

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPER-LITTLE

UNTIL M.E.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 13.

APRIL 9, 1864.

WHOLE NUMBER 205.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## LOVE AND POVERTY.

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THERE can be no doubt about the poverty of the brother and sister in this picture, can there? Their dress shows them to be very poor. The loads of sticks they carry tell the same story, for none but poor children have to carry home back-loads of brushwood for fuel.

But though they are poor, they are not unhappy. Their faces are pleasant, loving faces. I'm sure they

love each other, and children who love each other dearly always have more or less of peace and pleasure, no matter how poor they are. Mark that, will you, Master Quarrel-with-your-sister? Love and poverty are a far happier pair than hatred and riches.

The loving faces of the boy and girl in our picture remind me of two brothers who were born a hundred years ago. They were named Joseph and Isaac. Their father was a poor weaver living near Leeds in England. He had to work very, very hard to keep food on the table for his wife and boys, and to get clothing enough to keep them warm and de-

cent. His boys found very few pleasant things lying in their paths, and if they had not loved each other they would have been as miserable as they were poor.

While they were yet small boys their father died. Their mother was a sickly woman with barely strength enough to do her housework. She could not, therefore, earn a living for herself and boys. What was to be done? Most boys would have said, "We can't do anything. Mother must go to the almshouse and we must get places somewhere."

But Joseph and Isaac were not made of such soft stuff. They looked at their troubles with bold eyes and strong hearts. They said, "We can spin yarn. We will work and keep ourselves and mother too."

Brave little fellows! They went to work at their old-fashioned spinning-wheels and spun from early morning until dark. Day after day, week after week, they kept busy, never stopping to play or fret. Love was in their hearts and made their toil pleasant. They were very kind also to their mother, and made her as happy as a feeble widow could be.

Every evening when their daily task was over these noble boys sat down to study such books as they owned and could borrow. Thus they picked up more knowledge than many idle boys do who go to school.

Such constant attention to their work and study and such kindness to their mother pleased everybody who knew them. Their praise was soon in the mouths of all their neighbors. After some time their good conduct was spoken of to some rich gentlemen in Leeds. Finding, on inquiry, that all the good things said of the boys were true, these gentlemen raised a sum of money for the purpose of giving one of them a liberal education.

Which should it be? They both loved knowledge. Which should give up to the other? Most brothers would have had a lusty quarrel over this question. But these boys loved each other too truly to quarrel. Love never quarrels, you know. So when it was fixed that Joseph, the elder brother, should go to school, Isaac said he was glad, and made the old spinning-wheel turn more cheerily than ever.

Now, you know that love is a cunning contriver. It whispered to Joseph, "Can't you teach Isaac in the evening the lessons you learn in the daytime?"

"To be sure I can," replied love's echo in Joseph's heart. No sooner said than done. Isaac liked the plan, and for three years Joseph was a pupil by day and his brother's teacher by night. Don't you think they were a happy pair of brothers? Don't you think their mother felt both proud and happy when she looked on her noble boys? I doubt if there were three happier people in England than that poor widow and her student boys.

But the time came for Joseph to go to college. That was a sore trial to them all. What did Isaac do then? He was sent to learn the business of weaving. Then he plied his loom cheerily by day, but at night he studied as best he could the same books