

used tobacco nor strong drinks. He has lived to see three times the age of Joseph, and is yet alive, in his sixty-third year, enjoying a good measure of health, and is a strong advocate of the anti-tobacco cause and other reforms. He is the writer of this article, and this is a slight sketch of his own history in contrast with that of his young companion.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

WHAT A CONVERTED BOY SAID.

"I USED to think myself happy," said a Christian boy one day, "when I was walking in the ways of sin; but I did not then know what real happiness is. I called things by wrong names. But now"—and his face lighted up with rays of pure joy and true gladness—"now I am happy all the day long. I am happy when I go to school, happy when I am at Church, happy when I am at home, happy when I play, happy when I read, happy when I pray—I am always happy!"

What made that boy so happy, think you, my child? God had pardoned his sins, given him a new heart, and made him one of his sons. God had blessed the dear boy and that made him happy.

Would you like to be "always happy?" Then you must go to God as that boy did and ask for pardon and a new heart. Jesus will hear you and answer you, and give you your first taste of real happiness. Then you will be able to sing:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say—
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast,
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad."

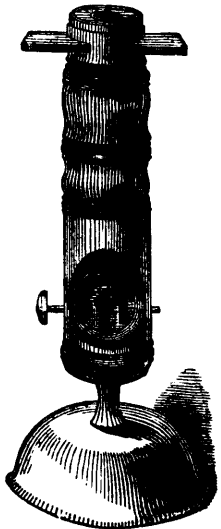
THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.

"WHAT a queer spy-glass you have there, Mr. Editor," exclaims the corporal as he comes stumping into my chamber with his heavy winter boots. "I declare it has legs, and you are holding it down instead of up. Surely, Mr. Forrester, our editor must be moonstruck."

"Not exactly, corporal," replies Mr. Forrester, smiling at the corporal's notion, "but he is wonder-struck."

"Wonder-struck! Fiddlesticks! He has seen too much of the world to be wonder-struck by a spy-glass. Come, Mr. Editor, take your eye off that black tube and tell us what you have been about."

Thus appealed to I raise my head, hold what the corporal had called a spy-glass up in my hand, and say, "Corporal, I am wonder-struck. This little instrument is not a spy-glass, but a microscope—a 'Craig Microscope.' Its simplicity, cheapness, and great magnifying power struck me with surprise. Then I was examining a fly's eye by its aid, and was struck with wonder at the skill and power of the Creator which is displayed in its structure. When I saw a statement in an advertisement that the Craig Microscope magnified one hundred diameters, and could be bought for \$2, I thought it was one of the many humbugs of the hour, for I had paid \$20 for a microscope not long before. But now I find it to be a really valuable instrument which I should like to see introduced into the families of our readers in place of the manifold useless toys which please for an hour and are then destroyed. This microscope would both amuse and instruct them, and I advise every boy and girl who wishes to know the wonders which lie in little things to save his money until he



has \$2 25, for which C. H. Wheeler & Co., 379 Washington-street, Boston, will send him a microscope post-paid. For \$1 50 more they will send twelve objects all ready for use—but enough about the microscope! Let us get to business, corporal."

"Well, here is the key to the Scripture exercise in our last:

"(1.) Tol, 2 Sam. viii, 9. (2.) Asa, 1 Kings xv, 14. (3.) Dan, Gen. xxx, 6. (4 and 5.) Buz and Huz, Gen. xxii, 21. (6.) Eli, 1 Sam. ii, 12. (7.) Eve, Gen. iii, 20. (8.) Gad, Num. xxxii, 1. (9.) Gog, 1 Chron. v, 4. (10.) Hur, Exod. xvii, 10. (11.) Ham, Gen. x, 6-9. (12.) Hen, Zech. vi, 14. (13.) Uri, Exod. xxxi, 2. (14 and 15.) Evi, Zur, Num. xxxi, 8. (16.) Job, Job i, 1. (17.) Lot, Gen. xix, 1. (18.) Nun, Numbers xiii, 16. (19.) Pul, 2 Kings xv, 19. (20.) Ram, Ruth iv, 18-22. (21.) Uri, Ezra x, 24.

"Here is an anagram containing thirty-four letters. Properly arranged, they will give you the names of five celebrated children mentioned in the Bible. The first of these children became a great legislator; the second became a judge, a prophet, and a king-maker; the third was a prince, an orphan, a cripple, and the protege of a king—you may see him and his patron in the picture; the fourth



was a prince who died young and was mourned over by a whole nation; the last was crowned a king when only seven years old, became wicked in his manhood, and died an untimely death. Here are the letters: mmmooossss eeeaaaanlpthhhhhbbjj.

"Here is a note containing resolutions on the death of JOHN HUNT. What will you do with it, Mr. Editor?"

I join my regrets and mingle my sympathies with the Jerseyville school. The resolutions must go into the burial-place of papers which I have not space to print.

"Here is an account of the joyful death of W. P. HUBBARD, who went off to heaven in a chariot of bliss, saying as he went, 'O I'm so happy! It is all light up there!'"

That boy saw heaven before he entered it, don't you think so, corporal?

"I don't know. I think he saw its brightness streaming through the gateway. This paper says that in giving away his little items of property, he wished to give his sled to a boy who had injured him as a token of forgiveness, but failing to remember such a boy he gave it to another. What think you of that?"

I think, my corporal, that that was a beautiful thought. It was a desire to put a coal of fire on some selfish heart that it might be melted to love. What next, corporal?

"ELLA, of Ellicottville, writes:

"I am one of the little girls that go to the M. E. Sunday-school, and much do I love it. I want to tell you how I laughed one day last winter till my sides ached and what at. As I and several others were going home in a sleigh, we saw three little boys ahead of us by the road-side, with a sheep harnessed and hitched to a sled. One of the little boys jumped on the sled and drove off at full speed, while

one of the others shouted, 'See how fast Riley's horse goes!' and he drove till he came to the house where I had seen the same little boy feeding the sheep, corn in hand, a week before as I was going past."

A team of sheep was something to laugh at. I like the story because the fact of the boy's feeding the sheep from his hand shows that *kindness* and not the whip broke it to the harness.

"Here is a letter from W. E. B. He says:

"As you print so many newspapers, I suppose you are constantly looking for something new. Well, I am a new correspondent, and if you should ever be looking for me, (a little nine-year-old member of your Advocate family,) you may find me every Sunday in the best class of Greenpoint M. E. Sunday-school. I say it's the best class, for I read in my Advocate that the best teachers always have the best classes, and I am sure no class has a better teacher than mine. You know what our school was when you visited it about a year ago; but we have got many new things since, for you know our motto is Excelsior. We have several new teachers in place of old ones gone to the war. We have a new Tract Society, which distributes tracts and brings in some new scholars almost every Sunday. We have some new books in our library, and as many new subscribers for the Teachers' Journal as we had old ones before, and we mean to have more than double as many for the S. S. Advocate. We have a new melodeon, which, with the sweet voices of your little Advocate family, makes very sweet music. But we have a new-fashioned music-box which makes better music still. It was invented, made, and given us by one of our Bible-class teachers, and I think he ought to have a patent for it. It's a little square box, with a long hole in the top, and the music is made by your Advocate children dropping in pennies, etc., for the sick and wounded soldiers.

"Grandpa says he went to the war of 1812 more for the sake of pa, Uncle George, and Aunt Sarah than for himself or grandma. And if the soldiers of this war are also fighting for their children and grandchildren, I think every Sunday-school ought to have a contribution-box for the sick and wounded. We have had ours about a month, and have sent from it to the sick soldiers \$12 50.

"And, with all these new things, I think our teachers have got a new way of teaching. They used to teach us to avoid bad company, not be out late nights, and to keep away from all 'scrapes.' But of late they are out late almost every night at 'scrapes' themselves. And they not only invite us to go with them, but they go all through the place and get all the 'hard cases' they can, and take them with them too. And when they get them all together, such a 'scrape' as they have is perfectly awful to think of. It is not a frolicking scrape, nor a fighting scrape, nor a drinking scrape, but it's a *lint scrape!* And those 'hard cases' they bring there are old linen pillow-cases, and they were so hard that when I had scraped half an hour it seemed as though I hadn't lint enough to bind up the wound of a flea-bite.

"We have missionary meeting on the third Sunday afternoon of each month, and, as we generally have three speakers, I have asked our superintendent to get you, and Mr. Forrester, and Corporal Try for our next meeting. He bids me invite you all to come on the third Sunday of next month. I have always considered myself a member of your Try Company in heart, but have never been accepted. Please ask Corporal Try if he will accept."

Pretty good that for Greenpoint, isn't it, corporal? As to the invitation to us three we might go one at a time, but even then we are so much alike I don't think one of the Greenpointers would know us apart. What next, corporal?

"CHARLIE, of Hazardville, Conn., says:

"I am a little boy six years old. I go to Sunday-school. We have two hundred scholars. We have your picture and think it very nice. I commenced going to Sunday-school when I was three years old. My Sister Mary, Brother Frank, and I would like to join your Try Company. I never wrote a letter before."

My picture, eh? Ah, Master Six-years-old, how did you make out to steal a march on me like that? Well, I trust there are some worse-looking pictures in photograph galleries than mine, if not, then I trust my mind is prettier than my picture. The corporal sends Charlie a kiss and accepts "Sister Mary, Brother Frank, and I."

THE EDITOR PHOTOGRAPHED.—The editor's phiz has been photographed by the Messrs. Hallett, and is on sale at the Book Room. Whoever wants the editor's *carte de visite* can have it sent to them by mail in return for fifteen cents sent to Carlton & Porter with proper directions. Schools can obtain them by the quantity at the rate of \$12 per hundred.