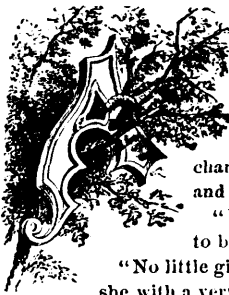


Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1865.

IS IT FUN TO BE NAUGHTY?



"Are you a good child?" said I not long since to a bright little miss of four or five.

"Sometimes I am good and sometimes I am naughty," replied the sweet little puss with charming truthfulness. I smiled, and patting her head, said:

"You must ask Jesus to help you to be good always."

"No little girls are good all the time," said she with a very wise look.

Of course, I could not very well deny this, but I rejoined, "They ought to try to be."

My little lady then put on a very funny face and said:

"It's fun to be naughty sometimes."

Now that was a quaint idea to come from the lips of a child. I could not help smiling while I told her that "though being naughty might be fun at first, it brought sorrow at last." She gave me a very knowing look, which told me that she knew what I meant, and I then gave her a good-by kiss and left her, thinking of her remark, "It's fun to be naughty sometimes."

Yes, children, no doubt it is fun to be naughty sometimes. This is only saying that sin is pleasant at first. Tommy thinks it very pleasant to play truant; to escape punishment, when he tears his pants, by telling a lie; to tease little Sister May until she cries; to eat as much pudding as he pleases; and to do many other naughty things. I have no doubt that Tommy finds sinning quite a pleasant business at first. But how is it afterward? When the sin is committed the fun is over. Then comes guilt, shame, and punishment. The previous pleasure is lost in the present pain.

Children, sin is a cheat. It comes with smiles, kisses, and false promises, but it carries a rod beneath its robe. It pleases only that it may punish and kill. "The wages of sin is death." Beware, therefore, how you sin. "There is a way which seemeth right." That way is the way of wrong-doing. It ends in pain, ruin, death. Beware! Don't sin for the sake of the fun. There is no fun in being punished, as all sinners surely are, sooner or later.

STOP THAT SCRIBBLING!

STOP that scribbling, Master Thoughtless! Don't you know that public buildings were not meant to be covered with silly words, nor, indeed, with any other words? But you are always writing folly somewhere. Your name is on every side of the school-house. Your initials are carved on your desk. I saw them also on the railroad station-house one day. In fact, your scribbling and cutting is to be seen all over the village.

Please stop it, will you? None but boobies and idlers scribble their names as you are doing. You have no right to deface other people's property in this way. It does you no good, but it does cause you to be blamed by some and laughed at by others. You had better study harder, pray more, and so improve yourself that before you die you may be able to write your name on the hearts of men and cause them to bless you for your deeds of charity. What say you, Master Thoughtless?

MY EASY CHAIR.

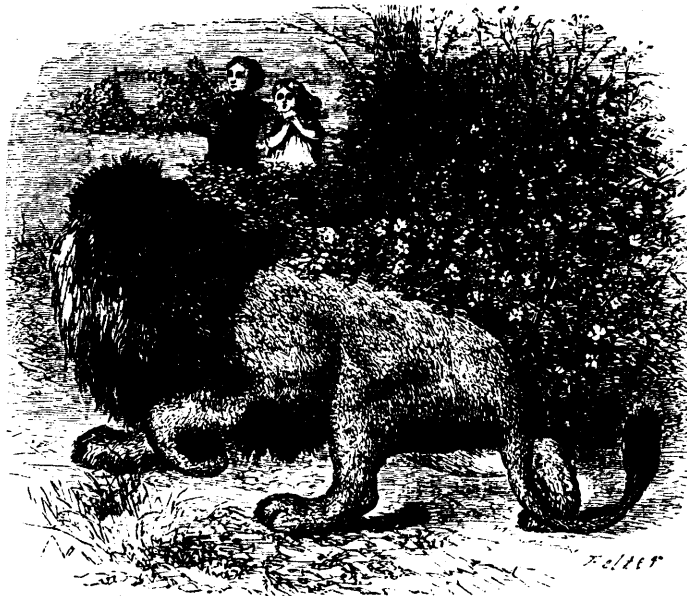
THE Corporal reports a large number of applicants for admission to the Try Company and he enrolls them all. One little boy wants him to get a medal for my company boys and girls to wear. The Corporal says the idea is a good one, but the Book Agents do not make such things as medals. It is not their business, and so members of the Try Company must show what they are by their deeds and not by a medal.

Another writer tells him how the subscriptions for the Advocate in his school were exchanged for a bank-bill which was a counterfeit, and the children lost their money and failed to get their papers. I wish I had that wretched counterfeiter in my office for an hour. Wouldn't I lecture him soundly! I would teach him the wickedness of living by such robbery. If he has a heart it would be touched, I think, when I showed him how much his crime disappointed those little ones who failed through him to get their paper. Shame on him! I'd rather be a caterpillar and rob apple-trees of their foliage than a counterfeiter who robs widows, orphans, and poor children.

I will now give the answer to the chaos of words in our last number. The text is: "Therefore let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober." 1 Thess. v. 6. The picture showed some asleep, and one noble Christian soldier watching for his Lord.

Here are some questions about lions to be answered from the Bible:

1. Which of the tribes of Israel are compared to a lion?
2. What great man once found honey in the carcass of a lion?
3. What two soldiers were said to be stronger than lions?



4. What does Solomon pronounce to be better than a dead lion?
5. What terrible personage is compared to a roaring lion?
6. Among whom did the Lord send lions?
7. Who is called the lion of the tribe of Judah?

Here is a letter from Rev. A. M. HOUGH. After stating that the Sunday-School Advocate had come to hand, he says:

"The happiest children I have seen for many a month were the children of this Sunday-school when I distributed the first package of papers among them. Many of them never saw a Sunday-School Advocate, and they could hardly restrain their pleasure. One little girl said, 'O what pretty pictures!' Another showed her paper to a playfellow who did not go to Sunday-school and she came the next Sabbath. A few of our scholars have been accustomed to see the Sunday-School Advocate at their homes many hundred miles away from these mountains, and they welcomed it as they would some very dear old friend whom they had not seen since they left their pleasant homes in the east to come out to this rude, wicked country.

"There are many things out here which I think would interest your little folks to know about, and, if you desire it, I will send a scrap now and then to the Sunday-School Advocate.

"We have two Sunday-schools on this charge which show a list of about one hundred and fifty scholars. At Helena, where Brother M'Laughlin is, he has a Sunday-school started, but not a book of any kind. I do not know the number of scholars."

We shake hands through the Advocate with the little ones in the far, far West. May they be as true and noble as the Advocate seeks to make them!—ALICE N. G., of C—, writes:

"Not far from where I live, in a little brown house near the shore of a pretty lake, lives 'Aunt Fanny,' an old lady now in her ninety-third year. Last May, while walking out, she stumbled and fell, breaking her hip-bone. Since then she has been entirely confined to her bed. The winter before she had a paralytic stroke, which confined her

to her room for a long time, and was just recovering from that so that she could walk about a little when she fell, receiving this injury. She has been obliged ever since to lie on her back, not being able to sit up or even to rest herself by lying on one side. Yet she is very patient, though she sometimes says she longs for the time to come when she will go from this world where she suffers so much. Since she has been sick there have been nearly two hundred persons in to see her, and that is quite a good many for a little country place. To amuse herself she makes little pocket pincushions for her friends. She has made over three hundred. I thought you would like to have one, so I asked her to make one for you. I think if we boys and girls of your Try Company were to be as industrious as 'Aunt Fanny' we might accomplish a great deal."

Aunt Fanny's pincushion nestles cosily in the Editor's vest-pocket, and little Alice shall have a place in his affections. May Aunt Fanny's mantle of patient toil fall on the shoulders of Miss Alice!—HENRY E., of M—, says:

"I am getting to be a big boy. I was five years old the 16th of April. My big brother has gone from home, and I have to help pa do the chores. I ride Freddie, the colt, to water while pa feeds Frank. I feed the chickens and help feed the pig, and go with my big sister to milk the cows. Pa gave me fifteen cents to get your picture, for I think you are a good man, and if I can't see your face I want your picture. I am trying to be a good boy and love my Saviour. I am going to Sabbath-school every Sabbath if I am well this summer. Will you please admit me and my little brother in your Try Company? Please excuse my printing, for I am just learning to print."

Bravo, my big little Henry! You have certainly earned a right to a place in the Try Company. Take care that colt don't throw you. Be sure you give those chickens plenty to eat. Be sure you love your Saviour with all your heart. Be kind to brother and sister, and obedient to pa and ma. The Corporal sends you a hearty kiss.—A. I. G., of W—, says:

"I have taken your little paper for ten years, long before I can remember. My parents took it at first for me to look at the pretty pictures your Advocate always has in it and they read it to me. I suppose you will think I should be a very smart little girl as I have always taken so wise an editor's paper. I am not very wise yet, but hope to be some time."

If Miss Alda has treasured up and will put in practice all the good things she has read in the Advocate she will be, if not the smartest, at least one of the best girls in the land. Better still, she will find her way to heaven. I send her my good wishes.—JENNIE M. S., of W—, says:

"I and Brother Artie go to Sunday-school. Three years ago this summer my dear papa was the superintendent, but at his country's call he left our little home and went away to be a soldier. When he had served two years he was taken sick. He was sick about three months. He got a furlough and was coming home. He came as far as grandpa's in Wisconsin. Three days after he got there he died, but he was prepared. He is in heaven now, and mamma says we will live forever with him in heaven if we are good. We are trying very hard to be good. I have three uncles in the army now, and one uncle died in the army. We are very lonesome, for dear papa he was so good and kind."

Jennie and Artie have this to comfort them in their lonely home—their papa died for his country. Greater comfort still have they in knowing that Jesus takes particular care of fatherless children. I trust that Jennie and Artie will do all they can to comfort their dear mamma.—HATTIE B., of M—, says:

"I sometimes get out of temper, but I pray to be forgiven. Don't you think Revelation is a beautiful book? I have read a great deal in it this evening. I got to reading and before I knew, so deeply absorbed in it was I thinking over it, I read six chapters, it is so beautiful. With a heap of love to you, dear, kind editor, I remain yours in faith."

Hattie's temper must be overcome or she will not be fit to dwell in the heavenly city. She must fight it, pray against it, watch it, and never give up until she feels that she is its mistress. Hattie will be a heroine when she conquers herself.—R. B., of B—, says:

"Twenty-two of our scholars have made a profession of faith in Jesus since the re-organization of our school, Nov. 6, 1864. We love the Advocate and hope its wise editor will long live to bless us with words of good cheer."

What a blessed thing it is that our children are coming to Jesus!