

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

FIBBING.

"What, Neddie, where have you been?" inquired Mrs. Stepney of her son Edward, a boy of ten, as he entered the parlor a little flushed with running. "It is six o'clock and your school closes at four. What have you been doing since school, my son?"

"O ma," replied the boy, "when we play base-ball we have such jolly good fun we don't think at all about the clock, or tea-time, or anything else. Is tea ready now?"

This answer led Edward's mother to conclude that he had been playing base-ball. What else could she think?

But had he been playing that game with his school-mates? Not at all. He had been "kept in" by his teacher for bad lessons, and was ashamed to confess his disgrace. So he made his mother believe that he had been playing.

"What a shame and a sin it is for you to deceive your good mother so!" said Neddie's conscience as he sat eating his nice supper.

"I don't care," replied the boy to this faithful but troublesome voice. "I don't care. I didn't tell her a lie. I didn't say I had been playing base-ball."

"But you said words which made your mother think you had, and which you meant should make her think so," replied conscience.

But Edward was stubborn. He had entered the wrong path, and so he went to bed leaving the false impression on his mother's mind.

Children, did Edward lie or not? *Of course he did, sir, I hear you reply.* You are right, my children. Edward did not squarely lie, because he did not say he had been playing base-ball, but he used words which deceived her, just as he meant they should. He intended to deceive her, and that intention made his words a lie. Indeed, it was a very bad sort of a lie, because it was dressed up in the livery of truth.

Some children would call Eddie's lie a *fib*. Nonsense! A fib is a lie. Every word you utter, my child, with an intention to produce a false impression on some person's mind is a lie. So be careful of your words. Always tell the exact truth, for no character is more hateful either to God or man than that of the liar.

THE BIBLE BOY'S DRUM.

THERE is a drummer-boy in the United States army who loves Jesus. I wish all drummer-boys and all other boys had the same love in their hearts. Now it happened that amid the marchings and battles of his regiment this boy lost his Bible. Some boys would not have cared much for such a loss, but this boy did, for he regarded his Bible as a letter from his beloved Saviour to himself, and was very fond of reading it. What do you think he did? He began to make a Bible for himself! Queer, wasn't it? You don't see how he did it, eh! I will tell you.

He had formerly been a Sabbath-school boy, and his head was well filled with choice Scripture texts. Those texts he began to write on his drum one after another until it was written all over. I don't suppose Uncle Sam ever had such a drum in his army before. Yet I don't suppose those texts hurt its sound a bit, and I'm quite sure the young drummer is none the less faithful to his duty for having the word of the Lord before him when he ples his drum-sticks and marches into the smoke of battle. God bless that Bible-loving drummer-boy! Let all the children say amen to this prayer.

Listen, Master Lazybrain! You often say you don't see the use of learning Scripture texts. Suppose that drummer-boy had said so when he was at Sabbath-school, wouldn't he have lost the comfort and courage those remembered texts have given him since he lost his Bible? Now you may live to be placed where you will have no Bible, or you may become blind. Then you will feel the need of those texts you now refuse to remember to comfort and guide you. Ah, my son, those texts you despise are precious things. They are worth more than diamonds. They are seeds of nobleness, truth, manliness,

courage, and piety. Despise them no more. Study them. Write them on your mind. Engrave them on your memory. Let them sink into your heart and give shape to your actions and life.



MY LETTER BUDGET.

"MR. EDITOR," says the Corporal, "I want you to tell me what ought to be done to a great lot of a boy named HAROLD, who teases and torments almost everybody and every thing he comes near. For instance, he saw a dear little sparrow one day flying round his father's grounds in search of a few worms for its dinner. In a moment the idle fellow threw a stone which brought down the poor creature so badly wounded that it died after an hour or two of suffering. This cruelty the fellow called 'fun.' Then he has a habit of hunting Snowdrop, his sister's favorite kitten. He drives it round the house with a fury that makes the little creature tremble with fright, and excites all manner of unhappy feelings in the breast of its mistress. The other day he entered the parlor so softly that no one heard him until Pussy, seeing her enemy, cried Me-o-w, and sprang into the arms of her mistress. Etta ran off. Harold rushed after her, knocking down an old-



fashioned fire-screen in his haste, very much to the annoyance of his mother.

"These are only specimens of Harold's misconduct. He is like a wasp, buzzing round everybody's ears and

stinging every person he touches. He is the tormentor of his family. What ought to be done with the fellow?"

"He ought to be made to suffer a little himself," says the 'Squire, who, by the way, is not apt to be very severe on any one. But to-day his words are sharp, for he cannot endure such boys as Harold. "I would like," he continues, "to send that boy to Africa for treatment."

"To Africa, 'Squire? Why to Africa?" inquires the Corporal.

"In that country, I am told, they rub red pepper into the eyes of disobedient boys. It is a tough punishment, and I would not apply it myself. But if any boy ought to be so treated it is a cruel one. Perhaps the only way to teach such a boy to be kind to others is to make him suffer pain."

Perhaps so, 'Squire, but not such pain as must follow the use of red pepper. That is torture. None but savages would resort to it. You refer to it merely to illustrate your point strongly, I presume?

"That's all," replies the 'Squire.

So I thought. If there is a Harold in my Advocate family I beg him to note the feelings of the Corporal and the 'Squire. His conduct pains them, excites them to anger, calls forth words which rarely fall from their lips. How does Harold like standing so low in their estimation? Let him remember that as they feel toward him so do his parents, his brothers and sisters, his schoolmates. Harold is a disliked boy. God, who loves the merciful, cannot love him so long as he is cruel, unkind, and unmerciful to others. How does Harold like his position? *Not a bit, hey?* Let him repent, then. Let him seek a new heart, and then he will love everything and everybody too well to torment even a fly. Now, my Corporal, bring out your letters.

"Here is a capital letter from —. It says:

"CORPORAL TRY,—The Sunday-School Advocate has long been a welcome visitor with us, and through its columns we have heard of the wonderful Try Company. We have talked a great deal about this company, and thought it would be a nice thing to enlist and help fill up the ranks. Accordingly, a few Sabbaths ago quite a number of us gave in our names and wished to have them added to your list, provided you would receive us; but, taking a second thought upon the subject, we came to the conclusion that if you would receive our whole Sabbath-school, superintendents, teachers, and all, we would like to enlist as a regiment, (and a large regiment we will make,) and fight together against the many trials and temptations that beset soldiers. With 'I will try' for our motto, we hope to conquer all difficulties, and never be found idle until our great Captain shall proclaim our warfare ended. Now, Corporal, will you accept our regiment and give us a place in your large army? We are anxiously waiting for an answer.

"Stand to your arms, ye sons and daughters of the Lord! Allow no skulking around Idle Corner or Alcohol Den. Put on the armor of God, and fight for Jesus, all of you, until the cross triumphs over land and sea!" Such is the Corporal's first order to this regiment of Western boys and girls.

"VICTOR C. W., of —, says:

"I have commenced reading in the First Reader, and was four years old last February. I go to Sabbath-school, and have learned the ten commandments and Lord's prayer. I have a little sister Lizzie in heaven. I was so lonesome after she died, I prayed to God to send me another sister, and he did. I love her very much, and I want to be good so that I can see my other sister again.

"Victor is smart to be in the First Reader at her age," the Corporal remarks, and he adds, "I guess we must let her enlist. She will do for a place among my reserves."

All right, Corporal, and I want Victor to kiss that new sister for me. Read on, sir!

"CLARA and ALICE, of —, write me very prettily. Alice asks:

"MR. CORPORAL,—When we find out the answer to a puzzle can we send it to you, or do you answer them yourself? I find them out a great many times."

The Corporal answers his own puzzles. His company are expected to find out the answers as soon as they can, and then look into their next paper to see if they are right. The letters of Clara and Alice please the Corporal very much, if I may judge from the smile he has on his lips just now.

"SARAH and LYDIA, of —, say:

"We are twin sisters, ten years of age. We belong to the Try Company, and are trying to be good."

May these dear girls stand up for Jesus with strong, united hearts. The goodness they seek can only be found at the cross of Jesus.