

CHILDREN · AND · FORBID · THEM · NOT · TO · COME

PEACE ON EARTH · GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPPER · LITTLE · UNTO · ME ·

CANADA

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MISS FROLIC AND OLD TESTY.

MATILDA—TILDIE was the name she went by generally—is a nice, lively girl. Her brother says she is jolly. Her tongue is never still except when she is asleep. LOTTIE, her prim little sister, declares it isn't still then, for she affirms, very much to Matilda's disgust, that "Tildie talks in her sleep." I suspect Lottie is right, and that Tildie's tongue is a proof that those "foolish inventors" who are seeking to discover "perpetual motion" are not so very foolish after all. I shouldn't wonder if the secret of perpetual motion lies hidden beneath Tildie's tongue.

Matilda is a great romp. How she does run and jump! She is never happier than when she has a chance to scramble and tumble with her brothers on the lawn. She beats them all at running and laughing. By the way, her laugh is so pretty and silvery that I love to hear it. It charms my ears and thrills my nerves with delight. I always did love the laugh of happy children.

One day Matilda went with her little Brother Tommy to see her elder brothers skating on the lake at the upper end of the town. Her eldest brother, Arthur, was a splendid skater, and she heard many strangers remark, "How well that boy in the blue jacket skates!"

Matilda was very proud of her brother, and this praise of his skill filled her with rapture. Her spirits rose, and she romped round with Tommy until she became so wild that she acted more like a wild girl from the forests than like a polite, educated, Christian young lady.

In one of her frolics she ran away from Tommy, and darting round the corner of a house, plunged against a stout gentleman, and knocked his cane out of his hand.

"Hah, hah, hah! O, O, O!" laughed Tommy, who, being close at her heels, turned the corner in time to see the stout gentleman looking very red in the face and very cross.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" growled the stout gentleman. "Dear, dear! I never saw such rude children in my life!"

This rebuff brought a blush to Matilda's cheeks, and so chilled her spirits that she could not muster courage sufficient to offer an apology to the testy gentleman. So she took Tommy by the hand and walked quietly away.



Now I don't think much of that stout gentleman's temper. He was a testy old fellow, and ought to have made allowance for an accident brought about by excess of spirits and not by ugliness. But I cannot help blaming Matilda too. Girls should not carry romping too far. They should be lively, playful, ay, and merry too, if they feel like it; but they should not let their spirits carry them beyond the bounds of propriety. There is a time, even for girls, to be thoughtful and silent as well as to be gay and talkative. There is also a point in romping at which young ladies should pause. No girl should be so frolicsome as to tempt people to say, "She acts like a boy."

Do you understand my meaning, Miss Lively? I think you do. You know that I wish you to be just right. Not dull and mopish on the one hand, nor rough and rude on the other; but a lively, polite, happy, praying Christian girl. Seek to be such with all your might, and, aided by Christ's heavenly grace, you will soon correct your errors, win the approval of your own conscience, and of

THE CORPORAL.

A MAN that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. xviii, 24.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BIG WISHING AND LITTLE DOINGS.

"O, how I do wish I had four times the strength of a woman, four pairs of feet, and four pairs of hands, wouldn't I work for you, mother! Wouldn't I earn lots of money for you!"

Thus spoke little Edith Cole one day when her widowed mother was weary with household toil. Before Mr. Cole died Mrs. Cole had servants to wait upon her, but now she was poor and had to do her own work. Not being very strong, her daily tasks burdened her, and often made her look pale and feel faint.

When Edith came in from school one afternoon her mother was suffering from one of those attacks of faintness, and then it was that she spoke the words I have printed above.

Mrs. Cole smiled, and stroking Edith's sunny curls, kissed her and said, "I am glad I have such a good daughter, so willing to help me. But, since you want to do the work of four women, I fear I shall hardly find enough to keep

your one pair of feet and hands busy."

"Please let me do something for you now, mamma?" pleaded Edith so earnestly that her mother, though surprised, really thought her little girl would feel bad if she did not give her something to do.

"Well," she replied after a moment or two, "since you want to help me so much, I will let you spread the tea-things and get supper while I go out for a short walk. Perhaps it will do me good to walk in the pure fresh air of this delightful evening."

"Yes, do go, mamma," rejoined Edith; "I will set the table. Wont it be nice work! I'll have tea all ready for you when you come back."

Mrs. Cole now put on her sun-bonnet and went down the lane for a walk. She was gone nearly an hour, and when she returned the sun was rolling through the western sky in a chariot of golden clouds. The widow paused at her cottage-gate to admire the splendor of the setting sun. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed. Then entering the gate, she passed down the gravel walk thinking half aloud, "How good my little Edith is to stay in and get supper for me. I am very, very tired. How a cup of tea will refresh me!"

But good Mrs. Cole's hopes of a cup of tea were soon dashed to the ground. Entering her cottage, she found no Edith there. The table stood uncov-