

"Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?"

"Yes; for although I have not seen it I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?"

"No."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see a man who did see them?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

This last question put an end to the discussion.

## Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

### OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

**Q**UIN-THE-CORNER is here again I see, my corporal. Has he seen any more of that precious sham?

"He can speak for himself, sir," replies the corporal. Then turning to Q he adds, "Tell your story, Q!"

"Well," says Q, "I went from our last meeting back to my corner in the sham's house. It was a pleasant day though very hot. I saw him on the piazza with his mother and a schoolmate. He looked very kind and good as he tossed his ball up and down. I heard him tell his



mother in the gentlest tones how sorry he was to see her so unwell, and how he wished he could do something to make her better. After a while he asked her if he might go down to Jack West's house to see his rabbits and spend the afternoon. He gained consent, but not before he had given a promise not to go out boating on Mr. West's big pond. I followed him to Mr. West's, where I heard him ask Jack West to get out his boat. 'Why,' said Jack, 'your mother made you promise not to go.' 'A fig for mother's whims!' replied he. 'Mother is a fidget and don't put any faith in boys, so I have to come it over her.' Jack West laughed, and calling his brother led the way to the boat. I watched them as they sailed away over the pond. I saw a squall come up, and such a rain as you seldom see came up with it. They were forced to land half down the pond and leave the boat in care of a man there while they came back afoot through the rain. They looked like drowned rats. I followed the sham home and



heard him tell his mother that Jack and he were out berrying when the squall caught them—"

"Out berrying!" cried Mr. Forrester, unable to restrain his anger. "The wicked fellow! He must be a master in the art of lying."

"And a graduate in the bad school of disobedience to parents," adds the corporal.

Yes, the sham is a thoroughly bad boy. What shall we do for him?

"I propose that we tell Jesus about him," says Mr. Forrester. "Maybe the Saviour will find some way to reach his heart and make it better."

"A very good idea, 'squire," says the corporal; "and I propose that all my company join in praying Jesus to give the sham boy a true and honest heart."

A good proposal that, corporal. Do you hear it, my children? Pray that the sham boy and all the sham boys and girls among you—I hope there are no others—may be saved from hypocrisy, lying, and disobedience. Now, corporal, for your budget!

"Well, S. A. W. F., of Brunswick, Me., says:

"The ladies in the Methodist Society have recently found twenty children who were not attending Sabbath-school. We have provided for them, and last Sabbath they were in our school with happy, smiling faces. Our superintendent is quite proud of this new accession to our school. We hope to enlist as many more soon. They all wish to join your Try Company, providing you will accept cordially three colored children. They have bright, sparkling eyes, and smile as sweetly as the fairest. I will add that several of our number are already asking Jesus to save them. Will you, Mr. Corporal, and your Try Company pray for us?"

"Those ladies have done well," the corporal says; "I accept their twenty scholars, colored ones and all. God is no respecter of persons. Who am I that I should dare to neglect those whom he blesses?"

That's a hard question, corporal! For one I should be afraid to despise any of God's poor whether they were black as my boots or white as a pearl. Read on, my corporal!

"W. E. C., of Mendota, Ill., says:

"Is there any more room in your company? I want to introduce a squad of recruits, and really, corporal, I think you ought to admit us. I will tell you the reasons: 1. We keep up a first rate Sunday-school without any library, and have done so for a whole year. 2. Our boys and girls come to school very regularly and promptly, and even Illinois mud can't keep them away. 3. We all love the Advocate and Brother Wise. 4. And the best reason of all is, that they are (many of them) *trying* to love Jesus. They are determined to keep on loving him, and to show to the world that children can enjoy religion and show it every day by being kind, courteous, and good. Corporal, will you admit us?"

"Certainly, certainly, I'll admit that squad," says the corporal, smiling and looking round the room with the air of a man who thinks he has made a good operation.

I recommend the squad to make regular approaches on the purses of the Mendota people until they surrender at discretion and furnish the cash for a good library.

"They'll do it, I know they will," replies the corporal very positively. "Those Illinois boys can do anything they undertake to do.—F. S. B., of Pine Valley, says:

"I think my little brother, three years old, beats some of your pets. I will tell you his prayer: 'Amen, Father, God, keep us through the night.' At the table and the bedside it is always the same. We have a good Sabbath-school in summer. The diphtheria has done a sad work here. Eighteen of our little friends have died. Some have said sweet things at their death. I wish to have your photograph, but I do not understand where to get it."

Eighteen victims of the diphtheria in one small place! What a merciless disease! My photograph can be had by sending eighteen cents to Carlton & Porter, fifteen for the picture and three for postage. Send proper directions. Kiss that three-year-old brother for me, my child. What next, corporal?

"I want you to read this book, Mr. Editor." (Here the corporal holds up a beautiful volume of over three hundred pages published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.) "It is called 'THE DRUMMER-BOY. A Story of Burnside's Expedition. By the Author of 'Father Brightopes.'" It is the story of a Massachusetts boy who was in the battle of Roanoke Island, and who acted like a hero there. It pleased me amazingly."

That's a high commendation from you, corporal, for if it pleased you "*amazingly*," I'm sure it couldn't fail to charm the members of your Try Company. I hope the Drummer-Boy will get a good reading by all the boys in the land. By the way, this J. E. Tilton & Co. deserve to have plenty of business, for they are getting out some most excellent books. Two of them are now before me. The first is called "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden. By E. S. Rand, Jr." The second is called "The Parlor Gardener," from the French. The former is a splendid volume, fit to ornament the drawing-room of a queen. It tells us about plants that are fit to grow in the house, about hanging baskets, bulbs, window-gardening, outdoor gardening, the aquarium, and many things of the same sort. "The Parlor Gardener" is a little volume crammed with information about plants that will grow in the house and how to grow them. Those of my little readers who have grown flowers out of doors this summer would find "The Parlor Gardener" a great help to them in growing plants in-doors the coming winter. The larger work I cheerfully commend to "grown-up children" who love flowers—but, corporal! corporal! why did you let me talk so long about Mr. Tilton's books? Proceed with your letters, sir!

"Here is a line from WILLIE D. of Brooklyn. He says:

"Pa read in the paper this morning that twenty-five thousand 'Sweet Singers' had been printed. O how I wish I could hear the twenty-five thousand boys and girls that bought them sing some of the pretty songs in it. Now, Mr. Wise, the Try Company has no music to march by. I wish you would ask the corporal to make a band of those scholars who try to sing in the Sabbath-school. I thought of it when pa read to us the story about the boy in Boston who said, 'Sing 'em all,' and the part of the song, 'We'll try sweet singers here to be.'

"That boy means to sing his way through the world, I'm sure," says the corporal, and I think he, that is, Willie, is right, provided he is one of the twenty-five thousand sweet singers, as I doubt not he is. The corporal says all his company sings. If they do not he is very sorry, for every child can sing if he tries, and he certainly ought to try. Sing on, Willie, and let all my children sing too.

"Little KATE, of Frankfort, says:

"My mother died four years ago. Since then I have been living with my uncle. My father has been dead ten years. I have got a very nice home and I love my uncle very much. He is very kind to us—I mean my brothers, sisters, and myself, for there are five of us, and I think the reason he is so kind is because he is a good man, and I tell my brother Charley that we ought to be good children and do just as Uncle Edward wants us to do. I would love to see my mother again and my father too."

My heart warms toward little Kate, and especially toward her good uncle who has folded her and her orphan brothers and sisters so lovingly to his breast. They must be grateful to him, and do something every day to make him happy. Let little Kate set the example of doing something for uncle every day to show how she loves him.

"MARY F. S., of Olney, writes:

"A great many of the scholars here are members of the M. E. Church as well as the Sabbath-school. We also have a very good minister here who is trying to point out to sinners our blessed Saviour who died upon the cross that we might live. I love to read the letters in your paper. Will you accept me in your Try Company?"

"Certainly I will, my Mary, hoping that you also are one of Christ's soldiers."