

to his Father in heaven she said, "I too will trust Him, like this little child."

When Charlie laid his head on his pillow that night he thought, "I am too little to do good; but, O, I do want to be good and to love the Saviour, who came down from heaven to die for me."

Sunday-School Advocate.

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IDLE GEORGE.

"COME, my children, go into the garden and pick a mess of peas for dinner. You had better all go together, because it is nearly time to start for school, and you must all help. Many nimble fingers working together, you know, make quick work."

Thus spoke Mrs. Metcalf one day to her three children, Nettie, Emmie, and George. The two girls smiled as they took down their baskets from a shelf, and Nettie said:

"Yes, ma, we will go and get you a fine lot of peas. The vines are full and we can soon pick a peck."

But George, instead of smiling and getting his basket, pouted, and seated himself firmly in his chair, saying:

"I don't want to pick any peas."

"If you don't pick any I shall not let you eat any," replied his mother.

This threat acted on Master George as a spur does on a horse. It made him go, for he liked peas, and he knew his mother was sure to keep her word. But though he went into the garden, I am sorry to say he did not pick many peas. Instead of going to work with his sisters, he put his basket between the rows and stood watching Nettie's busy fingers as she plucked the ripe marrowfat from their vines.

"Crikey!" said George as, with his hands on his knees, he stood looking at Nettie, "what busters those peas are. I don't think anybody in Elton has peas *that* so big as ours."

"You shouldn't say 'crikey' nor 'busters,' George," said Nettie. "Such words are vulgar. Besides, you had better be picking peas than looking at me."

"You are a mighty particular lady," rejoined George. "I don't see any hurt in saying buster or crikey, and I don't like picking peas. It's hard work."

"But it will be harder to go without your share when dinner-time comes," said Nettie, still plucking away at the peas.

"That's so," replied George, taking up his basket and plucking off a few peas.

He had not covered the bottom of his basket before a beautiful butterfly came floating over the pea-patch.

"Crikey!" cried George, "what a beauty! I'll have him," and away he ran after the pretty painted insect.

"George! George!" cried Nettie, "you will get no peas at dinner-time if you run after that butterfly."

"Bother the peas!" said George, stopping and going back to his basket.

"My basket is full," said Nettie a few minutes later.

"O do come and help me fill mine," replied George.

"I don't know that I ought to help you," said Nettie. "It only makes you more lazy to do your work for you."

"O do, there's a dear, good Nettie," replied George in his most coaxing tones.

Nettie was kind-hearted, and George's coaxing easily won her to help him. She took his basket and began to pick into it, saying:

"George, you must not be so idle, if you are you will be a very poor man when you grow up. You know the maxim ma taught you last week, 'Idle when young, needy when old.'"

"But I mean to work like a beaver when I get older," replied George.

"I'm afraid you won't," said his sister. "As mother often says, What we learn to do and to be while we are children we shall not easily cease to do and to be when we grow up. Did you see that story in the paper yesterday about a baron?"

"No, what was it?" asked George, who would rather listen to a story than pick peas at any time.

"There was a baron in France who died a little while ago, leaving two big heavy boxes among his other things, which his friends thought were filled with gold. On being opened, however, they were found to contain nothing but pins—hundreds of thousands of pins which the baron had picked up in the street. It seems that when he was young he began to pick up pins, and the habit grew upon him so that he did hardly anything else but walk the streets in search of pins, which he hoarded up in his strong boxes—but your basket is full, and we must hurry in or we shall be late to school."

Nettie talked like a sensible girl. I hope George gave good heed to her words. I hope the idle fellow who is reading about her will heed them too. Don't you? *Yes! Very good. Go to work, then, and don't be an idler any more. Remember the maxim, 'Idle when young, needy when old.'*

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

You look more than usually good-natured to-day, my corporal. What pleases you?

"Well, Mr. Editor, I have just read that our most glorious queen is so far recovering from the depression caused by the death of her noble husband, Prince Albert, that she is about to appear in public again."

I'm glad of it. She is a good and glorious woman—the noblest queen who ever filled a throne. God bless her!

"Yes, God bless her!" replies the corporal bringing his cane to the floor heavily. "Let all the children in Canada take up that word and say, May God bless our good and noble Queen Victoria! But we must get to business, Mr. Editor. Here are the answers to Bible questions in our last:

"1. Confidence in an unfaithful man. Prov. xxv, 19.

"2. A wise reprover upon an obedient ear. Proverbs xxv, 12.

"3. A poor man that oppresseth the poor. Proverbs xxviii, 3.

"4. A good name. Eccles. vii, 1.

"5. The words of the wise. Eccles. xii, 11.

"6. The words of the Lord. Psa. xlii, 6.

"Here is a letter from my friend Q-in-the-corner. He says:

"DEAR CORPORAL,—While traveling the other day I heard a boy's voice singing a very idle song. Slipping quietly into the corner of the barn on the roadside from which the sound came, I spied a boy about thirteen years old sitting on a barrel and munching a water-melon. I saw that he was very careful to throw the fragments into the manure-pit, which was under the floor of the barn. Having finished the melon he jumped from the barrel, threw some wet straw on the top of the manure so as to hide the bits of melon, and then taking the curry-comb and brush he began to curry a nice-looking pony that stood in the stable. He did not put his strength out, but worked in a very lazy manner, saying as he slowly moved his arms, 'I don't like this work a bit. I'd rather eat the boss's melons than curry his horse. Then he's so par-



ticular about his old horse. He wants me to spend an hour every morning currying and brushing him. He thinks I do too. But I don't, do I, old horse? Not a bit of it—but that's his step. I must wake up."

"He was right. His master was coming into the barn. He was a stout, good-looking farmer. Stopping before the stall he said, 'That's right, Fred! You know how to curry a horse. I see there is nothing equal to oats and elbow-grease for horses. Oats for his stomach and elbow-grease for his coat. Rub away, Fred, until you make his hair look sleek and glossy. I don't see why he ain't so now under such grooming as yours.'"

"The farmer then turned away. He went into a cellar under the north side of the barn. His back was no sooner turned, however, before Fred stopped rubbing the horse, threw down the comb, leaned back against the side of the barn, and said, half aloud, 'Such rubbing as mine, eh? Guess if his horse don't grow sleek until I rub like that for an hour a day he'll never be sleek.'"

"Ah," said I, "that boy is a sham. I'll write to the corporal about him." What do you think of him, corporal? State your opinion about him, and oblige

"Q-IN-THE-CORNER.

"That boy is a bad sham—a regular 'eye-servant.' His heart is false. His actions are a lie. I wouldn't have him in my company for all the gold in Canada or California. He'd corrupt half of my soldiers. If he don't reform he'll never step inside the gates of the Celestial City. Our good Father in heaven won't let shams dwell near him."

You are right, corporal. Read on!

"Here is a letter from an 'old boy.' I will read part of it. He writes from Trumbull, and says:

"We have a school of one hundred scholars, divided into thirteen classes, with as good a set of teachers as can be gathered in the county. The chief failure is in the superintendent, my humble self. I have superintended the school now four years; am sixty years of age. I think I ought to be released by some young man taking my place. I pray the Lord to send one. Now, sir, we wish to join your Try Company in mass if you can consider us worthy. We have a Bible-class, and we all speak for a position in your ranks. We think a corporal who commands such an army must understand the tactics of Sunday-schools well, and we are willing to try our hand with you if we are received."

The corporal is pleased with this letter. He smiles and says, "God bless that servant of God, who with the burden of sixty summers resting upon him yet clings to the Sunday-school! I admit him and his whole school to my company, but he must not quit his post until the teachers vote him a discharge. The wisdom gleaned from sixty years of life can find no better sphere of action than a superintendent's desk."

"DRUSILLA STOCKWELL, of Trowbridge, says:

"I was baptized yesterday with five others and have joined the Church. Please admit me into Marshal Try's company."

Drusilla is, I trust, baptized with the Spirit as well as with water. May she "follow on" to know the Lord.