

was no sooner in the mill than Willie went straight under the arm of the mill-sweep again, and, aided by the railing which ran round the platform, he climbed up into the sail, which was fastened to the lowest arm of the sweep.

"I wish it would move," said Willie.

The boy had his wish. Just then a light breeze touched the windsails and they began to turn slowly round.

"Aint it nice?" said Willie to himself as he clung to the slowly rising arm. Yes, it was nice enough for a few moments, as doing wrong usually is at first; but very soon the arm rose high up into the air. Then Willie's heart began to go pit-a-pat. In another moment the arm began to descend with Willie underneath. Then he screamed, and in his fright let go his hold and fell to the ground senseless.

"I'm afraid my boy is dead!" cried the miller as he picked his disobedient Willie up and carried him into the cottage.

But Willie was not dead, only badly bruised and his leg broken. That was bad enough, and after being many weeks a prisoner he was able to go out again, a wiser if not a better boy. You may be sure he kept very clear of the mill-sweep after that.

But Willie was not yet as wise as he needed to be. What little boy or girl is? One very hot day Willie and his brothers played race-horses until they were so hot and thirsty they scarcely knew what to do. "Let us go to the spring," said Willie, running toward a spring of very cold water that bubbled up from a rock in a shady spot near the mill.

"Pa told us not to drink this water when we're hot," said Willie's sister.

"I know," replied Willie, "but I'm very dry. I must drink some."

There was no *must* in the case, and Willie knew it, but he would drink. After drinking all he wanted, he threw himself, hot as he was, upon the ground in the shade and went to sleep. What do you think followed? What else could follow such foolish conduct but sickness? Willie had a fever and came very near dying.

"Ah!" said Willie as he tossed about upon his sick-bed, "who would have thought that nice cool water would make one so sick?"

"It was not the spring, my Willie, that made you sick, but your unwise use of it. Had you kept your desire for water under proper control the spring would have done you no harm."

When Willie was again well enough to study, his father taught him the following verse, which you would also do well to commit to memory:

"God, in the fullness of his love,
Has all in mercy given;
But pride and lust to curses turn
The choicest gifts of heaven."

You see that in Willie's case having his own way cost him a broken leg and a fever. Costly business, wasn't it? Well, having one's own way generally is a costly business in the end. It always brings sorrow and pain. Sometimes—sometimes? ay, very often, it brings death! Dear child, beware how you persist in having your own way. Better let your parents guide you. Better let Jesus lead you. Will you? W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

Who was frightened to death? A girl who lives less than a thousand miles from me rushed into the kitchen the other day pale as a corpse crying:

"A ghost! a ghost! I'm frightened to death! O! O!"

Had she seen a ghost? So she said. She described it as tall and white, and having its head crowned with light. What was it? A wicked fellow-servant had wrapped himself in a sheet and put a lantern brightly lighted on his head. The girl was not quite *frightened to death*, but she was most fearfully scared. I think the man who acted the part of ghost deserved to be locked up in a tight

place and fed on bread and water for six months. Don't you?

Girls and boys sometimes play ghost. At a certain young ladies' seminary some of the girls dressed one of their number in white, and put a broom covered with drapery on her head to make her appear very tall and frightful. A timid miss whom they sought to frighten with this wicked mummery saw it and *went raving mad!* Wasn't it terrible!

Never try to frighten each other, my children. It may be fun for you to give a shock to the nerves of your playmate, but it is very cruel, and may be fatal to him. You may say he ought not to be so frightened, because ghosts and hobgoblins are mere notions. That may be so, but your playmate can't help being frightened and shocked by your idle joke. You have no right to seek amusement by alarming and frightening him. If you should frighten him to madness or death you would be guilty of murder before God. So don't frighten each other, but let love guide you in all things, even in your play.

F. F.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOLAR IN CHURCH.

You go to Church, little reader, of course you do. You would rightly consider yourself almost a little heathen if you did not. But why do you go? Now I have set your thinkers to work. I doubt if half of you can give a reason. Ah, but the hands are coming up! Well, Addie goes to church because it is Sunday, and Sidney goes because his parents wish him to, and Minnie goes to hear the music, and Oscar goes because the superintendent makes him, (for shame, Oscar!) and Sammy goes because he likes to, and Hattie goes to see all the folk, and what! a whole row of girls without a hand up? Well, probably they did not put on all those fine flowers and gay feathers for nothing; but, for my part, I think other places more suitable for show-rooms than the house of God. And here is a very little hand. Well, Mary, you "does to be dood," do you? Blessings on you, my darling, and may you get what you go for!

But I think our reason for going to church should be to worship God. I heard the matter very well put last Sunday. A young girl came and occupied a seat near me. I saw by the books in her hand that she was a Sunday-scholar, and as she bent her head reverently for a minute after taking her seat, I concluded that she was also a Church-member. I saw nothing out of the way about her until after the commencement of the sermon, when she quietly be-

gan to eat candy. I thought if she was doing that to keep herself awake, she would accomplish the object much better by listening to the sermon. But she evidently did not care to hear the sermon, for soon she settled herself in the corner, opened her library-book in her lap, and commenced reading. After a minute, a lady who sat next to her put down her head and said gently:

"My dear, did you come here to worship God this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you think that is the best way to do it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, then, my dear, act up to your convictions."

I was glad to see the girl promptly close the book and put it away. She needed only to be reminded of what was right in order to do it. And the lesson was one we may all remember and profit by. If we go to church to worship God we shall be likely to behave about right. It is a solemn thing to appear before God. We should try to do it with childlike love and godly fear, and worship him "in the beauty of holiness."

AUNT JULIA.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

How many poor children I see every day
Who have no one to teach them aright;
No wonder in vice they should wander astray,
And in all that is evil delight.

But I, who have got a nice Bible to read,
And teachers so good and so kind,
Shall prove myself bad and ungrateful indeed,
If I still am perversely inclined.

These blessings will rise at God's terrible bar,
If I do not grow better by them;
And my Bible, neglected, will also be there,
And my friends and my teachers condemn.

Then let me attend, and make haste to improve,
With every fresh season that's given,
And pray to the Lord of all mercy and love,
To train me for virtue and heaven.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BOASTFUL DUCK.

THERE is a fable in one of my books which says that in the olden time a fat old duck stood on the edge of a pond talking aloud and saying to itself:

"I am a rare bird. No other creature hath such powers as mine. I can walk on the earth. When I'm tired of walking there I can fly in the air. When I'm weary of flying I can swim in the water. Am I not a wonderful duck?"

"Hiss! hiss!" said a cunning snake which happened to hear the duck's idle boasting. "Hiss! you brag too much. Suppose you can walk on the land, the stag can beat you hollow at that. Suppose you can fly a little, the falcon can leave you out of sight in almost no time.

"In the water, too, the trout
Will beat you out and out.

"You with neither can compare."

That was a wise speech for a snake. If Master Harry and Miss Molly Boastful will consider it spoken to them, it may teach them to be a little more modest when they talk about themselves. Miss Molly, who brags how pretty she is and how fine her clothes are, may be made to see that she is not half as beautiful as a rose, nor half so well dressed as the lily or the butterfly. Master Harry, who brags of his father's riches and his own learning, may learn that his father is a poor man when compared to many others, and as to his own knowledge there are hundreds of boys who have forgotten more than he ever knew.

Don't be boasters, my children. If you are ever tempted to do so think of what the snake said to the duck and keep silence.

PHEDRUS.

"TROUBLE me not, Satan, for I am none of thine! I am the Lord's. Christ is mine, and I am his!"—
Last Words of Joseph Alleine.