

"What is the matter, Will? Does your head pain you? Can I help you?"

Will pushed him away fiercely and replied:

"Get along, will you! What do I want with your pity? You only came here to make the boys stare at me. I know your spite. Get along!"

These cruel, wicked words stirred up bad feelings in John's heart. Giving way to his temper he replied:

"Spite! Will Edwards, I should like to know what spite I ever showed you. The spite is on your side, not mine. God made us as we are and not I."

These were bitter words, and John ought not to have uttered them. They were to Will's burning heart what oil is to flame, and looking savagely into John's face he said:

"Jack Rogers, may God hear and punish that taunt! I'll never forgive you, never to your dying day. Get away!"

The boys parted. William to brood in silence and anger over his sorrows, John to resume his games. Both boys were wretched, for both had erred, although William was most to blame.

During the evening John's kind feelings returned. He felt sorry that he had allowed his temper to be excited by William's spiteful words. He made up his mind to see Will in the morning and "make up."

So the next morning he ran over to Will's cottage, and holding out his hand said:

"Shake hands, Will, and make friends. I'm sorry I made you angry yesterday. Will you make it up?"

William did not even look up at his friend, but in cold, hard tones said:

"No, Jack Rogers, I won't make friends. It can't matter to you what such a poor fellow as I think, so go away and let me alone. I've done with you."

John could not bear to leave things thus. So he placed his hand gently on Will's shoulder, and in a very tender voice said:

"Will, I do care what you think or I'd not do this. Will you make friends with me?"

"No!" said Will curtly, "I won't."

John turned away more in sorrow than in anger, for he was grieved. Will was glad at first. A wicked joy filled his heart, but better

thoughts came afterward, and shame and sorrow began to take the place of angry spite. "I'll make it up to-night," said he, "when John comes back. I know he'll ask me."

Alas, for William's repentance! It was too late. He never saw his old friend alive again. On that very day while out in a sloop he was killed; for the mast, broken by a sudden squall, fell and struck him on the head. That very evening Will saw him a voiceless corpse!

Alas, poor Will! He never forgave himself. For months no smile shone on his pale face, nor did he mention the name of his dead friend. He often visited John's mother and tried to comfort her, and after much mental sorrow he went to God and obtained a new heart, a heart which helped him bear his lameness without spite and bitterness. But he still felt that he would give a world, if he owned it, to blot out the memory of his refusal to forgive his friend.

An unforgiving temper is a terrible guest for a child or man to harbor in his breast. If my reader has given it lodging hitherto, let this story of Will's great sorrow lead him to ask Jesus—none else can do it—to help cast it out. Yes, out with it! Your heart is no place for such a guest. W.

### LOVE YOUR ENEMY.

A LITTLE girl who frequently read her Bible came one day delighted to her mother, showing some plums that a friend had given her. The mother said it was very kind.

"Yes," said the child, "very kind indeed; and the lady gave me more than these, but I have given some away."

The mother asked to whom she had given them? The child replied:

"I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

Upon being asked why she gave them to her, she answered:

"Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be unkind and rude to me again."

"When we feel that we are injured,  
(As we must be while we live,)  
If 'tis sweet to seek for vengeance,  
How much sweeter to forgive!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OSTRICHES?

OSTRICHES are the largest of all birds. O yes, you know that, and you know that they cannot fly with their short wings, but that they can run faster than a horse. And you know, too, that they live in or near the desert, and perhaps you remember what the Bible says about their leaving their eggs in the sand; but you may not know how they hatch and rear their young in places where herbage is plentiful, so that they can easily get enough to eat.



A pair of old ones associate with their grown-up children, and all make their nests together, the old ones in the center, and the young ones in regular order close around them, each pair sitting on its own nest. They have to sit ninety days before the chicks make their appearance. Three months! Wouldn't you think they would get tired and run away before the time was up? I know some little boys that hardly have patience to wait three weeks for the old hen to bring off her chickens; they want to break the eggs to see whether they are going to hatch!

When the old ostriches hear the chicks stirring they carefully break the hard shells and let them out, and feed them with some of the eggs that have been kept for that purpose. And when they are all hatched they lead them off and care for them as a hen does for her chickens. The male ostrich takes the larger share of the labor of sitting on the eggs and caring for the young. The female is very cowardly, and if attacked will run away and leave the young to care for themselves; but the male will turn around and fight for them. However, the Arabs take advantage even of this. They set a dog to fight the old one while they secure the young, who will not run far from their defender.

The young ones are easily tamed, and the Arabs make pets of them and allow them to sleep in the tents with the family. They play with the children and the dogs, join a rabbit-hunt, or migrate from place to place with the family just as any other pets would. They are very fond of the children, and will allow them to ride on their backs; but if a man attempts to mount they will throw him off with a flap of the wing. They are great eaters, and often rob the children of their food; but they do it so dextrously and gently as not to hurt them.

Their masters are obliged to be very careful what

they leave in their way, for they eat even money and jewelry. One was known to take the coral necklace off an Arab woman's neck and eat it; and an army officer declares they tore the buttons off his surtout and ate them. It is very possible that he told the truth, for wild ostriches killed in the desert are frequently found to have stones and other hard things in their stomachs.

AUNT JELIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### DO YOU LOVE YOUR MOTHER?

How do you show your love? Do you deny yourself and give up any of your own pleasures for her sake? She has given up her own pleasures many times for your happiness.

A sweet young girl lay dying, wasting away with disease. Her sufferings were great. For fourteen days she had not slept an hour, and she longed to be at rest. Besides this, she meditated much upon the beauties of heaven and knew that they were for her. A friend brought in some choice flowers, and spoke of the land where the flowers bloom all the year round.

"Beautiful land!" said the dying girl, "I shall soon be there."

"Have you no wish to live?"

"Yes, I would like to stay for my mother's sake. She will be all alone when I am gone."

Her mother was a poor widow and she an only daughter.

Another little girl, the member of a mission school, was dying. Her parents were intemperate and degraded, yet she loved them. When she was asked if she would like to live she said, "Yes, for some things."

"What are they?"

"I would like to teach my little brother to read the Bible, and tell him who Jesus is."

"Is there no other reason?"

"Yes, to comb the gray hairs of my mother when she gets old."

But the Lord saw fit to take her away. Let us hope that her mother will follow her to heaven. But you, dear readers, who still live with your parents, show them your love and respect while you can, and in every way possible. The day must soon come that will take them away from you or you from them. J. C.

### NO.

THERE'S a word very short, but decided and plain,  
And speaks to the purpose at once;  
Not a child but its meaning can quickly explain,  
Yet oft 'tis so hard to pronounce.  
What a world of vexation and trouble 'twould spare,  
What pleasure and peace 'twould bestow,  
If we turned, when temptation would win and ensnare,  
And firmly repulsed it with—"No."

When the idler would lure us with trifles and play,  
To waste the bright moments so dear;  
When the scoffer unholy our faith would gainsay,  
And mock at the Word we revere;  
When deception, and falsehood, and guile would invite,  
And fleeting enjoyments bestow,  
Never palter with truth for a transient delight,  
But check the first impulse with—"No."

In the morning of life, in maturity's day,  
Whatever the cares that engage,  
Be the precepts of virtue our guide and our stay,  
Our solace from youth unto age:  
Thus the heart shall ne'er waver, no matter how tried,  
But firmness and constancy show;  
And when passion or folly would turn us aside,  
We'll spurn the seducer with—"No."

### TEMPTATION.

"I WANT the spirit that will look Temptation in the face and say, 'Begone!'" said a boy to his sister. "And one thing more: you want Bible spectacles to know Temptation when he comes," answered his sister, "for he does not always show his colors."

It is better to see our own faults than other people's.