

Sunday-School Advocate.

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A BOY WHO WAS ANGRY WITH GOD.



READ lately of a boy who went to bed one night feeling very glad that a late frost promised to freeze the pond once more before the coming of Spring.

"Wont we have a nice time to-morrow morning!" cried he as he went to bed after getting his skates out and placing them at the head of the stairs.

But alas for Master Albert's hopes!

During the night the wind changed, and when he arose in the morning the soft south wind was melting the ice everywhere. Instead of hard roads he saw only mud; instead of clear smooth ice he saw nothing but water.

Then Albert's temper exploded like a powder magazine. "It's too bad!" he cried; "I wanted the frost to last just one week, only one, and here is this horrid thaw come just to bother me. Bother the thaw, I say!"

Having made this wicked speech, he kicked his skates down stairs and entered the parlor, scowling, and banging the door after him in the noisiest manner. Albert was in what his sister called "the tantrums," by which, I suppose, she meant a bad fit of foolish passion.

As soon as Albert became a little calmer, his sister—her name was Lottie—went up to him, and, placing her arm gently round his waist and pressing her cheek against his, said very soothingly:

"I'm very sorry, dear Albert, that you can't skate this morning—"

"Get out!" cried Albert, pushing her rudely away from him. "It's all very well for you to talk so. You are only a girl. You don't slide, throw snow-balls, and skate, or anything of that sort. Besides, you're glad it thaws, because you want your snowdrops to come up and your crocus-bed to bloom early. So you need not talk."

Lottie was pained to hear this unkind speech. So she said, "I dare say I am selfish, but—"

"But!" growled Albert, interrupting her, "but what?"

"I do not feel angry with God," replied Lottie in a quiet, solemn manner, "that is all."

O how that "all" did trouble Albert. He saw that he was angry with God for sending the thaw. How those three words did trouble him! *Angry with God!* The phrase pierced his heart like a javelin. **ANGRY WITH GOD!** Albert writhed. He felt wicked. He trembled to think that he, a sinful boy, should be angry with the great Jehovah. He was ashamed. I trust he repented and found mercy.

Is there an Albert in our Advocate family? I must send Q-in-the-corner in search of him if there is, so that we may get a pen-and-ink portrait of him as he appears when in his tantrums. I say *if there is*, for I would fain believe that no child taught in a Sunday-school and instructed by my pen ever gives way to his temper and gets angry with God as Albert did. If there is one, therefore, and I can get near to him, I will place my hands upon his head and say:

"O Lord, be merciful to this boy who is so weak that he lets his feelings rule him, and so bold he dares to get angry with thee! O Lord, give this bad boy a new heart!"

ONE OF CHRIST'S VIOLETS.

MILDRED MAY loved flowers. What little girl does not? One day as she was sitting in her mother's garden she said:

"Let me see, which of the spring flowers shall I be like? The crocus is pretty, the daffodil is very fine, but the violet that hides itself in the grass is the sweetest of all. O, I will be a violet!"

"And if you are a violet and hide yourself in the grass," cried her sister Lily, who was sitting in the summer-house near by, "I will come and find you."

The sisters laughed in great glee, and Mildred settled it in her mind that she would always be a sweet violet in her mother's house, filling the air with the rich perfume of kindness, gentleness, and love.

When I read of Mildred's purpose I was pleased, and



wished that every child in the world would also choose to be one of Christ's sweet little violets. What pleasant places their homes would be! Jesus would be sure to visit them, for he loves flowers, especially human ones like modest, happy little Mildred. Is he not the "Rose of Sharon?" Where can the violet find a better home than in the shadow of the Rose?

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER.

My children, do you ever think of the great love for you which dwells in the hearts of your parents? I am led to ask this question through a story by the poet Wordsworth, which I have often read, and on which I happened to stumble just now. The poet was walking out one foggy morning when he met a woman on the road. She was

"Not old, though something past her prime;
Majestic in her person, tall and straight,
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait."

This woman begged alms. The poet gave her money, and seeing something hidden beneath her cloak, he asked what it was. She said it was a singing-bird:

"And thus continuing, she said,
I had a son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away;
And I have traveled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

"The bird and cage, they both were his;
'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim
He kept it; many voyages
This singing-bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed he left the bird behind,
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety;—there
I found it when my son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little wit!
I bear it with me, sir, he took such delight in it."

Don't you think this picture of the poor old woman carrying the bird so far because her son loved it is very beautiful? How that old lady must have loved her boy! But how much more does God love you? God gave his only Son to die for you! That is love indeed. Jesus gave himself up to death for you. *That* was great love, wonderful love. I trust you often think of God's great love for you. I hope you will all love him in return for his love to you.

REV. G. W. DUNN sends you the following riddle, which he received from a friend. Who can find it out?

"To be seen in any of the northern states, a strange and wonderful prophet, whose generations were before Adam was created; he was not the wandering Jew, nor the son of Noah, nor the old Levite, nor John the Baptist, for, as some people think, he was certainly before them. The Scriptures make mention of him very particularly in St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, so that we may believe he is no impostor. He knows not his parents, neither did he ever feed from his mother's breast; his beard is as red as vermilion. He goes barefooted like a grave friar both winter and summer; he wears no hat, but may be seen with a crown on his head. His coat is neither knit or spun silk, nor hair, linen, or woolen; yet it is a most

beautiful color. He drinks only water; he had rather live in a barn than a king's palace; he is very watchful; he sleeps not in bed, but sitteth all night in a singular kind of a chair with his clothes on. He was with Noah in the ark, and was alive when Christ was crucified. His voice is so shrill and powerful that all the world heard it at one time. He once preached a sermon that convinced a man of his sins and caused him to cry. He is content to sit down with the insults of wicked men, yet when the Lord cometh to judge the world in righteousness he will not be charged with sin.

Note the Scripture references and what is the name of this wonderful individual."

Here are the answers to Bible questions about angels in my last:

(1.) To Daniel. See chap. viii, 16; ix, 21-23; x, 11. To Zacharias, Luke i, 11, 13, 19. To Cornelius, Acts x, 3-5, 22, 30, 31.

(2.) 2 Sam. xxiv, 16. In the pestilence in the reign of David. In the destruction of the Assyrian army before Jerusalem, 2 Kings x, 10, 35. In the miserable death of Herod, Acts xii, 23.

(3.) "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore that holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Luke i, 35.

(4.) "Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Luke ii, 10, 11.

(5.) "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said." Matt. xxviii, 5, 6. See also Mark xi, 6, 7; Luke xxiv, 5-7.

(6.) "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts i, 11.

(7.) Matt. iv, 11, after his temptation. In the garden of Gethsemane: "There appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." Luke xxii, 43.

(8.) See Matt. xvi, 27; xxv, 31; Mark viii, 38; 2 Thess. i, 7.

(9.) Gabriel and Michael. Dan. viii, 16; x, 13; Jude 9; Rev. xii, 7.

(10.) See Psa. xxxiv, 7, and xci, 11, 12.

(11.) See Luke xvi, 22.

(12.) "An innumerable company of angels." Heb. xii, 22. "The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." Rev. v, 11.

(13.) Col. ii, 18. See also Rev. xix, 10; xxii, 8, 9.

C. E. N., of —, says:

"Fifteen of the scholars here want to join your Try Company. Will you admit us? I have no brother or sister. I had a sister, but she died last fall. She always loved the Sabbath-school, and when she was sick and could not read the Advocate, she would want it all read to her. She sowed some flower-seeds for you and watched them with great care. When they blossomed she gathered some of them and put them in a book to press. Before they were ready to send she went to live with the angels. When she was dying she sung, 'I am going home to die no more.' She said her Saviour would soon lead her into green pastures and beside still waters. I want to be good and meet Sister Emma in heaven. I will send some of the flowers. Will you accept them? They are some that Emma pressed. After the older members of the Sunday-school had raised what money they could for the missionary cause the children tried what they could do, and in one week raised eight dollars. Don't you think they will do to join the Try Company?"

Thank you, my Carrie, for Emma's flowers. I shall keep them as sacred things, because they were grown for love of me by Emma. She is a flower in Christ's garden now. How beautiful she is! The corporal admits you and your mates into his army.—GEORGE M. H., of —, says:

"You said you wanted us to tell you what we thought of the picture on intemperance. I think it is very ugly. Those on the ground look like wild beasts. They don't look like anything that I ever saw. I never saw a man drunk. I never mean to drink ardent spirits unless for medicine. I have got two sisters and six brothers. My eldest brother is in California. As I was returning from school I fell and hurt my knee very bad, and broke the bone just above the joint. Two doctors came and fixed it up very good. They put me on the lounge more than six weeks ago and here I am yet. I hope I shall be able to sit in a chair soon. I am tired of the lounge. It is so pleasant out doors, I want to go out and see the lambs. I hope I can help father spread hay next summer if my leg is a little stiff."

Hurrah for Georgie! He is starting right. He has right principles and purposes. He has pluck too, and I guess he didn't scream very hard when the doctor set his knee. I trust that he will tread in the footsteps of his dear old grandfather, who has been a Christian sixty years. I guess he will have a good time spreading that hay. I should like to be there to help him.