

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

A BRAVE BUT CAUTIOUS LAD.

In the olden time, when white men were few and Indians numerous, a savage chief wanted to capture a white youth that he might adopt him in place of his own son who had been killed in battle. So with a few companions he stole into the vicinity of a settlement, and lying down beside a narrow path leading to a pasture, waited for a victim.

By and by a lad belonging to a company of militia came riding along upon a spirited horse which he was taking to the pasture. The noble beast scented the Indian and started. The lad suspected danger, but having a brave heart, forced the horse to pass the cause of its alarm, whatever it might be. The Indians now thought themselves sure of a captive, for they thought it an easy matter to pounce upon the lad when he should come back afoot.

But the youth was as wary as he was brave. "Perhaps," thought he, "there are Indians in the bushes. My horse wouldn't shy at nothing. I'll go a little round the path and see."

So he crept round the narrow path very quietly. When



he came near the spot at which his horse started, he looked carefully about until he saw an Indian peering through the bushes. Quickly raising his gun, he fired and ran toward the settlement. The report roused the settlers, who seized their arms and ran to meet him. He told his story in a few words. The settlers hurried to the path and found a pool of blood, but no Indians. The lad had killed one, and the rest had carried his corpse into the woods.

Those were stirring times to live in. Boys had to be heroes in those days or live a sorry sort of life. You do not need to be exactly like them, but this lad's two qualities of courage and caution are as desirable for you as for them. Be brave, then, my children, but do not be rash. Face danger calmly when you must meet it, but never court it. Never do a rash thing for the sake of showing that you are brave. That would be fool-hardiness, not courage. True courage is always cautious.

PIONEER BOYS.

WHAT are those boys about? They are boys who lived among the Green Mountains when they were as wild and sparsely settled as the Rocky Mountains are now. Boys in such times learn to fight wild animals instead of running away from them as boys do now-a-days. The lads in the picture went after two little bear cubs which lived



with their shaggy mamma in an old tree. The old bear being absent, the boys contrived a plan to catch her. One of them mounted the tree and worried the cubs until they cried for their mother. The other took his stand below, holding a bear-trap before him. The cry of the cub soon brought the mother-bear to the tree. Seeing the boy, she made toward him furiously. He had steady hands and nerves, and he so held the trap before him that old lady Bruin ran right into its sharp open jaws. Snap went the spring and madame was a trapped bear. The boys then captured the cubs, and, going home, sent their father out with his gun to make an end of the mother-bear.

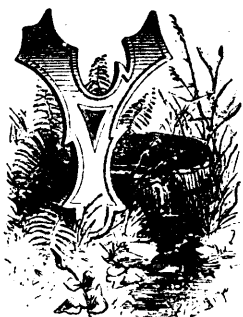
Very few of my readers live among bears—stop! what did I say? I'm wrong. I wrote too hastily. I should have said all my readers live near a very ugly bear—a creature which lurks round every town and keeps her cubs in every house. She has munched the beauty out of thousands of pretty faces already, and is ready to munch it from the faces of all the children who read my paper. Did you ever see this bear, Master Wonder-eyes? Did you, dear little Lady Curious?

Her name is FIERY TEMPER. Her cubs are called PERVISH and FRETFUL. Ah, you know them. Your glances tell me so.

But how about munching the beauty from pretty faces? Christie Dullness asks that question. He must be a dull child not to understand what that means. You know, if he does not, that a fiery temper always spoils a pretty face.

To catch Fiery Temper you must set a trap called conversion. Believe in Jesus and he will give you meekness for passion. To drive off the cubs you must punch them every day with the clubs called Watch and Pray. Do you understand?

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.



YOU look wilted to-day, Corporal. Your limbs move as if your joints had lost their springs. How is this?

"The summer-heat tries my mettle," replies the Corporal with a puff that suggests the image of a blacksmith's bellows, "and reminds me that I am not quite so young as I was half a century ago."

You must have been a very little fellow then, my Corporal. Your face does not wear the marks of half a century of life—but come, let us get to work. It went do for us to dawdle.

"No, I hate dawdling," replies the Corporal, puffing, wiping his face, and putting on a very earnest look. "It is a bad habit. It makes children move like slow coaches. I would rather be bound like Samson with green withes than be a slave to a dawdling habit. My rule is to do what is to be done with all my heart and rest afterward."

A good rule, Mr. Corporal. Some one has put it in another form, saying, "The way to get through much business is to be a whole man to one thing at a time." I hope our noble company will stick a pin through that thought and look at it carefully.

"Yes, sir. My Try Company is not made up of dawdlers. Every one of them is pledged to do his best every time he does anything, and that means doing it with a will right off. Why, sir, my boys don't even get up like common boys. When they get their eyes fairly open they don't yawn, rub their eyes, and lie dreading to get up, as if they were about plunging into a bath of ice-water in the middle of January. No. They jump out of bed quickly. They dress themselves rapidly and right. They take a good wash. They pray earnest prayers, and then go tripping down stairs brim full of life and cheerfulness. Dawdlers don't do that—but here is the answer to the enigma in my last:

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| S isera..... | Judges iv, 21, 22. |
| I talian..... | Acts x, 1. |
| N icodemus..... | John iii, 1, 2. |
| G oliath..... | 1 Samuel xvii, 4, 32. |
| P haraoh..... | Exodus xiv, 28. |
| R rome..... | 2 Timothy i, 16, 17. |
| A dam..... | Genesis iii, 17-19. |
| I saiah..... | 2 Kings xix, 5-7. |
| S olomon..... | 1 Kings xi, 4-6. |
| E liezer..... | Gen. xv, 2; xxiv, 37, 38. |
| S au..... | 1 Samuel xxxi, 4. |
| T abitha..... | Acts ix, 36-39. |
| O bed..... | Ruth iv, 14-17. |
| G ethsemane..... | Matthew xxvi, 36-42. |
| O g..... | Deuteronomy xxxi, 4. |
| D aniel..... | Daniel vi, 16-22. |

SING PRAISES TO GOD.—Psalm xvii, 6.

"Here is a very pretty note from China:

"I am so glad I am not a 'Chinese miss'—not a heathen. I am so very glad that I am not an almond-eyed, heavenly-footed worshiper of 'the black devil,' kitchen gods, and 'Siong Ta.' Don't think, I beg of you, that I dress in blue, shave my head, use chop-sticks, and eat snails. No, I have not turned into a celestial yet. Last week something happened—it snowed. The flakes came down so long, so fast, and so large that the snow got to be very deep. Why, on the house-tops and along the great mud-walls (not fences) it was piled up three quarters of an inch high. The 'Middle Kingdom men' frosted their noses and chilled their toes gathering it, and then had to throw it away because it burned their fingers. The mountains over yonder are white yet, and they say the snow there is as deep as—as it is in America.

"And there is another thing. The other day the school where I go had a new scholar. Her folks said she was twelve years old, not yet betrothed, (a very important fact,) that she could stay a long time, etc. She was called Golden Sister. She read books five days; then they came and took her away to make a visit. The next news was that her father and mother were opium-smokers and had sold their little girl to buy opium.

"The little ones all thank you, Corporal Try, for enlisting them in your army, and thank you, too, for your blessing. I am proud to belong to such an army, though I didn't volunteer because I thought I was too big. Now that I am enrolled perhaps I shall be made drummer-boy, and pretty hard drumming it will be, for this company of celestials is a 'forlorn hope.' KUH-HONG."

I am sorry Ku-hiong talks of "forlorn hopes." There are no forlorn hopes in the kingdom of Christ, for is not Jesus able to conquer everything? I hope to hear from Ku-hiong again.

"FANNIE B., of —, says:

"I am nine years old and my little brother Willie is five. We are trying to be good and mind our pa. Our ma is dead, and I and Willie are at home alone most of the time. Willie and I want to join your Try Company."

I am glad Willie and Fannie love each other. They must love Jesus too, and try to be two rays of sunshine in pa's house. May Jesus bless them!

"EMMA M. D., of Elm Cottage, says:

"Ma thinks I have learned not to say or act can't. I have a little sister Cordie, who is three years old. She dislikes the word 'can't' very much. We love Jesus and our Sunday-school, and want to join your Try Company.

"That's a sweet little note," says the Corporal. "I'll enlist them.—MARY, of —, says:

"I have no Sabbath-school to attend, but I am trying to be a good girl and a Christian. I live two miles from meeting. I have not been to school one year in my life, so I must learn at home. I am thankful I love my books and love all good reading."

Mary deserves well for the use she makes of her few opportunities. Her letter shows that if she could be educated she would make a scholar. But since God has cast her lot where it is she must be content and read all the books she can get with care and thoroughness.