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SUPPORT LITTLE

UNTO ME

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOUIS AND EDMUND.

Two lads met in the street one day, named Louis and Edmund. They had been schoolmates, but after leaving school their paths had led in different directions. Both had become clerks; but Louis had chosen the ways of religion and virtue, while Edmund had made up his mind to "enjoy life," by which phrase he meant that his chosen pleasures were those which are found in the "way of transgressors."

They met near the doors of a theater. Edmund was puffing a cigar with the air of one who thinks it manly to waste his health and money in smoke. Clapping a hand on Louis's shoulder, he said:

"Glad to see you, old fellow! How are you? Haven't seen you for an age. Come and see me this evening. I'm going to the theater. I'll stand treat for you. Will you go?"

To this string of questions Louis replied only to the last, saying:

"I thank you, Edmund, I never go to the theater. My mother says it's a bad place for boys, and I believe she is right, for all the fellows I know who go to the theater are what I call 'fast boys.'"

"Pooh, Louis!" said Edmund, puffing a column of smoke into the air; "you are old enough to cut loose from your mother's apron strings and begin to play the man. Mothers are wise enough in some things, but they don't know what is best for young fellows at our age. They would keep us moping about like molting hens if they had their way, but I go in for a merry life. Come, Louis, say you'll call at my boarding-place to-night, take a snack for tea with a few friends who are to be with me, and then go to the play. We'll have the merriest time you ever had in your life."

"I am obliged to you for your kindness," replied Louis, "but I should displease my mother and disturb my conscience if I were to accept your invitation. I cannot afford to do either, and therefore I must decline to accept it."

"That's it, is it?" rejoined Edmund with a sneer. "Conscience and mamma's whims! Faugh! Why, I'll bet a cigar you were never in a theater."

"That's so. I never was inside a theater," said Louis, "and by the help of grace I will never enter one."

"That's great! Never saw the inside of a theater, hey? How do you know it's a bad place then? Come, Louis, act like a sensible fellow. Go to-



night, just for once, and judge for yourself. If you don't like it you need not go again. You must try all things, you know, if you mean to be a philosopher."

"I certainly do not need to take poison to know whether it will hurt me or not," said Louis. "Poison proved itself unfit to be taken by killing people many years before I was born, and the theater has led so many to ruin that I know it must be poison to the soul."

"Whew! You are a case!" exclaimed Edmund with a sneer; "a gone case, I do believe. Your mother and the Methodists have made a milk-sop of you. Wouldn't my set laugh at you if they were to hear you talk and see your parson's face?"

Louis gave no heed to Edmund's sneer, but placing a hand on his shoulder he besought him with tears in his eyes to stop walking in the ways of sin. He told him that his habits and companions would ruin him soul and body. He warned him that sorrow and death are the fruits of sin. He begged him to quit his evil doings and return to the ways of virtue. If ever one boy was faithful to another, Louis was faithful to Edmund that afternoon. Wasn't Louis a glorious fellow?

Did Edmund mind him? Not he. His heart was set to do evil. Did you ever know such a boy listen to good advice? No. He only puffed his cigar

smoke into his old schoolmate's face, laughed, turned on his heel, and walked away—to fun, frolic, and to—hell!

Foolish Edmund! His future life was as the lives of millions of boys who, like him, harden their hearts against God and give themselves up to do evil. He had what he called a "good time" for a little while, then run into debt, lost his place, became a gambler, sunk lower and lower in misery, and finally died in an almshouse. His poor soul went where? To heaven? Alas, no! Such resolute sinners have no place in heaven. His soul sunk into the bottomless pit.

What of Louis? His life was the old story too. Being virtuous and pious he was trusted. He prospered. He rose in the world. He lived to do good and to make many happy. He died at last in the arms of his friends and went to glory.

Boys, which path will you walk in? Edmund's or Louis's. They are both before you. You can walk in either of them as you choose. God, good men, the Bible invite you to enter Louis's path. Satan, bad boys, and wicked men call you to follow Edmund to ruin! Which way will you go? In the right way? God bless you and help you to keep your purpose. W.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

LITTLE SARAH'S aunt was the principal of a boarding-school, and I was one of the boarders, and a happy day we thought it when the sweet little girl lighted among us like a pretty bird from a branch. She was scarcely three years old, but called herself a "bid dirl," and was so independent and so wise that we said we would all be under her command as long as she staid with us. She had maids of honor in plenty, for we all thought it a great favor to be allowed to curl her silky hair in the morning, and we agreed to "take turns" at the pleasant task. Once, when it came my turn, before I began to dress her hair I had to give her a little cupful of very bitter medicine, and I felt very sorry for her, and so asked in a cheery voice, as if I had "just as lief" take it as not,

"Is it good, Sarah?"

She did not think it was good, but her aunt had ordered it, and she dearly loved her aunt and would not say anything that would cast a reflection upon her kindness, neither would she tell what little girls