

From the Sunday School Advocate.

THE TREE AND ITS FRUIT.

SAM AND JOHN.

Sam.

Down in the garden, close by the wall,
There stands a tree, it is very tall—
And its leaves are green—it seems to be
In every respect a goodly tree.

But I tasted its fruit, and O! dear me,
I thought no more of that beautiful tree—
The face that I made would have raised a laugh,
For wormwood was never so bitter by half.

John.

The tree, you will find, is known by its fruit.
And not by its leaves, its branches, or root;
For often we see that trees outwardly fair
The very quintessence of bitterness bear.

And thus we may judge by the actions of men,
Of the heart that lies hidden so deeply within,
By the actions, my friend, and not by the face,
Or the beautiful language of sweetness and grace.

Sam.

Well, I think it is true; but I never should dream
That a tree could so much like a hypocrite seem,
Stretching out its green arms to the glorious sky,
As though it were asking for wings to fly.

And all the while, on its dark green boughs,
Such crabbed, and bitter, and sour fruit grows—
I shudder to think of the taste that I took,
And henceforth shall judge of the tree by its fruit.

THE LAST FIVE DOLLARS.

A five dollar note was recently shown us, (says the editor of the Sunday School Advocate,) with the following sentences written on the back of it:—

"This is the last of three thousand and seventy-five dollars, left to me by my mother at her death, on the 27th day of August, 1840.

"Would to God she had never left it to me, but that I had been taught to work to earn my living! I would not have been what I now am, in degradation!

"New-York, July 1, 1845."

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO.

Near Combaconum, in India, there lives a Hindoo, who once seemed truly sorry for his sins, and cast away his idols, and was baptized. After a time this man went back into the ways of sin. He left the chapel and left the missionaries; and they mourned over him with great sorrow. But one day he came back to Mr. Nimmo, the missionary, and said, "I have been very wicked, and I can find no rest. I wish to be a Christian. Will you receive me again, and take my children; for I wish to have them brought up in the fear of God." His wife too joined in the request.— "What is it," said Mr. Nimmo, "that has brought you back again? How have you been taught to see the evil of your way?" "It is through our youngest boy," a little fellow of about six years of age. "My son is my teacher," said the father; "he serves God, and whenever I look at him I am ashamed

of myself." "My boy is always persuading me to throw away my idols," said the mother, "and I can no longer delay."

This little boy was a scholar in the missionary school. Mr. Nimmo asked him what it was that had led him to serve God; and he said it was the questions that were put to him at the school. Sunday school teachers, you that have little children, six years old in your classes, mark this; and Sunday school scholars, you little children, who are just six years old, mark this. Think what a little boy may do.—Miss. Rep.



THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

I resided in Philadelphia, in the vicinity of a market. One evening, as I was quietly sitting with my family, I heard a loud rap at my front door. Immediately went to the door, and was surprised, on opening it, to find no one there. I shut the door, and turned to go to the parlor. I had hardly proceeded a yard, before rap, rap, went the knocker again. I hastily opened the door, but no one was to be seen. I concluded that some mischievous boy was disposed to have a little sport at my expense, but as I was not willing to be annoyed with mischief, I shut the door and kept hold of it. Very soon the raps were repeated. I suddenly opened the door; but nobody was to be seen. The evening was dark, and I stood in the door; the raps were renewed for a few seconds. I stood in astonishment; but upon putting my hand upon the knocker the mystery was unravelled. I found a string tied to it, and my little persecuter was standing behind one of the pillars of the market, with one end in his hand, operating upon my knocker at his pleasure. I closed the door, and went out a back way, passed down the street on the footway, till I got some distance below the lad, when I turned and came up behind him, and took hold of his arm. He was very much alarmed, and began to entreat me to let him go, when the following dialogue took place:—

"Well, my lad, thou art amusing thyself at my expense. I want thee to go home with me."

"O, you are going to whip me; please let me go, and I will never do so again."

"I will not whip thee; but thou must go home with me."

After repeating assurances that I

would not whip him, at length the poor fellow consented; but he had no faith in my promise not to whip him, and went in with the full expectation that he was to be punished. I seated him in the parlor, and took a seat by his side. He was a fine bright-looking little fellow, about thirteen or fourteen years of age.

I asked him if he went to school.

He replied that he did.

"Canst thou read?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, let us read a few chapters in the Bible."

I opened the Bible, read a chapter, and then gave it to him; and I was much pleased to discover that he could read so well.

We spent about an hour in that manner, when I remarked that we had spent the evening very pleasantly together; but I now thought it was about time for him to go home.

"If thy father or mother inquire where thou hast been," I said, "tell them thou hast been spending the evening with me; and when thou feelest an inclination to be a little mischievous, call upon me. I shall always be pleased to see thee."

He left my house rejoicing, and never troubled me afterward.

LITTLE THINGS.

There are some boys as well as men, who are in the habit of calling some things *little things*.

There are some with whom I have been acquainted, that would go into a neighbour's orchard without leave, and partake of the fruit, or carry it away, and when reproved for it, would endeavour to excuse themselves by calling it a *little thing*.

Others would make a fishing or hunting excursion on the Sabbath, that *holy day!* and could make no other excuse than to call it a *little thing*.

And still others would take the name of their God *in vain*, and call down his displeasure upon themselves and fellows, with no other apology than the one mentioned.

Now if any of the children who may read this are guilty of such things, let me say to you, I am afraid you are not aware how soon these little things, as you call them, lead to great ones. Look at that brook that goes murmuring beside your dwelling! You call it a *little brook*; you can dam it up or turn it at pleasure; but follow it on, and you will find others all the way flowing into it, until in a few miles it becomes a mighty, majestic river. So what you call little sins, if indulged in, will soon lead to great ones, which will stamp your character with infamy and everlasting disgrace.

Those whose crimes have carried them to the prison and gallows first indulged in *little sins*. Be careful then, children, of little things, for "the little foxes spoil the vines."