

Sunday-School Advocate.

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A MANLY BOY.



ARTHUR ALLEN is a jolly little fellow full of racket and fun, and, what is rare in such lively boys, seldom falls into mischief. I cannot say he never does, for I doubt if there is a boy in the land who does not sometimes do a mischievous deed. If there is one who does not I should like to see him, shake hands with him, and pronounce him a "rare bird."

Arthur's father had some choice pear-trees in his garden. They were dwarf trees; that is, they threw out their branches quite near the ground. A little boy could easily climb into one of them. Arthur had been often told not to do so lest he should break the slender branches.

One day when the pear-trees were covered with beautiful blossoms, Arthur went into the garden with a playmate. After looking round a while, they agreed to play bo-peep. This was fine fun for little boys, and they ran behind the currant-bushes, and the apple-trees, and cried bo! a great many times. At last Arthur, forgetting his father's wishes, stepped up into the branch of a sweet little pear-tree, and pushing his face in among its white blossoms cried bo! bo! bo! and laughed as merrily as a bobolink.

His friend Bob ran up to the tree and tried to catch him. He jumped down, and in his haste pulled so hard upon a branch that it broke off and fell to the ground.

"O dear, what will pa say!" exclaimed Arthur, casting on the branch a look of grief and despair.

"You need not tell him," said Bob; "maybe he will think the wind blew it off."

"He won't think any such thing," replied Arthur, "and if he should I should be a mean, wicked boy not to tell him the truth. I'll go and tell him now."

Without stopping to hear what Bob was going to say, Arthur ran straight to his father, who was in the barn, and said:

"Pa, I'm very sorry, but I broke one of your pear-trees. I didn't mean to do it. I'm so sorry."

Mr. Allen patted his son's head softly and drew from him all the particulars of the accident, after which he said:

"My son, you have grieved me by breaking my tree, but you have delighted me by coming in such a manly way to confess it. I forgive you, and may our heavenly Father give you courage to tell the truth at all times and in all places. God bless you, my noble boy!"

Do you admire Arthur's honor and courage? I know you do. But suppose he had taken Bob's advice? Then he would have been mean and false, wouldn't he? Now, as you admire Arthur's conduct and know it to be right, I want you to resolve to imitate it. Make up your minds that, aided by God's grace, you will never do a false, mean, or wicked deed. Be honorable, truthful, and manly, children.

He that hath tasted of the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—CHARNOCK.

WHY LOUISA WISHED TO LIVE.

"Do you desire to recover, Louisa?" said a loving father to his dying daughter one day.

Louisa thought over the question a few moments and then replied, "I should like to recover for one reason, papa—that I might serve the Lord more! I seem to have done so little for him."

Was not that a beautiful reply? Louisa did not care to live for her own sake, nor even for the sake of the friends she loved so well, but only for the sake of the Lord Jesus, whom she loved the best of all. But the Lord had work in heaven for Louisa, and therefore he took her to himself.

A FOOLISH FATHER.

A FOOLISH father once handed his little son a glass of whisky, saying:

"Here, my son, taste this!"

The boy, not knowing what the glass contained, put it to his lips. But a taste was sufficient. He put down the glass, clapped his hands to his mouth, and cried in an agony: "O papa, papa, it will kill me!"



That boy was wiser than his father. He told a truth which was being illustrated in his father, who was literally killing himself with whisky. Yes, whisky kills. All alcoholic drinks kill. They have killed millions. They will kill millions more. They will kill you, my son or daughter, if you learn to drink them.

The character and effects of alcohol are curiously shown in the odd picture accompanying this article. Study it and write me what you think about it, and what you intend to do if any one offers you strong drink.

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

WHAT is the matter to-day, my corporal? You look glum, almost vexed, indeed. What troubles you?

"I am as much vexed, Mr. Editor," replies the corporal, bringing his cane heavily to the ground, "as I ever allow myself to be. I find a story in the Sunday-School Advocate for January 23 about wolves, which, if not signed 'Aunt Julia,' I should have taken to be a paper fished up from among the remains of Baron Munchausen."

By Baron Munchausen, hey? That is, in plain terms, you believe the story to be a ridiculous fiction, eh, corporal?

"Just that and nothing less, Mr. Editor. Aunt Julia describes the wolf-hunters as dragging a pig by a line after their troika, with the horses at a gallop. How long do you suppose a pig would stand such treatment?"

I suppose he would be a dead pig in one or two minutes, and a pretty well mashed-up carcass in two or three more.

"No doubt of it, sir, no doubt of it. But Aunt Julia's pig was dragged miles at a gallop, and then hauled into the troika alive. It's a fiction, sir! Then, sir, the horses are said to travel fifteen miles in six minutes. Faugh!

Aunt Julia must have been reading the 'Arabian Nights tales.'"

Don't be too severe on Aunt Julia, my corporal. She is usually very careful in her statement of facts, and I have no doubt was deceived in this case by the original writer of that wolf story. But here is a note of explanation from Aunt Julia herself. She says:

"I am really annoyed to discover what a mistake I have made, and, of course, it is too late to correct it. But I must apologize to you, at least. You will remember that in our last balloon sail I told the children a story of a wolf hunt that I had read. Now, Mr. Editor, you know how particular I am about authorities, and how much I sometimes search and hunt to find out the truth of one little item. But it is not always possible to search out the truth of a narrative, and I supposed that my authority for this was good. And that is where I was mistaken. That fifteen miles in six minutes was a slip of my pen in converting the Russian measure into English miles, and I did not give it a second look or I should have seen that it was wrong."

"That's frank, Mr. Editor," says the corporal. "I'm satisfied Aunt Julia did not mean to misstate or overstate her facts, only she was for once caught napping. She will be careful next time, I'm sure.—Here is a letter from ABIE M., a girl whose mother is 'gone home.' She says:

"Your dear Advocate sheds warmth like the sunshine into the hearts of its readers. My mother died five years ago. I have one sister. She is trying to serve the Saviour and meet her in heaven. We have had a pleasant exhibition here for the purpose of obtaining money to replenish our library, in which both young and old took a part. We received as a reward for our labors fifty-six dollars. We have a good pastor and superintendent, who are leading their flock to the fold of Jesus. They and the members of our school wish to enlist in the Try Company, and if the corporal will be so kind as to enroll us we will try to be faithful soldiers."

"Enroll them by all means, Mr. Scribe," adds the corporal, turning to Esquire Forrester.

The squire asks, "How can I enroll them without knowing their names?"

"You can't, surely," rejoins the corporal. "Put down Abbie's name. The others are unknown quantities."

"Here is a puzzle in rhyme that no booby sublime Could solve with his wits in a long lifetime:

The name of a woman who lived in a tent,
The name of a man who a hunting went;
The name of a man of folly and might,
The name of a warrior killed in fight;
The name of a woman who fed our Lord,
The name of men who delight in discord;
The name of a youth who died while asleep,
The name of a man for whom many did weep,
The name of a man whose learning was deep.

The first letters of these names arranged well,
Contain a short sentence from our Lord's Gospel.

"And here is the answer to the Scripture puzzle in our last:

"Quail, Exodus xvi, 13; Num. xi, 32. Urin, Exodus xxviii, 30. Emmanuel, Isa. vii, 14. Embroiderer, Exod. xxxviii, 23. Nettles, Prov. xxiv, 31.—The Queen of Sheba, 1 Kings x, 1.

"HATTIE, of —, says:

"I go to Church every Sabbath day, and I have a brother and little sister who go with me. We have a very good minister. We have a juvenile missionary society in our Sunday-school. We have raised about \$25 for the missionaries. Our school is small but quite interesting. We love our teachers and superintendent very much. We all give your Advocate a happy greeting, and are trying to profit by its teachings."

"Hattie looks on the bright side of things, and is, I think, a good girl. She and her brother and sister may join our company."