

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1865.



DROWNED, BUT NOT LOST.

On a fine afternoon in June last John Payson W. Clark* asked and obtained permission of his friends to bathe with his schoolmates in Damon's Pond, Northampton, U. S. On his way he said to a fellow-student:

"I have only three more Latin lessons to get before the term closes, and I am glad of it, for I am about tired out; then I shall go home and have a good long rest."

Payson did not say this because he was lazy, but because he was really weary and unwell. Perhaps he was more ill than he supposed himself to be. On going into the water he declined swimming across the widest part of the pond with the others, and struck out for a nearer point on the dam.

"Good-by, John," shouted his companions gleefully as he left them.

"Good-by," replied he with equal cheerfulness.

He reached the dam safely, and having rested a while, started to swim back. He had not proceeded many yards before he was seen struggling, and heard calling for help. None but small boys were near, and before the larger ones could reach him he sunk in eighteen feet of water.

The alarm was given. The gate of the mill-dam was closed. Large boys dived after him. Strong men came to the rescue. But all was vain. His body could not be found until the waste-gate was opened. Then it floated through and was taken up, wearing a sweet smile on its dead face, by the loving hands of the school-teacher, who loved Payson very tenderly indeed.

This was a sudden death for a boy to die, wasn't it? If he had been a bad boy it would have been awful, because in that case he would have been lost as well as drowned. But though drowned, Payson was not lost. He was a Christian boy. He had no bad habits. His life was pure. He had high and noble qualities. God loved him, his parents loved him, his teacher loved him, his schoolmates loved him; he was beloved by all that knew him. Happy boy! Death was victory to him; it opened the gate of heaven to his immortal soul.

Read what his teacher, Mr. G. B. Manley, said of him at the time of his death. Said he:

"To me this is the saddest hour of all my life as a teacher. My noble boy, my beautiful boy, the boy upon

* Payson, a Model Boy; or, Recollections of John Payson Williston Clark. By his Father. A True Story for Boys. Such is the title of a new book recently issued at the Book Rooms. It is a volume that every boy who wishes to do his duty should read and study. It will show him how dutiful a Christian boy can be, and how much a really right-minded boy is loved by his friends.

whom neither teacher nor schoolmate ever looked but with honest pride and affection; the boy against whom no whisper was ever heard, but all his schoolmates testified that he 'never did anything wrong;' the boy whom none ever envied the honors he bore so modestly, but all acknowledged them fully merited, and rejoiced in them even as though they had been their own—this lovely and beloved boy is taken from us. He went out yesterday at the close of school full of physical life as of nobleness of soul, and in scarce half an hour his body lay lifeless at the bottom of the stream where he was bathing with his companions. So suddenly has the stroke come upon us, and it overwhelms us with sadness. Less than sixteen years of age, he possessed maturity of judgment beyond many men. His intellect was of a superior order, mastering with completeness whatever he undertook, and he had a remarkable power of expressing in the clearest language whatever he had learned. Yet his great beauty was in the perfectness of his moral and Christian character. His truthfulness was beyond suspicion even in the minutest particular. He was looked up to involuntarily by all his schoolmates as a model of a noble, earnest Christian youth in the school-room, on the play-ground, everywhere. For me he was a staff upon which I could rely, and I have long been conscious that his silent influence in the school was an invaluable aid to me in maintaining its discipline and efficiency. I loved him as a son, or rather as a younger brother, for I never had occasion to exercise over him the authority of a father. What he was to his parents, and to the family of our esteemed fellow-citizen whose name he bore, and who had taken him under his care, I can well imagine; and in their loss I can deeply sympathize. I have no fear that the unqualified praise of these few hasty sentences, the outpouring of a full heart, will cause a thought of jealousy to any of his young companions. They will unanimously accord it as only the just due of John Payson Williston Clark."

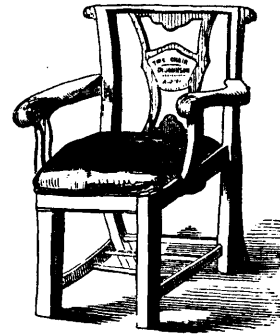
His schoolmates showed their regard for him in various ways. Among other things, they proceeded to his grave at the close of the school term and crowned it with flowers. At its head they placed a wreath of evergreen, at its feet a cross of evergreens and roses. They sorrowed deeply over his death.



Don't you think it is a pleasant thing to be loved? No doubt you do. There is no other pleasure on earth equal to that of loving and being loved. Money is nothing compared to the love of friends and companions. A child that is loved by everybody can afford to be poor. In fact, he is not poor, for love is riches.

It pleases me to tell you that you can all attain to these riches. Only be loving yourselves, be gentle, be true, be diligent, be good, be pious, and your friends will be sure to give you their love. Dr. Doddridge's little daughter said everybody loved her because she loved everybody. Mark that, and be sure that if you are not beloved by others you are not loving yourself. Do you understand? If not write to me about it.

EASY CHAIR.



I WONDER what sort of a mood will be upon my children when they receive this number of my paper. Will they be gay or sad? dreamy or wide awake? ready to be pleased or easy to be provoked? If I knew, I would suit my talk to their tempers. But I don't, so I won't talk at all. I will turn to my letter-bag and let them

talk to me as I sit in my easy chair. I will, however, first treat them to an old puzzle:

R H M
K O M

If these letters are properly arranged they will give you the name of something which has been the cause of misery to millions of people.

Here is a puzzle "of my own composing," as the parish clerk said when he read his own hymn:

C L N
S T N

Place these letters aright and they will tell you the name of every child's worst enemy.

Now, Mr. Corporal, open your letter-bag and fish up as many letters as we can print in this column.

"Here is a letter from LILLIAN, of —, who says:

"We have taken your Sunday-School Advocate for a year and like it very much. It was so that we could not go to Sunday-school for several Sundays, and the teacher or superintendent was so kind as to save and send them to us. What a nice lot of stories and pictures we had all at once! We want to join your Try Company if you will take us. I suppose the members of that company are expected to try to do right things and not give up; is that it, Mr. Corporal? I have a little Sister Evvie. She found out what I am writing about, and she says she is old enough to join the Try Company too, and I don't know but she is, for she has the most perseverance of any of us children. We live by the side of the river. We love the river, its bright sparkling water. We love to hear it sing as it flows gently along; but we never play close to its brink, for our parents do not love to have us go too near. We have lots of tame rabbits, but we have to keep them shut up, for else they will destroy the fruit-trees. We should love, if you were near, to bring you a basket of nice fruit when it gets ripe."

The Corporal would like to visit Lillian and Brother Johnnie and Evvie on that river bank, and play with those rabbits, and the editor would like some of that nice fruit when it ripens; but they both like still better that love which those little ones cherish for them. May they all do right things, and right things only, so long as they shall all live!—What next, Corporal?

"CHARLES E. C., of B—, says:

"I like to read the Sunday-School Advocate. I have read all the letters in it. I like to read the letters from China, India, etc., for I like to hear about the poor heathen. We have got a very good Sabbath-school here, but we have not got many scholars, but what few there is love to attend. We have got a first-rate superintendent. His name is Mr. C. L. King. We all like him and he likes us. I want to be admitted into your Try Company. I will try to be good and obey my parents. I like to read the Bible. I think it is the best of books. I have read it partly through. I think I can send you a lot of recruits for your Try Company by and by."

Charlie promises many good things in this letter. Will he do one other still more important thing—give his heart to Jesus? That is the corner-stone of well-doing. Will my dear boy do it?

"C. H. K., of H—, says:

"I am twelve years of age. We have had a revival here this winter. It began about the middle of November, and I was converted about the first of December, and my sister at about the same time, and we are now striving to be faithful Christians. I want to join your Try Company."

Charlie had a blessed Christmas gift last December when Jesus entered his heart and poured out his love. May he put on the whole armor of God and fight for Jesus bravely to the end!