

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

July 4...Acts xvi. 6-15.....Mark xii. 28-34.
 " 11...Acts xvi. 22-34.....Judges vii. 1-22.
 " 18...Acts xvii. 1-12.....Judges vii. 23-31.
 " 25...Acts xvii. 22-34.....I. Sam. iii.

IMMANUEL.

When down the hill of life I go ;
 When o'er my feet death's waters flow ;
 When in the deepening flood I sink ;
 When friends stand weeping on the brink ;
 I'll mingle with my last farewell
 Thy lovely name, Immanuel.

When tears are banished from mine eye ;
 When fairer worlds than these are nigh ;
 When Heaven shall fill my ravished sight ;
 When I shall bathe in sweet delight ;
 One joy all joys shall far excel—
 To see Thy face, Immanuel.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

LITTLE WILL.

You would have loved little Will had you known him. Let me show him to you. He has the merriest face and the snubbiest little nose you ever saw. His head he carries high in the air as a flower raises its dewy cup to be kissed by the sunshine at dawn of day. I think he is the sweetest little fellow I have ever known. I should like you to feel that he is a real boy—not merely a boy who lives in a story. For you must know he was one of my pupils at school. Many times through the day I found my eyes turned towards him as he sat at his desk at work. He never failed to give me the sweetest smile that seemed to play hide and seek about his eyes and his dimpled cheeks, and cried "I spy," when it reached his rosy lips.

In his wee velvet suit he always made me think of a page—I mean one of those little boys we see in pictures who hold up the trains of grand ladies.

Will had only one enemy among the boys, and that was Joe, a rough chap who fought whenever he could. One day he was ill-using a tiny lad who could not take care of himself. Will took the part of the younger one, as every manly boy should do.

Joe never forgave him for it. And so poor Will's life was not an

easy one after that. He tried in every way to harm him.

"What is the matter, Will?" I said, as he came to his class with a troubled look on his sweet face. "Dear Miss, you know that text you taught us the other day, 'Love your enemies.' I am afraid Joe's my enemy, and I cannot love him." "Does Will remember how Jesus prayed for those who were putting him to death," I said. "Now to-morrow when you come to school just see if you can do something kind for Joe."

The next day Will ran all the way to school, his happy face telling of the sunshine in his heart. "Yes," he said to himself, "I'll try to be kind to Joe to-day. That is what Jesus would have done."

Just then Joe came up. In an instant he put out his foot and tripped Will, so that he fell heavily to the ground.

Then he ran off with a mocking laugh. A big lump came in his throat. How could he ever be kind to this boy who tried in every way to harm him?

The electric cars ran in front of the school. Three o'clock came. The children were on their way home. Will walked slowly along thinking sadly that he had not tried to be like Jesus in doing good for evil.

There was that dreadful Joe fighting again with Jim.

"Oh, dear!" he thought, "What a bad boy he is. I can never love him." Just then Jim struck Joe a blow which threw him right in front of the car which was coming on at great speed. The motorman did not see him, so quickly had he thrown him on the track. Joe, blind with fury, saw or heard nothing. His one thought was how he could pay him back. For a moment Will stood dumb with terror, as he saw Joe with his back to the car which was almost upon him.

Then with one leap forward he sprang behind Joe and gave him a sudden push, which landed him a yard or two from the track. But alas! in trying to save Joe his own foot slipped on the rail and he fell. On, on came the car like a flash of lightning. In an instant brave little Will lay bleeding and almost lifeless.

Dear little one! You have indeed tried to follow your Master to-day in laying down your life for your enemy!

He was tenderly lifted and carried home. They laid him on his little bed. "He would never walk again," the kind old doctor said as the tears dimmed his eyes.

"Mother dearest," said Will one day, as he moved about in his wheel-chair, "I think it was better for me to be hurt than Joe. You see he would not be taken care of by such a dear little mother as mine, and he would not have this nice wheel-chair, which is next best to being able to move about one's self."

One day Joe came to the door, dragging along a shaggy dog by a string. Poor boy! He was a sorry looking sight.

His dog Tatters was the only friend he had in the world.

Joe's mother was dead, and his father was never sober.

"I want to see Will—him that was hurt," he said to the maid who opened the door. When he saw Will so pale and helpless, moving about in his chair on wheels, he burst out crying. "O Will! I'm awful sorry you was hurt. I wish you had not tried to save me. It was all my fault. I want you to have Tatters. He's the best dog in the world. He's the only one that loves me," he said with a sob, "but he'll soon love you too. I have taught him to fetch, and sit up and beg. He's a very clever dog, Will; don't you think so?" Then the two boys watched him sit up with a lump of sugar on his nose while they counted three; at the last word he would toss it up and catch it in his mouth.

A year has passed. Joe is now no more the rough-looking lad we first knew. He is neatly dressed, and his face has a gentler look, for his heart is kinder. He, too, has learned to love Will's Saviour. Joe's father died and he was left homeless. Will begged so hard that his mother could not refuse, and so Will's home became his also. His love for the patient little sufferer was so touching to see. He never was happier than when he was doing something for him.