

is everywhere present. He was comforted by this knowledge because he loved God. Wicked children are afraid of God, while those who serve him are happy to think that he is round about them by night and by day. Child, does it make you happy to know that God sees you and surrounds you at all times and in all places? X.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1863.



THE SPELLING LESSON.

"AERONAUT!" said Mrs. Padwick, the teacher at Man- orville, to a class of girls which had just ranged itself in due order in front of her desk.

"E, r-o, Ero, n-a-u-t, Eronaut," said Ellen Muun, who had long stood at the head of the class.

"Aeronaut, Miss Little," said Mrs. Padwick, addressing the next scholar.

"A-e, r-o, Aero, n-o-t, Aeronot," replied Miss Little.

"Aeronaut!" cried the teacher in a tone of voice which indicated rising anger as she nodded to the third girl in the class.

"A-e, r-o, Acro, n-o-u-g-h-t, Acronought," replied girl number three.

"Aeronaut!" thundered the teacher, now fairly vexed at what she considered the stupidity of her pupils.

Julia Edmonds was fourth in the class, and she spelled the word correctly.

"Go up!" said the teacher, with a smile which showed that the sun of her better nature was bursting through the clouds of her ill-temper.

Julia went to the head of the class, but was greeted as she went by the scowls of the three misses over whose heads she was advanced. She was jubilant in her own heart, for she had long desired to stand at the head of the spelling-class. "They will have to try very hard before they get above me again," thought she.

Julia and Ellen, whose place she had taken, had been bosom friends for a long time. Out of school they were seldom long apart. I think they loved each other as sincerely as school-girls ever love one another, which I am afraid is not a very strong proof of the greatness of their regard. But to-day Ellen passed out of school without deigning to look at Julia, and joined herself to Caroline Little, who had long been known as their common enemy.

"How mad Ellen is because you got above her," said Emily Angus stepping to Julia's side; "for my part, I'm glad you did it, for I think you are a much better scholar than she is any day."

These flattering words pleased Julia, and caused several little spirits which had been hiding in her heart to step from the dark corners in which they had been skulking into the light. One of these spirits, named Vanity, moved her to reply:

"Yes, I think I know enough to be at the top. I'm sure I know as much as Ellen Muun any day."

"I should think you did," rejoined Emily. "For my part, I think there is more brass than gold about Ellen. I always thought she looked down on you, although she pretends to be so friendly with you."

Then the little sprite named Pride moved briskly about in Julia's heart. Tossing her head very high Julia said:

"I don't know why Ellen should look down on me. I'm as good as she is any day."

Just then the good voice in Julia's heart whispered, "Julia, Julia, is it right for a Christian girl to talk so?"

"Ellen is to blame. She ought not to be mad because you took her place," whispered Pride.

"She has been a long time at the top. Wouldn't you feel bad if you had been there so long as she has and had lost your place?" said the good voice.

"What makes you so glum? I've spoken to you three times and you haven't answered me. I won't walk with a dummy like you," said Emily as she walked off in high dudgeon.

Julia had been so taken up with her own thoughts for the previous minute that she had not noticed Emily's remarks. The better feelings now rising within her mind made her glad that her temptress was gone, for she now saw that Emily's evil words had indeed stirred up evil thoughts and feelings. "I have been wrong," said she, half aloud, "to rejoice over Ellen's fall. I ought to have felt sorry for her. I don't believe she looks down on me, and I have a great mind to give her the place I won to-day back again."

When Julia said this the little sprites slunk back into their dark corners again, and the good voice spoke aloud and said:

"That's right, Julia. You may rejoice over your own prosperity, but you ought not to be glad because Emily feels bad. You ought to comfort her."

"And I will," said Julia as she began running toward Ellen's home.

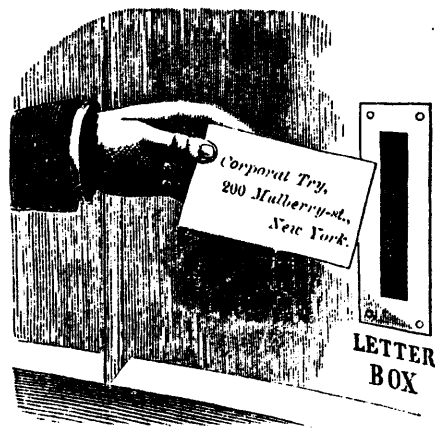
She found her friend in tears. Running up to her, she threw her arms round her waist and said:

"Ellen, I'm sorry you missed to-day, and, if teacher will let me, I'll go back to my old place in the class to-morrow."

This generous proposal touched Ellen's heart. She looked at her friend with admiration a moment, then kissed her and said:

"No you won't. You fairly earned my place, and you shall keep it. It was wrong in me to get mad about it. I'm sorry. Come, let us forget all about it and be friends again."

Thus did the two girls make up their little miff. I'm glad they did, for I don't like to see two girls quarrel about nothing. Don't you think Julia did right?



OUR LETTER COLUMN.

You look thoughtful to-day, corporal. What disturbs you?

"Nothing, my dear editor, ever disturbs me which does not equally trouble you. If I looked thoughtful just now it was only because I was thinking what to say to a little girl who writes me that she has a little garden-patch in which she wants to grow some flowers next summer, but she neither knows where to get seeds nor what kind to send for. She says the people round her home are farmers and don't cultivate flowers. They would rather grow

corn than candytuft, potatoes than pansies, pigs than pinks. What do you say to her, Mr. Editor?"

Not much, my friend and second self, because I am not a florist, you know; but since I have recommended my children to grow flowers, (and this little girl may take the hint we gave in our last. I advise her and all like her to send to *Mr. James Vick*, Rochester, New York, for one of his catalogues of flower-seeds. Mr. Vick is a good Sunday-school man and a florist too. He will send his catalogue free to any one who will write for it, and in that your little friend will learn much about seeds and how to get them good and cheap. Now, corporal, what next?

"Here is the answer to the Biblical enigma in my last: (1.) Felix, Acts xxiv, 25. (2.) Eye, Psa. xxxiii, 18. (3.) Sad, Neh. ii, 1, 2. (4.) Mnason, Acts xxi, 16. (5.) Blame, Eph. i, 4. The precept, 'Feed my lambs,' John xxi, 15.

"And here is another Scripture puzzle for the puzzle-wits of my company. The following tangle of letters, when disentangled and marshaled in due order, will give you the *first* of the recorded words of Jesus Christ: cygu thehosmwotittiah.

"Here is a letter from J. T. E., of Schuyler Falls, who says:

"DEAR CORPORAL,—In the beautiful valley of Lake Champlain we have a fine Sunday-school numbering over eighty scholars, and it has been in successful operation for more than twenty years, and the beauty of it is it will keep running. The superintendent and some others thought of closing the school through the winter, but it was no go; the scholars said *no*, and the superintendent yielded most gracefully, and the school is in full blast. I wish you could drop in some cold Sabbath morning and see the bright eyes of the scholars twinkle as they enter the schoolroom, their rosy cheeks and ruby lips all animation, each determined to be No. 1, capital A. I asked the teacher of a class of six if any of her class wanted to enlist in the Try Company. She put the question. Every one was on their feet in a moment. I know them all, and I pledge my word, if you will receive them, they will make good soldiers, or, at least, they will *try*, for so they all said, and you can rely on what they say. Their names are Ellen, Havel, Sarah, Nina, Benton, and George. Now, dear corporal, if you will admit them into your Try Company, and they meet your expectations, we may send others soon. Gen. Hooker has a large army; still, methinks the Sunday-school army is much the largest. While his army is endeavoring to crush out rebellion, which is clearly right, let our big army of little soldiers be trained to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and judgment to come.

"We have an encampment of soldiers at Plattsburgh on the Bloody Saranac, and as military is all the rage now-a-days, we date our correspondence, 'Sunday-School Encampment at Schuyler Falls, Clinton Co., N. Y.'

"Huzza for that encampment! Its soldiers will carry the gates of sin by storm and scale the heights of salvation on the ladders of faith. Huzza! huzza!" cries the corporal, who seems to have caught his old battle furor again of late. As for me I am more calm, and so I wish the little soldiers at Schuyler success in their war against sin, and crowns of glory at last.

"JENNIE, of Dubuque, Iowa, says:

"I intend to earn missionary money by bringing home a good report from my week-day school, for which I get money."

Jennie's parents are kind indeed to reward her for diligence in her studies, and she is wise to hand that reward over to Christ's cause; but if I were Jennie I would be diligent in study for duty's sake and earn my money for Jesus in some other way. Wouldn't you, corporal?

"Bless you, Mr. Editor, no. If I were Jennie I should do what Jennie does exactly, or else I shouldn't be Jennie, should I?"

I'm hit! Read on, corporal.

"A Bereaved Mother' says:

"My dear little boy when alive used often to wish me to write and tell you how he tried to be good, and often when he felt tempted to say or do something wrong he would say, 'No, I belong to the Try Company.' We took the papers for him when only one year old, and among the first words he said was, 'I try,' or 'I will try.' I gave him to the Lord in prayer, and always felt him as though set apart for the Lord. O how earnestly I wished him to grow up for the service of Jesus, and always talked to him about loving to say something for Christ, although only five years and eight months old when he died. The last time he was out of the house he was at the Sabbath-school festival at Clayville, where he spoke a piece about the birth of Jesus."

I print this sweet little note about Frederick, who has gone to the school of the great Teacher in glory, to let you see how mothers feel about their children. Your mothers feel about your souls very much as this lady did for her little boy. I hope you will heed their wishes and give your hearts to the Saviour. Good-by!