

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

LITTLE
SUPPERUNTIL
M.C.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 2.

OCTOBER 24, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 194.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

PLAYING FALSE.

ROBERT LILY had a rich uncle, who, being a rich old bachelor, took a notion to Robert, and promised to leave him all his property when he died. After being made his uncle's heir, Robert went to pay the old gentleman a visit. But so anxious was Robert to please that he acted more like a crouching slave than a frank, honest boy. He agreed, or pretended to agree, with his uncle in everything. On the first evening his uncle said:

"Robert, I rise at five o'clock and take a cold bath. You are, of course, an early riser, and would like a cold bath too, wouldn't you?"

Now, as a matter of fact, early rising and cold baths were things that Robert did not like a bit. He would rather snooze until eight o'clock, and then sit down to a nice warm breakfast, than adopt his uncle's practice. But afraid to give offense, he replied:

"Yes, uncle, I think a cold bath in the morning is delightful."

O false, lying Robert! I rather think his uncle was a little bit of a wag, and invited Robert to the cold bath by way of punishing him for his servility. But be this as it may, Robert had to take the bath, very much to his own disgust.

I like to see such boys caught in their own snares, don't you? How much more manly, noble, and Christian it would have been for Robert to have told the truth, acted like himself, and been in every sense a true boy. I'm sure his uncle would have liked him better. But suppose he did not, was not Robert's own truth and purity worth far more than his uncle's money?

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE FANNY.

WHAT is little Fanny about? Is she dressing herself up for a game, or has she fallen into a fit of self-admiration? I will tell you.

Fanny has a sister named Alice who does not live with her mother, but who stepped in just now for a short visit. Fanny was sent up stairs with her sister's hat and shawl. No sooner was she in the chamber alone than she put Alice's bonnet on her head, threw her shawl over her shoulders, and, placing the swing-glass in a chair, began to admire herself.

What she saw to admire, perhaps, you can see better than I. To me she looks like a little fright.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

LITTLE PAUL, THE BLIND BOY.

LITTLE PAUL was blind. His mother was poor, and his father was dead; but the last words he said to his weeping wife were, "Trust in God! God never forsakes his people!" and then he closed his eyes and died.

Now the poor mother was all alone in the world with her blind child—all alone, for she had neither friends nor relations. And she had no money either, but must work diligently with her needle for her living; but that she did not mind, and worked gladly day and night for her little blind boy. The blind child was as dear to her heart, perhaps more so, than those children who can see are to their mothers, for he needed it more. Sometimes she did not come home for the whole day, for she had to go and work for strangers from early morning until late in the evening; and all that time the child was alone. But no, not quite alone either, for good Martha, the old woman who lived over the way, and whose room door was directly opposite the poor mother's, came

Alice's bonnet is too big by half for her little round face. The shawl trails awkwardly on the floor. She looks more like a rag-doll than a pretty little girl. But you can easily tell by the smirk on her face that she thinks herself very pretty. Perhaps she is wishing that her own clothes were as nice as those of her sister. Ah, Fanny! Fanny! I am afraid your little heart is brimful of vanity. Alice laughs at you. I laugh at you. All the readers of the Advocate family will join in the laugh. You deserve to be laughed at, Fanny, indeed you do. Ha, ha, ha!

I wonder how many of my Advocate girls have Fanny's fault? How is it, girls? How many of you are vain? If mirrors could talk and walk, I would invite all your looking-glasses to come to my office and tell me how many of you stand like Fanny before their honest faces and think and say foolish things about yourselves. Wouldn't I get something to laugh at in that case? Wouldn't I hear some things to weep over too? You know that foolish and vain thoughts are *sins*. Many a woman who is now unhappy and lost, began her evil course by thinking vain thoughts before a mirror when she was a little girl. I hope, therefore, that you, my children, will put all vain thoughts out of your hearts, and pray that you may all be sweet little violets in God's garden—that is, modest, plain, simple-hearted, innocent little maidens in the Church of Christ.

X.

several times in the course of the day to look after little Paul—she was such a good, kind old body. But then she could not stay with him long, for she must make haste and spin all her wool if she would not go hungry. Munter, though a little puppy-dog, and Bibi, a dear little canary-bird, stayed with him all the while and kept him company. The canary-bird used to sit upon his pillow and sing him the sweetest songs it knew; and when the little boy let his hand hang down over the side of the bed Munter would run up and lick it; when Paul, too, wanted to get up, this same sensible Munter would take hold of his little coat-sleeve and lead him up and down the room that he should not run up against a table or chair. He took such a walk every day.

The happiest time for the little boy, though, was the evening, when his mother came home; it seemed like day then to him. She used to put her little work-table close beside his little bed, and tell him, while she sewed away as fast as she could, of the blessedness of heaven, and of the good God and all the holy angels; and so she entertained him with the most beautiful stories until late in the night—until he shut his eyes for very weariness. Little Paul often asked, "Mother, isn't the night almost past?" This cut the poor woman to the heart, and sometimes she hardly knew what to answer him.

"When we get to heaven," she said sometimes, "the night will be at an end. But God's eyes can