

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1863.



WHAT CAME OF STEALING A CENT.

"GIVE me a cent, mother," said a boy to his mother one day as she stood before a kettle of doughnuts which were sizzling in lard over a bright wood fire.

"I have no cents to spare, my MARCUS," replied the lady. "You spend too many pennies for a little boy. You must not be so wasteful."

"You are a stingy old thing. I don't like you a bit," said the wicked boy, turning away and running out at the door, which he pulled after him with a heavy bang.

Marcus was a wasteful boy. He spent all the cents he could get in candy, or fruit, or cake. His mother was not rich, and she did right not to give him the cent he asked for. If she had been rich it would have been proper not to give him all the pennies he wanted.

Marcus knew his mother often took an afternoon nap in her easy chair. So he watched her by peeping in at the window now and then. Presently he saw her nodding. He glided in like a thief, and, slipping his hand into her pocket, stole a cent.

"Do you call it stealing for a boy to take anything from his mother?" asks one of my readers. Certainly. It is the worst kind of stealing. A boy who will rob his mother will grow bad enough to rob a store or a church when he is older. Marcus did. Stealing that cent was his first crime. He went on from bad to worse. When he became a man he was caught robbing a house, and ended his days in the state-prison. Before he died he confessed that his wicked course began when he took that cent from his mother's pocket.

Be honest, my dear child! Never take a penny or a pin from any one by stealth. Be honest! Everybody respects honest children. God loves honesty, but he abhors theft. Be honest! be honest!

JERRY'S WHITE LIES.

"WHAT have you there, Jerry?" said Edward Wilder to his friend, who was sitting on the stoop of his father's house reading.

Jeremiah looked up, smiled, and replied, "A new book, and about the best one I ever read."

"Will you lend it to me when you've read it, Jerry?" asked Edward.

"To be sure I will. I'm almost through it. You come over to-morrow and I'll let you have it, Ned," replied Jeremiah; "just wait while I take it in and I'll go with you down street."

The next day Jeremiah, having finished his book, said to himself, "I don't think I will lend my book to Ned after all. He's always wanting to borrow, and it isn't often he has anything to lend me. I guess I'll put it away."

So Jeremiah, trampling on his promise, carried his book into his bedroom and hid it in the bottom of an old clothes chest. Presently his friend called and said:

"Jerry, will you lend me that book now?"

"I'll see if I can find it," replied the other, and then he ran to the book-shelf, to the table, to the parlor-closet, saying as he turned over their various contents, "Has anybody seen my book? Anybody seen my new book? Where can my new book be?"

Of course, he did not expect to find the book, and after a few minutes of this sham searching he went to his friend and said:

"That book isn't to be found, Ned. Somebody must have poked it away out of sight."

"Well, never mind," replied Edward; "another time will do just as well. Let us go and play base ball."

"You've told a lie, Jerry," whispered a voice in Jeremiah's breast. "You've broken your promise too."

"Not exactly a lie," said Jeremiah in reply to the voice. "It may be what they call a white lie, but not a real black lie. I told him the book couldn't be found because somebody had poked it out of sight. Wasn't that so? Ah, ah, wasn't that so?"

By such talk as this Jeremiah quieted his conscience, though he did not satisfy it. The fact is, he had really, if not squarely, lied to his friend. Was not his willful violation of his promise to lend the book a lie? Was not his sham search for the book an acted lie? Wasn't it a lie to say the book couldn't be found when he knew it was in the bottom of the old clothes-chest? What say you, my children, was Jeremiah a liar or was he not?

You think he lied, do you? Your verdict is true. He did lie, and his lies had no white in them—no lies have. They were downright black, mean lies. If Jeremiah does not repent he will find himself in the liar's home by and by. Where is that? The following words of God will tell you:

"All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

"WHEW!" cries the corporal as he enters the council-chamber, "how sultry it is! I feel as I suppose I should if I were made of mud and had no bones."

That's a bad feeling, corporal, but I know what it is. I feel pretty much so myself. We must expect such feelings, however, as we grow older. A half century of life takes a good deal of starch out of our poor dying bodies.

"That's so," Mr. Editor. "But what a pleasant thought it is that after death we shall enter on a brighter and better life. Heaven is to be our resting-place. How delightful it will be to roam over those celestial plains and hold sweet converse with those of our readers who have gone before and to meet those who will come after—but let us get to work. Here are some queries about the cups of the Bible:



1. An ungrateful man once saw a cup in a remarkable dream. Whose cup did he see?

2. A certain silver cup threw a whole family into great consternation. Whose cup was it?

3. There is a cup in God's hand which he sometimes puts to the lips of wicked men and nations. What is it called?

4. A prophet once called a great city a golden cup. What city was it?

5. Who prayed to be spared the pain of drinking a cup of most bitter agony?

6. There is a cup of which every friend of Jesus loves to drink. What is it? Luke xxii.

The answer to the picture puzzle in our last may be found in Isa. lvi, 7.

"Here is a letter from H. L. M. about Aunt Julia." Well, corporal, if the letter is as good as the subject it is first rate.

"I can't say how that is. The writer says: 'In vain have I looked for the past few weeks for an article from 'Aunt Julia.' It is with pleasure that I read an article from her, for I feel as if I knew her. When I

look back through the past thirteen years of my life, I find on memory's page a picture of a schoolhouse, with happy children gathered there and Aunt Julia as their teacher. It seems not so far away in the past as thirteen years, but so it is. It would not be strange if Aunt Julia could not trace any resemblance in the countenance of the tall woman of twenty-four years to the little flax-haired girl of eleven, who was her pupil in that school in the town of O., Wisconsin. How well I remember that bright summer day when I felt so grieved at some act of a schoolmate that I carried a complaint to our teacher, expecting that punishment would be inflicted upon the offender. But how greatly was I humbled when, even after she found my complaint to be a just one, she looked kindly at me and said, 'Cannot you forgive her this time? I am sure she will not do the same again.' I do not know as I felt in my heart very forgiving, but I did feel humbled. I had not thought that I could or ought to forgive the wrong. Ah, Aunt Julia, you were sowing the good seed that had taken root, and God alone knows the fruit it may yet bring forth. It was a little thing, to be sure, but like many of the incidents of our childhood which have a tendency for good or for evil. I wonder how many of the numerous readers of the Advocate would be willing to forgive an injury?

Perhaps Aunt Julia will remember those two little girls, Mary and myself, who used to come at the noon recess and ask for her Bible. Mary has passed on to the bright world above, and to-day, no doubt, is singing the song of the redeemed. Though I have not seen Aunt Julia for many years, and may never see her again on earth, yet I expect to meet her in heaven. May God's blessing attend her and her labors!

"I say amen to that," adds the corporal.

So do I, my corporal. Aunt Julia is worthy of all the praise bestowed upon her by H. L. M. Read on, sir!

"Here is a rhyme from MARY, of Richmond, Ill. I'll read it. She says:

"A little girl of four inquires
If she may join the band
Of Corporal Try, that's marching
All through our pleasant land?"

"Tell corporal if he'll let me
I'll be as good's I can,
I'll always love the Saviour,
And try to get to heaven.

"And my little baby brother,
Who came a year ago,
So good, so sweet, the corporal
Will let him in, I know.

"Be sure and spell my name, she says,
He has so many more;
So, corporal, please write it—
MARY LOUISA MORE.

"I'll admit Mary," says the corporal, "because she rhymes well for a girl of four and no more. May she love praying better than rhyming. The 'baby brother' I hand over to you, Mr. Editor."

Well, if Mary will be responsible for him I vote for putting down his name. What next, corporal?

"Here is a letter from the mountains of California written by JOHN G. He says:

"Auburn is a mountain town pleasantly situated. We have a nice church, and Mr. Tuthill, our preacher, is a very fine minister. So is our superintendent, Mr. Hazle. They both try their best to show the way to God to the scholars, and I think they have succeeded in a great measure. We wait the coming of the Advocate with impatience, for we all love to read it. Sometimes it does not arrive, then you ought to see the many disappointed faces, that itself would convince anybody how much we love your paper. Our Sunday-school musters sixty scholars, all good children. Now I will tell you why we wrote you this letter. There are four brothers of us—John, James, Sylvester, and George Gilroy—aged respectively fifteen, twelve, ten, and six, and we thought we would ask for admittance into the ranks of Corporal Try, and I think if we succeed there will be more following. Now, Mr. Editor, do use your influence with Corporal Try in our behalf."

I vote for those California brothers, corporal.

"I admit them," says the corporal, "hoping that they will prove to be as rich in high character as their mountains are in gold. Here is a letter from W. H. H., of Lowell, Mass., who says:

"As I came down from the pulpit last Sabbath morning, one of your little readers met me at the altar and handed me a little package, saying, 'This is for the missionaries.' He had saved his pennies which had been given to him from time to time, instead of spending them for candy or toys, as too many children do, to aid the cause of missions. On opening the package I found thirty cents. Noble boy! Now if all our little boys and girls of the Sabbath-schools will imitate the frugal and benevolent example of little Joseph Draper, for this is his name, the cause of missions will not fail for the want of money."