

"I felt mean enough to spit in my own face every time I thought about it; and when the master found us out and thrashed us I rather enjoyed it. I kept saying to myself, 'Now you're getting it, old fellow, and good enough for you. See if you'll get me into such a scrape again.' As for asking Sam's pardon, why somehow I never thought anything about the old dunce. I felt as if I was apologizing to *myself*. I didn't care so much what *he* thought about me, but I wanted to respect *myself*, and so I asked pardon of Sam and myself together, and after that I felt all right."

"What an odd way of putting things you have, Will."

"Well, sir, it's a fact, I always feel as if there were two of me. One is a brave, honest, straightforward kind of fellow, and the other is the me that runs into all kinds of scrapes."

"A gentleman and a rascal," remarked the third boy.

"That's so," admitted Will, "and when I get into a bad scrape the rascal goes dodging and sneaking about, afraid to look in the gentleman's face; but he follows him up and chases him down, and keeps saying, 'You're a *mean fellow*, you know you are,' and the rascal never gets a minute's peace till he just owns up and asks the gentleman's pardon."

The boys laughed a little and then passed on down the walk. I don't know who they were, but I liked Will's way of "putting things" very much. As far as my experience of boys goes he was about right—there is a gentleman and a rascal in every one of them. I saw two of them the other day—fine, manly-looking fellows—earnestly engaged in persuading a good-natured puppy to worry a stupid old pig.

"Chase her," shouted one, "till she is all tired out, and then the dog can catch her!"

Wasn't that a rascally plan? Why, I thought it was almost as bad as the rebels' way of chasing our poor soldiers with hounds till they were forced to lie down and be torn in pieces. Yet these were pleasant boys, who always have a smile for me on the street, only just then the *rascal* had turned the *gentleman* out of doors.

Keep a sharp look-out for him, boys; he's a troublesome fellow, and needs to be ruled with a rod of iron. He is as full of tricks as a juggler, and knows how to put on an honest face, and pass himself off as innocent fun; but a sharp look at him will always show the cloven foot peeping out somewhere. And one thing you should always remember—it is a great deal worse to lose your *self-respect* than to lose the respect of other people; for, no matter how well others may think of you, if the "gentleman" in your own heart keeps saying, "You're a *mean fellow*, you know it," you will find yourself as uncomfortable as the foolish boy we used to read about in ancient history, who hid the stolen fox under his garments until the animal tore his heart out.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

"O, SIR!" said a poor boy in the reform school to his minister, "I am not good enough to go to Christ."

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"O!" cried the boy, "that is news, that is good news; there is hope for me."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God! I come."

A SUNDAY well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sunday profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SISTER ELLA.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

We miss the smile that used to greet
Our coming round the household hearth,
The clear voice with its utterance sweet,
The silvery laugh, the girlish mirth,
The figure light whose gentle grace
Was rich with life and youthful bloom,
Ah, who will fill her vacant place,
Or light again our darkened home?

She was too beautiful for earth,
Yet as the summers floated by
And brought new charms of dearer worth,
We never thought that *she* could die.
We heard the chanted funeral hymn,
Its oft-repeated lesson speak,
But never dreamed that death could dim
The carmine of *her* lip and cheek.

Soft be her rest. The grasses bright,
The sweet sprays of the wilding rose,
The sheltering trees and shaded light,
All join to curtain her repose.
The wild-bird stays its airy wing
Upon her grave at dewy even,
Her sad and early fate to sing
Who died on earth but lives in heaven.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SELF-WILLED QUEEN.



MORE than two thousand years ago lived a lady who was born a princess. She was early taught to worship Baal, a heathen god with a head like a calf, and Astarte, a goddess with moon-like horns. She married a king who was acquainted with the one true God, and who knew

better than to take a queen from a family of idolaters; but he was so fascinated by her beauty and taken captive by her art that he gave himself up to destruction, being led by the imperious lady into all wickedness.

"What is the matter with you now?" said this queen to her husband, who appeared before her in the palace one day displeased and heavy, refusing to eat, and throwing himself on his couch with his face to the wall like a sullen child.

"O," said he, "there is a vineyard I want very much. I have made the owner a fair offer of money, or of land equal in value, if that pleases him better,

but he will not sell it. The vineyard belongs to a man in Jezreel, named Naboth, and it descended from his ancestors to him. You must know we have a law of the days of Moses that reads in this way: 'So shall not the inheritance of the children of Israel remove from one tribe to another; for every one of the children of Israel shall keep himself to the inheritance of his fathers. But that vineyard is so convenient to the palace, and I need it very much for a vegetable garden.'

How the queen's eyes flashed! "Do you govern the kingdom?" said she haughtily. "Rise from your couch, and eat, and be merry. I will give you the vineyard of Naboth of Jezreel. As for this Moses, we will see if there be not other laws of his day!"

She drew his signet-ring from his finger, the seal with which he stamped his royal mandates, and writing letters in the king's name, sealed them with the seal, and sent them to the elders and nobles of the city. In these letters she instructed the persons to whom they were addressed to proclaim a solemn fast, a great day of lamentation, as though some dreadful calamity had befallen the city, and then they were to say that an awful crime had been committed among them; and they were to hire two men to give testimony that they heard Naboth blaspheme God and the king.

It was done as the queen ordered. Naboth was accused of these crimes, and the law of God, given to Moses, was read: "Thou shalt not revile the judges nor curse the ruler of thy people." "And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put to death, and all the congregation shall certainly stone him."

It was in vain for Naboth to say he had not blasphemed. He was carried forth out of the city and stoned to death!

Who so merry as the self-willed queen! She had it all her own way now. "Take possession of the vineyard that was refused to you for a compensation," she said to the king; "Naboth is not alive, but dead!"

How the king admired the cunning of the woman! He went immediately down to the coveted vineyard to take possession. He was already planning, as he stood on the spot, how he would arrange the grounds, when he was terribly startled by a voice at his elbow. He would rather have heard a thunder-clap from the clear sky than that voice; he would rather have met any one than the man who stood beside him. It was an old man with long white beard, and eyes piercing as an eagle's. He was a messenger from the most high God. "Have you killed and also taken possession? saith the Lord." And he told him that the dogs should lick up his blood as they had done Naboth's; and as for the queen, she should be eaten by dogs by the wall of Jezreel.

Again the miserable king lost his appetite, and the queen was enraged, but I think she trembled somewhat in secret. I cannot tell you the sublime story at length, you must read it in the books of Kings. And I want you to consider as you read whether it is best to fret after anything that God has not given us; whether it is better to determine to have our own way at all hazards, or to yield our wills for the sake of the rights of others and in order to please God.

UNA LOCKE.

A JUST REBUKE.

"It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke.

"Behold," said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone am awake to praise God.'

"Son of my soul," said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'