My poor father," said she as she stood for a moment at the door looking at him. Then she turned away, and going into her own room she knelt down by her little bed, and with streaming tears she begged God to bless her dear father and make him a good man. Hearing her broken, sobbing voice, her father came to the door and listened, and then he went noiselessly out of the house.

That evening, as they sat at their scanty supper, the husband and father came in sober, very much to their surprise. He sat down to the table with them, but before he commenced eating he handed a paper to his wife and requested her to read it. To their great joy it proved to be a temperance pledge with his signature. He then told them that he had heard Mary's prayer, and had resolved, by God's help, that he would be a better man. And God did help him, and his wife helped him, and Mary helped him, and he helped himself, and by the blessing of God he became a Christian. Joy smiled once more on that household, happy days came back to them, and Mary is no longer known as the "Drunkard's Daughter."

NELLIE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### WHAT JENNIE SAID TO HER MOTHER.



**S**WEET little Jennie was dying in the seventh year of her age. Her mother stood gazing upon her pale but happy face, and was so moved by the anguish of love that she cried:

"O, my child, what shall I do without you? What shall I do without you?"

Jennie smiled and replied:

"Why, mamma, I shall not be far from you. I shall be where I shall look down upon you. I will watch you and be near you. So don't cry, dear mother, because I am going to heaven. I know I am."

Jennie went to heaven, and her mother was comforted by the child's words. Heaven, as Jennie said, is not far off; but whether our loved ones who are there do see us who are left behind I cannot say. Perhaps they do. Perhaps they do not. But if not, Jesus does, and he can tell them all about us. What a blessed thing it must be to dwell with Jesus in heaven! And how blessed a thing it is also to have Jesus to care for us while we stay on earth!

X. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### "I GAVE IT TO YOU."

"GIVE me one, Gertie," said a gentleman one day to a little miss of four, whose hands were filled with lozenges.

The child promptly handed him a lozenge, and then skipped away to her play. The gentleman laughed, and put the lozenge into his vest-pocket.

The next day they met again. The gentleman took the lozenge from his pocket, and holding it between his fingers, said:

"Take this, Gertie."

The child drew up her plump little form into its most dignified proportions, and with a queer toss of her little curly head replied:

"I gave that to you."

That was pretty good for a four-year-old miss, wasn't it? She had no idea of having her own gifts returned in that way, and she meant to rebuke the gent who pretended to be liberal with her lozenge. Bright little Gertie is with the angels now.

U. U.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### HOW WILLIE'S RIDE WAS SPOILED.

MR. GIBSON very kindly let Willie Jones have his pony for a ride. Willie was very fond of riding, and expected to have a fine time. When he was mounted and ready to start, he politely lifted his cap and was about to say "Good-by" to Mr. Gibson and his wife, when Mr. Gibson said to him:

"Willie, I don't know but you ought to have a pair of spurs. Tom is so used to them that he may not be free to go without them."

The spurs were sought for but could not be found. They had very likely been put where little boys' caps, and little girls' bonnets, and boys' and girls' school-books are so often put—in the wrong place. And I suspect that Mr. *Nobody*, the same old chap that puts things out of order in so many houses and plagues people generally, had put the spurs down where they ought not to have been.

All this time Willie waited at the gate, talking kindly to Tom and patting him on the neck. Tom seemed to think it was time to go, but Willie held him in until Mr. Gibson returned.

"Willie," said he, "you'll have to go without the spurs, for I can't find them. But when you want Tom to go fast just draw your heels down as if you had spurs on and he'll start off."

So Willie lifted his cap again, said "Good-by" to Mr. Gibson, and "Get up" to Tom, and off he started.

Tom, who had become tired of waiting, trotted a few paces, and soon broke into a fine canter. But he got over his hurry after going about half a mile, and from a canter he came down to a dog-trot, and from that to a slow, lazy walk.

Willie let him walk a short distance and then said, "Get up, Tom! you're getting lazy." As he said this he brought both his heels suddenly to the pony's side. Mr. Pony, supposing the spurs were there, started again on a lively canter. But he knew his master was not on his back, and pretty soon he became lazy again. Then Willie brought his heels down again, and once more started him off.

This was done several times, until by and by Tom found out that the spurring was all a sham. Nothing but the heels of Willie's boots touched him, and he was not afraid of them. So he did about as he pleased. He trotted when he wanted to trot, he cantered when he felt like it, which was not very often, and he walked when he did not care to do anything else, which, unfortunately for poor Willie, was the most of the time.

It was in vain that Willie brought down his heels hard on Tom's sides. Tom only turned his head and walked slowly on, as if he meant to say, "No you don't! I don't like spurs, but I am not afraid of boots."

So Willie's ride was spoiled because he had no spurs.

I think I have seen children very much like Tom the pony. They need the spurs before you can get them to work, and the reason of this is, they are troubled with Tom's complaint—they are a *little lazy!*

F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### SUSIE AND HER DIME.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

In other days, when silver coin  
Was passed from hand to hand,  
And used as lawful currency  
All up and down the land—  
There was a dime, a silver dime,  
A dime entirely new,  
Fresh from the mint, and it belonged  
To generous little Sue.

It was a birthday gift to her  
From Dinah, her old nurse;  
And it was waiting patiently  
In Susie's netted purse,  
Until some pitying impulse sweet  
Should stir her gentle heart,  
And bring it forth, its meed of joy  
And comfort to impart.

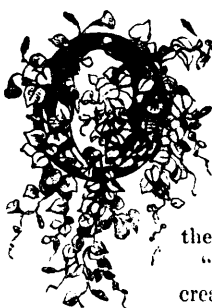
One day a little ragged child  
Came crying to the door,  
Her neck and arms were red with cold,  
Her feet were bruised and sore.  
She lived close by, for very near  
God brings his suffering poor,  
That we may pity their distress,  
And help them to endure.

It was the mother's skillful hands  
That dressed the aching feet;  
But it was Susie's gentle voice  
That fell, like music sweet,  
Upon the poor child's eager ear  
And bade her terrors cease;  
It soothed the quick, suspicious fear,  
And whispered hope and peace.

And when the little vagrant child  
Was comforted and fed,  
And clean warm clothes replaced the rags  
Which she had worn instead,  
With cheerful step she sought her home,  
And (be it told in rhyme)  
A bright gift filled her little hand,  
'Twas Susie's silver dime.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### A CRUEL MOTHER.



**N**ONE day a city missionary, named CHRISTY, saw a ragged little girl about eleven years of age crying bitterly in the street. Her mother had turned her out of doors because she would not steal! The missionary begged and coaxed the mother to take back her child. "I won't!" said the hard-hearted creature.

"Take her for the sake of humanity," pleaded Mr. Christy.

"No!"

"Take her for Christ's sake then," said the man of God.

"No!"

"Take her for your soul's sake."

"No," said the woman monster, "I won't!"

Then the good man took the forsaken child to his own home and became a father unto her.

O ye little girls who have loving mothers, be grateful and obedient both to them and to that God who cast your lots for you in such pleasant homes. Be grateful! Be grateful!

X.

EXCELLENCE is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.—COWPER.