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For the S. S. Advocate.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE BOY.

DID you ever see a boy in a more uncomfortable situation than this fellow? Everything about him seems out of place and out of joint. His uncombed hair looks like a mop. His shoulders are lop-sided. His dress is out of shape. His socks have fallen about his heels. His boots are unlaced. His slate lies smashed on the ground. There is nothing about him that you can admire. Even his face, which looks as though it was meant to be good-looking, is out of shape. His eyes look angry. His cheeks are puffed up. His lips are pouted into crooked lines. Did you ever see such a looking boy in your life?

You don't see what I wanted to print such a chap as that in the Advocate for? You don't, hey? Ah Charlie, Charlie! I know why you throw that stone of complaint at me. You have an idea that the picture is meant for you. You don't feel quite sure on that point, however, because you don't know exactly how you do look when your temper is up. You never peeped into a mirror when you were in a fit of sulks. But I assure you the picture is yours and that it suits you to a T. It is you, Charlie Fiery, as others see you when little Will is roused and you are put out with everything and everybody, your precious little self not excepted.

How do you like your picture, Master Fiery? *You don't like it a bit, eh? It isn't your picture, eh?* Well, it would be a laughable matter for a boy not to know his own likeness if being a cross, sulky fellow was a trifle. But it is not a trifle. It is a very serious thing for you, a sad thing for your parents, brothers, and sisters, and a vexatious thing for your playmates. It makes you miserable. It makes you hearing her repeat the ten commandments many, many times, used to repeat to himself almost continually the words, "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."



makes your friends unhappy, it makes the great God angry with you.

You wish you had a better temper, do you? I'm glad to hear you say that. That's the sort of talk that goes before improvement. There's hope for you, because it is just as certain that you may become a sweet-tempered, lovely boy as it is that you are not such a boy now. *How do I know that?* Why, because I know that many ugly boys have been changed into good ones, and what boys have done boys may do again. Besides, I know that Jesus, the lover of children, is waiting to change you by his mighty power, which, you know, can do all things. Only resolve, then, to be what you wish to be; ask Jesus to make you so; believe that he will do what you desire, and it will be done. When it is done, this picture will not make you angry, for then it will be your mirror no longer. When you have won this great victory write me about it that I may rejoice with you.

THE CORPORAL.

For the S. S. Advocate.

LITTLE BILLY JONES.

BILLY JONES was a little idiot boy. The children called him "Silly Billy," which was a true enough name, but they said it to tease him, and that made it wrong for them to call him so. Billy's mother taught him all he was able to understand about God and his laws, and Billy, after

One day in going to a rich man's house Billy