

"Shame! shame!" roared the boys; ay, the very boys who had said the some thing.

"I really cannot to-day," said the master, "punish our hero for his breach of rule last night"—then came a shout—"and to please my friend Doctor Jay, I am happy to set you for to-day free from all lessons: to give you a whole holiday in honor of

RONALD'S REASON."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S BED-QUILT.

BY UNA LOCKE.

The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
COWPER.

WHEN my grandmother (who was eighty years ago a fair and energetic young girl) was married to go into the "new country," (that is, the State of Vermont,) she had, among the articles of her outfit, a pet bed-quilt. It was pieced from favorite bits and shreds, and being quilted most elaborately, was very handsome, even *elegant*, according to the ideas of the belles of that time.

It was not used in the log-house, being stored carefully against the time when a framed dwelling should appear in the clearing, the woods having given way to a hamlet.

But one day, being about to leave the log-home in the wilderness for a week-long visit among old friends, she tidied up her one room, and that it might look as inviting as possible to herself and husband on their return from the regions of civilization and comparative luxury, she spread on her bed this bed-quilt, showy as a bouquet of cardinal-flowers.

The week of visit passed quickly, but what changes may not occur in a week! Returning to their forest nest they found everything before entering in apparent safety; but glancing in at the window before they reached the door, what a scene of disorder met their eyes in place of the neatly-arranged room they had left! Lying on the bed was a fat swine which belonged to one of the settlers. It had pushed in the door by continued effort, had uncovered a vessel containing a large quantity of lard, and having eaten its fill, had freely anointed the furniture, not forgetting the beautiful bed-quilt, on which it had for some days taken its repose whenever so disposed. The young bride was heart-sick. The house could be put to rights again, but no ablutions could ever restore that bed-quilt. She was as unhappy about it as we are about the trials to patience and temper which assail our peace, our love of the beautiful, our sense of order and propriety, at this very day.

But how little does that incident of the old time interfere with her present happiness! Full of days, respected and beloved, she passed away from earth. Twenty years has a white rose-tree blossomed over her grave; twenty years, as we reckon, she has worn the white linen of the saints in the New Jerusalem. How like the merest trifles must now seem to her the annoyances and vexations of this life compared with the glory of her present state of existence! Cannot we, who still linger below, take a lesson from this?

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ODDITIES OF A PHILOSOPHER.

LEARNED men are not always wise men. Many of them are wise in some things but not in others. Some of the most learned men in the world have had very curious whims about different things, and



AN AMERICAN PHILOSOPHER—WHO CAN NAME HIM?

have shown a great want of good common sense in some of the simplest matters of every-day life.

It is said that a very learned man once had a pet cat that he kept in his house. This cat used to stay in his study a good part of the time, but often troubled her master by mewing at the door when she wanted to go out, and mewing outside of it again when she wanted to come in. She and her two kittens made him so much trouble by coming and going that he cut a hole in the bottom of the door large enough for the cat to slip in and out. Close by this he cut a smaller hole for the kittens to go through. Would you have made a small hole as well as a large one? If not, why not?

Another philosopher, who wrote a great many learned books, and whose name is often spoken of by the wise men of the present day, had some very odd habits of which I will give you a short account. Perhaps if he were alive this day he would act differently; but you must remember that he lived three hundred years ago.

He often rode out in an open carriage in the rain in order to get rained on. He said it was wholesome. He thought that niter or saltpeter was very necessary to health. He therefore took a little of it every morning in warm broth, sometimes putting saffron in the broth with it. He did this for thirty years of his life.

Once a month, at least, he took a small dose of castor-oil in his broth and breakfast for two days. How would you like that? Once a week he mixed some rhubarb with white wine and beer, and drank it just before eating dinner. Every morning, after the sun had been up three hours, he went to some high place to breathe the fresh air. If he could at the same time get the smell of musk, roses, and sweet violets, he liked it all the better.

On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with oil of almonds, mixed with salt and saffron, and then his skin was rubbed hard in order to rub the mixture in. An iron dish was placed on the floor, and in this were put the powdered leaves of sweet-smelling plants, such as lign-aloes, bay, and rosemary. These leaves were set on fire, and the perfumed smoke filled the room. Once a week a little tobacco was put in.

He was fond of good living, eating freely of game, poultry, or beef. Every time he ate his table was

strewn with flowers and sweet herbs. Half an hour before supper he took a cup of wine or ale, hot and spiced. Once, during supper, he drank a glass of wine in which a piece of hot gold had been put.

When he went to bed he ate a piece of bread soaked in a mixture of wine, rose-water, and amber, and washed it down with a cup of ale. After this he covered himself with the bed-clothes and went to sleep. He said the drink made him sleep well.

What a curious man he must have been. Yet, in spite of these strange notions, he was considered one of the wisest men of his time. How strange it is that a man so wise should have so many oddities!

It is well enough to have book-learning. We cannot get along without it in this world. But we must study other things as well as books. Walk the streets, and fields, and woods with your eyes open, and see how many things you can learn there. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW THE LITTLE BOY WAS FORGIVEN FOR GETTING ANGRY.

A LITTLE boy some five years old, one day while at play with his brother, got vexed at him for some small offense, and, as little folks are apt to do when irritated, said some naughty words in return.

Now little children are fond of stories. This we all know. So this boy wanted a friend should tell him a story. The friend told him the story of his own naughty temper and words, and then asked him if he knew whom he meant. "Yes," said the little fellow, "you mean me!"

"Are you not sorry you got angry and said naughty words to your little brother?" said his friend.

"O yes, I am," said the little penitent.

"Then you ought to go and ask his forgiveness," said his friend.

The little fellow started off and asked the forgiveness of his little brother. This was a real victory, and his little heart was all full of sunshine.

"Now," said his friend, "God was displeased also, and you ought to go and ask him to forgive you too."

This he had not thought of before, but immediately consented to do so. He went away alone, and kneeling down, said, "O Lord, I am sorry I got angry with my little brother, and I want you should forgive me for being naughty to him."

Then his heart was perfectly happy, and he came out with a smiling face, and running to his friend, joyfully said, "I have told God all about it, and he heard me, and he said he would forgive me, and I am happy now."

Now, little children, it is very wrong to get angry, and you should be very careful when you feel angry not to say naughty words, but overcome your wrong feelings as soon as possible. If you try God will help you. And whenever you do any wrong thing you ought to confess your fault to God and pray for forgiveness, and he will forgive you as he did this little boy. If you say or do wrong to anybody, you ought, as this boy did, to confess to them you have done wrong, and ask them also to forgive you. Then God will love and bless you. N. C. LEBANON, N. H., 1866.

THE dove was the first newspaper carrier, when one morning it went and fetched a leaf for Noah. It contained a paragraph on the weather, notifying him that the heavy rain-storm was at an end.