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"ONLY A LITTLE WHILE."

"MOLLY, these days are cold and dreary,
And much, I fear, you must grow weary,
Watching all day beside your stall
For customers, who may not come at all."
But Molly answered with a cheerful smile,
"Kind sir, 'tis only for a little while!"

"Perhaps, then, summer's hot and dusty hours
More heavily may tax your feeble powers?"
Again she answered, with contented smile,
"Nay, sir, 'tis only for a little while!"

"Well, don't you grumble at the drizzling mist,
Your scanty clothing can so ill resist?
Or when the dismal rain, in drenching showers,
On you and on your wares unceasing pours?"

She shook her aged head, with constant smile,
And said, "'Tis only for a little while!"

"But, Molly, when these 'little whiles' are past,
What brighter prospect can be yours at last?"
"Ah, sir!" she answered, and her faded eye
Was lighted with a radiance from on high;
"When all life's little griefs are past and gone,
For poor old Molly waits a golden crown.
Hers will be then a heritage of light,
Before GOD'S glorious throne, forever bright!"

"I, Molly, am a judge, in law deemed learned,
But from the law I never yet have learned
Such glorious hopes as these I hear from you;
What surety have you that these hopes are true?"

"Dear sir, no law such hopes could e'er display,
The Gospel 'tis that tells us Christ's the way.

Aged and poor, if I in him am found,
To grant me heaven my GOD himself is bound."

She paused, then added with a wistful eye,
Motioning her questioner to gaze on high—
"Remember, but a little while is given
In which to make our title clear to heaven!"

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TAKING SIN TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

ONE day a little Christian boy being strongly tempted, gave way to a fit of anger. Shortly after his mother found him alone sobbing.

"What ails you, my dear?" said she tenderly.

"Please, ma, I wish to be left alone," he replied.

He was left, and his mother shortly afterward heard him praying. When he ceased she again went into his room and said:

"Tell me, my dear, what makes you so sad to-day."

Tears filled the little fellow's eyes as he replied:

"I meant to tell you everything, mamma, but I could not until I had first told my sin to God and asked him to pardon me."

That was carrying sin to the right place, don't you think so, my dear child? Be true to your own thought, then, and carry all your sins to God too.

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PATRIOTIC BOY.

MANY long years ago the people of Switzerland threw off the yoke of the Austrian dukes who wanted to lord it over them. During the struggles between the brave Switzers and the Austrians, many of the ancient Swiss noblemen sided with the dukes against the people. One night, in the city of Lucerne, a body of these proud nobles met in a hall, resolved to murder the leaders of the people in their beds, and give the city up to the Austrian duke. It happened, however, that a boy chanced to be in the hall, and to overhear their plans. When he tried to go out they seized him, and were about to kill him; but one of them said:

"Don't kill the brat! Make him swear not to tell what he may have seen and heard to *any man* and let him go!"

Thinking that a little frightened boy would either not dare or be unable to mar their vile plot, they forced him to take the oath and then let him go.

The boy went away. Finding a public hall open, he went in. Several citizens were there. Not feeling at liberty, on account of his oath, to tell *any man* what he had seen and heard, he went up to the stove and said:

"Stove, listen to me! The nobles of Lucerne are in the cellar under the Tailor's Hall. They are armed. They are going to murder the leaders of the people to-night. Rouse the people, O stove, and tell them to save themselves and the liberties of Lucerne."