

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1865.



SOWING SEED.

SPRING has been here and is gone to give place to summer. Farmers and gardeners who sowed seed are now looking for a harvest. It was hard work to plow and sow, but people did it cheerfully because they thought of the crop which it would yield in the autumn.

Now every child's heart is a garden, and its early life is its spring or sowing-time. Thoughts are seeds. So are purposes; that is, every time a child chooses to do something he sows a seed.

Good thoughts and purposes are good seed. Evil ones are bad seed. The bad seeds grow without sowing just as weeds do. They are already in the heart. They sow themselves. Good seeds must be sown by the child himself.

Do you understand? *Not very clearly?* Well, let me make my meaning clear by a story.

In the olden time there were no books made of paper such as you now have. There were, however, books made of horn, but even they were very dear.

In those days there was a little boy whose mother was too poor to buy him a hornbook. This was bad, but the boy made his case worse by fretting because he could not have a book. From fretting he went on to envying those children who had books. He also coveted their books very strongly indeed. In all this that boy was letting bad seed spring up in his heart. Fretting was a bad seed. Envy was a bad seed. Coveting was a bad seed. The little boy should have pulled these seeds up as a gardener does weeds. He should have sowed the good seed of submission and contentment by saying, "O Lord, it hath pleased thee to make my mother poor. Help me to go without a book and not to envy those who have one. Please, God, help me not to covet my neighbor's book!"

That would have been sowing good seed. But this boy didn't sow it. He let the bad seed grow, and what do you think it did for him? It made him a thief. He stole a hornbook from one of his schoolmates.

"See!" said he to his mother, holding up the book, "see what I have got."

"You are a smart boy," said that naughty woman. She ought to have whipped him, sent him back with the book,

prayed with him, and talked with him until he was sorry. Perhaps if she had he would have repented. Perhaps he would not have minded her.

Mark what came of that bad seed! The boy was not found out, and when he coveted something else he stole that also. Thus he went on from bad to worse until he grew up to be a great robber. After several years of crime he was caught and tried, and sentenced to be hung.

Wasn't it terrible?

When he stood under the gallows he saw his mother in the crowd and asked permission to speak to her. She was led to his side. He stooped as if he meant to kiss her. But, instead of kissing her, he bit her ear, and then said angrily:

"Mother, if you had punished me when I stole the hornbook I should not have been here."

That was a hard saying for his mother to hear, but it was a poor excuse for the boy. He knew he did wrong when he fretted, coveted, and stole. Perhaps he didn't think that those seeds would grow up into the crimes for which he was hung. Still, he knew they were bad seeds and he should have pulled them up.

Now you cannot help seeing what I meant by letting evil seed grow in your hearts. And you see that it is a very sad thing to do. Will you do it? Will you let those fretful, angry, lazy, envious, selfish, proud, vain thoughts grow, or will you pluck them out? Out with them whenever they show their naughty heads. Go to work sowing the seeds of truth, honor, faithfulness, humility, mercy, obedience, and love. Jesus will help you grow them by giving you his Holy Spirit. Who will sow good seed in his heart?

EASY CHAIR.

WHEW! It's hot weather, is it not? So hot it puts an old man's strength to the test. But who will complain that knows how needful these hot days and nights are to the growth and ripening of the corn? No, let us rather thank God and pray that he will so mingle

the refreshing showers with the hot days that the earth may bring forth a bountiful harvest. Now, Corporal, what have you for the children?

"Here are some questions about snow:

"1. Who became white as snow? 2. What did Benaiah



do in time of snow? 3. Who sends snow upon the earth? 4. What does Job say of washing in snow-water? 5. What is snow called on to do? 6. To what is snow compared? 7. What will make us whiter than snow? 8. What is as unnatural as would be a fall of snow in summer? 9. What shall be made as white as snow, and when? 10. What is said of the snow of Lebanon? 11. What was white as snow in Salmon? 12. What is compared to snow water-

ing the earth and making it bring forth? 13. What does Daniel compare to snow? 14. Where is the raiment of an angel compared to snow? 15. What is compared to the cold of snow in time of harvest?

"The answers to the puzzles in our last may be found by folding their upper lines partly over the lower ones. The first answer is 'RUM,' the second 'SIN.'

"Here is a letter from CHARLES A. F., of Washington, U. S., who says:

"One year ago last February you admitted me to your Try Company. I was then a Cretian, living in a rural village upon one edge of the grand prairie of Illinois, thirty-three miles from the city of Chicago. My father was at that time and had been for several years a colporteur, doing missionary work in the West. He is now and has been for over a year a clerk in the Paymaster General's Office, Washington, D. C. I came to this city last fall with some expectation of being a page in the House of Representatives, but I was disappointed. I used to go occasionally and sit in the galleries. When I heard the congressmen make speeches I thought I would like to be smart enough to be a congressman. I attended several of the President's receptions during the winter. I was introduced to Mr. Lincoln as the 'Prairie Boy from the West.' He appeared to be pleased when he found I was from the same state he was. He pressed my hand warmly while he talked with me. But he is gone. Murdered by an assassin! I saw his remains while lying in state at the White House. As I looked upon that noble form, I thought, How changed! Those eyes that looked upon me so pleasantly were forever closed upon the scenes of earth. Those lips that spoke so kindly were motionless. Those hands that pressed mine so warmly were cold as marble. He was a good man. I hope to meet him in heaven. When I saw the admiring crowds at the receptions paying their homage to Mr. Lincoln, I thought I would like to be a president; but after attending several missionary meetings I felt that I would rather be a missionary than a congressman or even president.

"At one of the missionary meetings I was introduced as a speaker from the prairies of the West. After giving a little history of my life and relating some western incidents, I took from my pocket the little box I wrote to you about, and held it up before the congregation and said, 'I hold in my hand a box. Upon its cover are engraved these words, "Once I was a tobacco-box. Now I am a missionary-box." Its object is to elicit money for the missionary cause. Contributions for this box will be thankfully received. God loveth a cheerful giver.' I then put the contents of the box upon the table and walked to a seat. Soon after a gentleman said, 'I will give a dollar toward making the prairie boy a life member of the Missionary Society.' 'I will give another,' 'I will give another,' was heard in quick succession until the twenty dollars were pledged.

"I am going to try and be a good boy and learn all I can, so that when I grow up to be a man, if God wants me to be a missionary and go to 'Greenland's icy mountains' or 'Africa's sunny fountains' to tell the story of the cross I will go.

"I like our new President very much. I have heard him make two speeches. He talks well. He is no friend to traitors.

"That prairie boy will do. He has grit and will paddle his own canoe across the sea of life right manfully," thus says the Corporal, and I guess the old gentleman is at least half right. I give my hand to Charlie.

"EDA M. F., of I—, says:

"My pa died last spring away in the West, where he had gone to buy a home. I have no brother or sister. I try to be good and comfort my ma all I can. There is a Good Templar's Society here, and they will not allow any to join them under fifteen; but I thought I wanted to be doing good in some way, and perhaps you would admit me to your Try Company. I will try to be good and do good. I ask God to bless my ma and all my friends, and to bless myself and make me a good girl."

Eda writes as if she loved her mother, and that is one of the best marks of a good girl the Corporal knows of. The love of Jesus and the love of mother will carry any child safely along the path of life. Eda is enrolled. May the Father of the fatherless bless her!

"The 'Dr. Wise Missionary Class,' of East L—, say:

"Jennie, Fannie, Mary, Clara, Emma, Frank, Eva, Mary, Minnie, and Ella are members of the Dr. Wise Missionary Class of the East Liberty Sunday-school, and wish to become members of your Try Company. Will you accept them? They mean to take 'I'll try' for their motto in future. They love their Sunday-school very much, and mean to try and be worthy scholars.

"That class is admitted," says the Corporal, and then winking his eye at the editor, he adds, "not for the sake of the name it bears, but for its own sake." The editor owns to being snubbed by the Corporal, and meekly bows his head in silence.