

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER LITTLE

UNTIL M.C.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 4.

NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 196.



For the Sunday School Advocate.

RUSSIAN DRUNKARDS.

WELL, these Russians seem to believe in clean streets; at all events, both men and women turn out to sweep them. You wonder if it would not be well to try this plan in New York, where they complain so much of filthy streets. But is it not amusing to see a policeman superintending ladies at such work! Yes, and there is a passer-by very much amused too. He has discovered an acquaintance in one of these ladies, though she is evidently not over-pleased to see him. Listen! If we understood Russ we should probably hear him say, "Ah, caught at last, madam! I thought you more prudent than all this. Pray, how do you like street-sweeping? And does Mr. Peter Gorowski admire the appearance of his wife at her new business?"

The lady looks very much crestfallen, and you will not wonder at the sullen looks of the entire party when you learn that this is a punishment for being found drunk.

The Russians are great drinkers. The brandy consumed in the drinking-houses of St. Petersburg amounts to the handsome little sum of fifteen dollars a year for each man, woman, and child in the city. They have the same fault here that we do at home. They allow the shops to sell it, but punish the people for drinking it. "O no," says Sammy, "they only punish them for getting drunk!" Well, my lad, is not that the same thing? Is it not the drinking it that makes them drunk? "Yes, but a

little is good." Well, then, more would be better. No, Sammy, it is not good at all. That is where we have made the great mistake in the temperance movement in our country. We have allowed the physicians to persuade us that a little will strengthen and do us good. But the fact is, if a pint poisons us badly, half a pint poisons us half as much. To be sure, it makes us feel strong and active at the time, and stimulates us to exertion, but it is the natural exertion of the system to rid itself of a poison. It uses up the life-power and leaves us worse than ever. Find a person, if you can, that is really cured by the use of it, so that they are in all respects healthy and strong. When we get rid of our false notions about this thing we may have a temperance reform that is worth something, but no sooner. The only way is to leave it entirely alone, to shun it just as we would any other poison.

When our poor Russian becomes intoxicated he grows merry, sings foolish songs, and is very affectionate to every one that he meets. It is a curious fact that he does not stagger—he just walks straight on till he falls in the mud, to be picked up by a policeman, put in a cell till he gets sober, and then set to sweeping the streets. And for this glorious privilege he pays fifteen dollars a year or more. Only think of it! In a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants that would be—who will tell me first? Yes, that is right—a million and a half of dollars. How many schools that would support, how many Sunday-schools it would establish, how many poor

people it would clothe and feed! But now it all goes for drink. Do you admire the plan?

I have a proposition to make to you, my little tectotalers. Suppose we keep a pencil and paper by us in our journeyings abroad, or each one of us in our strolls about home in our everyday life, and make a habit of observing the effects of drink wherever we see them and jot them down, and then reckon them up to find the profit and loss. Perhaps you will find out in that way who does the best—the one that drinks or the one that does not. And, besides, it would be very pleasant to meet some of your fellow-travelers when you get to be men and compare notes. And I hope you may yet have the privilege of laying them aside with joy when the happy day comes of universal temperance in America.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

BOB THE CABIN-BOY.

LITTLE Bob went to sea with a very wicked captain, who was taken very sick during the voyage. So cruel and wicked was this captain that neither of

his men nor officers would go near him. They left him to die alone in his state-room. Bob thought it was wrong to treat the captain thus, although he was as wicked as a man could be.

So when the captain had been alone a day or two, Bob went to the captain's door and said, "Captain, how do you do?"

"What's that to you? be off!" growled the captain, who had made up his mind to die alone.

The next day Bob went to the state-room door again and said:

"Captain, I hope you are better."

This time the captain was so very sick that he told Bob to come in. The boy did so. Then, by waiting very kindly on him, he won his heart, read to him from the New Testament, prayed with him, and told him what he knew about the way to Jesus.

The poor captain felt that he was dying. He became alarmed, and was very thankful to Bob for his pious help. God showed the poor man his sins, and he began to cry in good earnest for mercy.

One morning when Bob entered the cabin he saw that a great change had taken place in the captain's looks. Instead of an awful gloom resting on his features there was a joyous light. Looking at Bob he said:

"O, Bob, my dear lad, I have had such a night! After you left me I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of the many blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a