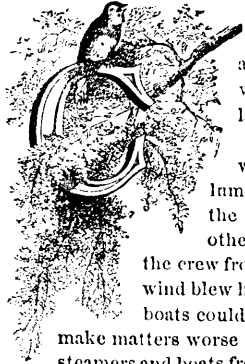


like quicksands; that difficult as it was to leave those sands, so hard was it to leave those evil habits; that unaided we never could escape from them; God only could deliver us; and she bade us remember the quicksand daily when we prayed to our heavenly Father to "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." ELI.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1863.

THE BOY HERO.



AN a boy be a hero? Of course he can if he has courage and an opportunity to display it. I will tell you of one boy who lately played the hero nobly.

His name is JOHN GAFFY. He was on board the steamer Columbia when she was wrecked on the coast of North Carolina. Another steamer sent boats to take off the crew from the sinking vessel. But the wind blew hard. The sea was rough. The boats could not get up to the wreck. To make matters worse the rebels began to fire on the steamers and boats from their shore batteries. What can save the sinking crew now?

Look at the poor ship as the sea breaks over her! See her crew huddled together on the deck with hopeless faces. Plainly, they expect to be drowned. But see! A little boy pulls off his round blue jacket, ties a line to his waist, and leaps into the frothy waves. It is John Gaffy. What is he about?

Watch him! He is swimming through the rude waves toward the nearest boat. How he toils! Will he ever reach her? He will, for his heart is brave and his arms are strong. Ah! he has reached her. See! the sailors are lifting him in. Now they pull on the line which they take from his waist. It is joined to a stout rope. This rope is made fast to the wreck. By means of it the crew leave their foundering bark and reach the boats. John Gaffy has saved thirty lives! Isn't he a hero? Shout, my children, for this boy hero! Give three cheers for this noble boy!

Will you be heroes too, my children? I don't mean by doing just as John did. Some of you couldn't do that. There's little Nell, and pretty Ella, and laughing Sue; they would make queer work at swimming in a rough sea, wouldn't they? Some of my boys, too, would feel not a little faint-hearted about leaping overboard as John did. But you can all be heroes without doing such deeds—moral heroes, I mean. You can all stand up for the right. You can all stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer or die rather than do wrong. To do such things is to be heroic. May God help you all to be heroes—moral heroes—girls and all!

THE RULE OF CONTRARY.

You have all heard of the "Rule of Three," I doubt not. Have you ever heard of the "Rule of Contrary?" Perhaps not. Let me give you a few examples of it, and then you will understand all about it.

"John, my son," said Mr. Quiet to his eldest boy, "run down to Mr. Nance's as quick as you can and get me a pound of tenpenny nails. Make haste!"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

John began to obey his father by slowly rising from the floor on which he had been seated counting his marbles. Then he carried his marble-bag up to his bed-chamber. After that he went down stairs and began fumbling among a heap of coats and hats in the clothes-press in search of his cap. Having found it, he went slowly down the street, dawdling along, and stopping to look in at every store-window, and to talk with every boy he met. He spent at least ten minutes talking with Willie Isaacs, the cobbler's boy, about the way shoes are made. With ordinary smartness he might have got the nails in ten minutes from the time his father spoke to him. Had he been quick, as his father wished him to be, he might have got them in six or eight minutes. As he actually went for them, it was



just one hour before he put them into his father's hands. That was working by the rule of contrary. His father wished him to be quick. He was very, very slow.

Let me give you another example. Four little girls are playing with their dolls. Their mother enters the room just after dark and says:

"My dears, it is time that all good dolls, and especially all good little girls, were in bed. Come, put the dolls away and get ready for bed!"

"O mamma," replies Emma, "do let me cut this cape first."

"O mamma," cries Ellen, "do just let me fix my doll's hoops before I go."

"O mamma," whimpers Esther, "I must comb my doll's hair first."

"O mamma—" But mamma cut Anna short by saying, "I can't listen to your 'O mammams.' It is time to go to bed and you must go. Come, put away your dolls!"

Then one little girl pouted, another frowned, a third made faces at her doll—I fear she meant them for her mother—while little Anna cried right out. But it was all useless. Mamma was firm, and the girls had to go to bed.

Those girls worked by the rule of contrary. You understand the rule now, don't you? I hope you don't work by it. You see it is a bad rule. It makes a boy go slow when he ought to go quick, and quick when he ought to go slow. It makes a girl wish to stay up when she ought to go to bed, and to lie in bed when she ought to get up. In short, it makes children do just contrary to what they ought to do. That is the rule of contrary. It is a very bad rule, and one which always leads those who work by it into trouble.

I don't like children who walk by the rule of contrary, but I do like boys and girls who work by the rule of right. Yes, the RULE OF RIGHT. That's the rule I love. That's the only safe rule. It keeps children in the path of duty, which, you know, is the path of beauty leading to heaven. Walk by that rule.

"In the darkest night, my child,  
Canst thou see the right, my child?  
Forward, then! God is near,  
The right will be light to thee,  
Armor and might to thee;  
Forward, and never fear!"

Hurrah for the rule of right!

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

I WRITE these lines, my children, with a sad heart. This is July 17, and for the past four days this great city has been full of riot, robbery, and death. Armed men, wicked men, men who are neither fit for life nor death, have gone about our streets stealing, burning, and killing. What for? They say it is because they don't like the law which drafts men into the army which is trying to put down the rebels in the South. The truth is, these rioters are rebels in heart, and they don't want the rebels in the South put down. O wicked men! May God for-

give their sins and save their souls. May he also save our city and country! Let all the children say, Amen!

"Here is a Scripture puzzle for Bible-reading boys and girls to solve:

"There is a king mentioned in the Bible who was crowned while he was yet a boy. He became a noted warrior, a great farmer, a large builder, a patron of inventors, a mighty monarch, a leper, a sacrilegious man, and died a prisoner in his own palace. Find his name, what he built, where he farmed, what the inventions he patronized, how he became a leper, and wherein he was guilty of sacrilege.

"Here are the answers to questions about cups in our last Advocate:

(1.) Pharaoh's cup, Gen. xl, 11. (2.) Joseph's cup, Genesis xlv, 2. (3.) The cup of trembling, Isaiah li, 17. (4.) Babylon, Jeremiah li, 7. (5.) Jesus, Matt. xxvi, 39. (6.) The sacramental cup, Luke xxii, 20.

"Here is a letter from KU-NIONG, a Chinese miss, which you must hear read. She says:

"If a little group of girls who try to be good but sometimes get naughty were to ask to serve under Corporal Try would he let them? They say the 'be-good children' are blessed, but then perhaps the Corporal would not like to take 'other kingdom men' whose words he cannot understand. The 'Full Moon' thinks he will not refuse her, as she is little and will not take up much room nor make a noise. She does not intend to ask until she has finished learning the Ten Commandments, for she thinks they will be a great help to her. These children say if the corporal only knew how much evil and how little good they have known nearly all their lives he would not be hard with them till he had tried them. They do not worship idols any more, but pray to the 'true God.' To be sure, some of them have 'heavenly feet,' but it is the custom of the country, and their parents have bound them because they will not do differently from what their forefathers have done. If the corporal will take them they will be happy and will try do him honor; but if he cannot they propose getting up an opposition Try Company and inviting all the little heathen to join."

An opposition Try Company, indeed! Will you permit such a thing, corporal?

"No, indeed. I prefer to enlist those dear little ones in China in my old army. 'Full Moon' or 'half moon' girls, with or without 'heavenly feet,' 'Ku-niong,' and all the girls in China who will try to obey our great Captain Jesus are welcome to my ranks. I give them all my blessing, and hope to hear from 'Ku-niong' again."

Spoken like yourself, corporal! What next?

"MARY L. BELL has sent me a paper in which she says:

"I was once called to see a dying schoolmate. When I reached her bedside her breath had almost gone, but as soon as her eyes rested upon me she threw her arms around my neck, kissed me for the last time, and said, 'Mary, give your heart to the Saviour and prepare to meet me in heaven.' The minister, who stood by her bedside, asked her if she was afraid to die. 'Afraid to die!' said she; 'why no; death is but the servant Jesus sends to call me to his arms.' She then bade her parents and friends goodbye, and took her flight to her heavenly home. Let us prepare ourselves so that when we are called to die we may die such a death as my schoolmate did, so that we may all meet in that land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Mary gives excellent advice in this letter. Let us all attend to it by getting close to the side of Jesus.

"EMORY W. M., of Sullivan, says:

"My mother died before I can remember her, and I have had to seek a home and friends among strangers. Some are kind to me and some are unkind. Some tell me of Jesus, while others curse the dear name. At present I am permitted to attend Sabbath-school, where I love to hear of the love of God. And when I see other children blessed with parents and homes, where they can live with their brothers and sisters, I think how they ought to love God and give him their hearts. I am trying, by the grace of God, to be a good boy, and wish to be admitted into your Try Company."

Poor motherless boy! You have my best wishes, my son, for your prosperity. Don't fret over your loneliness, but trust in the orphan's Friend, act well your part wherever you are, and hope—hope always, hope ever. Don't envy other children who are outwardly better off. Be cheerful, my son. Be thankful to the friends you have, and thereby express your gratitude to God for raising them up. Be patient toward the unkind. Try to do everything well that you have to do. Dig potatoes, hoe, chop wood, do "chores" better than anybody else. Learn all you can. Seek to know Jesus. Do these things ten years and you will then be twenty-one years old, and if we both live till then write me the result if you know where I reside. I shall really like to know what sort of a man you make, Emory.