

Sunday-School Advocate.

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THE SPIRITED WORKING BOY.



MANY years before the readers of this paper were born there was a boy in Ohio who worked in a country store for twenty-five cents a week. Besides his work in the store he did chores in the house for his mistress. He cut wood, made fires, fetched water, and scrubbed floors early in the morning before going into the store. He did all this work barefooted and meanly clad, for he was too poor to buy shoes or to purchase many garments.

This boy did his work well, for he was a boy of principle. But his mistress was an old scold, and one morning after he had finished his chores she said to him:

"You are an idle boy. You haven't done your work."

"I have done what I was told to do," replied the boy respectfully.

"You are a liar!" rejoined the scold very angrily.

The boy was indignant at these insulting words, but did not get into a passion. Rising to his full height he said, "You will never have the chance of applying that word to me again."

With these words he left the house, and without a penny in his pocket started out into the world friendless and alone. After walking some distance he met a teamster, to whom he said:

"I will drive the leader if you will only take me on."

The man looked at him with surprise a moment or two and then replied:

"I don't think you'll be of any use to me."

"O yes I will," said the boy earnestly. "I can rub down and watch your horses, and do many things for you if you will only let me try."

"Well, well, my lad, get on the horse," said the man.

That was a poor start in life for a fatherless boy, wasn't it? Now what do you suppose that boy accomplished in his after life? *Not much?* Ah, you mistake greatly. Listen to some of his deeds. First, he became a scholar by dint of hard study at West Point, to which he soon gained admission as a cadet. Next he was assistant professor at West Point, U.S. Then he became an officer in the army. After that professor in a college. Then a lecturer on astronomy, the founder of an observatory, a civil engineer; and finally, as a general in the United States army, he fought in many glorious battles for the Union. He died in his country's service. Better than all these achievements is the fact that he loved Jesus.

That is a grand record for a boy to make who had such a poor start in the world, wasn't it? Don't you wish to know this boy's name? It was ORMSBY M'KNIGHT MITCHEL. You have all heard of General Mitchel? Now you know how he began the race of life.*

Gen. Mitchel's success in life should encourage every poor boy to look hopefully on the future. I don't mean dreamy, lazy, ugly boys, for there is nothing in young Mitchel's early career to encourage them. He worked, studied, thought, and prayed with all his might. He wasted no time. Indeed, he does not appear to have cared much for play. Work was his delight, and work and prayer made him a great, useful, happy, beloved man. Now I don't know whether working and praying will cause the poor boys who read my paper to become great men. Neither do I care much about that. But I do know that praying and working will make them useful, beloved, and happy. Isn't that a prize worth working and praying for?

KILLING A NEIGHBOR.

THAT woman with the basket is killing the one who stands within the fence. "Killing her?" you ask; "she don't look like a murderer. She has neither gun nor pistol, and her face don't look as if she had an 'evil eye.'"

* A very excellent biography of Gen. Mitchel for boys has been published by W. H. Appleton. It is called "The Patriot Boy; or the Life and Career of Major General Ormsby M. Mitchel, by Rev. P. C. Heady." It is a good book for a boy's library.

You don't understand me, I perceive. Listen, then. That hatchet-faced creature over the fence is a regular scold. Her tongue is tipped with fire, for her bitter words shoot from it hissing hot. Her heart is full of gall, and pours out unceasing tides of hatred, envy, and spite. She is, in short, a most unhappy, disagreeable creature, and one of the worst of neighbors.

The other woman is her neighbor, and has suffered very much annoyance from her. In fact, she has borne so much that she has made up her mind to bear no more. She has resolved to kill the scold. Mark! the scold, not the woman.

Her weapon is *kindness*. Kind words and kind actions are the shots she hurls at the scold. She sends her flowers and vegetables. She speaks gently to her. She never answers back the scold's angry words. She has even watched over her in her recent sickness, and has given the scold so many wounds that she is almost dead. Why, she is actually asking the kind woman a kind question. She is saying:

"How are you off for sass?"

The kind woman did not need any "sass," but knowing



that accepting a favor would help the scold to die, she took a few beans.

Well, the scold died but the woman lived. Kindness killed the former, and warmed the latter into beautiful life.

Do my children understand? Of course they do. Very good. Now let them go to work killing all the ugly folk they know of—with *kindness*, mind! That's the weapon for children. They soon learn to shoot grandly with it. If they are out of ammunition, there is plenty to be had in the arsenals and magazines of Jesus. Prayer is the key to his magazines. They have but to pray, "Please, Jesus, fill our hearts with love for all the ugly people in our village," and they will soon have large stores of loving feelings, kind words, and gentle deeds with which to kill off every scold, every passionate and hateful thing in their neighborhood. It may require several battles to do it, but if they keep fighting they will do it. If you doubt, read and then commit to memory the following text:

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Rom. xii, 20.

MY LETTER BUDGET.

"I HAVE written you three times and you have not published either of my letters," says a sweet little girl, pouting her pretty lips and looking as if she had a great mind to be cross with the editor, the Corporal, the Squire, and the Advocate.

I am sorry the little puss is cross, but what can I do? I have more letters than I could print if the Advocate was as large as the front of the cathedral at Montreal. Will my children be angry because I cannot do what is impossible?

I think not. They will be content to know that I read all their letters, print what I can, and kiss all the writers in my heart. Is not that enough?

Here is the answer to the enigma in the last number of the Advocate: *Thongs*, Acts xxii, 25; *Incense*, Exod. xxx, 1-10; *Manna*, Exod. xvi, 15-21; *Elders*, Num. xi, 16, 17.—TIME.

"*Thongs*—upon the Apostle Paul
Cruelly his limbs enthrall:
Time can no man bind or clasp,
Ever slips it from the grasp.

"*Incense*—rising pure and sweet,
Earth delights its Lord to greet:
O! may time to heaven bear
Love and faith, and praise and prayer.

"*Manna*—left upon the ground,
Melting, was no longer found:
Time misused is lost for aye,
Ne'er returns a wasted day.

"*Elders*—men accounted sage,
Wise by reason of their age:
Time-taught they to honor rise;
Time-taught may we win the skies!"

ISRAEL W. CLOWES, of L—, says:

"I have consented to act as scribe for my four younger brothers and Sister Sarah. I must tell you that James is safe at home after an absence of more than three years. Sister Mary, aged five years, Sister Hephzibah, eighteen years, and Sister Emma, twenty-one years, have gone to the 'happy land.' They all belonged to the Try Company. Poor Emma was burned to death in a great fire here. The last hymn she sung on earth was 'I would not live away,' and dear Heppy, when dying, called us to her one by one, and kissed us and said, 'Meet me in heaven.' Father sung, 'All is well! All is well!' Dear Mary died saying, 'I love Jesus! Sing, pa, 'I love Jesus.'"

"James belongs to the Try Company. He joined in Philadelphia, U.S., at five years old. Israel, sixteen years, and Frederick, fourteen, both belong to the Try Company; but, dear sir, will you not take dear Brothers George, Stephen, and Sumpter, and Sister Sarah into your Try Company? They promise father and mother to try. Father and mother have been in the Try Company for more than twenty-five years. Father is a local preacher, and says some of the bravest soldiers that ever fought for King Jesus will come out of the M. E. Sunday-school Try Company.

"But we have the best to tell you. We are having a gracious revival here. Very many have found the Saviour, and quite a number of the Sunday-school boys and girls have found the 'pearl of great price.' I have often seen father and mother happy, but when Brother Fred and I found the Saviour there was great joy. We have a delightful Sunday-school, a dear superintendent and assistant, the best of teachers, and near two hundred scholars, a beautiful organ, and a Sunday-school teacher to play it. We can sing near all the hymns in the 'Golden Chain.' It is one happy place. We have a good library, but are going to get more books. And then we have the dear little Advocate. Mother says it is the best in the colony. We shall raise in the Sunday-school more than one hundred dollars for the missionary cause this year. The Rev. W. B— is our minister. He is always at Sunday-school. Father says, 'He is a captain in the King's own.' We send one dollar out of our family fund to help to send the Advocate to poor boys and girls."

"That is a real family letter," the Corporal remarks. "They appear to have plenty of joy and sorrow. Well, that is what we must all expect here. Happy are they who know where to find joy in grief."

HATTIE E. P., of —, says:

"I have no sister, only a little Brother Johnnie, who is delighted with the pictures and the poetry in the last number. I read it to him. He said, 'That's good; read that again.' So I read it three or four times, and now he says it every day. We do not have any Sunday-school here in winter. We do in summer and then I go. My brother and I want to join your Try Company. We will try hard to do right. I won't feel disappointed if you do not print this, only send me yourself, please."

Hattie writes like a girl who knows how to be useful to her brother. May she be to him as a guardian angel all through life. All sisters can be such angels to their brothers if they try hard and right.

KATIE M. P., of J—, says:

"I have one little sister in heaven, and I am trying to meet her there. I do not go to school this winter. I attended Sunday-school last summer and was the superintendent. I have one little brother Eddie. He says he would like to join your Try Company. So would I, if you will accept of such a sinful creature. I send you eighteen cents for your phiz."

Katie must go to the fountain opened for sin. The blood of Jesus will wash her soul white, and then when her earthly life ends she will be sure to meet her sister in heaven. My "phiz" went to Katie in the mail.