

mountains of water which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar. Soon the practiced eye of some of the sailors perceived a little black point rising above the waves, and then, again, distance prevented them from distinguishing it at all. They anxiously watched the cord, and tried to guess, by its quicker or slower movement, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

Sometimes the cord was unrolled rapidly. "O what a brave fellow!" they said; "see how quickly he swims!" At other times the unrolling of the ball of string stopped suddenly. "Poor boy," they said, "he has been drowned or dashed against the rocks!"

This anxiety lasted more than an hour. The ball of string continued to be unrolled, but at unequal periods. At length it slipped slowly over the side of the vessel, and often fell as if slackened. They thought Jacques must have much difficulty in getting through the surf on the coast. "Perhaps it is the body of the poor boy that the sea is tossing backward and forward in this way," said some of the sailors.

The captain was deeply grieved that he had permitted the child to make the attempt; and, notwithstanding the desperate situation in which they were, all the crew seemed to be thinking more of the boy than of themselves.

All at once a violent pull was given to the cord. This was soon followed by a second, then by a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that Jacques had reached the shore. A shout of joy was heard on the ship. They hastened to fasten a strong rope to the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the people who had come to the help of the little cabin-boy. By means of this rope many of the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore, and found means to save the others. Not long after all had safely landed they saw the vessel sink.

This little cabin-boy was long ill from the consequences of his fatigue and from the bruises he had received by being dashed against the rocks. But he did not mind that; for, in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above the fear of want. Little Jacques rejoiced in having suffered for her, and at the same time in having saved so many lives. He felt that he had been abundantly rewarded.—*Observer*.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WHAT A SOAP-BUBBLE DID.



ANY years ago a little girl in Philadelphia was blowing soap-bubbles in the front yard of her father's house. Several school children paused to look at the beautiful bubbles as they sailed into the air and burst.

Seeing how pleased they were, the little girl said:

"If you will wait a minute I will bring out another cup and pipe, and we will see which can send a bubble highest." Then pointing to a little sad-faced boy who wore a coat like a man's instead of a jacket, she added, "I want that little French boy to have some sport, for he goes by here every day and I never saw him smile."

These gentle words drew tears from the eyes of the little boy as he said:

"That is the kindest word I have heard since I came to this strange country. The last time I blew soap-bubbles was at the island where I used to live."

Here the boy broke into sobs. The children were all filled with grief when they were told by a large boy who just then came along that the French boy had formerly lived in St. Domingo, where his father, mother, and other relatives had all been killed in a great insurrection among the slaves. Up to this

time none of the children had noticed him, but afterward they became his friends. When Manuel grew up he often said:

"I love a soap-bubble because it introduced me to some of the kindest friends I ever had."

Was it the soap-bubble that raised up friends for little Manuel Tay? Was it not rather the kindness of that little girl's heart? The bubble was the golden wand she used to comfort him and to win love for him from his schoolmates. But the kindness that was in her heart was the cause of that boy's joy.

Is your heart full of kindness, little fellow? If so you will be sure to find a wand with which to work your will. U. U.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

BEGIN NOW.

It was a high treat for Edwin when his great uncle came to see him. Your great uncle, you must know, is the uncle of your father or your mother, the brother of one of your grandparents. This dear old gentleman was the uncle of Edwin's papa. Edwin had known and loved him dearly ever since he was a babe, for they once lived quite near each other. And now when he came to visit at Edwin's house the little fellow was perfectly delighted. His uncle took him along when he walked in the garden, he romped with him in the yard, and read to him, and showed him pictures in the library. They talked about a great many things, and Edwin asked nearly all the questions that came into his head, and it was a busy little head I assure you.

There was but one topic that Edwin shunned, that of loving God, for he had heard that his uncle was not a pious man. He was, therefore, very much surprised when they were in the library one day to hear his uncle begin to talk to him about loving and serving God. He told him how happy it would make him, and how much better it would be for him in this world and in the next, and urged him to begin now.

Edwin looked up at him wonderingly, and at last ventured to say:

"Then, uncle, why don't you seek God?"

"Ah, my dear child," said the old man, "I neglected to seek God when I was young, and now I sometimes fear I never shall be able to do so. If I had only begun when I was a boy like you I should now be safe."

"Why, aren't you safe, uncle? Surely God will take you to heaven, you are so good."

"But God does not take us to heaven because we are good. He takes those only who trust in Christ. So I want you to go to Christ now to serve him all

your life, and when you die you will go to be with him in heaven. Don't put it off as I have done," and the old man put his hands over his face and wept like a child. A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SELF-WILL.

THERE's a terrible giant, so gloomy and grim,
Keeps watch by the door of each heart;
By day and by night he is always in sight,
Though we often may bid him depart.

Though all our brave soldiers should guard it without,
If we carelessly open the gate,
In spite of them all, the strong castle will fall,
For the giant is lying in wait.

Self-will is the giant so sturdy and grim,
And Pride is the sword that he bears;
And Selfishness stands as the chief of his band,
Let every good soldier beware!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

GOLDEN WORDS.

"WHAT are you doing to that book, Willie?" said a teacher to a bright little boy not more than six years of age, who was making all sorts of marks with a lead-pencil on the pages of a question-book.

"Please, teacher, he's making marks on my question-book," replied Johnnie West, Willie's classmate.

"Why, Willie! What do you mean by spoiling Johnnie's book?" asked the teacher.

"He spoiled mine," replied Willie; "he marked it all over."

"That was wrong; but is that a reason why you should spoil his?"

"Yes, ma'am," rejoined Willie with great decision, "the Bible says so."

"Does it? Please tell me where, Willie?" asked the teacher.

"It says, 'Whatsoever men do to you, do you even so to them.'"

The teacher smiled a moment, but only a moment; for she felt sorry to hear so nice a boy as Willie quoting the word of the Lord falsely. Turning to the seventh chapter of Matthew she read these words: "Whatsoever *ye would* that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Willie held down his head. Young as he was, he saw there was a great difference between the true and false reading of the words of Jesus. He saw that the true reading did not make it right for him to mark Johnnie's book. Johnnie also could not help seeing that he too had done wrong. They both promised not to do the like again.

The rule is a golden one. If every child in my Advocate family would obey it there would not be a happier family in the world. I will print it in capitals. Let every one of my readers print it on his heart. "WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM."

Y. Z.

CONSEQUENCES.

FRITZ saw from his window the rich, ripe fruit that hung in the neighbor's garden, and spying also an opening in the hedge, slipped in, as he supposed, unseen, and filled his pockets with what was lying on the ground, taking to himself credit for great honesty because he had not touched the trees.

But suddenly he saw the neighbor himself coming along with a stout stick in his hand. Honest as he thought himself a moment before, he did not care to be seen, and hastily ran back to the gap in the hedge to go home again. But, alas! even his pockets were too well filled, and stood out so wide that getting through was no easy matter; and he was not only caught and obliged to give up the fruit, but got a good caning into the bargain; after which his father shut him up to reflect upon his own bad conduct and its consequences.