

"Offer him your bad quarter. He wont know it. Nobody will know it," whispered the tempter.

"Yes, God will know it," replied George. "I wont offend him by cheating this poor boy."

Then George ran out of the shop, hurried home, dug a hole, and buried the counterfeit quarter. "There," said he, stamping the ground with the heel of his boot, "you shall never tempt me or anybody else again."

"Put the crown on George's head," say I. And you, my children, are all crying "Amen," I feel sure. George conquered. He had the ring of a true boy. But what shall we do with Annie? *Tell her to repent, ch?* Yes, that's it. Repentance is what she and every other sham needs. She, with all like her, have much need to repent. Trying to pass a counterfeit coin was bad enough, but being a counterfeit herself was worse. Surely she needed to repent in dust and ashes.

Children, be true. Be true to yourselves, to each other, to God. Appear to be what you are. Never make false pretenses. If you are not right inside, ask God to make you so, and then you will be as good current coin before God and man.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

JAMES was a junior clerk in a wholesale dry-goods store. A customer, who had just concluded a bargain with the head salesman for a large lot of goods, asked James if they were perfect. The honest boy told him the truth: he acknowledged that they were damaged. So the man did not take them.

Soon the head salesman came along and began to rate James soundly. "I sold him the goods at a good price for *cash*," said he, "and now he will not take them."

"He asked me about the goods," replied James, firmly, "and I told him the truth. I cannot tell a lie for all the goods in the store, and I will not."

"I am very sorry to say that I must report you to the firm," rejoined the salesman, "but I feel it to be my duty to do it. I cannot be balked in this way when I have done a good thing for the firm, to have it all upset by your squeamishness. I must go back to the counting-room and report you."

"Very well," said James, "I will go with you, and go *now*. I shall tell them honestly the whole transaction, and we will see what they have to say to your fleecing a customer in this way."

This was a new view of the case, and the salesman found it convenient just then to have his attention attracted in some other direction, and so he put it off with "Wait a minute," and that was the end of the matter. He was a little afraid that the Christian man who was at the head of the firm might not approve of his doings when the case was examined.

I wonder if he stopped to think what the Great Master will say when he comes to take account of all his stewards.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE FIRST LETTER.

Do you remember writing your first letter? To whom did you write it? Or, perhaps you have not written it yet, and you are thinking to whom you shall write it. Can't you think of somebody that you want to be good and love God? If you write to them perhaps God will make it as useful and do as much good as he did little Mary's first letter. Let me tell you about it.

Mary's father was a soldier in the army, but he was not a religious man. His pious wife used to write him religious letters and he did not like them; sometimes he would not read them. But one day there came a little letter in one of them; it was Mary's first letter to her papa. It told him that his

sister, Mary's aunt, was dead, and that when she was dying she had called little Mary to her side and asked her to meet her in heaven. And Mary had started for heaven and begged her papa to go along with her. The father's hard heart was melted by this little letter, and he made up his mind to go to heaven with his little daughter.

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### LETTY BANKS AND HER MOTTO.

WHY is it that people love plain Letty Banks so much better than they do beautiful Bell Hamilton? You say, perhaps, if you do not know the two girls, that it is because the one is amiable and the other is not, meaning by amiable cheery and good-humored. But Bell Hamilton is a very pleasant girl, cheerful



as the morning, and smooth in her temperament as a leaf of velvet geranium. Then God has made her so beautiful it is a pleasure to look at her. Her face is fair as a blossom, and she has dark, handsome eyes like the purple-blue petals of the pansies in color, while her hair is full of sunshine. She is very unselfish, *in a way*; she will bestow on you any treasure she has if she thinks it will please you; she will do all sorts of skillful and useful work for the needy; she will deny herself, *in some respects*, for the good of others.

But with all this she is so very obstinate, "so very set in her way," the girls say, that you can do nothing with her. If you ask her to do anything she does not choose to do, though she speaks pleasantly enough about it, you cannot move her an inch. No expostulations, no representations of the fitness of what you ask, no coaxings or appeals to her affection will induce her to yield if she has once made up her mind to the contrary. If you ask her not to do anything she has determined to do—and her plans always amount to *determinations*—she goes quietly on and does it.

I could give you many instances of the inconvenience and unhappiness she has occasioned her friends and companions by this disposition, but I would rather tell you of dear Letty Banks. Nobody ever thought of calling her beautiful, but there is the greatest charm about her, and I have discovered wherein it consists, and, better still, the foundation of it. Letty loves our Lord and tries to please him, and she has taken this for her motto: "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not himself." And she has found that she can please Christ many times a day by giving up her own way for the pleasure of those about her; and this is very sweet to her, so that her face is always radiant with happiness and you love to be near her.

Do you not think it would be pleasant to please your Saviour by making your friends happy in every way which is right? Of course, if one asks you to do a wrong thing, you must not yield for the sake of pleasing. Keep Christ in mind and you cannot go far out of the way.

UNA LOCKE.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### PATIENCE AND THE PEAR.

It is wise to wait until fruit ripens before we eat it. It seems hard, though, to be kept from the tempting morsels that hang a little above our heads, and children *have* been known to knock down a rosy apple or a peach that looked fair a week, or even two, before it really was ripe.

One year there hung one pear on a small tree that stood a few steps from our kitchen-door—a choice variety of fruit. We children had admired the blossoms, and as they fell—it was the first year of its bearing—we regretted that no more fruit was promised; but we determined that the promise contained in that one tiny, rough ball should not be nipped by a late frost, and we took good care that nothing should disturb it.

O how we watched that pear! A week passed; we could hardly perceive that it had grown any; it had a very little. Another week passed, a month, and as we passed that tree a dozen times a day, we stopped to examine the pear, or looked curiously at it without stopping. You children who live in the country need not smile. In a small city garden one growing pear was a great curiosity.

How slowly it grew! We saw it slowly becoming a very large pear. How would it taste? It was a new kind, and when the tree came from the nursery it had attached to it by a string a new name. We had heard it praised as the best pear that was now cultivated; and, considering the care that had been bestowed upon the improvement of fruits, it was a question which even our parents could not settle whether Adam himself had ever tasted anything more luscious. Well, the pear was yet green and hard, and we supposed it was bitter. We would not have plucked it for anything. We felt a family interest in that pear. How soon would it be ripe? we asked. If we would wait a month longer and nothing happened, was the answer, we might try a piece of it.

One day—we were not then thinking about the fruit, but the week before we had thought it looked quite mellow—one day father said, "Now, let us go and pluck the pear."

It was so large and heavy that we had twined a string around it to prevent the little branch that held it from breaking. We just untied the string and touched the pear, and it fell, or would have fallen if we had not caught it, a great ripe, juicy pear. There were a good many of us children, and yet as with father and mother we each took our slice—it was a fine large piece and tasted so delicious—we enjoyed it much.

Now you think, I suppose, that pear was gone, and all our waiting and watching had ended in just one mouthful of delicious pear. But you are mistaken. We had been learning a great lesson unconsciously. Nature—no, our heavenly Father, who loves to teach us through nature—had been pointing us to that pear, and as he sent the golden sunshine to sweeten it, and the cold winds to strengthen it day after day, and month after month—O how patient a teacher God is!—he had been saying to us, "See! good fruit takes time to ripen; be patient, my children." That pear, well learned, was a better lesson than any we had learned from our school-books during those five long months. It was God's book we had been studying, and he himself had been our teacher.

The world is God's orchard. There is hardly a fruit in it, I don't think there is any, that he will