

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPER · LITTLE

UNT · O · M · E

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 240.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

PERT CHILDREN.

I READ lately of a country boy who was visiting his city cousins. Walking out alone, he noticed a lawyer's office, into which he walked and asked:

"What do you keep to sell here?"

The lawyer's clerk looked quietly at the boy a moment, and thinking him to be very stupid and very green, replied, "Blockheads."

"Pretty good business," rejoined the country boy with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Pretty good business; I see you have only one left."

That was a pretty sharp hit. It showed that if the country boy was *green* he was not stupid. Nay, it showed that he only needed culture to make him smarter than the knowing young clerk whose *pertness* he so well snubbed. *Pertness* does not require much brain, but a flash of real wit does.

Pertness is a fault with many boys and girls. They give *pert* answers because they wish to pass for smart children. They do not gain their object, however, because sensible people know the difference between *pertness*—*impertinence* would be the better term—and wit.

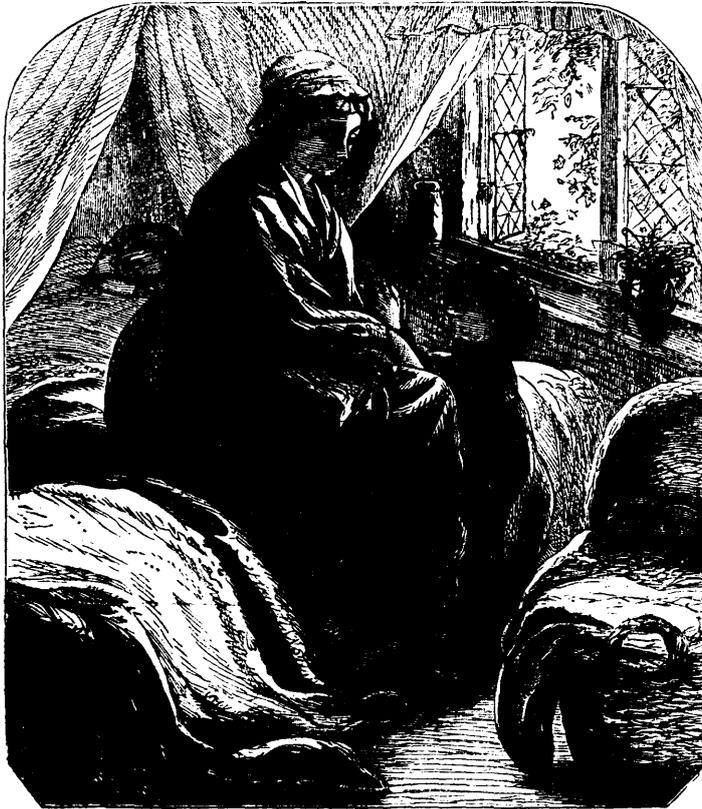
Don't try to be *pert*, my children. Speak kindly and modestly to every one. It is better to be modest than *pert*. People will respect and love you if you are modest and kind. They will dislike you if you are *pert*. X. Y.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A PRESIDENT'S FIRST EARNINGS.

WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a boy he worked hard for a living. His folks were what Southern people call "scrubs," that is, they owned neither land nor slaves. Young Abe, however, by dint of hard work, raised enough stuff on their hired land to carry some of it to market. While getting ready to go down the river to New Orleans, two travelers asked him to carry them on his raft to a passing steamer. He did so, and they gave him a dollar for his services. This was the first money he ever earned.

Who thought then that the little "scrub" would ever become the head of a great nation and a second WASHINGTON? Not a soul on earth dreamed it possible. Learn then, my child, to respect yourself, for, poor and unknown as you may be to-day, God may have great things in store for you hereafter. Learn, also, to despise no one, not even a "scrub," for the hard hand and uncombed head of the scrub may belong to a heart so full of heavenly things that the King of kings chooses it for one of his earthly homes. X.



Selected for the Sunday-School Advocate.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

First beside my mother kneeling;
Through the hushed-up silence deep
Hear the double whisper stealing:
"If I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

And the angels o'er me bending,
Sent by God my soul to keep,
Through the purple night descending,
Wide-arched wings above me spread
Heavenly shelter round my head.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

No wild dreams could break that slumber—
I had prayed for God to keep—
Blessed visions without number;
Glory caught from heavenly things
Showered from those angel wings!

"Now I lay me down to sleep!"

O my God! when I am dying,
Hear me pray that old-time prayer,
On my quiet death-bed lying,
From the old dreams let me wake—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

WHAT JESUS DID FOR ME.

O WHAT has Jesus done for me?
He pitied me—my Saviour.
My sins were great; his love was free;
He died for me—my Saviour."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ONLY JUST ONCE AND NO MORE.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"Now, boys and girls," said Mr. Raynor to his children and their visiting cousins, "you may play anywhere you please in the garden, but don't go into the green-house."

"Thank you, uncle," "We wont go into the green-house," and similar replies leaped from the lips of half a score of cherry-checked masters and misses who were all alive with fun and frolic as they ran from the house-door toward the garden-gate.

Up and down the garden-walks, in and out among the currant-bushes, round and round the pear and cherry-trees, those merry children raced, romped, shouted, and played for an hour or more, until they were getting tired. The day was hot, and most of them were city children visiting their cousins, Robert, George, Mary, and Harriet Raynor at their country home. When they were pretty well wearied out, one of the cousins, named Joe, cried:

"Let us sit down behind the green-house in the shade and rest a while."

"I go in for that," replied Robert.

"We've played very hard and I'm real tired."

"Let us sit round that pear-tree, it's so nice to be under the branches of a big tree," said laughing Alice, another city cousin.

A few moments later these happy children were all seated on the grass under the pear-tree, as Alice wished, where their tongues made merry music, like the clatter of many joy-bells.

After some time Cousin Joe moved to the green-house, and, mounting a stone, peeped in through the glass. A few minutes later he shouted:

"My! what beautiful flowers! Why, there are more lady's eardrops than I can count; and such whoppers too!"

This exclamation brought all the group to his side. All the city cousins shared the enthusiasm of Joe; but George Raynor, who was used to green-house flowers, replied:

"Pooh! pa always has lots of fuchsias. There's nothing very wonderful in them."

"Let us go inside and look at them," said Joe.

"So we will," replied George.

"Pa said we mustn't," said sweet little Mary Raynor.

"And we promised him we wouldn't," added the meek-eyed Alice.

"Well, what if we did?" retorted Joe. "We wont hurt the green-house. We will only just walk round it once. Uncle Raynor wont know it; and if he does he wont mind, if we don't touch the flowers. What do you say, Cousin Robert, shall we go in?"