

Sunday-School Advocate.

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SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

"**THAT** boy is sowing his wild oats," said one gentleman to another one day as a jaunty looking boy passed them puffing a cigar.

"So I judge from his looks," replied the other. "He is a fast boy, I doubt not, and will soon ruin himself and bring the gray hairs of his parents down to the grave in sorrow."

"You are too sharp on him," rejoined the first speaker. "Boys will sow their wild oats, you know."

"I know some of them will, but their willfulness does not mend the matter. It is, in fact, a serious part of their difficulty. Sowing wild oats, my friend, means being wicked, learning to smoke, to drink, to swear, to talk folly, to visit dens of sin, and, in a word, to do those things which the Scripture calls 'sowing to the flesh.' Such sowing always brings a harvest of corruption."

Boys, this last speaker was right. Sowing wild oats means sinning fast; means going to destruction in a hurry; means good-by to purity and happiness, and a rushing into impurity, misery, and hell. Dear boys, don't sow wild oats!

THE HEAVIEST LOAD.

As a gentleman was riding horseback over a steep mountain in the West Indies he overtook a poor girl carrying a heavy load and weeping bitterly. Reining up his horse, he said in kindly tones:

"Why are you crying so?"

"My load is too heavy," replied the poor girl, "and I have a long way to carry it."

The gentleman took the burden upon his horse, and the girl, with brightened aspect, walked by his side. He asked her many questions. Among them was this:

"What is the heaviest load to carry?"

"Sin, sir," she replied very solemnly and to the gentleman's surprise.

She was right. Sin is the heaviest load that can be carried by man, woman, or child. Nor can any one relieve us of the burden except Jesus. Isn't it a glorious truth that he invites every one to bring it to him? Hear him, O my children, crying, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." What a glorious invitation! Let all my children accept it and then urge others to do so too!

"Little child, if thou hast found
Pardon through the Saviour's blood,
Seek to spread the joyful sound,
Seek to bring a soul to God,
Share those blessings rich and free
Which he kindly gives to thee."

MY EASY CHAIR.

HAPPY greetings to you, my children. To me you are beautiful birds, ever singing in the garden of my Lord. I love to listen to your sweet voices when they sing the songs of love and truth. But when they scream the notes of ill temper and quarrels I cannot endure them. Then they grate on my ears like the screech of owls, or rather like that of the steam-engine, and I hurry beyond reach of the horrid sounds. But I love to persuade myself—please not to allow me to be deceived—that your voices always sing the soft songs of love and truth, and therefore my imagination delights itself listening to you.

I do want you all to be good and noble children. My heart often sighs and cries, "O Lord, bless my dear Advocate family, and make all its members thy children." I can't endure to think that any of you are growing up mean, false, and wicked. I want you all to love God and the right, to be brave soldiers in Christ's army, to fight

bravely for the right always and forever. I love to fancy you, as you will soon be, grown up and standing forth for Christ, truth, freedom, and right like such men and women as Buxton, Fry, Nightingale, Abraham Lincoln, Sumner, or Whittier. I imagine each of you

"Standing like a stately pine
Set in a cataract on an island crag
When storm is on the heights; and right and left,
Sucked from the dark heart of the long hills, roll
The torrents dashed to the vale."

What say you, my noble boy and girl? Don't you wish to stand for the right in the midst of wicked men and women like that pine amid the rolling waters? *You do?* I thank God you feel that desire. May he give you the power to do so!



Here are two pictures which portray the principal personages mentioned in a very interesting Scripture narrative. You may find who the persons are by taking (1.) Three fourths of the sixteenth word in the thirty-



third verse of Genesis xxv. (2.) The last word of Gen. ii, 17. (3.) One third of the second word in Ezek. xxvii, 26. (4.) Two fifths of the fourth word in Gen. xliii, 23. (5.) One half of the sixth word in Gen. xxxv, 5. (6.) The third word in Gen. xxii, 11. Find the names and then the passage. The passage in the youth of a great man illustrated in our last number is young David's fight with the lion and the bear, modestly described by himself in 1 Sam. xvii, 34-36.

Here are the answers to questions about lions:

(1.) Judah and Gad, Gen. xlix, 9; Deut. xxxiii, 20.

(2.) Samson, Judges xiv, 5-8. (3.) Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i, 23. (4.) A living dog, Eccl. ix, 4. (5.) The Devil, 1 Pet. v, 8. (6.) The Assyrians in Samaria, 2 Kings xvii, 25. (7.) Christ, Rev. v, 5-14.

E. L. I., who lives in the United States, writes:

"The Sunday-School Advocate is read by very many little boys who will be a year older when the next Fourth of July comes, but I fear they will not think themselves old enough to do without powder in celebrating the day. I will relate what happened on the recent Fourth to a little boy I knew and loved. His name was Richard B. Barrow, and he was thirteen years old. As he was pouring powder from his flask to load his little cannon fire was accidentally communicated to it, causing an explosion of the flask and so severely injuring him that he died in fifteen minutes! His father and mother, and other friends in the house, hearing the report, ran to the spot, lifted him up, extinguished the fire on his clothes, bore him into the house, and only had time to commend him to God in prayer when the spirit left the shattered body and went up to heaven! O it was very sad for Richard to die so soon and suddenly! but it would have been terrible thus to die if he had been a wicked, prayerless boy. We may learn this lesson in this melancholy event—that life is very uncertain with children, and that they ought to be good and love the Saviour when very young so as to be always ready to die.

"I wish to say a word about the manner of keeping the public holiday. I would have it celebrated without the use of powder by children or of rum by older persons. I would have Sunday-schools meet together, and have the Scriptures read, an oration by one scholar, and a temperance address by another, with singing, of course, the national hymn. I think the readers of the Advocate will agree with me that this would be a more safe and sensible way even for children in which to express their gratitude to God for the blessings of national liberty. I wish some one would consult the Corporal about it, for although he is a military man, his judgment could be relied on."

The Corporal says E. L. I.'s advice is good. He thinks making a noise with gunpowder is not a good way to express joy.—Here is a line from EMMA S., of W—. She says:

"The love I have for the sweet little Sunday-School Advocate gives me courage to address you for the first time. I belong to the happy family, namely, the Sunday-school. We are blessed with a most excellent superintendent; although his bodily health is very poor, yet his big heart of love takes in all the Sunday-schoolers. The S. S. Advocate makes the little boys and girls' eyes sparkle with delight when our good superintendent gives them out. I have three younger sisters and two little brothers. One brother and sister go to the Sunday-school. They, with myself, would like to join your Try Company, and hope one day to meet that company with its Corporal on the 'Fair banks of the river Jordan.'"

The Corporal says "Amen" to Emma's wish, and enrolls her brothers and sisters in his army, saying, "I hope they will love one another dearly and stand up bravely for Jesus."—MARY and CELESTIA, of C—G—, say:

"We are two sisters that thought we would like to join your Try Company. We say 'I can't' sometimes, but when it comes in our minds we will pray to our Saviour to help us say 'I'll try.' We both take your Advocate, and we love it very much. We have a father and little baby brother in heaven, and we want to love Jesus so we can meet them there. We have been trying to do right, but we thought we should try harder if you will accept us in your Try Company."

"Bless their sweet souls!" shouts the Corporal, rubbing a tear from his eye. "If admitting them to my company will make them try harder to please Jesus they shall surely come in. Enroll them, adjutant!" So Mary and her sister are enlisted.

FEAR not to have every action of your life open to the inspection of mankind. Remember that a nicer casuist than man sees into your least actions. Answer to him, and fear no man.

CONSIDER how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be in wrath.