

Sunday-School Advocate.

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A THOUGHTFUL DOG.

I READ not long since of a little boy who, while crossing a neighbor's field, was pursued by a large, fierce dog belonging to the owner of the lot. The boy was frightened, and ran with all possible swiftness into the next field. The dog followed him closely. The boy, while looking back to see if the creature was gaining on him, stumbled over a root, and fell headlong into an old quarry, breaking his leg as he fell.

The poor boy was now at the mercy of his fierce foe, and expected to be torn and perhaps killed. But the dog no sooner saw, by the child's actions, that he was hurt, than he turned round and ran to the nearest house and barked for help. No one heeded his barking, or, at least, no one understood what it meant. So the dog ran back to the helpless boy, looked sorrowfully into his face, and acted as if he wanted to say, "I'm sorry I frightened you. I feel very bad to see you with a broken leg; but be patient! cheer up! I'll go again for help."

Having acted this speech, or something like it, the dog went to another house, and succeeded, after much whining and barking, in inducing a man to follow him to the quarry. Thus the boy was found and carried home. The dog had saved his life.

Curious, wasn't it? That dog was faithful to his owner when he tried to drive the boy out of the field. He was pitiful toward the boy when he saw that he was hurt. His pity was active too, for it led him to spare no pains to procure relief. The only fault I have to find with the dog in the whole matter is that he was too rough in his way of ordering the boy out of his master's field. With that exception he acted like a dog which had both a head and a heart—a head to perceive and think and a heart to feel.

Solomon sent men to the ant to be taught lessons of wisdom. In like manner I bring you this dog. His fierce barking, which drove the poor boy into the quarry, says to you, "Don't be rough in your speech and ways." His treatment of the boy when in his power says, "Be kind and forgiving to your enemies; pity and help them out of their troubles." Pretty sound teaching for a dog, I think.

COSTLY FUN.

ONE summer day a schoolboy named James, feeling sleepy at recess time, laid himself on a bench and went to sleep. Peter Winton, who loved fun, took a feather and tickled the sleeper's ear. James rubbed his ear, raised his head, yawned, and after saying, "Don't do that, Pete," went to sleep again.

Peter tickled his chum again. James started up in anger, and looking fiercely at his tormentor, said: "Don't do that, I say!"

Again James fell into a doze, and again did the thoughtless Peter apply the feather to his ear. He was now thoroughly roused, and, leaping from the bench, he snatched a pair of compasses from a mahogany desk and threw them with violence at Peter's head.

Unfortunate boys! The compasses struck Peter on the side of his head. They entered his brain. He fell dead at his youthful murderer's feet!

This was a dreadful end to Peter's fun, wasn't it? Let it teach you not to carry playfulness so far as to vex your companions. But James was worse than Peter because he gave way to such a furious burst of passion. No doubt

he had a quick temper. No doubt he had so often given way to it that it had become his master. Like a wild, unbridled horse, it carried him wherever it chose to gallop. It made him shed a schoolmate's blood.

A quick temper should be bitted with the double bit of prayer and watchfulness. A child can no more control it with his own strength than he could drive a wild horse with a pack-thread. God alone can enable him to hold it in. Let every quick-tempered child keep this in mind and pray daily, "O Lord, help me to control and conquer my temper."

LOUDER THAN THE ANGELS.

A LITTLE boy eight years old, named JOHN ROSS, when lying on a sick-bed said to his mother:

"Ma, I shall die and go to heaven."

"But all children who die do not go to heaven," replied his mother. "What makes you think you shall?"

"Why, all for whom Christ died go there, and he died for me," rejoined the sturdy little believer; and then he added, "I must sing a louder song in heaven than the holy angels."

"Why, my son?" asked his mother.

"My song," said the enraptured boy, "will be to Him that washed me from my sins in his own blood. O how I love him!"

Don't you think Johnnie's faith was very strong and very beautiful? I know you do. But thinking so won't benefit you unless you imitate Johnnie and love Jesus so truly and well that you will also want to sing louder than the angels when you go to heaven where Johnnie is.



EDITORIAL TALK.

WHAT is that old colored woman about? She is telling what Jesus had done for her soul. Christ is no respecter of persons, and that poor old creature is as welcome in his kingdom as the queen. Those who turn up their noses at poor people, whether black or white, would do well to keep this truth in mind. Nice little misses and pretty little boys should never despise poor half clad little ones with black faces, for they may be despising children to whom Christ has sent the seal of his love. O if love reigned in all hearts there would be no pride, or scorn, or hate in any breast. Love is a beautiful thing. It destroys evil; it makes misery flee before it; it moves its possessors to seek goodness and to become like its blessed Author. God is love; let the children be glad. God is love! God is love!

I have a letter before me which states that last summer at a camp-meeting a young lady was going from her tent toward the stand to hear preaching, when a thoughtless boy or man discharged a pistol. The wound made by the ball was fatal, and in two days she died, trusting in the Lord. The boy or man who did the deed was not discovered. Careless fellow! He will carry the thought of Lizzie's death with him to the grave. Let his carelessness make you careful, especially boys who handle fire-arms. Better let such things alone, boys. They are dangerous play-things.

Here are some Scripture queries which you can readily answer if you are familiar with your Bibles. If, however, you prefer story-books to the Scriptures they will puzzle you:

1. The father of one concerning whom it was foretold that he should be "fastened as a nail in a sure place, upon which to hang all the glory of his father's house."

2. A captain of the host appointed in the room of another captain, by whom he was afterward treacherously slain under the guise of friendship.

3. A prophet, whose divinely-inspired message carried

conviction to the conscience of one who had yielded to temptation.

4. A famous captain, who was cured of a malady in a manner unexpected.

5. A king, who offered up prayer amid the din (or noise) and confusion of battle.

6. Another king, whose confidence in God in a time of perplexity, though challenged and scoffed at by the enemy, was not misplaced.

The initial or final letters, either backward or forward, furnish a character distinguished for piety, gratitude, and maternal love.

Peter Puzzlehead's questions, published some months since, have been answered by L. F. and C. B. H. I print what the latter says of them:

"1. Is there any resemblance between the conduct of the viper-hunter and our own actions?"

Answer. I think there is. We are disposed to hunt or seek after worldly pleasure and honor until they become as a canker in our breast or a viper in our bed.

"2. What may the vipers represent?"

Ans. They may represent our carnal desires and evil thoughts.

"3. What lesson may the hunter sleeping while the vipers crawled into his bed teach?"

Ans. It should teach us ever to be on our guard lest at any time the devil should find us unprepared to meet his attacks.

"4. What does his fright on awaking represent?"

Ans. It represents the frightened condition of a sinner when he is first awakened to his sins.

"5. What may his device for escaping from the vipers teach?"

Ans. That however hideous our sins, the blood of Christ is sufficient to cleanse them.

"6. What should we learn from his acts of killing the vipers and quitting the business of catching them?"

Ans. Repent of our sins, seek forgiveness, and sin no more.

Pretty good! L. F.'s answers are very nearly like them. —Here is a pleasant letter from the land of the "Celestials," as the Chinese love to call themselves. It is from one of our missionary teachers. Read it:

THE FAR EAST, Oct. 20, 1864.

MY LITTLE FRIENDS,—Our Chinese school-girls are as unlike yourselves as can well be. They do not wear stockings, and always go barehead. They do not have dresses with waists, but their garments, sleeves and all, are cut in one piece; and even when these girls are old women they will still wear them short nearly to the knee. At night when they go to bed, half the girls get in bed as they should, while the other half sleep with their heads where their feet ought to be. They do not go to the pump in the morning, as some of you do, to wash their faces with pure cold water, but they wet a cloth with hot water and wipe their faces off with that—indeed, they have no pumps, but wells, with a stone laid flat on the ground and a hole in it just large enough to let down the bucket.

They do not make bread, but eat rice from a bowl with two sticks. Sometimes one girl fishes with her own chopsticks in the center-dishes till she finds something nice, and this she puts into the mouth of another to whom she wishes to be very kind and polite. If one has a bad headache, instead of keeping very quiet, she gets some one to come and pound her aching head with doubled fists.

When they study they all read as loud as they can, as if the one who made the most noise would obtain the most knowledge. They begin to read at what you would call the end of the book, and read from the top of the page to the bottom. They cannot spell out words for themselves, but must be taught the name of every character, as they have no other way of finding out what it is. They even write their names wrong end foremost. A little girl of the Ting family writes her name, Ting Apricot Blossom, while you would say it should stand, Apricot Blossom Ting. They do not use English except to count, and if you were to hear them trying to count a hundred in English it would puzzle you to tell whether it was Esquimaux or Irish.

When they pray in secret they pray aloud. Now, if you will only think of them as doing everything just contrary to what you do, you will know something of Chinese ways.

Yours sincerely, S. H. W.

EDDIE S., of South —, writes:

I have a little adopted Sister Mary, one year older than myself, who is a little mischievous. We all think a great deal of her. Ever since I can remember the Sunday-School Advocate has been one of our best friends. As soon as the paper comes we both leap with joy to look over your "Letter Budget." Will you not add a couple to your Try Company? We both mean to try and learn more verses this year than we ever have before, and we will try and get as many to join with us as we can.

Eddie and Mary shall train in the Corporal's company until they cease trying to grow like Jesus. That, I trust, they will never do, and so they will be likely to train with the old soldier as long as they live.