

## Sunday-School Advocate.

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## BOYS AND THEIR PETS.

WHAT are those boys doing? They are schoolboys out on a stroll upon a holiday afternoon. They are standing on a bridge which crosses a river. A small steamboat is puffing away below them, and they are watching the wreaths of smoke which curl up from the water and vanish in the air.

But what of the lamb and the goat which are standing behind them? Look at them! Did you ever see animals wear more contented and quiet faces? They are not tied with cords, yet they do not run away. They are not even restless. What holds them? Ah, Miss Keen-brain, you have the secret. They are bound to those boys by the invisible cords of love.

Yes, that is the secret. Those boys are kind to their pets, and kindness has made those dumb animals love them. The creatures cannot speak words, but their looks tell the story quite as well—perhaps better than their tongues could if they spoke as eloquently as those famous old orators, CICERO and DEMOSTHENES.

Kindness is a jewel. It adorns the characters of boys more than diamonds do the brows of beautiful women. Everybody loves to see children kind. Jesus is pleased to see them so too. But did you ever know an unkind boy to be loved? Boys, if you wish to feel right yourselves, to be loved by others, to enjoy the smile of the kind Redeemer, be kind, be kind.

## CHARLIE AND HIS MOTHER.

A BOY named Charlie stood beside his dying father with a heaving heart and eyes blinded with tears. With his last breath the good man said:

"Charlie, my boy, be kind to your mother."

Charlie never forgot those words, except when he wanted to disobey his mother. At other times he was ready to do anything to show his love for her—at least, he always said so, but somehow when he wanted to have his own way he always forgot.

One afternoon after school he rushed into the parlor and said:

"Mother, there's going to be fireworks on the common to-night because the new water-works are finished. Tom Childs, and Peter Christy, and Harry Townsend, and all the boys are going. May I go too? I want to hurrah for the man who built the works."

Charlie's mother stroked the boy's face, patted his head, and replied:

"I should like to have you see the fireworks, my dear, but I can't trust you with those boys. They are not good boys. Stay with me this evening. I will take you for a walk down to the bridge, where we can see the fireworks as well as we can on the common. Indeed, I think it will be much more pleasant there because there will be no crowd."

This was very kind, and Charlie ought to have loved his mother more dearly than ever for proposing such a plan. I am sorry to say he did not. He pouted, scolded, stamped, and finally shouting, "I will go with the boys!" ran out of the house and joined idle Tom, naughty Peter, and wicked Harry on the common.

Did Charlie enjoy the fireworks? Not one bit. His mother's sweet, pale face kept rising up between him and the brilliant colors of the fireworks. The last words of his dead father kept ringing in his ears louder than the rushing sounds of the fiery rockets. He was miserable, and the boys said, "We never saw Charlie so stupid before."

Charlie hurried home as soon as the last piece went off. He found his home very much disturbed. Nothing looked right. There were no lights in the parlor. Strange faces were seen on the stairs.

"What's the matter?" asked Charlie.

"Your mother is dead!" replied one of the servants. "She died suddenly an hour ago. Your name was on her lips when she died."

Poor Charlie's misery was now perfect. If all the world had been his he would have given it to bring his mother back to life, or even to undo the disobedience of that sad evening. But the deed was done. His mother's sweet face was as marble now, her eyes were closed, her tongue was silent. Charlie was an orphan. He lived to be a man, but he never forgave himself for the disobedience of that sad evening.

Charlie was a boy of good intentions. He always meant to be kind to his mother, but his SELF-WILL was stronger than his love for his mother, and stronger than his sense of duty. Are there not many such children in my Advocate family? I fear so, and I commend them all to go to Jesus for grace to conquer themselves. How many of them will go? Who will go to Jesus first?



## EDITOR'S CABINET.

"WAR is a sad calamity. Battles are wholesale sorrows. They carry swift death to thousands, wounds and broken bones to thousands more, and weeping to unnumbered homes. The bullet that kills a father breaks a mother's heart and bequeaths a legacy of grief and often of poverty to his children. Isn't it sad? Let all our children pray, 'O Lord, give speedy victory to the Gospel, that wars may cease all over the earth and the smiles of universal peace make all nations happy!'"

"That's my composition," says the Corporal sighing.

"There is too much truth in it," replies Mr. Forrester. "I hope you will soon be called to write another, the burden of which shall be 'On earth peace, good will to men.'"

Amen to that, 'Squire—but, Corporal, open your budget and let the little folk speak.

"Let me first give the answers to the questions in our last number. Here they are: THE BODY. (1.) Phil. iii, 21. (2.) 1 Cor. vi, 19. (3.) Rom. xii, 1. (4.) Bones, Exod. xiii, 19. (5.) Opinions, 1 Kings xviii, 21. (6.) Dinner, Deut. xviii, 14. (7.) Yesterday, Heb. xiii, 8.

"UNCLE D., of K—, says:

"I am sorry to be obliged to report to the Corporal one of his Try Company whose heart is as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. He throws stones at the birds, frightens the ponies, and keeps the pigs and poultry well stirred

up. This is not all. He keeps his little brothers and sisters so vexed that they have been constrained to nickname him 'Squealer,' because he makes everything that he meets with squeal that has breath. I must relate one instance. We had a beautiful dove called Dickey, and he was a great pet to all in the neighborhood, old and young. He would perch on the window-sill and coo, and when the window was raised would come into the house and stand on the children's heads and shoulders, and be petted and caressed for a long time. Very fond of peas and wheat, which he would pick from the hand, I assure you he would get his crop well filled with dainties before he finished his call. He had as many friends as neighbors. Even Squealer was not his enemy, although he was the cause of his death. I will tell how. The other morning I heard a loud cry among the children. They said, 'Dickey's tied fast by the neck to the top of the mill!' You can soon guess how he came there. I told this mischievous boy to let him go at once and went about my business. He did let him go, but left the string fastened to his neck, and he flew to another place, and when about to alight the string caught fast to a stick and strangled the poor little fellow to death right in the sight of many of his little friends, who could not climb up where he was soon enough to save him. Alas! sure enough, they brought poor Dickey into the house with his wings and head hanging down, his eyes closed, feathers all ruffled up, a sad sight to us! Such piercing cries and sad wailing were seldom heard among children. Even Aunt Mary and Cousin Gitty shed tears, and I felt my heart choking to hear the lamentation, 'Poor Dickey's dead! Poor Dickey's dead! O poor Dickey's dead!' The little girls took him to the hillside and buried him. There he lies. Poor Dickey!

"We hope the Corporal will say something to this unlucky boy that will make him try very much harder to leave off his mischief.

"Well, well," says the Corporal, taking off his spectacles and sighing, "if that boy, 'Squealer,' really belongs to my company he must be a spy from the enemy's camp. I disown him. Why, he is trying to be wicked and not to be good. He can't belong to my company. Uncle D. must be mistaken. Will he please inquire when Squealer enlisted? If it turns out that he does belong he shall be court-martialed. Will Uncle D. please report?—A little girl in W— wrote a letter to her father about her soul. Here is an extract from it:

"I feel that I am a sinner, but I know if I ask Jesus he will forgive me. Dear pa, if you will only take me somewhere and talk to me about Jesus, and pray for me, for I have such a burden of sin that I am afraid I cannot get in the gate, for narrow is the way, but very straight, that leads to that better land. O if I was only a Christian! Pa, I can pray now. I just ask Jesus to help me to pray, and I can pray now. Pa, I don't care how soon you take me, for I feel I have such a load of sin I don't know if Jesus will ever forgive me. O if you will only ask Jesus to forgive me and make me one of his dear lambs! O if I was only one of his dear lambs how happy I would be! Will you not take me into the room and lock the door, and then pray and talk to me about Jesus? I am going to try and be a good girl and love my Saviour, and when I come to die, that I may not be afraid to die, and I hope, dear pa, that Jesus will go with me through the dark valley and shadow of death. Dear pa, I hope you will meet me in heaven if I should die first. I hope you will pray for me that when I come to die I may go to heaven and live with Jesus and the holy angels forever. O that I may become one of his children and one of his sweet little lambs."

If every child was as anxious about her soul as this little girl Jesus would be glad. He would open his arms to receive them all. There is room in his bosom for all the children on earth. Praise his holy name!

"ALICE G., of C—, says:

"I like to read the letters in the Advocate from China, India, and so forth, for it interests me to hear from those far-off parts of the world, and to hear what the poor little heathen children do. I am going to try to send all my pennies to the poor heathen to buy Bibles with. I do not go to school, and expect I do not know much. I have a little sister Sarah, one year old, but she is too little to fight in your ranks, isn't she?"

"Sister Sarah" is a little too young to join my army, but Alice can begin to train her in a few months. I appoint her to that work, with the Corporal's consent. Alice must read and pick up all the knowledge she can even if she is not able to attend school. She must use her eyes and ears, ask questions, and think. I guess she will never let "I Can't" be her master.

EMILY G. M., of E—, says, "If you will send me your photograph I will send you mine." That proposal looks very fair, and I should like Emily's photo very well; but, ah me! if I should begin to exchange faces with every reader I should need Uncle Sam's purse or Johnny Bull's big bank to pay the bills. I have half a million readers, and should need money to pay for that number of photographs. Can't do it, really. Emily must be content with my mental phiz as it appears in the Advocate every time she reads it.