

desperate; he put his finger into his mouth and began to rake out the sticky stuff. At this the people broke into a roar of laughter, and the poor boy almost broke down in his part. He bungled through it, however, but there was no more fun in that exhibition for him.

That was a "tight place" for a boy to be in, wasn't it? But how came he into it? *For want of thought.* Mark that! It was very thoughtless to eat honey-cake just as he was going to speak. Had he thought for only a moment, boy though he was, he wouldn't have done it. Learn to think before you act, my children, for, believe me, most grown people, as well as children, get into their tight places for want of thought.

THE CORPORAL.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE WASTED FLOWERS.

On the green bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rose-buds was twined round her head. Her face was radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it, and her voice was as clear as that of the birds which warbled at her side.

The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood she flung them to the sparkling tide until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then, seeing her loss, she sprang to her feet, and bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream, "Bring me back my flowers."

But the stream danced along regardless of her tears, and as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin; and long after, amid the wailing of the breeze and the fitful bursts of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry, "Bring me back my flowers!"

Merry maiden, who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, see in the thoughtless, impulsive child an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings to all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent Giver. Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the weeping child, "Bring me back my flowers!" And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy Past, "Bring me back my flowers!"

EVELINA.

FOUL WEATHER.

A SEASIDE SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

THE women weep, the children wail,
Scarcely knowing why;
And men are watching (fix'd and pale)
A fishing-smack, with dripping sail,
Just rolling nigh.

The surf leaps high upon the shore
In cruel sport:
The wild winds in the caverns roar,
The weary fishers ply the oar
To gain the port.

The breakers crash, the seagulls screech;
No hope! No hope!
How is that fragile boat to reach
Across such surf the shingly beach?
O for a rope!

'Tis vain. The boldest and the best
Turn back in fear:
The strongest swimmer dare not breast
Those breakers with the foamy crest,
For life is dear.

The surf leaps high upon the shore—
So high! So high!
The boat obeys her helm no more;
The weary crew lay down the oar
To die! to die!

Nay! man may fail, though wise and strong,
Yet God can save.
A brave dog dashes from the throng,
And throws his shaggy length along
The boiling wave.

The billows suck him in. Ah me!
Not lost! Not lost!
Light as a buoy upriseth he,
And, battling with the greedy sea,
The surf hath cross'd.

No strange caprice, no desperate whim,
No senseless hope!
Round, round the boat they see him swim,
With pleading eye and struggling limb:
"Fling him a rope!"

He grasps the hawser with his teeth;
His suit is won.
Back, back through surf and foamy wreath,
Through 'whelming surge, for life or death,
His task is done.

The rope is strong, the hands are stout:
"Aho! Aho!"
Like ocean shell, the trembling boat,
Sore toss'd about, now in, now out,
Is hauled ashore with cheer and shout,
And breathless joy!

Then women's tears of happiness
With praises blend:
And old men lift their hands and bless,
And strong men fondle and caress
Their shaggy friend.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BOYS AND THEIR NOTIONS.



HEN WASHINGTON IRVING was fourteen years old he used to stand on the wharfs and watch the departing ships with longing eyes, until a strong desire to be a sailor grew within him.

He had heard that sailors lived chiefly on salt

pork, a thing which he detested. So bent was he on going to sea, however, that he made up his mind to overcome his dislike and learn to eat pork. So, whenever it was on his father's table he forced himself with a martyr's courage to eat it.

He had heard, also, that sailors sleep on hard couches. To fit himself for this he quitted his bed and slept on the bare floor. These efforts to prepare for the hardships of sailor-life soon cured him, for his palate and stomach turned from the pork more and more strongly every time he ate it, and the bare floor was too much for his sore bones. So, like a

sensible boy, he went back to his bed, ceased eating pork, and gave up his fancy for the sea.

Young Irving was wiser than most boys who get foolish fancies into their heads. He tried, in a very original way, to fit himself to endure what he knew he should not like, and the trial killed his fancy; but most fanciful and notional boys make light of the hardships connected with the things they seek. They plunge into trouble and are sorry when sorrow is too late. Boys had better yield to their parents' wishes than to their own notions. Parents are wise, but boys' notions are of all things most foolish and dangerous.

X.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I'LL PAY HIM FOR THAT."

"I'LL pay him for that!" cried Harold one day as he stood with flushed face and outstretched arm prepared to throw a big stone at a boy who stood in the distance laughing at him.

"Pay him for what, my son?" asked the gentle voice of a man who at that moment stepped up and placed his hand softly on Harold's shoulder.

"Why, for hitting me in the head with a stone," replied Harold, trying to escape from the hand which now grasped his shoulder firmly.

The boy alluded to had from sheer spitefulness thrown a stone at Harold and bruised his head.

"Stop, my son!" said the stranger; "take care you don't do yourself more harm than you have suffered."

Harold dropped his arm, looked wonderingly into the stranger's face, and asked:

"How can I do that?"

"The boy has only hurt your head, my son," replied the man; "but if you let your wicked temper get the mastery you will hurt your soul. You will offend that good Saviour who tells you to love, and not to hate your enemies. Throw away that stone, my son, and ask the good Saviour to give you grace to love the boy who threw one at you just now."

Harold's heart was touched by the kind manner and gentle spirit of the stranger. He dropped the stone and his anger also. Walking away into his chamber he sat down before his writing-table and thought about the stranger's words until his heart melted, and he said to himself:

"I was wicked when I let my temper rise. The Bible says we must do good to those who spitefully use us. I'm sorry I was going to return evil for evil. I'll pray to be forgiven, and for grace to forgive, and love those who do harm to me."

Children, what think you of Master Harold and the stranger? If you think he did right to resist his temper and to suffer wrong instead of revenging one wrong by doing another, say ay! Ay it is! Good! Now prove your votes sincere by overcoming all the evil you may suffer with good.

X.