

"Nothing, thank you, sir," was his instant reply. "And why, my boy, must I not?" added the gentleman. "Because," said the boy, "it is the Sabbath-day!" Sunday-scholars, we hope, will show in this way to the world that they have been taught that positive command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy!" Exodus xx, 8.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TOBONTO, JUNE 11, 1864.



MARK'S LAST DAY AT SCHOOL.

CHOOSING A TRADE.

"MARK, my boy," said a man to his eldest boy, "you are fourteen years old to-day. It is time you chose a trade. What would you like to be?"

"I should like to be a printer," said Mark.

"A very good choice, my son," rejoined Mr. Hollis. "Printing is a useful and honorable business. It gives you a chance to acquire knowledge and a living at the same time. Printers often rise in the world. Ben Franklin was a printer, you know."

So Mark, after spending another and last day at school, wished the boys good-by, and went into a printing-office. He soon left it, however, saying, "It makes my feet sore to stand all day at the case, and it bothers my brain to keep picking up and throwing down those vexatious little types. Printing is a dull business. I think I would like to be a gardener, and learn to grow nice vegetables and beautiful flowers."

"Be it so, my son," said Mr. Hollis. "I want you to be satisfied. Gardening is both a healthy and a profitable business."

Away went Mark to a gardener. He liked the fresh air and the smell of the flowers, but he did not like digging and weeding. So he soon grew weary of the garden, and went home saying, "Father, I don't like gardening. The sun scalds my head, stooping so much makes my back ache and almost breaks my knees. I think I should like to be a baker. It must be very pleasant to live in-doors and make cake and bread."

So Mark went into a bakehouse. He did not stay there long, but went home saying:

"Father, I don't like being a baker. You have to be up very early in the morning, and then you have to work near the oven, which is hot enough to roast you. I can't stand it. I won't be a baker. I should like to—"

"Stop, my son!" cried Mr. Hollis; "I have given you your choice three times, and you have given up three good trades because each had some unpleasant thing in it. You seem to want a trade which is all pleasant pastime. There is no such trade or profession on earth. Every condition in life has its hardships, its trials, its unpleasant duties. You must learn to make the best of what evil you find in your lot. I shall now choose for you. You will go into my shop and learn my trade."

Poor Mark looked chop-fallen, but there was no help

for him. His father was as firm as he was kind, and he took Mark into his workshop to teach him the art of cabinet-making. Finding that complaining would not help him, Mark soon gave his mind to his work, and in due time found it both pleasant and profitable. He is a good workman now, and if you ever visit his shop you may perchance hear him singing his favorite verse:

"Enjoy what God allows with thankful heart,
From things forbidden cheerfully abstain;
For every state of being will impart
Its own peculiar blessing and its pain."

Mark was foolish at first and wise at last, was he not? You think so, do you? Now why can't you all be wise both first and last? Why not spare yourselves that tramp into the ways of folly which he took? Let his folly make you wise. Let it teach you to do your unpleasant duties cheerfully, keeping in mind that the more you fret over hardships and trials the heavier they become.

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

CORPORAL, you seem pleased. What is the cause of those bright summer-like smiles which adorn your face to-day?

"I have just been reading a note from my friend, Q-in-the-corner," replies the corporal. "Its quaint wisdom pleases me much. Will you hear it?"

Certainly, certainly, my corporal. Whatever pleases you is sure to please me. Read on!

The corporal reads:
"In my travels the other day I saw two girls sitting in a garden-bower, or summer-house. One of them was making her bright little needle fly like a weaver's shuttle. The other had some work in her lap, but she was leaning back on her chair and playing with the rose-buds which peeped in through the lattice-work of the bower. As I stood behind the sweet-scented syringa which flourished near the door of the bower, I heard the busy sister say:

"Maud, why don't you go on with your dress?"
"Maud yawned and replied, 'If I had your knack of doing things, Mary, I would, but I haven't.'"

"Nonsense, Maud," rejoined Mary as she stitched away upon her work. 'You have as much skill as I have, and could work just as well if you would only try.'

"If I liked work as well as you do, Mary, I would try; but the fact is, I hate work, I hate trying, and wish things would do themselves—ha! what's that? A blue-bird? I'll make him fly—there!"

"O, Maud! You have broken that beautiful vase!" cried Mary, dropping her work and running out upon the lawn.

"Yes, the vase was broken—a delicate porcelain vase which stood upon a pillar. It was almost covered with moss-plant, mingled with the delicate blue-flowered lobelia. Maud had struck it with the stone which she threw at the harmless little blue-bird. As I peeped from my hiding-place and saw the sisters mourning over the fragments of the vase I thought of the saying of CATO—*Doing nothing is the way to learn to do evil.* Idle Maud was doing nothing, and that led her to break the vase. If you will teach that saying to your Try Company, Mr. Corporal, good may yet come out of Maud's evil.

"Truly yours, Q-IN-THE-CORNER."

A very good letter for peeping Q. That saying he quotes is worth remembering. It is as true as truth itself. Doing nothing is the way to learn to do evil. Why, there is not a child in the world who could try to do nothing for an hour without falling into mischief. Satan is always on the look-out for folks who do nothing. He knows how to use them. He can't do much with children who are "busy-bees." Hence, good children will keep themselves busy with work, or study, or innocent, healthful play. Let my children remember this and say,

"In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

"Here, Mr. Editor," says the corporal, "are some Bible questions about angels to help them carry out this purpose at once. Search them out!

"1. On what occasions do we find that God employed angels to convey messages to his servants in answer to their prayers?"

"2. When do we find them employed in executing God's judgments?"

"3. In what words did an angel announce the miraculous conception of Christ?"

"4. In what words did an angel announce the birth of Christ?"

"5. In what words did an angel announce his resurrection?"

"6. In what words did an angel announce his ascension and second coming?"



SHEPHERDS LISTENING TO THE ANGELS.

"7. On what occasions during our Lord's life on earth do we find them ministering to him?"

"8. Prove that they will attend him at his second coming."

"9. What angels are mentioned by name in the Bible?"

"10. Prove that God employs angels to watch over his saints."

"11. Where do we find them attending on a dying saint?"

"12. What do we read in the Bible of their number?"

"13. Where is the worship of angels forbidden?"

"Here is the answer to the Scripture enigma in my last:

"(1.) Felix, Acts xxiv, 25. (2.) Abraham, Heb. xi, 8-10, 17. (3.) Israel, Gen. xxxii, 28. (4.) Thomas, John xx, 24, 25. (5.) Hymenæus, 1 Tim. i, 19, 20.—FAITH, Heb. xi, 6; also Eph. ii, 8.

"Here is a lively line or two from J. S. A. Hear him. He says:

"Some fifteen or more years ago I became and have since continued to be a reader of the S. S. Advocate, but never dared before to speak to its editor, and perhaps should not now were it not that some of our little folks have got into a dispute about him. One thinks him a very corpulent, red-checked, white-haired man, who walks with a staff and smiles on all the children he meets. 'Not so,' says another; 'he is a small man, dark-haired, with black whiskers and smiling face.' None here can settle the dispute, and all have agreed that the only way to do it is to send for his photograph at once. The children here nearly all take the S. S. Advocate, and think a great deal of Francis Forrester and his 'ghost of a friend,' the corporal. By the way, please tell the old gentleman, Mr. Corporal Try, that there are a great many boys and girls here who desire to have their names enrolled as 'Volunteers for life, or during the war.' We hope very much that his ranks are not too full to admit them, for they are anxious to get into the work, and would like to be placed in the pioneer corps in more senses than one.

"One of the little girls in the infant class said to me lately, 'O, teacher, I do hope I shall get to the place where Jesus takes the good children.' 'Well, Ida,' said I, 'you can if you try.' Then she said she would try, and I believe she is doing so. Can't you put her name down, corporal? I have many more yet to send, but must wait to see if Ida May Foster is admitted. There's Ada, and Fred, and Frank, and Benny, and Alice, and Emma; Bell, Nettie, and Ory; Arthur, Willie, Tommy, and Jenny, and Hattie; Eva, Louis, Lucius, Jessie, Rena, and more than fifty more, all wanting to be enrolled for the war on old Giant Sin. The dreadful diphtheria angel is passing through our midst and plucking the little flowers on every side; but now I remember, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"That's what I call a good letter, Mr. Editor. It shows that the children are flocking into my ranks like doves to the windows. May God bless them! They are all welcome, and, what is still better, they are all welcome to enter the kingdom of heaven.—Here is a letter from EMMA C. D., saying:

"I have been made a member of the M. E. Church, and I am trying to do what is right. We have a very nice Sunday-school here, and a good pastor and superintendent, who are leading their flocks to the fold of Jesus, and I hope when I die I may go to see the blessed Saviour."

Emma seems to make religion her chief business. That is right. I trust she will be a good soldier in the corporal's army and a conquering heroine in the army of Jesus.

"CHARLIE C. O'KANE says:

"I am trying to be a good boy and obey my pa and ma. I have a little brother nearly two years old who is a mischief. Will you admit me in your Try Company?"

"Yes, Charlie, I will, and since your two-year-old brother is a mischief, I appoint you to set him a good example. Love him dearly. Be kind to him. Kiss him for me."