



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Jolly Joe.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

JOE SPOFFORD lived in a seaside village. His father was a fisherman, and Joe was beginning to learn his father's business. They did not have far to go for fish, for their fishing-ground was within a mile or two of the shore. Joe and his father caught codfish, haddock, and lobsters there, and sent them to market by a sloop which went to the neighboring city every day or two.

When Joe hauled up a larger fish than usual he used to exclaim, "What a jolly big one!" When he and his father carried home a good catch of fish, he would shout as he entered his cottage home, "Come, mother, see what a jolly lot of fish we've caught to-day!" Joe called everything that pleased him jolly. That is one reason why he was called Jolly Joe.

But there was still another and better reason why Joe went by that name. He had a kind heart and a merry voice. Wherever Joe went he carried a spirit of kindly fun. Even when at play he loved to be doing somebody good and making somebody happy.

There was a lame girl in the village named Patsy, who used to hobble about on crutches. The children about the place were very much given to playing in the sand on the seashore, the boys with little wheelbarrows, the girls with light carts. Poor Patsy used to hobble to the beach on her crutches, and watch the children at their play; but she could not play herself, except at making sand pies, and similar easy modes of childish sport.

One day it struck Joe that it would be "a jolly thing" to make a cart large enough for Patsy to ride in, and then to set the children to drawing her up and down on the hard sand. With Joe action always followed thought, and he went to work without saying a word to any one about his plans. In a little while Joe had a rough cart on wheels all ready for Patsy. As he gazed on his work he rubbed his hands, and said:

"Wont it be jolly, when Patsy gets her first ride?"

Joe had made it "jolly" for Patsy before, for directly after a big snow storm, which had buried up the west side of Patsy's home, Joe had made the boys dig a hole through the snow bank up to her window. Then, making a seat for her with their hands, they had carried her through the hole with such shouting and laughing, that Joe exclaimed,

"I never had such a jolly time in my life!"

Now that the cart was done, Joe invited some half dozen of the children to be at Patsy's at a specified hour in the afternoon, promising to show them "something jolly." Of course they were there, for they expected something good would go on. Very soon Joe came with his little wagon, Patsy was lifted into it, and while many a merry shout rang out in the air, Joe drew Patsy along the shady lane leading to the shore.

Poor Patsy! How she did enjoy that ride! I doubt if the pompous lady in her fine carriage enjoys her daily ride half as much as Patsy did that one and many others that succeeded it. When the party stopped to rest under a big tree, and the poor child was told that the cart was for her, and when the children all declared they would take turns to pull it, she shook Joe's hands, and looked into his face so gratefully, that Joe rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed:

"I never had such a jolly time in my life!"

When they reached the shore, and Patsy was lifted out and seated in a nook of a tall ledge, the boys began jumping over the little cart. They called this fine sport, and I suppose it was. Presently Joe picked up a bit of bamboo which had floated ashore, and waving it over his head, asked with a very sober face:

"Did you know that I am a famous wizard?"

"A wizard? Pooh! You are no more a wizard than I am," replied one of the boys.

"We'll soon see about that," said Joe. "You have been jumping over that cart, haven't you? Well, this is my mystic wand. After I have waved



it three times over the cart you wont any of you be able to leap over it. I shall stop you by my spell."

"You can't do it! you can't do it!" shouted the children.

Joe said nothing, but drawing the cart close to a niche in the ledge, he gravely waved his bamboo over it, and turning round said:

"There now, not one of you can jump over it. I've put a spell upon it."

"Of course we can't jump over it now, because we can't jump through the ledge," cried one of the boys, and then all of them burst into such laughter that the rocks echoed, and Patsy's cheeks were wet with happy tears.

"Isn't it jolly!" exclaimed Joe. "Aint I a famous wizard? Now I'll wave my wand three times again, and bring up something from the sea which grew on the land, was gathered from a tree, packed in a box, brought thousands of miles, and

thrown overboard from a ship, and yet no mortal eye ever saw it."

The children stared at Joe, and one of them said, "That's all brag, Mr. Joe, you can't do it."

"Can't I?" said Joe. "Behold my power then, you doubter!"

Then moving toward the sea-weed which was strewed on the land, he waved his wand three times, and stooping picked up a water soaked orange. "There!" said he, tearing it apart, and holding up the pip, "did not that grow in a garden thousands of miles away? Did any one ever see it before? Aint I a wizard?"

"You are a jolly fellow," replied one, while the rest shouted, and once more Joe rubbed his hands and said:

"This is the jolliest time I ever had in my life!"

You can now understand why the children called this merry fellow "Jolly Joe." What do you think of him? I confess I like him. Most jolly boys find their fun in mischief—in hurting something or somebody. But Joe's fun always did somebody good. He was a kind of laughing good Samaritan among the children. They all loved him, and he did them all good. He never taught them any bad lessons. His laugh came from a true heart, and it was as innocent as it was merry. I wish we had such a "Jolly Joe" in every school and in every household.

Come into Christ's Army.

COME into Christ's army, come join it to-day;
He calls us himself, so we must not delay.
What though we are children, we're never too small
To be soldiers for Jesus; so come one and all.
Christ gives us our watchword; 'tis written above
On the folds of our banner: that watchword is LOVE.

He gives us our armor, so shining and bright,
So let us fight bravely for truth and for right;
The foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed;
We must ask for His help, or we shall not succeed.
Christ gives us our watchword, etc.

We've plenty of trials and dangers to meet,
And Satan, our foe, oft will threaten defeat;
Temptation, too, often will lead us astray;
But our Captain stands ready to show us our way.
Christ gives us our watchword, etc.

He'll keep us in safety till life shall be o'er;
E'en death cannot harm us—Christ met him before;
We'll follow our Leader till yonder bright heaven
Shall ring with our praises for victory given.
Christ gives us our watchword, etc.

The Queen's Table.

A BRITISH peer, when dining with the queen, was challenged by a royal duchess to take wine with her. His lordship politely thanked her grace, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The duchess immediately turned to the queen, and jocularly said: "Please your majesty, here is Lord —, who declines to drink wine at your majesty's table." Every eye was turned to the queen, and not a little curiosity was evinced as to the manner in which the total abstainer would be dealt with by royalty. With a smiling and graceful expression, her majesty replied: "There is no COMPULSION at my table."

Pretty good for a queen! Better had she expelled wine from her table altogether.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A Coward.

I SAW a big boy punching a little boy's head as I walked along Mulberry-street the other day. I made him stop, and then walked on thinking, "That big boy is a coward." Did I give him his right name, think you?
Y. Z.