

only answer they could give you would be, "Just for fun!"

The truth is, a growing healthy boy wants to stretch his limbs. He does not like to be kept cramped up in the house all day; he would soon get sick. So he hops, and skips, and jumps, and runs, and dances, and slides, and skates, and climbs. He goes down hill on his sled, and he turns somersaults, sometimes on the grass and sometimes in the house. He thinks he does it for fun. He is really doing it because he can't very well help it. He must move. And nobody can object to it if he does not break his neck, or become rude and get in the way of others.

But to climb a tree once in a while "just for fun," or to get fruit, is quite a different thing from living in a tree night and day and all the year round. Not many of our little folks would like that, I am sure. There are people, however, who live in trees. They build houses there and eat and sleep in them.

Mr. Moffat, who was for many years a missionary in South Africa, was one day traveling from one of his mission stations to another, when he saw a very large and beautiful tree. It stood in a narrow place at the edge of a long and deep ravine between two high mountains. He saw some negroes sitting under its shade, and as he was going up to speak to them he looked up into the tree and there he saw houses!

They were not such houses as we see, three or four stories high and built of brick or of stone. They do not have such houses in that country. But they were small huts, each about high enough for a short man to stand up straight. The width across the floor was a little more than the height. The floor was round, and the sides went up from the floor to a point in the top. It was thus shaped something like a strawberry or an old-fashioned bee-hive.

A long floor of sticks was first laid on some of the thick, strong branches of the big tree, and then the hut was built at one end of this floor or platform. A few sticks were put up as the frame and covered with grass. Thus the house was made. It was not large enough for a family of a dozen children, but it would answer very well for two or three if they did not quarrel.

There were seventeen of these houses in this tree, and three others unfinished. There were notches or steps cut in the trunk, by which the people could easily go up. Mr. Moffat climbed up and went into one of the houses. He found some hay on the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowlful of locusts.

There was a woman with a baby sitting by the door. As Mr. Moffat had not eaten anything that day he was very hungry, and asked the woman for some food. She gave him the bowl of locusts, and then got some other locusts that had been pounded to a powder. You would not like to eat locusts, would you? Perhaps if you lived in Africa and could not get anything else you would not mind it much.

These huts were built in the tree to keep off the lions, which are plentiful in that country. The lions would break into their little huts if they were on the ground, but they will not climb trees. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON SAID.

THREE little children were at play one day. We will call them Clara, Azro, and Bessie. Bessie had not been much in Sunday-school, nor very well trained at home, and in the play became offended with her playmates because they did not play to suit her, and rather angrily said, "I don't like you!"

"You must not say so," said Clara, "for my Sunday-school lesson says, 'Little children, love one another.'"

"And mine," said Azro, "says, 'Be kindly affectioned one toward another in brotherly love.'"

"Well," said Bessie, "I did not mean so. I only meant, I do not like your actions."

"Then," said Clara, "let us say the Lord's prayer together."

They then all joined together and repeated in concert, "Our Father which art in heaven," etc. When through with it all their unpleasant feelings were gone, and they went as pleasantly on with their plays again as if nothing disagreeable had occurred.

Now, children, was not this beautiful? What a powerful effect had their Sunday-school lessons produced on their little hearts! You see how good it is to have your Sunday-school lesson in your memory. It may save you from doing wrong when tempted to go astray, and teach you to be forgiving when others wrongly accuse you. N. C.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LAST EVE IN MAY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Look out where the buttercups
Star the terrace-bank!
Pearl-white daisies glimmer
'Mong the grasses rank.
Crimson clover-blossoms
Cluster by the way;
All the hills and meadows
Wear the bloom of May.

Softer grows the sunset
In the glowing West;
Homeward come the swallows
To their gentle rest.
There's a tiny bird-house
On a low roof near,
Where the purple martens
Gather without fear.

Have you heard them chatter?
Have you seen them play?
Reckless little gossips,
Talking all the day;
Never growing weary
Of the tale they tell,
Though the old-time martens
Know the story well.

Little kittens playing
By the open door,
Wrestling with each other,
Rolling o'er and o'er,
After straw or leaflet
Scampering so bold,
Graceful little creatures,
Must they too grow old?

'Tis a pretty picture;
Not a shade of strife
Mars its peaceful beauty;
All is happy life.
And the blue sky, bending
O'er this life and bloom,
Tells its own sweet lesson
Of the life to come.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW ELLA'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

LITTLE ELLA R. is somewhat of an invalid, and often, when other children are sporting happily, is obliged to remain within doors, sometimes suffering greatly. A few weeks before Christmas she was taken sick, and confined to her room for what seemed to her a long time.

One day, in looking over a paper and trying to amuse herself, she came across an advertisement of a little book, the description of which interested her greatly, and she began to wish she could read it. The more she thought about it the more she wanted the book, till at last she began to cry and tease her good mother. Now Ella is a little Christian and tries never to do anything she thinks would not please Jesus; but she wanted the little book so bad that she forgot this time, and continued her teasing and crying till she annoyed her kind mother not a little. At last she said:

"Ella, you don't want the book unless the Lord is willing, do you?"

Ella thought a little and said, "No."

"Well, then," said the mother, "go and ask him about it."

This wise mother knew that by turning Ella's attention in this direction she would learn to be patient and resigned to the Lord's will. She intended, when she should have time, to look at the advertisement, and, if possible, send for the book, so that Ella's prayer might be answered. But it was not so to be. Cares took up her attention, and the little incident passed from her mind, she not even knowing the name of the coveted book.

As Christmas drew near, the friends of the Sabbath-school of which Ella is a member concluded to give the little folks a Christmas-tree, and when they questioned Mrs. R. as to what kind of a present Ella should have, she replied, "O a book, by all means," not even then thinking of Ella's wish for a particular book, but, knowing her fondness for reading, she thought a good book would be most acceptable. So a number of books were ordered and arrived, and were labeled by the committee with the names of different ones.

At last the eventful evening came, and the children were of course on hand with sparkling eyes and happy faces, as all good children have, and little Ella, too, was there. I cannot tell you about the tree, but it was very beautiful, and every one was remembered. Little Ella got her share of the beautiful things and a book with the rest, and, little Bright-eyes, what book do you suppose it was? Yes, the kind Father above had strangely answered her prayer and sent her by Santa Claus the very book she had asked him for a few weeks before.

Now some will say this was chance, and only wonder at it; but, children, we know better, don't we? We know that God rules over all, and Jesus told us when he was here that "the very hairs of our head are all numbered." Let us all, then, bring to him our wants and cares, and trust him to give us all things profitable and right.

Cousin MARIETTE.

"I FEEL BAD."

A LITTLE boy who had seen but four summers ran to his father a few Sabbaths since, and, overcome with grief, and his eyes full of tears, said to him, "Papa, I feel bad."

"And what is the matter, Frankie?" said the father.

"I have been a naughty boy. My mamma told me not to play on the holy Sabbath-day, for it was displeasing to God. I did play, and I feel bad because I hurt God's feelings."

"But how do you know you have hurt God's feelings?" said the father.

"Because," said the little boy, "my conscience bites my little heart."—*The Myrtle*.

HE who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.