

Jesus, as you know, called Zaccheus from his greenwood perch and invited himself to dine at his house. Zaccheus was much pleased. He leaped from the tree and led the blessed Saviour home, and made him welcome there.

I don't know what Jesus said to Zaccheus; but his words must have been very full of sweetness and power, for they led Zaccheus to give up his sins and become a disciple of our Lord. Was not that a great change?

I wish my children would all ask Jesus home with them. I don't mean to dine, but to live with them in their hearts forever. Wouldn't it be nice to have Jesus dwell in your heart, little one? How happy you would feel! How good Jesus would make you! How peaceful your heart would be! Wont you invite him then? All of you? He asks you to do so in his holy word. Wont you open your hearts for him as joyfully as Zaccheus did his house and his heart? If you will, you too, though little, will experience a great change. X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### A BRAVE BOY.

A LITTLE boy only eight years old, who did not know it was cruel to rob a bird of its eggs or of its little birdlings, once climbed a tall tree in search of a nest. Just as he seized his prize the branch on which he sat broke, and the little fellow fell to the ground.

He was taken up senseless, but was not much hurt. After he was able to speak his father said:

"Harry, did you feel afraid when the branch gave way?"

"No, pa," replied the boy, "I did not think of being frightened; I had too much to do in thinking of the eggs; for I was sure they would be smashed to pieces."

When Harry was twelve years old he saw a dog worrying his father's sheep. Instead of beating off the dog, as most brave boys would have done—a coward would have run away—he ran to a haystack and pulled out enough hay to twist into a strong band. Using this as a rope, he went near the dog, threw it round his neck, and choked him to death. Then throwing the carcass into a pond, he walked off as coolly as if nothing had happened.

"Bravely done!" you cry; but you ask, "Was it right to kill the dog?"

It was right to kill *that* dog. There is no way to cure a sheep-stealing dog. Nothing short of death will meet the case.

Young Harry was brave, was he not? You will not be surprised when I tell you that he became a soldier—a *Christian* soldier, I am pleased to add, for Christ made him as good as he was brave. When he became a general he had one day to conduct his troops on a steamboat up a broad river, past a fort which bristled with guns. Seeing the danger, he told his men to lie flat on the deck; but he jumped upon the paddle-box, that he might see the danger and give suitable orders. In that position he stood until the boat had passed the fort. Showers of balls rattled round him, but he was not touched by one of them.

Who was this brave general? you ask. GENERAL HAVELOCK! The brave Harry who fell from a tall tree without a thought of his danger, and who killed a fierce dog without fear, was afterward the renowned and pious General Havelock, a British officer who wrought wonders in putting down the rebel Sepoys in India a few years ago.

You wish you were brave, do you? That is a very good wish, but I don't know that you can have it gratified so far as to be like Harry Havelock. He was brave by nature. You may not be. Still, you

may be braver than you are. Harry told one secret of courage when he said *he did not think of his danger* because he was so anxious to save the eggs. You can practice that lesson. You can learn *not to think of yourself* when you are in danger. Think not of the danger, but *how to conquer it*. Attack it with all your might and you will grow braver while you strike. Remember, the more you think of danger the greater it becomes; the less you think of it the stronger you grow. Above all, forget not to trust in God, and he will "strengthen your heart." X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

#### "GIVE IT TO LEWIS."

Our superintendent rang the bell; the scholars all closed their Bibles and folded their hands.

George Dawkins leaned forward and said to me, "Have the

Sunday-School Advocates come this week?"

I told him that I brought the bundle over from the parsonage and they would be given out soon. George leaned back and almost laughed aloud to think he would soon have his paper.

George had a little brother, Lewis, whom he loved very much, and Lewis was just as glad as George was to see the Advocate. Just then the librarian took up the papers and began to hand them to the children. As he came to my class he gave each boy his paper. George was reaching out his hand for his, when he drew it back suddenly and said:

"Please, sir, will you give the paper to Lewis to carry home?"

The librarian said, "You had better take it, George. Lewis might lose it."

George drew back and said, "If you please, sir, I think it would make Lewis glad."

So the librarian passed on, and pretty soon I saw Lewis take the paper, then look across the room to George and nod his head a little as if to thank him.

How happy little Lewis was to know his brother was so kind to him. It made his heart grow big, and the tears came just a little when he thought how much George loved him.

George did not know that I saw him, but after I went home I kept thinking, "Give it to Lewis!" And all the week when I've been tempted to be selfish, I could hear George say, "Give it to Lewis!"

Now, my little friends, when the librarian comes around with the S. S. Advocate in your school, and the sight of the fine pictures and thoughts of the pretty stories makes your eyes sparkle and your face laugh all over, think of the dear little brother or sister who would be so glad to carry the paper.

NEWTON.

#### HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

DURING the late Social Science Congress in Edinburgh a gentleman visited the city prison. After an interesting conversation with Mr. Nelson, the under-governor, as to the best means to be adopted for reforming criminals, the visitor remarked, "It appears to me that the *best* plan is to try and induce the working-classes to keep from drink."

"Ah, sir, *you've hit the nail on the head*," said the governor. "I never knew a teetotaler come inside this prison!"

"THE greatest comfort of my old age," said an old man, "is the pleasing remembrance of the friendly offices I have done to others. To see them easy and happy by my means makes me truly so."

#### FLOWERS OF LIFE.

##### THE PRIMROSE.

THE early yellow primrose,  
With broad and open face,  
Springs up all bright and cheerful,  
In many a barren place!  
While grander flowers are waiting  
Till warmer days appear,  
The primrose comes forth gladly,  
The passer-by to cheer.

In garden, or in roadside,  
It smiles alike on all;  
It pines for no high station,  
Contented to be small;  
Nor does it even murmur,  
Because unknown to fame;  
Admired, or disregarded,  
It blooms on just the same.

A little girl called Jessie,  
With rosy cheeks and round,  
Just like the cheerful primrose,  
Within her home is found;  
She tries to gladden others,  
By winning word and smile;  
And seeks by kind attentions  
Their sorrows to beguile.

She waits not till she's older  
Sweet virtues to display,  
But puts forth all her efforts  
In doing good *to-day*.  
Life's little daily duties  
She does, and does them well;  
Will you not be like Jessie,  
A primrose where you dwell?

Nor wealth, nor power, nor talent,  
Nor rank you call your own;  
But none, however humble,  
Should live for self alone;  
Fix on some deed of kindness,  
And now at once begin it,  
And let the world look brighter  
Because you're living in it.

MYRA.

#### DEATH RATHER THAN FALSEHOOD.

WHEN Algernon Sidney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said:

"When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."