

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1864.

MY VISIT TO A HAUNTED HOUSE.



ONCE visited a house which was haunted by a spirit. This ghost was a queer fellow—I believe every ghost is queer. I mean, it had queer ways. Instead of visiting one room and walking at night as most ghosts are said to do, this one walked all day and visited every nook and corner of the house, turning everything topsy-turvy. In the parlor, for example, I found the hearth-rug tumbled into ruffs, the ornaments on the table and mantel were all askew and out of place, the chairs were in the middle of the room, the music-books were under the piano, and the curtains were half off the rollers. In the library the books were huddled together on the shelves, the big ones crushing the little ones; newspapers and pamphlets were stuffed in between them or scattered over the floor. The carpet and walls were stained with ink-splashes, and shreds of cotton, linen, silk, cloth, etc., were lying everywhere around. The bedrooms looked still worse. Everything was in a heap. The bed-clothes looked as if a bear was snoozing under them. The drawers were half open, and their contents looked like piles of rags stuffed in at random and jammed together by pushing the drawer. Broken brushes, bits of comb, hair-oil bottles, pomade jars, and worn-out tooth-brushes were plentifully strewn on the tables and wash-stands. When I sat down to dinner I found this vexatious ghost skipping over the table, spilling the gravy, upsetting the salt, sprinkling bread crumbs about, and brushing potato-skins and bits of meat and pudding from the table to the floor.

All this was the work of the ghost that haunted the house in which I was visiting. Wasn't that ghost a queer fellow? Would you like to know his name? I will tell you. It was **DISORDER!**

Does the fellow haunt your house, Master Sharpstick? Is he in yours, Miss Lively? If so I beg you to turn him out. Just make a place for everything and keep everything in its place, and that ghost will run from your home with a quicker step than little Bushtail, the squirrel, ran up the walnut-tree last summer when old Tompkins's dog tried to catch him.

WHAT MADE A LITTLE GIRL HAPPY.

A LITTLE girl appearing to be very happy was asked: "What gives you your peace? Is there anything in your past life gives you comfort?"

"No," said she. "What gives me comfort is knowing that Jesus loves me, and that I am washed in his precious blood."

Happy girl! I wish all my children were as happy and for the same reason. Are you, my sweet face?

BUYING A BIBLE WITH PUDDING.

A POOR boy, having learned to read by going to Sunday-school, had a great desire to own a Bible. He had no money to buy one and no means to earn money, for he was an apprentice, with no pay only his board and lodging.

But his fellow-apprentice owned a Bible, though he never read it. Our poor boy, knowing that his mate was very fond of a particular kind of pudding which was given them on Sundays only, said to him one day:

"If you will let me have your Bible I will give you my share of pudding for as many Sundays as you like."

The bargain was struck. The Bible changed hands. Its new owner fed upon it and became a child of God. The pudding-eater grew more and more selfish. The Bible boy lost his Sunday pudding but saved his soul.

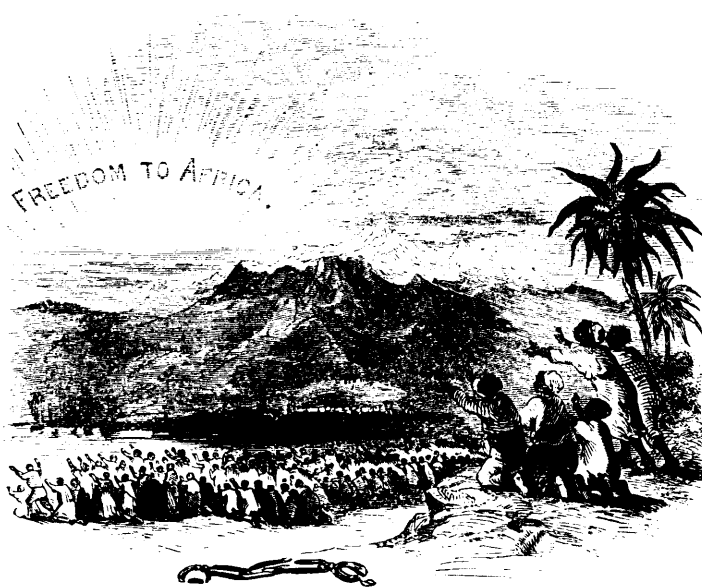
The pudding-eater filled his stomach but lost his soul. Which was the wiser boy?

Have I child among my readers who would pay such a price for a Bible? If so I would like to grasp his hand. Not being able to do that literally, I do it in my heart.

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

"MR. EDITOR," says the corporal, throwing his old felt hat on the table and dropping into his chair, "I want to know what you think about the war in the United States. When will it be over?"

I can't tell—this summer, I hope. I wish it was over now, my corporal, for war is a cruel and terrible thing. It has already slain and wounded thousands of fathers, sons, and brothers of our neighbors over the line, and carried sorrow into many, many happy homes. Still, I think the harvest that will grow from these fields of blood will be worth all they will cost. The precious lives lost will not have been lost for nothing. The dead and wounded Northern soldiers are freedom's martyrs. From their heroism will come freedom to millions of slaves, the release of the government of the United States from the clutches of the great and wicked slave-power, and the



blessings of Almighty God upon humanity. That the children now in the United States will reap the good fruits of this war when we are in our graves, corporal, I have no doubt. Let us then pray, ay, let *all the children* pray, Good Lord, deliver our neighbors and the world from war and slavery, and every other national evil.

"Amen!" responds the corporal solemnly.

"Amen!" adds Mr. Forrester. "I like that prayer. I hope every child will put it into his morning and evening prayer, and that every little Canadian will constantly cry, From war, and from slavery, and from all evil, good Lord deliver the world!"

"And now," says the corporal, "I will read the answer to the last puzzle: (1.) Lemuel, Prov. xxxi, 1. (2.) Judas, Matt. xxvii, 3. (3.) Lachish, 1 Chron. xi, 9. (4.) Jubilee trumpet, Lev. xxv, 9. (5.) Kir, Isa. xv, 1. (6.) Manasseh, Num. i, 35. (7.) Mills, 1 Kings ix, 24. (8.) Lahan, Gen. xxxi, 36. (9.) Luz, Gen. xlviii, 3.—The son of Isaiah, Maher-Shalal-hash-baz, Isa. viii, 3.

"Below is an anagram which contains the principal word of an ancient prophecy that is now being rapidly fulfilled by the help of wicked men who desire to prevent its fulfillment. Here is the anagram: 'O, pa, I hit E.' The prophecy is finely illustrated in the above picture.

"HOMER P. says:

"DEAR CORPORAL—(although I think it ought to be captain)—I am authorized to impart to you tidings which I know cannot but bring joy. Way out here in the bush, where most people think no person except barbarians live, (I exclude you from that number,) is one of the nicest Sunday-schools that ever existed, not because I attend, but because we have such good teachers and officers, all who know the many souls to be saved and work with a right good zeal. For three weeks there has been a revival in the Church, and great numbers have been converted, which extended to the Sunday-school. Teachers and scholars together sought and many found the Lord, while others are daily striving to find him. Will you please put my name down upon the list of your Try Company, which must be exceedingly large? I don't see how you can command so many, but I know they all have faith, and what

can accomplish more than faith? I have been a very bad boy, but I hope the new leaf which I have turned over is without a blot to stain its brightness, which is not forgiven. We have marched against Satan and routed him, but O what a struggle!

"Here is a line from MARY M'C.:

"I cannot tell you how much I would like to have your picture, but if I had my choice between having it and the love of God in my heart I should take the latter, for you know that when I meet you in heaven (which I hope to do) I can see you there and sing praises to the Lord with you, but I could not get the love of Jesus on the judgment-day, for the time of repenting will be over. All our school is trying to get to heaven. The Sabbath-school is so much more pleasant, and we all feel so much better since we all know that if we keep in the straight and narrow path we will meet Jesus in heaven. Perhaps I am selfish, but I cannot tell the joys of others as well as my own. Dear corporal, I am so happy that I cannot express myself. If you want to know what kind of meetings we have, just imagine a large church full of people, some praying for mercy, some praising the Lord, some shouting and laughing, and Jesus pouring his Spirit out upon all. Of course, there is some hard-hearted ones, but we hope that there will be none soon."

Homer, Mary, and their happy schoolmates are now pilgrims to the city of our God. I hope they will all keep their faces set like flints toward the gate of the new Jerusalem. I trust to walk its golden streets in their company by and by. What next, corporal?

"MATTY V. M., of —, writes:

"I am trying to be a Christian. The first thing I did this year was to read the Bible, and my rule is to read two chapters a day. I love to read the S. S. Advocate better than anything I ever read, except the holy Bible, which I put before all. I gave my heart to Jesus when I was but four years old, while Aunt Bevens, my Sunday-school teacher, was praying for her class. Just when she asked the Lord to help these little lambs to give their hearts to Jesus I gave him mine. O that was a happy day to me! I love Aunt Bevens very much, and I expect to meet her in heaven. I was very happy then, but it soon came into my mind that my pa, who is a minister, would not like it, for he called me his pet lamb; but I felt I had done it, and that I ought to do it, and I never have been sorry for doing it. I was very glad when pa said I did right.

"That's pretty and sweet," adds the corporal, smacking his lips as if he just tasted honey. "Matty shall have her name written in large letters on my roll, and Aunt Bevens shall be made a commissioned officer in my corps."

The Captain of our salvation will not forget Aunt Bevens when he rewards his faithful soldiers. May he clothe Matty with armor of proof, that she may be able to withstand all her enemies!

"Master C. R. L., of —, says:

"I belong to a Sunday-school, and O the pleasant times I have there! The scholars all seem to love their dear Saviour so, but a dark cloud has been hovering over our little band. Yesterday and to-day two of our dearest scholars died—Johnny and Sarah; but O how pleasing it is for their parents to know that they died and went to the arms of Him who loves them, and O how satisfying it is for our dearest of preachers, Mr. Gregory, to see two of his little flock go to the Saviour who loves them! O, Mr. Corporal, he is a dear, good man! I pray that he may always be so. O if you could only hear how pretty he talks to us you would unite with me in saying that he is really a friend to us boys and girls that he has charge over.

"GEORGE P. D. says:

"I have no brothers or sisters on earth, but I have a pa and three sisters in heaven. I am trying to be a good boy and meet them there. I have a dear grandma ninety-two years old, and I have got one of the best mothers that ever was."

George has much to grieve over and much to be glad about. I hope he is "tear-preventer" to that dear old grandmother and to that best of mothers. May he be true to his Saviour!

"Miss C. F. W. says:

"I have a sister in heaven and I am trying to meet her. I have united with the Church in full connection. I am trying to be good. Will you please enlist me in your Try Company? I have read the Bible through, and am reading it through again."

Charlotte is doing a good work. May she be a Bible Christian as well as a member of the corporal's most noble band, to which he admits her most cheerfully. I wish all my children would love Jesus and join the Church too. Why don't they? Can any child give a good reason for not loving Jesus?