

anything to which you may be called in this life. Better still, if the same spirit is applied to religion it will make you a Christian.

"Give me the dauntless boy
Who flinches not from labor or fatigue,
But moves right on upon the path of duty.
God will stand by the boy who boldly stands
By God's command; God will give him energy
And courage now, and afterward success."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

God's Three Helps for Children.

"It's very hard to do right," said a little boy to his mother one day. "I don't think God will punish children for doing wrong when they *can't* help it.

Freddie thought this argument a good apology for sinning. But his mother thought it was no apology at all. So she said:

"But children *can* help doing wrong if they use *God's helps*."

"God's helps!" exclaimed the boy with a look of wonder. "What are God's helps? I never heard of them before."

"Perhaps not by that name, my son," rejoined the lady, "but you do know them, I think. They are, 1. The *Bible*, to show you what is right. 2. The *Holy Spirit*, to give you strength to do it. 3. Your *conscience*, to chide you when you do wrong, and to cheer you when you do right. These are God's three helps for children."

Freddie went to the window, looked up to the blue heavens, and thought the matter over in silence for several minutes. Then turning round he said:

"Yes, I think God does help children, and it isn't his fault; but *why then don't they do right?*"

"Because they don't use God's helps," replied his mother.

"I see it now," said Freddie, with tears in his eyes. "Boys can help doing wrong if they choose. It is not God's fault at all if they don't."

I hope Freddie used God's helps after that time, but I don't know. But whether he did or not, I trust my Advocate family will. Let them study the Bible for instruction, pray to Jesus for the Holy Spirit to help them, and be obedient to the still small voice—the soft whisper in their hearts, and they will find that children can help doing wrong. God's mighty arm of Grace can help them keep his holy commandments.

Y. Z.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Gratitude for Half a Cake.

SOME Christian people once had a picnic in a pleasant grove. After they had eaten as much as they wished, they sent the food which remained to the poor in the neighborhood. Half a cake was sent by a boy to a poor old negress. She took it, rolled her eyes heavenward, and said:

"My Fader, me tanka dee. You nebber forget me. Me hungry, you gib me bread. Lord Jesu Christi bless de minister who tink ob me."

That old negress had a grateful heart and a thankful tongue. How is it with you, my child? God makes you rich with his great mercies. Is your heart grateful? Do your lips praise him? Q.

Behavior in Church.

LITTLE children must be quiet
When to holy church they go;
They must sit with serious faces;
Must not play or whisper low.

For the church is God's own temple,
Where men go for praise and prayer;
And the great God will not love those
Who forget his presence there.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Black Drop of Sin.

THE Turks believe in a false prophet named MOHAMMED. Their books tell some curious stories about him. Among other things, they say that when he was a little boy he went out to walk with his nurse. Two angels dressed in white met him, tore him open, seized his heart, and took out a *little black drop of sin*. They then put his heart back into its place, cured his wounds, and left him a sinless boy.

You are all wise enough to know that such a thing as this could not occur, although millions of poor ignorant Turks believe it did. No doubt Mohammed had what they call a *little black drop of sin* in his heart, but angels could not take it away in that or any other fashion. Nothing but the blood of Christ can take sin out of any heart.

Did it ever occur to you that the *black drop of sin* is in your heart? What is it which makes it easier for you to do wrong than right? The black drop of sin? What is it that causes you to love to do wrong? The black drop of sin. What is it that makes you dislike obedience? The black drop of sin. What makes you dislike to pray, to think of God, and to become a Christian? The black drop of sin.

The girl in the water was told by her parents never to cross that stream on the stepping stones, but to go round by the bridge. The black drop of sin led her to disobey her parents, and as you see, she is tasting the wages of sin.

This black drop of sin means a heart in love with sin, as yours is if Jesus has not washed your sins away. Let me tell you good news which is true. Jesus loves to take this black drop of sin out of children's hearts. Take yours to him. Tell him the black drop of sin troubles you, makes you naughty, and that you want it taken out. He will hear you. He will answer you. W.

DISTRUST oft makes the thief. Say-well is good; do-well is better.

Longing for Heaven.

A LITTLE child during her last illness was wont to say to her mother, "I long to be there," meaning heaven. "There we can praise him all the time; and the blessed Saviour will rejoice to hear us too; it makes me feel very happy."

"Zion! how glorious to behold!
We shall be there ere long;
O let the timid now be bold,
And let the faint be strong!"

"Sing, sing ye pilgrims on your way;
Let joy fill every breast;
Our King will all our toils repay
When we have gained our rest."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Flint and the Steel—A Fable.

THE *flint* and *steel*, which had long acted together in perfect friendship, kindling many a tinder box by willing co-operation, quarreled one day. The steel was furious because the flint bruised his sides. The flint said, "You have chipped my side, too, and made me look old and battered. I won't stand it."

"Very well," said the spunky steel, "let us part. Good-by."

"O good-by," replied the flint, "I guess you won't amount to much when I'm gone."

"And you won't be worth a spark without me," retorted the steel.

And so flint and steel parted. While acting together they had been useful, but separated they were valueless, and both found their way into separate rubbish boxes.

Let children who quarrel and despise each other learn a lesson from this fable. God did not make them to quarrel, but to act and play and live together, just as he made the steel and flint to act together in the production of sparks. It is by loving and helping each other that children help one another to grow wiser and happier. When they quarrel and live apart they hurt themselves, and rob each other. Better live in friendship, and then, as the flint and steel by harmony make sparks, so they will make their homes bright and beautiful with the holy lights of love and kindness. W.

About Tobacco.

"HERE, Carlo, will you take a smoke?"
Asked little Tommy Carr,
As in Sir Doggy's mouth he put
The end of a cigar.

"Bow, wow," cried Carlo; "master dear,
You surely mean a joke;
I never knew a dog so lost
To shame that he would smoke."

"Then I will give it to the pig,"
Said little Tommy Carr,
And at the sty he offered her
The end of the cigar.

The dignity of Mrs. Pig
Was sorely wounded now;
"Ugh, ugh! my little man," she cried,
"No dog, nor pig, nor cow,

"However hungry they may be,
The dirty weed will touch;
How folks with reason smoke or chew
I wonder very much!"

"I'll run and wash my hands," cried Tom,
"And never, never more
Touch a cigar, though uncle drop
A dozen on the floor."

If from tobacco senseless brutes
Away disgusted turn,
That 'tis not fit for human mouth
We cannot fail to learn.

—Songs for my Children.