

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE

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**TOO HOT.**

MASTER BILLY, why this hurry?

Why not let your breakfast cool?

Ah! I think I know the reason:

Billy, you're too late for school!

Have you rightly learned your lessons?

No, I'm certain you have not,

Else you would not scald your palate

Supping what's so very hot.

I can see, too, by your hurry,

You have lain too long in bed!

Ah! I'd never have my schoolmates  
Call me Master Sleepyhead!

Yesterday from school returning

You have loitered by the way!

Idleness can never prosper!

There's a proper time to play!

In the evening you've neglected

All your tasks, paid no regard

To the entreaties of your parents,

Who for you have toiled so hard;

Who have tended you so fondly

Since the day your life began;

Whose great wish is that their Billy

May become a good, great man.

Be no sluggard, be no idler;  
For the school be never late;  
Love your parents, and then, Billy,  
You may be both good and great!

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

**MAT AND HIS MEDALS.**

MAT was a poor homeless boy, expert in stealing, and as wicked as the "street-school" could make him, when he was picked up by a LONDON (Eng.) ragged-school teacher, and persuaded to attend Sunday-school. He was a rough pupil at first, but at last his teacher's kindness killed the ugly in his nature, and he became an orderly, studious fellow.

After a few years Mat went to sea in one of Queen Victoria's war-ships, and was soon forgotten in the mission-school. Several more years rolled away, when one day a fine-looking young sailor, with four medals on his breast, entered the school and walked up to one of the teachers, as if he were an old acquaintance. The teacher looked puzzled. The sailor said:

"What! don't you know me, Mr. T.? Don't you remember Mat?"

"Are you Mat?" asked the teacher, calling to mind the trouble he had formerly had in taming a boy of that name.

"To be sure I am; there's no mistake about it, Mr. T.," rejoined the sailor.

"Well, I'm very glad to see you, Mat," said the teacher, shaking hands with him very heartily.

"And do you see what I've got, Mr. T.?" inquired Mat, pointing with pardonable vanity to the medals which glittered on his breast.

"Yes, I see," replied Mr. T. "Very fine. How did you come by them?"

"Honestly," said the sailor, smiling, "which is more than I could always have said." Here his face became grave, as if he was pained at the memory of the past. He added, "I gained these four medals for good conduct and hard fighting on the Black Sea."

The boys who had listened to this conversation now became much excited. Mat was a hero, their hero, and forgetting what was due to the day, one of them shouted, "Hip, hip, hip," and the rest, in spite of their teachers, followed with several loud huzzas.

As soon as they were quiet again the sailor said, "Much obliged to you, lads; but you've made a little mistake. You should not have hurrahed me; it is Mr. T. who deserves all the credit."

Then turning toward his old teacher, his eyes sparkling with gratitude, he said as he pointed to his medals:

"Sir, I owe all this to you."

Yes, under God, he owed all he was to the man who had dug him out of the filth of sin and taught him the way to Jesus. That was what made a true