

CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPER-LITTLE

UNTO ME

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## HOT COALS; OR, HOW FRITZ WAS CONQUERED.

BY REV. DR. NEWTON.

JOE BENTON lived in the country. Not far from his father's home was a large pond. His Cousin

Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, elegantly rigged, with masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond. Joe had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little

eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying, "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it." "Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

cave near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of this day Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself as he finished dressing. "Now, I've just time to run down to the pond before breakfast and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon, for the captain must be up to time."

Away he went, scampering toward the cave where the boat had been left ready for the launch. As he drew near he saw the signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away. The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then, with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed:

"I know who did it—the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch; but I'll pay him up for *this* caper, see if I don't."

Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cove, and hurrying on some way down the road, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along, but instead of that it was his Cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to see just then, so he unfastened the string and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him. But Herbert's quick