

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

FACE ON EARTH CANADA GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER LITTLE UNTO M6

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The Right Style of Boyhood.

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THAT boy's face pleases me. It is quiet, but earnest. There is neither sadness nor nonsense in it. His dress is somewhat out of fashion, but his expression belongs to a boy of the right style. Who is he?

His name is WILLIAM MULREADY. He is an Irish boy. He was born eighty years ago. In the picture he is taking the first step of a great and honorable career. Shall I explain?

The boy thinks he is an artist. He has been trying his best to make a picture on that roll you see in his hand. He had been told that Mr. THOMAS BANKS, a sculptor, and member of an academy of art, was very friendly to young students like himself. Armed with his roll of drawings, young William went to the home of the sculptor and rang the bell. The servant opened the door in an ill-humor and said:

"How dare you come making a dirt and noise here? Be off with you! Do you hear? Don't stand there, but go when I tell you."

The little artist did not like this rough treatment, but he was too well bred to retort in the same style. So he stood still, gazing at the servant with a quiet but determined look. She was about to renew her wordy assault, when the sculptor stepped forward and said:

"What is it, my little man?"

"Sure, I want you to get me into the Academy, if you please, sir," replied the boy with genuine Irish good-nature.

"Time enough for that; but let me see what you can do. Come in."

Thus invited, William trudged through the hall with his muddy shoes, very much to the annoyance

of the servant. In the studio he handed his roll to the artist.

"Ah!" said Banks, after glancing at its contents,

tried again, and tried once more. That made him an artist. It will make you a scholar, a merchant, a mechanic, a farmer, a minister, an artist, or indeed



"plenty of time for the Academy. Try again. Go home, make another drawing of this figure, and come to me in a month."

William bowed, gathered up his papers, and, with the dignity of a man, left the room. In a month he returned, and was again ushered into the sculptor's studio.

Banks looked carefully at the drawing a while, and said, "This is much better; but you must try again. See if you can make a better drawing than this! Students in art must not mind work."

"It's not the work that will frighten me, sir," replied the stout-hearted little fellow as he replaced his roll under his arm and walked away.

In one week he stood once more in the studio, and his heart beat high when he heard the admiring artist say:

"This is, indeed, an advance. You must come into my studio and work here—but you have not yet told me your name."

"William Mulready, sir."

"Then, William Mulready, attend to me. Always strive as you have done lately, and your name will be an honored one indeed; but mind, never leave off trying again."

William followed this excellent counsel, and his paintings are now to be found among the works of the most eminent artists. He died, crowned with the honors of his profession, three years ago.

Boys, I like the style of William Mulready's boyhood. It was adorned with soberness, work, pluck, patience, good-humor, perseverance. These are precious and beautiful ornaments for boys. I want you all to wear them, especially the last. He tried,