

Selected for the S. S. Advocate.

## TRUTH AND HONESTY.

A TRUE STORY.

Two boys were one day amusing themselves with that dangerous though not uncommon pastime, pelting each other with stones. They had chosen one of the squares of the playground, thinking by this means to avoid doing mischief. To the consternation of the thrower, however, a missile, instead of resting on the shoulders of the boy at whom it was aimed, entered the library window of one of the lordly mansions opposite.

"Why don't you take to your heels, you block-head? you will have the police after you while you are standing there!" exclaimed his companion as he caught him by the arm, in order to drag him from the spot.

The author of the mischief did not attempt to run; he did not even walk away.

"If your father is obliged to pay for that, you will stand a chance of having a good thrashing, John," the other boy urged.

"Never mind, Tom, leave me to myself," was the reply, and the young stone-thrower moved steadily toward the door of the mansion, the knocker of which he raised. A servant soon appeared.

"Is the master of the house at home?" he with some difficulty inquired.

"He is."

"Then I wish to see him, if you please."

"That you can't do, my man; but I'll deliver any message for you."

"No, that will not do. I must, indeed I must see the gentleman himself."

The earnestness and perseverance of the boy at length induced the servant to comply with his request, and, opening the door of the library, he told his master that there was a shabby little fellow waiting to see him, adding, that he could neither learn his business nor get rid of him.

"Bring him in," said the gentleman, who, having from his window seen the transaction, and overheard the conversation, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit.

The poor child, whose ideas had never soared beyond his father's second floor, stood for some moments in stupefied amazement when shown into an elegant apartment. When he regained his self-possession, he said, in a fluttering voice:

"I am very sorry, sir, but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and I cannot pay you for it; but if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I get it, I will be sure to make it up:" and as he spoke he drew a few halfpence from his pocket, and laid them on the table.

"That's an honest speech, my lad; but how am I to be sure you will fulfill your engagement?" Mr. Cavendish replied. "Do you not know that I could send you to the station-house until the money is made up?"

"O don't send me there, sir, it would break my poor mother's heart! I will pay you all, indeed I will, sir," and he burst into tears.

"I am glad you have so much consideration for your mother's feelings, and for her sake I will trust to your honesty."

"O thank you, sir; thank you!"

"But when do you expect to make another payment? This is a very small sum toward the price of a large square of plate-glass," and as he spoke he looked at the four halfpence which were spread before him.

"This day week, sir, if you please."

"Very well, let it be so. At this hour I shall be at home to see you."

Poor John made his very best bow, and left the room.

True to his appointment, our high-principled boy appeared at the door of Mr. Cavendish's mansion. As the servant had orders to admit him, he was immediately shown into the library.

"I have a shilling for you to-day, sir!" he said exultingly, and his face was radiant with smiles.

"Indeed! that is a large sum for a boy like you to get in so short a time. I hope you came by it honestly?"

A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor John, but it was not a flush of shame.

"I have earned every penny of it excepting one my mother gave me to make it up," he energetically replied; and he went on to say that he had been on the look-out for jobs all the week; that he had held a horse for one gentleman, and had run on an errand for another; in this way he accounted for eleven pence.

"Your industry and perseverance do you credit, my lad," exclaimed Mr. Cavendish, his benevolent countenance lighted up with a smile.

"And now I should like to know your name, and where you live."

"I will write it, sir, if you please. Indeed, I brought a piece of paper for the purpose of putting down the money. I hope I shall be able to make it up in a few weeks, for I am trying to get a place as an errand-boy."



"You can write, then! Do you go to school?"

"O yes, sir; I go to a free school," and John stepped forward to take the pen which Mr. Cavendish held toward him.

"You write a tolerably good hand, my little man. You may, I think, do better than take an errand-boy's place. Let me see if you have any knowledge of arithmetic."

John stood up boldly, and unhesitatingly replied to the various questions which were put to him.

"That will do, my good boy. Now when do you think you will be able to bring me more money?"

"I will come this time next week, sir, if I am alive and well."

"That was wisely added, my lad, for our lives are not in our own keeping; this, I see, you have been taught."

Another week passed, and again the boy appeared, but his face wore a look of sadness.

"I am sorry, sir," he said; "I have been unfortunate, and have only a small sum to give you." And, as he spoke, he laid three pennyworth of halfpence before Mr. Cavendish. "I assure you, sir," he earnestly added, "I have offered my services to every gentleman on horseback I could see."

"I believe you, my boy; I am pleased with your honest intentions. Perhaps you will meet with better success another time. Let me see, you have now paid one shilling and fivepence; that is very fair," and with an encouraging smile Mr. Cavendish suffered him to depart.

Though Mr. Cavendish had from the first concealed his plans, his heart was contriving a work of benevolence, which was nothing less than to befriend the poor boy whose upright conduct had won his admiration. For this end, he in a few days paid the parents a visit, when he knew their son would be at school. He related the incident which had brought him under his notice, and asked whether his conduct toward themselves was equally praiseworthy.

"O yes, sir!" exclaimed the mother, her eyes filled with tears. "He has ever been a dutiful child to us, and always acts in this honest and straightforward manner."

"He has a noble spirit, sir," the father rejoined; "we cannot be thankful enough for such a son."

"Would you part with him?" Mr. Cavendish asked. "I have something in view for his future benefit."

"Undoubtedly we would, for his benefit," was the reply of both.

"Well, then, purchase him a new suit of clothes with these pieces of gold and bring him to my house this day week. I will acquaint you with my views for him for the future."

Language cannot describe the heartfelt gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents; nor could they readily find words to express it.

When their honest boy next came into the presence of his benefactor his appearance was certainly altered for the better; but it was his principles, not his dress, which were his true ornaments. Mr. Cavendish had made arrangements for him to live in his own house, and had also entered his name as a pupil at a neighboring school.

John is now receiving a liberal education, and enjoying many advantages. Such a sudden change of condition and prospects would, in many instances, prove injurious; but with a mind based upon the solid and scriptural principles which he possesses, little fear may be entertained that such will be the result.

Boys! follow John's example. Remember, godliness hath the promise of the life *that now is* as well as of that which is to come.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

BY F. A. S.

THOU, LORD, hast kept me through the night,  
Given health to rise and see the light:  
Protect and guide me through the day,  
Save me from sin I humbly pray;  
If I should die before the even,  
For Jesus' sake take me to heaven.

Do no sinful action  
Speak no angry word:  
Ye belong to Jesus,  
Children of the Lord.

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