

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1864.

A STORY ABOUT A NUT.



READ the other day of two tired boys who one autumn day threw themselves down upon the grass under the branches of a noble walnut-tree. While they were resting there a big nut fell between them. Will Sharp seized it, saying:

"That's mine; finding is keeping, you know, Jack."

"No it isn't," replied Jack Slow, trying to snatch the nut from his friend's hand. "I saw the nut before you did. Give it to me."

"I'll see you put to sleep in a crow's nest first," said Will, pushing his playmate away. "I've got it and I'll keep it."

The boys now struggled with each other, rolling over one another like two fighting bears, and saying words which ought never to fall from the lips of either boys or girls. In the midst of the "scrimmage," a big boy known as "Bully Brag" came and said:

"What's this fight about, eh?"

The boys ceased their struggle and told their story. Bully Brag heard them through and then said:

"Hand me the nut. I'll settle the trouble for you."

Will Sharp gave him the nut. Bully took it to a rock, cracked it, divided the shell into two parts, and, giving one part to Jack, said, "That's for you because you saw the nut first." Then giving the other part to Will, he said, "That's for you, Will, because you picked it up. I shall eat the nut myself to pay me for my trouble in deciding this important quarrel."

Bully Brag now walked off munching the nut. Will and Jack looked after him, then at each other, and then looking very flat they walked off in opposite directions without saying a word.

When I read this story I liked it so well that I said to myself, "I'll write this story for my Advocate family. Maybe it will teach my children that there can be no profit, but that there may be much loss in a quarrel. And maybe some of them will be so tickled by it that they will never forget it. When they grow up it may keep them from going to law, lest the lawyers should get their nuts—their property—and leave them nothing but the shells of their fortune."

These were my thoughts about that nut story. What are yours, Master Quarrelsome? And yours, Miss Black-eye Spittire?

THE BOY WITH A BAD MEMORY.

"It's no use, I can't learn that hymn anyhow. My memory is just like a sieve."

Thus spoke a boy to himself one evening as, throwing his Sunday-school hymn book on the table with a dash, he lolled back on the sofa and curled himself up as if he meant to take a comfortable snooze.

At that moment his Aunt Sally entered the room. She was very fond of her nephew, but not blind to his faults. Fixing her merry eyes upon him she said:

"Carlos, do you really think your memory is a sieve? Won't it hold anything?"

"Nothing at all, aunt. I shall never know anything as long as I live. Everything goes through my mind as water goes through a sieve."

"How old are you, Carlos?" asked his aunt.

"Eleven years, five months, and three days," replied Carlos, wondering what this question had to do with his memory. "Soon be a man, shall I not?"

"If you live long enough you may be; but, Carlos, where were you born?"

"In Hickston."

"In what year?"

"In the year 1853, on the 10th of January."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Aunt Sally. "Your memory is a sieve that holds water after all, Carlos."

"What do you mean, Aunt Sally?" inquired Carlos, blushing like a boy who feels he has been caught napping.

"I mean," rejoined Aunt Sally with a quiet laugh, "that poor as your memory is, it holds some things pretty well. It don't let the date and place of your birth, nor your age

slip through. I'll be bound it also holds the hour for dinner, the date when vacation begins, and hundreds of other things besides. If it be a sieve it must have something in the bottom of it."

"O, I don't mean that I can't remember such things," said Carlos. "It would be queer for a fellow to forget when or where he was born."

"Not if a fellow's memory were a sieve," said Aunt Sally. "My opinion is that your memory only needs to have some P. P. wires put into it to make it hold hymns, texts, rules, and anything else you wish to put in it."

"What are P. P. wires, aunt?" said Carlos.

"The first P stands for *purpose*, the second for *perseverance*," said Aunt Sally. "I mean to say that my Carlos can make anything stay in his memory that he really wishes to put there if he will but persevere in his efforts to get it into his brain."

Carlos laughed, yawned, and went to sleep. He did not like the P. P. wires, and so I suppose he will keep on blaming his memory instead of himself. How many of my readers are like Carlos?

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

"You are quite merry this morning, esquire," observes Corporal Try to Mr. Forrester, upon whose face the bright rays of humor shone like sunlight on a flower.

"I was laughing at this picture," replied the squire. "Here is a man trying the impossible task of running through a cane-brake with a bear at his heels. His looks show him to be in a great fright. He is certainly in one of the most awkward situations imaginable."



"Awkward enough," rejoins the corporal, smiling, "but luckily for the soundness of his bones, the bear seems quite as anxious to run from him as he is to run from the bear. They are a pair of cowards running away from each other. I wonder who the fellow is."

He is a French naturalist who once visited that great lover of nature, Audubon, who stands in the back-ground armed, and laughing at his companion's fright. The Frenchman wished to go through a cane-brake. Audubon accompanied him, and while working their way through the tall, tangled cane they started a huge bear, which, luckily, rushed past them instead of at them. The Frenchman felt himself to be in a tight place, and did not recover his composure until he was fairly out of the brake.

"I guess he didn't care about exploring a cane-brake again," observed the corporal. "He was like some children I have heard of who are very plucky in the parlor under the gas-lights, but very much given to faint in the dark."

Just so, corporal. Carpet courage is very cheap stuff. True courage, such as Audubon possessed, is rare and precious. It is pure gold. I recommend my readers to study Audubon's life. It is full of adventure and very in-



structive.* Here is another picture showing how he moved his family and "household gods" two hundred miles down the Ohio river.—Now, corporal, let us hear from your letter-bag.

"Hear the answer to my last puzzle first. Here it is:

"(1.) Jael, Judges iv, 17. (2.) Esau, Genesis xxv, 27. (3.) Samson, Judges xvi, 29. (4.) Uriah, 2 Samuel xi, 21. (5.) Susanna, Luke viii, 3. (6.) Whisperers, Prov. xvi, 28; Rom. i, 29. (7.) Eutychus, Acts xx, 9. (8.) Paul, Acts xxi, 12, 13. (9.) Tyrannus, Acts xix, 9. The sentence—Jesus wept.

"Here, too, is another puzzle. Take the following words, put the letters into their proper order, and they will give you one of the sweetest truths ever taught to mankind: Fy, Tomsun. Ma. Hers? Nay, mine? No. As hares I.

"My letters are legion. I have read them all with pleasure, and you shall hear one or two of them. Here is one from a Montreal boy, who sends me a solution to the puzzle in verse published some time since. The answers to the puzzles are always given in the next number, so that these answers from readers always come too late. The Montreal boy has my best wishes. May his life be as long as—the St. Lawrence.—L. H. W. writes:

"We are five brothers and one sister. My oldest brother takes your dear paper, and we all love it. I have one little brother two years old, named Freddie. He is very fat. We showed him the picture of Freddie in your last paper and he said it was himself. We have a baby brother two months old, and we all love him dearly."

Give fat Freddie a kiss for me, Liston, and another for the corporal. We adopt him for our pet.

"Here are some simple lines about death. I find them in one of your exchanges. They tell what a little child said when her baby brother died:

"Tell me, mamma, if I must die
One day, as little baby died;
And look so very pale, and lie
Down in the pithole by its side?

"Shall I leave dear papa and you,
And never see you any more?
Tell me, mamma, if this is true?
I did not know it was before."

"'Tis true, my love, that *you must die*;
The God who made you says you must;
And every one of us shall lie,
Like the dear baby, in the dust.

"These hands, and feet, and busy head
Shall waste and crumble quite away;
But though your body shall be dead,
There is a part which can't decay.

"That which now thinks within your heart,
And made you ask if you must die,
That is your soul—the better part—
Which God has made to live on high."

* See "Life in the Woods: or, the Adventures of Audubon. By B. K. PERCIE."