

The dying man proceeded, "Keep hold of that chain; it will never mislead you. When you are in doubt whether this or that be right, ask your Bible; see if your Saviour would have done so."

Addressing the elder children, he said, "Remember, you are to teach the younger; tell them all we have taught you, and try to make it a pleasure."

To his eldest son he observed, "When you go into the world and are exposed to persons who, perhaps, will ridicule the Saviour's name and the Bible, do not listen to them. Seek that society which will help you to practice your Bible: this book will provide comfort for you when your friends forsake you. When you are in pain or suffering, write upon it, THE ROAD TO HEAVEN."

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1864.



AUNT HEPSEY.

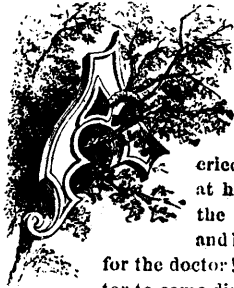
SOME aunts are cross and snappish, especially if they have a host of teasing nephews and nieces to deal with. In such a case some aunts are apt to feel as if they lived among mosquitoes, wasps, or even worse. Then they become cross, fretful, and sometimes even passionate, and the children wish they had no aunt to scold and drive them round. Of course, such cross aunts ought to keep good-natured. Still, I don't much pity the children who spoil their aunt's temper. They don't deserve an aunt if they don't treat her kindly.

But some aunts are never cross. Aunt Hepsy is one of them. Look at her! You can see by her face that she loves children. She enters into the feelings of those boys about their boats as if she was only a girl. The fact is, Aunt Hepsy hasn't forgot how she felt when she was a child. I rather think that is one reason why her nephews and nieces love her so well. She enters into their little joys and griefs as if she was one of them. That's the secret of her power, and O how those boys, and little Ella there by the fence, do love her. They never tease Aunt Hepsy. Not they. They love her too well for that.

I wish all the Aunt Hepsy's known to my Advocate family were loved as she is. In fact, I wish they were all like her, and that all nephews and nieces were as good as hers. If any of my readers have a cross aunt, I advise them to try if love won't make her into another Aunt Hepsy. Speak gently and lovingly to her, obey her cheerfully, try to please her, and I really think you will

find you have one of the best aunts in the world. She has a heart that sighs to love you and to be loved by you. Suppose you go to work and try to find out how much good there is in your aunt's heart.

MIND WHAT YOU EAT.



FEW months since a boy whose chubby form and rosy cheeks told that he was brim full of healthful life, was suddenly taken sick.

"What can be the matter?" cried his anxious mother, startled at his now wild and glaring eyes, the sudden paleness of his cheeks, and his deep groans of distress. "Go for the doctor! Quick, Ernest! Tell the doctor to come directly!"

The doctor came, and after standing over the child a few moments with a grave countenance he said:

"The child has been eating something that hurts him. What was it?"

The doctor was right. Dear little thoughtless Charlie had been eating the blossoms of the locust-trees. The doctor did his best to empty his stomach and save his life, but his skill was vain. Charlie died through eating locust-blossoms.

Let Charlie's fate teach every Willie, Charlie, Minnie, Jessie, and all other children in our great family not to eat things which were not made to be eaten. Some children have a habit of tasting almost everything they find. They chew vines, blossoms, flowers, leaves, twigs, or anything else that comes in their way. The practice is a bad one. There is poison in many things, and many others not strongly poisonous are not fit to be put into the mouth, but will disturb the stomach if they get into it. Learn, then, O thoughtless boy and girl, to avoid eating everything which you know was not made to be eaten.

THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.

"WHAT a shocking fact this is in my paper," says the Corporal, laying the *Tribune* on the table with a look of grief on his amiable face.

"What is it, another railroad accident?" asks the Squire.

"No; worse than that," replies the Corporal. "A lad in the employ of a New York publisher brought the letters of the firm from the post-office one morning. On looking over their letters the firm found one which belonged to another party. They sent the boy back with it to the post-office. Instead of taking it back he opened it, and finding a draft in it for a sum of money, he kept the letter, and sent the draft to the parties on whom it was drawn for the money. They suspected something wrong, and, putting the police on the track, found out the thief. Isn't that a shocking fact?"

"Very shocking, very shocking, indeed!" replies the Squire. "I would rather follow a child of mine to the grave than to know he had done such a deed as that."

"You are right there, Squire," rejoins the Corporal; "death is better than crime and disgrace. Now that boy has ruined himself. He will probably go to prison for his crime; but if through a false pity he is not punished in that way, what can he do? Nobody will employ him. There is a black spot upon him which years of good conduct will scarcely wash out. Poor, foolish boy! How I pity him."

So do I, and I hope his example will warn other boys. Now that boy did not open the letter without first *thinking* of what he was going to do. When that bad thought came into his heart he should have treated it as he would a wasp or a spider had it lighted upon his neck or face—brushed it away in a moment. That's the way to keep out of evil. *Put away the first bad thought on the instant.* Say no to it as soon as it comes into the mind. Mind that, my children. Bad thoughts are the seeds of bad actions. When Satan sows an evil thought don't let it stay and spring up, but cast it away at once. Don't give it room or time to grow. Out with it! and as you throw it away pray this prayer: "O Lord, please keep me from doing this evil and wicked deed for Jesus' sake."

Now, Corporal, what do your little letter-writers say to-day?

"JOHN S. C., of —, writes:

"I am twelve years old, and have no father or mother to care for me. My father was a soldier, and I was a drummer in the same regiment, but being hurt, I got my discharge last week. I am living with a man here who gives

me my board, and I make baskets for him. He is very kind to me, but he is poor and has to work hard for a living. I send my love to all your printers, because my father was a printer before he became a soldier, and I love printers. You must put my name on your company roll as a drummer, for I always want to drum. I wish I was well, so I could drum for my old regiment. I love my God first of all, my country next, then the old regiment next."

Brave boy! You may drum for the Try Company all the days of your life. The Corporal desires every boy and girl to enter his army, so that you have a fine chance to get recruits, and every recruit for the Corporal's company is in a fair way to become a candidate for admission to the ranks of the great Captain Immanuel. May God make you a faithful soldier in the army of his Son!

"LESLIE and F. P., of —, say:

"We have been trying to be good boys. We get the Advocate, and O how glad we are to see it come! Our pa and ma love it too. We want you to be sure and place us on your list of those who belong to your Try Company. If you will take us we will try and be good boys. We want you to send us your photograph, for which find money in letter. You say you would like to have the likeness of some of your readers of the Advocate. We send you ours.

"Two nice looking boys," says the corporal, handing me the photographs, "though I think from their mouths they often have to fight hard battles with *LITTLE WILL*."

Very likely, Corporal, but trying and praying will help them to conquer. What next?



"Well, here are some Scripture comparisons to test the Bible knowledge of my Try Company:

- "What is it makes the lovely flowers to grow?
- What in the heavens reflects the beauteous bow?
- What is it breaketh up the hardest stone?
- What is it which the way of life makes known?
- What is it man doth seek for here below?
- What cheers the pilgrim in this vale of woe?
- What will the Christian soldier well defend?
- What will the hardest metal quickly bend?
- Whence does each tender plant and floweret grow?
- With what did fertile Canaan once o'erflow?
- What is it sheds a bright and heavenly ray
- To guide the Christian pilgrim on his way?

These questions answer, and twelve emblems you will find Of one most precious gift of God to human kind.

"Here is a letter from —. It says:

"MR. EDITOR,—Allow us the pleasure of introducing to your readers our Sabbath-school, which we hold in the Old B. Church. We say 'Old B.' because she is the Mother Church for many miles around, and has many children truly which 'rise up and call her blessed.' We found after opening our school in the spring that we were very much in need of books, so we proposed a strawberry-festival. After paying our expenses we were in possession of about \$120, which will stock our library for a long time. Although our name is not 'legion,' yet we would be numbered as one of the bright stars which shine around you in the Sabbath-school cluster, with a hope that our light may never grow dim while Sabbath-schools exist."

Well done, old B.! May she long live to shine as a bright particular star amid those clusters which, having parted from her, are shining in the glory of our common Lord.