

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPER LITTLE

UNTIL M.E.

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL

ADVOCATE

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RONALD AND HIS FRIEND PHILIP.

THE hour of play was come, and the lads were rushing, some to cricket, others to base-ball, others to fly their kites in the lovely green meadow, while some went to their gardens.

"I say," said Lanty Browne to his chum Dick Mings, while making his belt tight, "that was a rare go of Ned's, 'greedy Ned,' to accuse Ronald of being stingy because he would not spend his cash on fruit."

"Ronald," answered Mings, "stood more treats last term than any one of the richer lads; and if he does not do so now, that is no reason we should forget how good he has been to us. We American boys should be above treat-hunting. My father says we must eat to live, but not live to eat."

"It makes me ill to see how some of the fellows lay in wait for 'treats' and 'tips,' just the same as blind Bartlet watches for pennies."

"It's horrid to see Billy Bowen's little keen eyes, when his friends put their hands in their pockets: he makes a downright grab at the cash, as if that was all in the world he cared for."

"Billy Bowen's as mean as a monkey; he'll beg and bite the same minute."

"But about Ronald," said Lanty, "I know he has just the same money this term that he had last; yet he

turns away from the street-sweeper, and refused in the face of the school to join our 'bus party, and withdrew his name from the cricket-club, and he such a first-rate player and so fond of it: yet now he only plays to make up; there must be a reason for it; he has lots of pluck."

"Why don't you ask him why it is?" suggested Dick, giving his belt a fierce tug.

"Not I," replied Lanty; "he would not stand a question from a youngster. Will Graves is his friend, yet I doubt if even Will knows; suppose you were to ask Will?"

Dick gave a very long whistle. "Ask Will!" he



said; "ask the silent sister? He's a good chap at heart, but he's always down on a fellow about 'chaff' and 'slang;' lectures us about our English as if he was usher at the least."

"Yet a year ago he talked as we do; and did you never hear what his uncle did?"

"No, tell it."

"O his uncle is such a file; only William never will hear a word said against him. Will was home at Easter, and his uncle came down upon him about slang, telling him to speak like a book and all that, and Will wanted new clothes, and told his uncle he wished for them by such a day to be a swell and go

thin hand, but he was not reading; he turned to the right and to the left, so as to follow the movements of the players; now half rising to obtain a better view of the field; then sinking down, not able to stand for more than five minutes at a time. At last he closed his book, folded his long fingers together, and looked at the playground and the players. His features were quite calm, but great round tears rolled down his cheeks; it was sad to see the little lad so full of sorrow while his schoolfellows were so joyous; he seemed crushed. Suddenly his face grew bright, as if lit up by a sunbeam; he rubbed away his tears, stood up and then sat down; and all this

to a spread, and his uncle said he should have them. The clothes did not come home until the night of the party, and what do you think?"

"I do not know what to think," said Dick.

"Well, his uncle had told the tailor to make him the dress of a stable-boy; he had indeed; and when Will was in a way, he said to the poor chap, if he spoke like a stable boy he should dress like a stable-boy. And, do you know, Will says his uncle was right."

"No!"

"Yes, he does, and he has not talked slang since."

And off they ran to the cricket-ground.

It was very pleasant that clear balmy afternoon to sit under the shadow of two fine lime-trees, close to where Lanty and Dick had paused to tighten their belts and tell the little story of Will's stable-dress—very pleasant. Hundreds of bees were among the lime-flowers, keeping up a joyous buzzing sound as if they sang at their work. Ever and anon would come a merry laugh or a shout from the playground.

And beyond that was a river. When the sunbeams danced on its blue waters it sparkled like jewels. All this was charming; yet, on the wooden bench that went round the trees sat only one little lad, the lame boy, Philip.

He had a book open in his