

alone had the misfortune to survive her." These are the touching words of grateful love. They say as much as a volume of praise for the gentle mother of whom they were written. Wherever his name and genius are known, her virtues will be remembered. He was buried, as he wished, by her side in the church-yard at Stoke. Her articles of dress were found after his death in a trunk as she had left them. It seemed as if he was loth to open it to give them to the relatives to whom they were left.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

HOW TOM AND HIS SISTER CAME TO QUARREL.



OM was spinning his humming-top and Kate was tossing her ball on the piazza. Kate often stopped to look at Tom's top, and to say, "How nicely it spins!" Then Tom would pause and say, "Well, I declare, Kate, you toss and catch a ball better than any girl I ever saw."

Thus this brother and his sister had a nice time, and were very happy in their play.

By and by Kate grew tired of the ball—it was Tom's ball—and so, turning to her brother, she said:

"Tom, let me spin your humming-top a little while, will you?"

"No I wont," replied Tom. "Tops are boys' playthings. They were not made for girls."

This was certainly an ill-natured speech for Tom to make. Perhaps he was tired. Some boys are always cross when they are weary.

"Girls do play with *humming-tops*," said Kate in a coaxing tone. "Come, Tom, let me have it to spin once—only just once. Do, Tom!"

"I tell you I wont," said Tom.

"Then I'll cut your ball to pieces," replied Kate.

"Cut it if you dare," said Tom.

He didn't think Kate would dare. But she did, for, taking a little penknife from her pocket, she cut it open, let the stuffing drop out, and then, throwing the leather cover at Tom's feet, said:

"There, take your old ball! You see I have dared to cut it."

Tom felt bad. He sat down with his back against a pillar of the piazza and cried. Kate sat in her little chair and pouted. They were both as miserable as they could well be.

They sat in this mood for some minutes. Then Kate, feeling ashamed of her part in the quarrel, said:

"Tom, come here; let us make up!"

"I don't want to," said Tom. "You spoiled my ball, and—"

"There, Tom," said Kate, running toward her brother and placing her hand playfully over his mouth, "don't talk so. I did wrong when I cut your ball, and you were unkind when you would not lend me your top. We were both wrong, only I acted worse than you did. Come, let us make up, and I will stuff your ball again and make it as good as it was before."

Tom yielded to this entreaty and kissed Kate. Thus the brother and sister healed their quarrel and went to their play again feeling very much happier than they did while quarreling, but they were not half as happy as they would have been if they had not quarreled at all.

I wonder how many Toms and Kates I have in my Advocate family. I half suspect the boy or girl now looking on these lines is one of them. If so I'm sorry. I can't love a quarrelsome child half as much as I want to. But look here, Master Tom and Miss Kate, if you will quarrel be sure you "make up" quickly. Still it would be far better not to fall out at all. Remember, God is angry with quarrelsome boys and girls. His command to them is, Love one another, and Love, you know, is not easily teased into a quarrel, nor does it ever provoke another. Let every boy and girl be loving, kind, and gentle.



POPPING CORN.

POPPING corn is a very pleasant play. Peter Popper in the picture is popping a lot of pop-corn for his pretty sisters. Peter Popper's face is as playful as the corn in his popper. Peter is no doubt a very pleasant fellow.

Pop-corn is very nice eating when it is well popped, but popping tempers are not quite so pleasant. Just speak to a child with such a temper and pop, pop, pop come the sharp, angry words from the pouting lips. Pshaw! I don't like a popping temper. Do you? I would rather step barefooted on a Canada thistle than spend one hour with such a temper. Wouldn't you?

If my little reader has a temper like pop-corn, I advise him to get rid of it as soon as he can. Remember, the Great Physician cures bad tempers without fee or reward. Go to him, my children.



OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Q is out quizzing the boys and girls. He travels like a Yankee looking for "away down East." When he returns let the shams look out.

The corporal is not here to-day. The squire is absent too. The council-chamber contains vacant chairs. What's the matter? Nothing, only the corporal, the squire, and the editor have been rusticated a while. The hot weather almost used them up, and they were forced to retire from the crowded city and rest from their labors for a few days. They will rest from them forever by and by. But before they enter into their last rest they expect to do a great deal of hard work. Look out for them in the next number with Q in their train and a puzzle besides. Until then you must be content with some letters they talked over at their last meeting.

"W. M. P. says:

"You should have been in Camden at the first anniver-

sary of our Try Company. We have been organized just one year, and now have over one hundred members. We gathered together in a large tent to enjoy our anniversary festival, and O what a pleasant time we had! We had plenty of good things, and some delightful music, and two good addresses from Charles L. Porter, of the Third-street Try Company, and Rev. R. S. Harris. At the close of Brother Harris's address he presented, on behalf of the Try Company, a very handsome copy of the Holy Scriptures to the captain of our company. And then in the evening and on Tuesday evening we continued the festival and realized considerable for the benefit of our Try Company. Every one was pleased with the affair. Many of our members already love the Saviour, and we hope that many more will soon learn to love him too. Will the corporal admit us into his Try Company and let us go marching along with him? We subscribe for one hundred and twenty-five copies of the S. S. Advocate and like it."

March on, boys and girls of Camden! March in the narrow way. March, looking unto Jesus. March, singing about Jesus. Keep marching. March straight into glory! These are the corporal's orders. Read on, corporal!

"Here is a line from M. E. G., of Glasco. She says:

"In your Advocate of August 8 there is a little incident about 'A Sensible Horse.' You ask for remarks upon the subject. I think the horse resembles the sinner when he feels the cords of sin that bind him. Then he goes direct to Jesus, praying to him till he finds peace and obtains the new heart. And as the horse 'trotted back to his pasture at a merry pace and in excellent humor,' so the pardoned sinner's heart is light, and he goes singing along the road to heaven. These are my imperfect thoughts on the subject. I know they are not very clear and distinct, and perhaps not at all to the point; but as you ask your Advocate family for our opinion, I trust you will accept this."

May's thoughts are "to the point," certainly, though that horse, knowing as he was, never dreamed of being used to illustrate the feelings of a sinner. I trust May knows by experience what the peace of a pardoned sinner is.

"EMMA, of Lawn Arbor, writes:

"You said some time ago the children might tell you how they earned missionary money. I dried some apples to sell. I cannot send you any flowers of my own raising. I have to go so far to school and have so much to do at home that I have no time to raise flowers, so ma said I might send some wild ones. Please accept them as a token of my love. I have enlisted in the army of Jesus and wish to join the Try Company. Many of the scholars in our school make fun of religious people. I intend to send for your likeness. I am eleven years old."

The wild flowers standing as a symbol of Emma's love are more precious to me than the gayest growth of the greenhouse could be without it. Emma is welcome to my company. Her flowers are in my book-case. Jesus won't forget those apples dried for his sake. Read the next, corporal!

"B. F. M. says:

"I am trying to live a Christian life. I have two half brothers, an own brother, and a dear and lovely mother. I trust in the heavenly paradise. With God's help and my own weakness combined, I am trying to live in that way and manner that I may be among the number of whom Christ shall say, 'Come ye blessed of my Father,' that I shall reign with those of my relatives who have exchanged the land of the dying for the land of the eternal living. I very often think of my dear mother, and of the last words which escaped her lips. They were a request that my dear brother and myself should kneel by our bedside before retiring to rest and ask God's care and his blessing to rest upon us through the night and all future life; but I regret to say I did not seek the favor of God until the winter of 1862, and I would say to the readers of the Advocate, you that have good homes, dear parents that are doing all they can for you to make you happy, always follow their advice, obey every command, never give them occasion for grief on account of your disobedience. Many of the poor people who are dragging their life out in our prisons began the first steps of their mad career by disregarding the rules of their parents. The Advocate is the source of much joy in the school where I attend, and I verily believe is the means of distilling a principle of truth and holiness in the minds of many of its youthful readers."

If that lad acts as wisely as he writes he will no doubt reach the rest that remaineth for the children of God. God bless him! Read on, corporal!

"Here is a paper signed by ALICE MERCER and forty others. It says:

"We, the undersigned, agree to be good children, to be kind to our brothers, sisters, and schoolmates, to be obedient to our parents and teachers, to be industrious, to be studious, and to put down 'Giant I Can't.'"

A capital agreement that. May the children's Friend help them to live up to it! May every boy and girl in Canada do likewise!