

your hours up to play and go through the world with the eyes of your mind shut, you may be a blockhead, but you can't be a Hugh Miller. No; frolic, idleness, and thoughtlessness never made a boy grow into a great man. Work, study, thought, patience, and prayer are the tools with which boys carve their way to eminence. Will you use those tools, my son? If so give me your hand. I give you my blessing, and when I am in my grave and you stand upon the heights of your renown and usefulness, I wish you to shed a tear of affection in memory of your true old friend,

FRANCIS FORRESTER, Esq.



### HYMN.

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,  
It was a pretty sight;  
It sailed along so pleasantly,  
And all was calm and bright.

When, lo! a storm began to rise,  
The wind grew loud and strong;  
It blew the clouds across the skies,  
It blew the waves along.

And all, but One, were sore afraid  
Of sinking in the deep;  
His head was on a pillow laid,  
And he was fast asleep.

Master, we perish! Master, save!  
They cried—their Master heard;  
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,  
And still'd them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace—be still!"  
The raging billows cease;  
The mighty winds obey his will,  
And all are hushed to peace.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### GOD SEES ME.



JOHN, a boy of ten years, was visited for a week by Freddie Ranger, a child four years younger than himself. Because of the difference in their ages, I am sorry to say, John looked down upon his little visitor, and did not try to make it at all pleasant for him, but called him a baby, because he, being a slender child, could not play at such rough sports as himself.

All this Freddie bore very patiently. But sometimes as the twilight came on he could not keep the big tears out of his eyes, as he then thought oftenest of home and the kind mother he had there. John never failed at such times to call him a cry-baby, and laugh at him heartily for thinking so much of home.

One evening John's sister Ann said that she would make them some molasses-candy. They followed her into the kitchen, where they watched the molasses as it boiled; and when at last it was poured into a pan, they asked Ann if she would not set it out doors, where it would cool faster than in the house. Accordingly, it was placed on a bench which stood under an old maple-tree, and as Bridget had

just told Ann that there were callers waiting for her in the parlor, she said to the boys:

"Now you stay and watch the candy so that Carlo will not burn his nose in it."

"O I'm afraid," said John, catching hold of her dress; "make Bridget come."

"Why, John! I am surprised that you should be afraid, so near the house too. Are you afraid, Freddie?"

"No, ma'am," answered Freddie so promptly that Ann was surprised.

"Not at all?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"He'd be afraid to go down there, I guess," said John, pointing to a distant part of the yard where clothes were hung to dry.

"Would you?" asked Ann.

"No, ma'am," Freddie answered.

"Yes, he would too," said John, still holding his sister's dress. "If you wasn't afraid you'd go and show that you wasn't, you know you would, Freddie."

Without making any reply to this taunt, Freddie walked off and was soon hidden among the clothes.

"Most children are afraid in the dark, why are not you?" said Ann, when he again stood by her side.

"Why God sees me, and will take care of me in the night as well as in the day; so mother says."

Ann kissed the little boy's rosy lips, and in her heart thanked him for the beautiful lesson of faith he had taught her. John said no more of being afraid, but watched the candy in silence. Never after did he call Freddie a baby. C.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### DYING WORDS.

ONE day a little boy in Minnesota, named George, said to his mother, "I don't think I shall live long. I want you to pray for me, ma; I shall pray for myself too. I am quite willing to die, but I do not want to go *alone*. Dear ma, wont you go with me? If you can't do that will you take my hands and go with me as far as you can? Don't weep for me when I am gone, for I shall come back to you, if God will let me, and comfort you when you are alone in this room. You may not see me, but I shall see you."

These were singular words for a boy only eight years old and in good health to utter, were they not? What is still more singular, the little fellow was taken sick two weeks afterward and did actually die. But before he went away he lost his fear of going *alone*, and died smiling, pointing upward and saying: "That is the way I am going."

George seems to have had what is called a *pre-sentiment* of his death. Get your dictionaries and find that big word, children! God does sometimes give us such a notice that he is about to send for us by his faithful messenger, Death. But we must not wait for such notices before we get ready to die, because they are given to only a very few, and Jesus says we should be *always ready*.

In one of our families six brothers and sisters were sent for almost together. Their names were George, Leander, Charlie, Willie, Linie, and Callie. They all sent messages of love to me and to you. Willie said, "Heaven seems only two feet above my head. When I get where Jesus is I shall never be thirsty again." Linie wished you all to know that she died happy. To them I say, "Good-by, my six sweet brothers and sisters, for a little while. We are all coming after you. Nearly a million of us, teachers and scholars, are on the way." May we all be ready when Jesus calls! W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### GREEDY WILL.

"WILL you ask a blessing, Willie?" said a father one day to his little son.

Willie closed his eyes, put his hands together, and in a soft, sweet voice said a "grace before meat." Had you seen and heard him you might have exclaimed, "What a pious little boy!"

But no sooner was the "grace" said than Willie pushed his plate toward his father and asked for meat, pudding, potatoes, squash, apple-sauce, and, in short, for everything on the table. No sooner was he helped than he began to eat so fast that one could not help thinking of the way a pig eats. In a few minutes his plate was empty, and while his mouth was yet half filled he pushed his plate to his pa and said:

"I want some more."

Thus Willie stuffed his stomach until he could not



LITTLE CURLY TAIL.

swallow another morsel. Then he waddled away from the table, feeling very uncomfortable. He was as cross as a sick bear all the afternoon. He had eaten so much that his temper was soured. Willie might have learned a lesson from Little Curly-tail in yonder tree. You never catch that fellow eating until he can't move. He loves motion too well.

Now what do you think of Willie? Was he a pious boy? "Willie pious? Why, pious boys aren't greedy, are they?" you reply. Right, my children. Willie was not pious. If he had been his piety would have conquered his *greediness*. Pious children always have grace by which they overcome their great faults.

### NOVEL LOCOMOTIVE.

In a certain Sabbath-school the superintendent made a powerful appeal to the scholars to be active and useful, and among other things he told them they should all be locomotives, each taking along its train toward heaven. The next Sabbath, just as school opened, in came one of the best and most zealous boys with thirteen new scholars behind him, and went up the aisle uttering a noise, *puff, puff, puff*, imitative of the engine, to the amazement of the superintendent, teachers, and scholars.

"What does this mean?" said the astonished superintendent.

"Why," said the boy, "you said we must all be locomotives, and here I am with thirteen cars behind me."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### NOT QUITE RIGHT.

I WAS standing at the door one evening with my little boy, when he began looking intensely into the sky and inquired, "Where's God gone?"

I asked what he meant.

"Why," said he, pointing to the moon just darting from behind the clouds, "isn't that a little bit of God?"

The little fellow was almost right. The moon is a little bit of God's *works*, not of *himself*. God is a *Spirit*, and cannot be *seen* with the eye. But he can be felt in the *heart* even of a child. X.