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For the S. S. Advocate.

GRANDMA DON'T LOVE ME.

THAT little curly-headed fellow seems to be very much in a hurry, very impatient about something. See his fingers! How they long to clutch the rod which the old lady holds in her hands. How eagerly he watches the old lady's proceedings. How little he minds what she is saying. What is the secret of his restlessness? Don't you wish to know, Miss Curiosity?"

The boy's name is Johnny. He is an orphan. His father and mother have both gone to the spirit-world and left him to the care of his good, loving old grandmother. She, good soul, is poor, but Johnny is the darling of her heart, the joy of her old age. For his sake she toils in her little garden like a laboring man, she spins flax on her wheel in cold and wet weather; she, in a word, gives her whole strength to the task of loving and caring for Johnny.

Now I have little doubt but that Johnny loves his grandmother after a fashion, but he is so petted that he is half spoiled. He loves his own way and will have it, if he can tease his grandmother to let him have it, as, indeed, he most always does. On the present occasion Johnny has a notion that he can catch some of the shining trout which he has seen darting from beneath the rocks and playing round the pools in a brook which runs past his grandmother's cottage. So running to his grandmother just now, he said:

"I have seen the fish leap in the brook. There will be good fishing. You must make me a rod right off."

His grandmother thinks him hardly old enough to go fishing, and tries to turn him from his purpose by saying:

"You wouldn't like fish, Johnny. Those fish have many bones and choke people. Would you like to be choked?"

"No," replied the boy, "that I shouldn't, but Jem Marvin eats them and he isn't choked. I can eat what he can, and should like them as much as he does."

"See, deary, I haven't time just now," said the old



lady, "I must fry our potatoes for supper—only think, fried potatoes, which you love so much."

"I don't want fried potatoes," cries Johnny in a whining tone, "I want fried potatoes. I am sick of fried potatoes"—here Johnny's whine became a howl—"I want a fishing-rod—a fishing-rod! Grandma don't love me. Grandma don't love me, or she would make haste and give me a fishing-rod."

These last words—grandma don't love me—won the victory over poor grandma, and she speedily fastened a crooked needle to a strong thread, which she tied to a slender stick and gave to her impatient grandchild.

Now I want to know what you think of those words which won the victory over the weak but loving old grandmother—*grandma don't love me?* Did not Johnny know that she did love him? Of course he did. He said she did not because he knew the old lady couldn't bear to hear him say so, and that her loving heart always gave way when he said it. So you see he told a wicked fib for the purpose of getting the old lady to make the rod. What do you think of him?

He was a wicked, self-willed boy, was he? Exactly so. I am glad you see things so clearly. Only act up to your light, my dear child, and you will never lie to gain your ends. You will never set your will up in opposition to that of your parents and guard-

ians. You will, on the other hand, be patient, truthful, and submissive. U. U.

Two brothers, the oldest still quite young, residing in a mountainous part of Scotland, had a long distance to walk to reach the school which they attended. At the close of a day in winter, just as they left the schoolroom, it commenced snowing. They were hearty boys, accustomed to the cold and to severe storms, and, without thinking of danger, they started cheerfully for their home. But the storm increased rapidly in severity, and the winds that howled over the heather were bitter cold. For a while

the boys urged their way bravely against the tempest; but the younger brother began to suffer with the cold. He was so wearied he could no longer, unaided, stand against the tempest, and it was becoming rapidly dark. The older brother saw that something must be done at once or they would soon be overpowered and be covered by the snow. He looked carefully round, and discovered an overhanging crag of the mountain, with quite a hollow place under it, affording considerable shelter from the beating storm. Hither he drew his poor trembling and chilled little brother and sat down with him in the back part of the cave. They were shielded from the winds and snow, but now the little fellow began to moan with the cold. His brother cheered him with the assurance that help would soon come, and taking off his own coat, he drew it around the shivering form of his little brother. He then drew his head down upon his breast and pressed him as closely as possible to himself, until, with the additional coat and the heat of his brother's body, the little fellow became quite comfortable.

The family at home had watched the storm, and, as it increased in violence, and the time for the return of the boys had come and nothing was seen of them, they began to take immediate steps to look for them. With lanterns, and dogs, and extra clothing they started out across the heath in the direction that the boys were expected to come. They

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For the S. S. Advocate.

THE SCOTCH BROTHERS; OR, SUFFERING FOR OTHERS.

Two brothers, the oldest still quite young, residing in a mountainous part of Scotland, had a long distance to walk to reach the school which they attended. At the close of a day in winter, just as they left the schoolroom, it commenced snowing. They were hearty boys, accustomed to the cold and to severe storms, and, without thinking of danger, they started cheerfully for their home. But the storm increased rapidly in severity, and the winds that howled over the heather were bitter cold. For a while