



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MARY AND THE CHICKENS.

WHEN Mary first saw some chickens she was delighted. She had always lived in the city, but on her birthday, when she was four years old, her mamma took her to her aunt's in the country for a two-days' visit. It was the lovely month of June, and Mary was in a new world of wonders. She admired everything she saw, but most of all the chickens, such dear little dumplings of feathers and down; and then to see them eat! Was ever anything so funny? Her aunt was very indulgent, and permitted her to feed them as much as she liked, so that the chickens got enough to eat for one day at least. And then toward sunset she saw some of them flying up into the trees to roost, and with all the rest her kind aunt explained that to her. By and by, when it was time for Mary to be in the house, she was nowhere to be seen. Her mother looked about, and finally, in one corner of the garden, there sat Mary in the lower branches of a little cherry-tree, pretending to be asleep.

"Mamma," said she, "I am a little chicky. They always sleep in a tree, don't they?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother with a smile, "but that is no reason why you should. You are not a chicky."

And then she told her how God had made her to differ from the chickens, and that she had no claws to cling upon the perch while she was fast asleep. So Mary was persuaded that she could sleep better in bed. But she did not forget the chickens, and kept talking about them all the while she was undressing. And when she knelt down to pray, and had asked God to take care of her and bless all her loved ones, she remembered her newly-formed little loves. She wanted them also to be under his care, and so she added to her prayer, "God bless dear little chicky."

EDITH.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE MILLENNIUM.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Do you ever think of the millennium—of that happy time when the lamb and the lion shall lie down together, and when there shall be nothing that will hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain, which is the earth?

You will find an account of it in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, also in the twentieth chapter of Revelations. It is a time for which Christians have long looked and desired to have come, for then there will be no more wrong—no wars, no fighting, no

slavery. The spear will be beaten into the pruning-hook and the sword into the plowshare. You sing in Sabbath-school,

"Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
The Prince of Peace shall reign;
And lambs shall with the leopards play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way."
"The Gospel banner, wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And every nation, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee."

But before you can rejoice in the coming of this glorious time on the earth it must have come to your hearts. Your wicked passions, anger, pride, revenge, and envy—which are worse than lions, bears, or tigers—must all be subdued until they can be led by a little child. This can only be done by your giving your hearts to Christ and becoming one of his humble, faithful followers. Then you will love to think of him, and seek to do his will in all things; and if you should live to hear the voice that proclaims Christ's second coming, you would hasten to meet him, and prostrate yourselves before him in glad adoration.

M. K.

CHERRY-TREE BLOSSOMS.

"Why, Phebe, what are you doing?" said a mother to her little daughter. "You are stripping the blossoms from your cherry-tree to make a May-garland for the hall!"

"There are no flowers so pretty, mother. Ella has violets and primroses, wild anemone and cuckoo-flowers; but no one has such lovely blossoms, or can show such a garland as mine!"

"But remember, my child," said the mother, "that we cannot look for fruit in the summer if we pluck our blossoms in spring."

"Summer is far off," cried Phebe; "I will weave my May-garland now!"

But when the bright summer came, and mellow fruit loaded the orchard trees, and Phebe's little companions gathered clusters of sweet ripe cherries, sadly the poor child gazed on her own bare boughs, where not one round berry appeared! Where was her garland then? Alas, it had withered in a day! She had had her pleasure, it was past, and only regret was left behind!

If we live but for the pleasures and amusements of the present, we shall one day find to our grief that we cannot look for fruit in the summer if we pluck our blossoms in spring.

A NON-SECTARIAN.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR tells this story of a little boy whose case is like that of many others who are lured to churches and Sunday-schools by the vision of picnics and sweetmeats. In answer to the question, "Where do you go to Sunday-school, Jimmy?" the little fellow replied:

"Why, marm, I go to the Baptists, and the Methodists, and the Presbyterians; but I've been a trying the 'Piscopals for two or three weeks."

"You don't seem to belong anywhere, then, Jimmy?"

"Why, yes, marm, don't you see? I belongs to 'em all, exceptin' the 'Piscopals; but I'm going to jine them too, now."

"Well, Jimmy, what's your idea in going to so many?"

"Why, you see, I gets a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I gets libraries and hymn books, and all that; and when they have picnics I goes to every one of 'em."

A LITTLE girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, saw one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"



TRAY.

"MAMMA, was it not sly of Tray?
When he felt sure he was alone,
He to the garden crept away,
And buried a great mutton-bone.
Mamma, it is my firm belief,
That our dog Tray is quite a thief."

"Nay, do not slander Tray's good name;
His trick had naught to do with theft:
He and all dogs would do the same
E'en with the very freest gift;
And in their doings we may trace
A habit of much usefulness."

"God in his world allows no waste,
And in his wisdom has decreed
That dogs should have a curious taste
On ofal, scraps, and bones to feed;
And when with food too well supplied,
Then instinct teaches them to hide."

"Thus dogs are nature's scavengers,
To clear all useless things away;
And even if their memory fail,
Or better food falls in their way,
And buried still the bones remain,
Yet is their labor not in vain;

"For after they have lain a time
Deep in the earth and unremoved,
They turn into a sort of lime,
By which the soil is much improved;
And thus you see Tray's careful plan
Produces benefit to man."

LET a boy accustom himself to frequently visit and indulge in the excesses of the dram-shop and Want will take up its abode in his home, rags will be his clothing, and destruction his end—destruction not of the body only, but of body and soul throughout eternity.

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