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For the Sunday School Advocate.

FAITHFUL ROSA.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"Rosa, I am going out this morning and shall leave the children in your care. Be sure you don't take them beyond the lawn, or leave them until I return."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Rosa.

Rosa was a nurse girl, and it was her mistress, Mrs. Bosworth, who gave her this strict charge about the children.

The morning was balmy and pleasant. Rosa took the three children out on the lawn, where they found plenty of amusement, while she sat under a noble old oak reading.

Presently there came to Rosa a girl named Lottie, who said:

"Rosa, there is a man down in the village who plays four instruments at once. He plays a drum, a mouth organ, a triangle, and a barrel organ—"

"What! all at once?" said Rosa.

"Yes, all at once," replied Lottie.

"I don't see how he does it," said Rosa.

"Well, the drum is on his back, and the stick is fastened in such a way that he uses it by jerking his foot. The mouth organ is stuck in his bosom, and he plays that with his mouth. The barrel organ hangs by a band round his neck, and he turns it with one hand while he plays the triangle, which is fixed to the organ, with the other."

"That's funny!" said Rosa. "Does he make good music?"

"Capital!" replied Lottie. "I could have listened to it all the morning; but I thought you would like to hear him, so I came to tell you about it."

"You are very kind, Lottie, and I thank you for coming; but I can't go, because Mrs. Bosworth told me not to take the children outside of the lawn, and I promised I wouldn't."

"Did she? Well, suppose I stay with them while you go and hear a tune or two. Besides, I forgot to tell you the man has one of the funniest monkeys you ever saw. It wears a cocked hat with a feather in it, a jacket and pants, and it looks like a queer little man."

"I should like to see it, really I should," rejoined Rosa; "I always like to look at monkeys, they are such knowing creatures and so cunning."

"Go, then, and if you don't like to take the children leave them here and I will stay with them until you come back," said Lottie.

"No, thank you, Lottie. I promised Mrs. Bos-



worth not to leave the children, and I won't," replied Rosa firmly.

"You are too nice by half," rejoined Lottie pettishly. "Just as if any harm could happen to those children while you run down to the village square and I stay to watch them. You can't trust me, I suppose?"

"Yes, Lottie, I could trust you, and I'm not afraid of any hurt coming to the children, but I should hurt myself."

"Hurt yourself! O my, what nonsense!" exclaimed Lottie, laughing outright. "Just as if you couldn't run half a dozen rods without getting hurt. O, Rosa, you talk like a child."

"You don't understand me, Lottie," said Rosa. "It's not my *body* I'm afraid of hurting, but my *mind*. I should break my promise, and that would be wrong, and make me feel guilty."

"O, that's it, is it?" said Lottie with a sneer, and turning on her heel she left Rosa to her thoughts and duties.

Was Rosa right? I appeal to all the Advocate family for a verdict. Ay or nay, my children? Ay! you cry, your united voices coming up from your countless homes like a mighty peal of thunder. That's as it should be. Rosa would have been an unfaithful, lying girl if she had acted otherwise. Doing as she did, I hold her up for your admiration and—mark the word—*admiration*. As for Lottie,

what can be said in her favor? *She was kind, was she?* I am not so sure of that. Was it kind in her to tempt Rosa to do wrong? Ah, no. Lottie was a wicked girl, and I pray that none of you may ever be like her.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

INVITING THE MOON TO SUPPER.

ALBERT, a sweet little boy, went home with his father and mother one evening from a visit. It was a charming night. Nature was still, and the full moon shone in all her beauty upon their path. On entering the parlor Albert was crying.

"What is the matter, Albert?" asked his mother.

"O, mamma!" replied the boy, sobbing, "I did not think you and papa could be so ungrateful!"

"Why, my dear child? In what have we shown *ingratitude*?"

"Why, mamma, it was very ungrateful not to invite Mr. Moon to come in and have some supper after he so kindly lighted us home."

You smile at little Albert's simplicity, don't you? Well, it is amusing to see a boy simple enough to believe, as Albert did, no doubt, that Mr. Moon could quit his cloud palace, come down to earth, and eat supper. But can't you see something in Albert to admire as well as to laugh at? Don't you think he showed a *grateful spirit*? He could not feel right to receive a benefit without making a return. If you all felt so what heaps of services you would perform for your friends. Your fathers, your mothers, your teachers are working for your good every day, and if you feel as Albert did toward the moon, you want to do them some little service daily in return. Still more, you will be doing service for your heavenly Father, who is heaping benefits upon you every moment. Blue eyes, how much have you done to show your gratitude to your friends, your teachers, your God? W.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

SAY "NO."

If your companions ask you to smoke tobacco, say "No!"

If you are ever asked to take strong drink, say "No!"

If you are asked to break the Sabbath-day, say "No!"

If you are ever tempted to lie, say "No!"