

CHILDREN · AND · FORBID · THEM · NOT · TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH · GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTIL · M E

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOITERING WILL.

THAT boy is very much taken up with his fishing. He watches his line very closely, and waits very patiently for a *bite*. I don't think he deserves to get a bite, though I do think he richly deserves a *biting*, or perhaps a whipping would be better.

Why, what has he done, Corporal? you inquire. Done? He has both done what he ought to have left undone and left undone what he ought to have done.

Please explain yourself, Corporal? you say. I will. Do you see that jug standing in the grass? Master Will was sent with that jug to a farm-house two hours ago to get milk for his father's breakfast. On the way he stepped aside to see the fish playing in the river. On its bank he saw a fishing-rod and line

left there by a farmer's boy. Dropping his jug, he seized the rod—I will let a poet tell you the rest of the story:

Forgetful of his errand now,
The tempting fishing-rod he took,
And, turning o'er some stones, he found
A worm with which to bait the hook.

Poor worm! it suffered cruel pain,
And vainly wriggled to get free—
Alas! that we should ever find
A sport in wanton cruelty.

No act of ours should ever give
The very meanest creature pain,
Nor in its torture should we seek
To swell our pleasure or our gain.

Soon William with his angle hooked
A large and silvery-sided bream,
Which, tortured by the pricking steel,
Darted and shot across the stream,

Till, sickened with the agony,
It had no power to struggle more,
And William then in great delight
Drew the poor struggling fish to shore.

Now William of his errand thought,
And so he laid the rod away,
And went by a forbidden path
To make up for his long delay.

Crossing a field he should not cross,
In which he ne'er had been before,
Down on him rushed a furious bull,
With mane erect and angry roar.

Onward it came. The boy in fear
Screamed loud, and fast and faster ran,
And, scrambling o'er the steep, high bars,
He tumbled down and broke the can,

And tore his clothing into shreds,
And sorely bruised his hands and face;
But he was safe; the furious bull
Had turned and given up the chase.

Afraid to meet his father's face,
He loitered very slowly on,
And thought, "I cannot now go home
Till father to his work has gone."

When William reached the cottage-door,
His mother wept and cried, "My son!
A very, very cruel thing
This morning, William, you have done.

"Your father has gone breakfastless,
And I have been so sore afraid
Some sad thing had befallen you
When you so very long delayed.

"Your lessons are not learned for school,
And you're now much too late to go;
O! William, William, wherefore vex
Your kind and loving parents so?

"Your clothing's torn so into shreds;
You know well how your father toiled
To dress you decently and neat,
And now these hard-earned clothes are spoiled.

"And you are injured. I can see
You've gone where you should not have been,
And you've been chased by that wild bull
Which last year gored young Charlie Green.

"Let this day be a warning time,
And henceforth night and morning pray
That God may guard you 'gainst the sin
And dangers that attend delay."

He did as his fond mother bade,
And soon the thoughtless, loitering boy
Changed and became, through Heaven's grace,
His parents' comfort, hope, and joy.

THE CORPORAL.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

DO YOU PRAY?

LITTLE LILY did. To be sure, I suppose you to say your prayers night and morning, and that is praying if you ask for what you want and expect that God will hear you. But that is not all I mean. I will tell you about Lily's prayer. A gentleman came to their Sunday-school one day and made a nice speech to them, telling them all about poor heathen