

that Joseph was studying at college. He also busied himself writing compositions, and thus kept himself cheerful by keeping busy. Isaac was wise in this, for busy boys, like busy bees, are the only ones who get at the real honey of life. Stick a pin here, Ned Lazybones. You know you want the honey without the work. I tell you, very plainly, you can't get it.

Joseph went through college with marked success. When he graduated he was made master of a grammar school at Hull. Isaac, being found competent, became his assistant. Wasn't that a victory over poverty?

Joseph afterward became a useful and successful minister of Jesus, and the author of a great work on Church history, which I hope you will one day read. Isaac went to college, became a very learned man, a professor at Cambridge University, a dean in the English Church, and was very highly honored by the magnates of his times. Isaac lived many years after Joseph died.

Thus you see what industry, perseverance, and love did for JOSEPH and ISAAC MILNER. Few boys have to begin so low down the hill of life as they did. Their path was rough and steep, and they had a load of poverty to carry. You have seen how love helped them to climb to the top of the path and to take a high place among good, great, and useful men.

*Love, industry, perseverance!* These are your weapons of conquest, O my children. Love Jesus, love your parents, love each other, love everybody. That love will be your breastplate; it will give you heart, pluck, courage. Be industrious! Work! Love to work. Try to do something useful every day. Be a busy bee in pa's hive, in God's hive. Persevere. Having begun well, hold on! go on! never give up! Do these things, and when your old friend, Francis Forrester, lies sleeping in the dust you will be standing among the good men and women of the next generation sowing good seed and doing good service for God and man.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### LUCY GRAY.

DID you ever hear of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH? No? Well, you will read about him by and by. He was an English poet. When you are older you must read his poems. One of them is about Lucy Gray.

Lucy Gray lived with her father and mother on a vast moor or common. There were no other houses near, so that Lucy had no playmate. Yet the poet says she was

"The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door,"

which was saying a great deal more than could be truly said of every child.

One wintry afternoon Lucy's father said to her:

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go,  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

Lucy smiled, and said she should be glad to go for her mother. With willing feet she started, but before she could cross the moor the snow-storm burst upon her in all its fury, and "she never reached the town."

"The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide,  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide."

The next morning those sad parents saw a bridge broken down, but no Lucy. They gave her up for lost,

"When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet."

They followed the little footmarks across the moor, beside a long stone wall, through an open field:

"They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks one by one  
Into the middle of the plank,  
And further there were none!"

Then they knew that Lucy, while groping her way over the bridge, had stepped off the broken

plank into the furious stream below. The dark waters had swept her away in their mighty arms and carried her to the distant lake. Her little body was never found.

Her mother and father could hardly believe their Lucy dead. They fancied that she still wandered on the moor, and would say:

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind,  
And sings a solitary song,  
And whistles in the wind."

Of course this was an idle notion. Lucy Gray's soul went straight to heaven. While the cold arms of the river held her body, angels took her spirit up to Jesus. I think it must have been so, for Lucy Gray appears to have been an obedient Christian child. She died while doing her duty.

How many Lucy Grays have I among my readers? I mean, how many children have I who would go out to do a difficult duty for father and mother saying:

"That, father, I will gladly do?"

How many? How many do you think, Miss Shirker? and you, Master Hate-to-work, how many willing workers do you think there are in the Advocate's great family of little folk? Q.



### BEGINNING TO WALK.

He's not got his sea-legs, the darling;  
He's been in our ship but a year;  
He isn't got versed in our lingo—  
Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,  
And learn the salt taste of the wave;  
One voyage, though it's short, is sufficient  
When our ports are the cradle and grave.

### JOHN ASHWORTH.



JOHN ASHWORTH was a poor Welsh boy, poorer, doubtless, than any reader of this paper. He had a drunken father, but his mother was a very godly woman. John heard her on one occasion, when she supposed no one was near but her heavenly Father, praying for her children by their several names. He listened attentively and heard her saying, "Lord, bless John; keep him from bad company, and make him a good and useful man."

Those words still ring in his ears, and the prayer has been answered in a peculiar manner.

How poor he was, we will relate a story or two concerning him. One Saturday evening his mother requested him to leave off playing marbles and come with her into the house.

"What is the matter, mother?" said John; "it is not time for us to go to bed yet; let us play a little longer."

"I know," she replied, in a quiet and sorrowful manner, "that it is very early, but there is no help for it. I want to mend your trowsers and wash your shirt; for though we are poor, we ought to be clean. It was my intention to get you a pair of wooden shoes, but I have failed. I am now at work making you a pinafore out of a wool-sack; it will cover your rags and make you appear a little better."

John had much respect for his mother, and was very tender of her feelings; therefore he went straightway to his bare bed naked—not to sleep, but to weep, and to think what he would do for his mother when he became a man and rich.

On Sunday morning he was to wear his new pinafore to cover his ragged clothes. At that time it was customary to mark the wool-sacks with the word "wool" in large black letters. John's mother had received one of these sacks as a gift; but it had become so much worn by use that she could not make his pinafore out of it without either patching it or cutting through the letters. She chose the latter plan, thinking she could wash off the letters; but after repeated washings and boilings she had failed to get them out. When John put on his pinafore his countenance fell; but when he saw tears in his mother's eyes he immediately said:

"Never mind it, mother, never mind it. It will do very well. It will hide the patches, and when I reach school I will sit upon the letters, and then no one will see them. Don't cry, mother; it will be better with us yet."

And so off he went to the Sunday-school barefooted, and clad in a pinafore made out of a worn-out wool-sack, with half the letters "WOOL" down one side of it, to take his accustomed place in the third Bible-class among boys far better clad than he, and who on that account did not like to sit by his side; and he kept his bare feet under the bench lest they should tread upon them. But John could not stay from school, were it only for fear of distressing his mother. He was there constantly and punctually.

Every boy that led his class on the Sabbath received a card at the close of the school. These cards were collected once a year, and the boy that had the most of them received the highest prize. The teachers and scholars, with their parents, and members of the congregation, assembled in the lecture-room every Friday in Whitsun-week to drink tea, and to witness the distribution of the prizes. One year John had one card more than any other scholar; consequently, he was to receive the first prize. He felt very unhappy during that week, because he was still without any shoes or clogs; and on the night preceding the festive day, said he to his mother, as tenderly as he could, "Dear mother, can't you get me a second-hand pair of clogs by to-morrow? I am to receive the highest prize, and I must ascend the stairs to the stage, and shall be ashamed to go up there barefooted."

His mother was mending his father's stockings at the time. She did not reply immediately, but placed her hand upon her heart as if in great pain. O how sorry John felt that he had spoken a word! She remained long silent. Finally, she said, "I know, my child, that you are to receive the highest prize in the school, and I have done my best to send you there tidy. I tried to borrow a shilling from the tavern-keeper's wife, where your father spends so much of what he earns; but she scornfully refused me. I was also with several of our neighbors trying to borrow a little; but our proverbial poverty has removed all help from us. There is scarcely any situation in life so unfortunate as that of the drunkard's wife or the drunkard's child. I often pray to God to keep me from murmuring and to take care of us. I do not wish to speak a word against your father, and I hope my children also will refrain from reproaching him, for, after all, he is your own father. Let us trust in the Lord; be