

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE SCHOOLBOY AND HIS SPENDING-MONEY.

A CERTAIN father sent his son to a boarding-school. Knowing that he would need some spending-money, he placed a sum in the hands of the principal, to be given in weekly instalments. I do not know the amount, but it was quite as large as any good boy ought to spend while at school.

But this boy was very fond of pleasing himself. He loved to be eating nuts, cakes, ice-creams, and sweetmeats. He loved nick-nacks, too, and was always buying knives, toothpicks, rings, etc. In these ways his spending-money was soon gone, and the store-keeper, knowing his parents to be rich, trusted him. At the end of the term he owed quite a large debt.

"What will your father say about it?" asked his chum when he saw the bill.

"O he'll only blow up a little and pay it. It's no great matter for pap. He's rich," replied the spendthrift, laughing.

Did that boy do right? Was it no great matter? Perhaps the money was no great matter to his father, but was not his disobedience a great matter? After the indulgence shown him, was not his disobedience without the least excuse? If you think so—and I know you do—make up your minds that it would be a very great and serious matter for you to spend even a penny more than your parents told you to do. Remember, disobedience in little things is just as wicked as in great things. You must, therefore, in all things, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CHARLIE THE MISCHIEF LOVER.

LITTLE CHARLIE is a "wide awake." I think he must be related in some way to old Neptune, for, like a wave of the sea, he is never still. But this is not the worst of his case. If it were, I should not blame the little fellow much, for healthy boys can no more help being active than slender grass can help waving in the wind. But Master Charlie is active in mischief, and that makes him a naughty boy.

If Charlie is allowed to go out on the sidewalk he will begin to throw stones at those who pass by. One day he threw a stone at a high-spirited horse,

hit it, and made it run away. O how Charlie did laugh when he saw the frightened creature dash down the street! But when the horse run into a carriage, upset his master, and did a great deal of damage to the two carriages, it was no laughing matter. What was fun to Charlie was loss and almost death to the man in the carriage. Isn't Charlie wicked?

When Charlie can get out for a run he is sure to make straight for the brook. He steps into it boots and all, until his boots, stockings, pantalettes, and feet are all pretty well soaked. Why can't Charlie play on the grass? Because he is thoughtless, and loves mischief better than anything else.

One day Charlie was taken to the sea-side. Almost the first thing he did was to make a boat of his hat and set it to sailing on the waves while he held it by the strings. Did ever little boy act worse than Charlie?

Charlie gives his friends plenty of trouble to take care of him. I hope he will grow better before he is much older. If he does not he will be like a thorn in the sides of his father and mother instead of being a source of comfort and blessing to them.

If Charlie should see this little sketch of himself I hope it will make him ashamed, and that he will go to Jesus and say, "O precious Saviour, please take the mischief out of my heart!"

Children, let us all pray for Charlie!

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE WISE WORDS OF AN IDIOT.

A POOR boy was struck on the skull. He had no skillful doctor to attend him, and so a small bit of the bone which ought to have been removed was left pressing on the brain. For this cause the boy became an idiot.

It may seem strange to you, but it was so, nevertheless, that although this boy could not learn his A B C, he did learn to love Jesus. If his teacher told him that any particular act would please Jesus, he would do it without regard to the obstacles in his way. If he was told that a certain act would offend Jesus, nothing could persuade or compel him to do it. In this the idiot was wiser than most boys.

When this idiot boy became a man in years and size, he remained a child in mind and feeling. Children were his companions and not men. He was very fond of the Sunday-school. It was his heaven on earth. He went about getting scholars for it, and was a very great help to it.

One Sunday many of the larger boys made up their minds to quit. "We are too big to go to Sunday-school," said they. Their teachers told them how foolish they were to talk thus. They even wept over the rebels. But it was all in vain. The boys had allowed an evil spirit to enter their hearts, and they would quit the school even though their folly should prove their ruin.

Then this poor idiot rose in the school and uttered words which made their ears tingle. Said he: "The Bible says, them that God has given much to he'll expect a great deal of. Now, boys, he haint given but a little speck to me, so he wont ask much of me; but if he gin me as much senses as he has you, I'd be afraid to look him in the face if I behaved as you do."

These wise words went right to the hearts of the rebels. They saw their folly and repented. The poor idiot subdued them.

I hope my readers will study the idiot's speech. God has given you much, my children, and he will require much at your hands. You know your duty. Kind teachers, loving parents, charming books, the Holy Bible have been your instructors. Jesus expects you all to be very obedient, very loving, very holy. Will you disappoint and grieve the blessed Saviour by being wicked? I hope not. W.

GOD resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.

