

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1863.

THE PROUD SON.

In an ancient city of our mother England there was an old man who kept a book-stall in the market-place. This aged book-trader had an only son named Samuel whom he sent to college. Samuel was a bright lad, quick to learn, and apt to remember what he learned. In fact, he was the wonder of the college and his father's pride. The old bookseller never grew weary of talking about "my remarkable boy Sam."

One stormy day the ancient book-trader, feeling sick and jaded, shrunk from his daily task of standing in his stall. Turning to his son, he said:

"Sam, my boy, I'm not well. I don't feel quite able to go out to-day. Go to the market and mind my stall for an hour or so. Maybe I'll feel better by and by."

Sam blushed, hesitated, coughed, and then, summoning all the evil in his heart to help him, replied:

"I really can't go, father. What would my classmates say if they saw me in your stall? They would make me the butt of their jokes for months. I really can't think of the thing, and, to be plain, I won't go!"

These rebellious words struck heavily on the old bookseller's heart. They so pained him that he could not speak. Sighing deeply, he cast one long, sad look of disappointment on his darling boy, wrapped his coat around him, and, sick in mind and body, went to his stall beneath the wall. Poor old man! He mourned bitterly all that day over the cruel return his son had made for all the love and money he had lavished upon him.

How did Master Samuel feel while his good old father was mourning in the book-stall? Bad enough. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He saw how wicked and cruel his conduct was. He even wept over his ingratitude. "What if my father should die!" he exclaimed. "It's too bad. I'll go and mind the stall for him."

But Pride was mighty in Sam's heart. "What will your classmates say?" it whispered, and Sam's good resolutions all melted like vapors in sunshine.

With night came the ancient bookseller to his home. His step was heavy, his face pale, his eye dull. He took to his bed, grew very sick, and in a few days died, blessing the proud, selfish boy whose unkindness had shortened his days.

His father's death brought Samuel to his senses. His sin sat on his heart in the form of a great sorrow which would not depart. He carried this great sorrow with him into the walks of life. It abode with him all his days. He was learned, he became wealthy, he was esteemed, applauded, and honored; but he was also a sorrowful man. His father had forgiven him, God had forgiven him, but he could not forgive himself.

At last he too became an aged man, as old as his father was on the day of his death. Then Samuel made a pilgrimage to his native town, and standing all day bare-headed under the wall where once his father stood, wept over the recollection of his great unkindness. The people stared, wondered, and whispered as they passed, but he cared not. He was keeping a vow he had made to spend a day, when of his father's age, in the market-place and turn back to that sad page in his life when, by an act of proud disobedience, he broke his father's generous heart.

What do you think of Samuel, my children? *Very mean and wicked to treat his father so, eh?* Exactly so. It was very mean and very wicked conduct. I hope there is no Samuel among you. I fear there may be though, for there are many boys and girls who owe all they have and are to their parents, while they despise their father's trade, their mother's looks, or treat their relatives with contempt. Silly children! In my opinion there is nothing more contemptible than a child who is too proud to honor his parents or to follow the business by which they obtained the means to educate him. If there is such a boy in our Advocate family the corporal says we must drum him out, and that God will shut him out of heaven.

I WILL BE GOOD WHEN I GROW UP.

I mean to be a good man like Mr. — when I grow up. You do, eh? Yes, sir, I do. *I mean to be good, to join the Church, to give away lots of money, and to do everything in my power to make people happy.*

That is a good resolution, my son, certainly. But do you really mean what you say? Yes, sir, as much as I ever meant anything in my life. Well, let us see. If you were to see a boy walking toward Cincinnati when he professed to be going to Chicago, to which place should you think he really meant to go? To Cincinnati, of course. Exactly so. The way his face was turned would be stronger evidence of the purpose of his mind than his words. Hence, if you really intend to walk in the road to heaven when



you become a man your face must be that way now. Do you understand? If you really mean to be a good man you are trying to be a good boy.

How is that? Are you a good boy? Do you believe in Jesus Christ? Do you love your Saviour? Do you pray? Do you avoid evil ways? Do you do good? Are you loving, kind, gentle, obedient, unselfish? If so I will believe that you really mean to be a good man by and by. If not I really can't do it. When I see your sweet boyish face set toward heaven I will believe you mean to walk in that road hereafter.

If you think I do not judge you fairly write me about it.

THE EDITOR IN COUNCIL.



R. EDITOR, here is a notice of a Christian named NANCY, who was never known to tell a falsehood, and who loved the cause of missions so well that she not only gave money to it while living, but at her death left all she had (one dollar and fifty cents) to its treasury. She died happy, of course. Such a child couldn't help dying well. Another letter tells of DAVID, a boy who loved Jesus, and who, when dying, pointed upward and said to his unconverted parents, 'Father, there is room enough for you! Mother, won't you meet me in my heavenly home?'

"Here is a Scripture exercise for ingenious boys and girls: There are quite a number of persons mentioned in

Holy Scripture whose names are spelled with only three letters. I will tell you what twenty-one of them were. 1. A King of Hamath and an ally of King David. 2. A king whose heart was perfect. 3. A patriarch who was the son of a patriarch. 4 and 5. Abraham's nephews. 6. A good man who had wicked sons. 7. A very ancient lady. 8. A patriarch whose children were rich in cattle. 9. A son of Joel. 10. A noted priest. 11. The grandfather of a celebrated hunter. 12. A son of Zephaniah. 13. The son of a noted priest. 14 and 15. Kings of Midian. 16. A man famous for piety, wealth, and sorrow. 17. A just man who lived among wicked people. 18. The father of a great soldier. 19. A King of Assyria. 20. One of David's ancestors. 21. A porter. Your work is to find their names. To your Bibles, O Try Company, and work out the exercise!

"For the answer to the Scripture puzzle in our last my Try Company will see Judges xv, 15-19.

"Here is a letter from an old friend of yours, Mr. Editor. It expresses the sorrow of a father's heart under the loss of his dear boy, Charlie —."

Ah, I remember the sweet little fellow, for I was at his pleasant home less than a year ago—but I cannot print the letter, corporal.

"I suppose not, but let me read you an extract:

"One little incident is deeply engraven upon all our hearts. Soon after coming to this place I was so ill that for a number of weeks we were unable to do more than regulate a few rooms just to render us comfortable for the time being. I think it was on the first Sabbath in May I was lying on my sick-bed, with my family around me, when the church-bells rang out their call of welcome to the house of God. While listening to their vibrations I looked around upon my little charge so dear to my heart, and as I thought of the contrast in our present condition and surroundings and the times when I had led them to the house of God and preached to them there, and as I thought of the probability that my wife would soon be a widow and my children be left homeless among strangers and without a father's care, such a tide of agonizing grief rolled over my soul that for a moment I lost my self-control, and gave vent to my feelings in strong crying and tears. Of course, this touched a sympathizing chord in the hearts of my family, and we all wept together as though we had not a friend in heaven or earth. I said *all*—no, not all. Charlie, whose sympathetic heart was usually touched by the slightest manifestation of sorrow, remained perfectly calm, but seemed very grave and thoughtful. Judge of our feelings a moment after when we heard his sweet voice in the next room singing, 'O do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend,' etc. It was to our sad hearts like music from another world, and it seemed to us as though heaven was speaking to us through our darling boy. Verily, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.' It was the more striking to us as we had never heard him sing the like before, and were not aware that he was familiar with it. Often have I been sad since that day of blessed memory, but never have my feelings overpowered my self-command as they then did; for when I have walked the prison-floor of my sick-chamber, as painful thoughts have come thronging upon my mind, I have seemed to hear the echo of that music floating down to me from the heavenly world, 'O do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend.' . . . Charlie's sage remarks, apt replies, and felicitous expressions were often instructive and sometimes not a little amusing. In conversation with his brother, much older than himself, he made some remark which drew forth the exclamation of astonishment, 'Charlie, you are wise above your years.' With a peculiar twinkle of his eyes he promptly responded, 'Of course, my eyes are above my ears!'"

That will do, corporal. Charlie is better off with Jesus than when he shared the love of his father and mother, tender and warm as it was. His death has robbed earth of much of its beauty to them, but it has made heaven more desirable. Saviour, be their comforter!

"JOHN W. M., of Centennial school, Philadelphia, says:

"Our school is a very young one, but two years old. We were very much in want of books, so we concluded to get up an exhibition. The dialogues were conducted by Brother Jacob Walker, the superintendent. It was repeated, and was a grand success. We think our children can't be beat. We cleared \$120, which sets us on our feet. We intend to fill our library-cases with good books. We take thirty-five copies of the Advocate, and expect to increase our subscription. We intend to apply to Corporal Try for admission into his company. Do you think he will accept of us?"

Most likely he will. He says, "Boys and girls who can draw \$120 out of the public pocket for a library are not to be sneezed at."