

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

### A MOCKER—HIS END.

Nita must relate to the children a circumstance that occurred just after her return from the hills. It impressed her mind with the truth of what her dear father had often told her, viz: that it was wrong to mock anything sacred.

A kind and pious family lived just next door to Nita's home, and as her parents visited with these neighbors she also made their acquaintance.

Captain M—and his wife were both advanced in years, and their two daughters were not exactly young; but Nita loved every member of this dear family, even the Canary birds in their cages. The Captain was a half-pay officer, who had seen much foreign service; however, the last years of his military life had been spent in the Channel Islands, and consequently French was much spoken in the family. This advantage (to which were added their more important social qualities of good breeding and true piety) made Nita's parents glad to allow her to accept an invitation to pass with these worthy people every weekly half-holiday.

Oh dear! What bright spots in the child's week were those Saturday afternoons! There is a sunlight about their memory yet!

The Captain would amuse her by showing her curiosities, such as rare shells, weapons, &c., or by telling her tales of beautiful birds, or strange animals that he had seen abroad. The kind old lady would cut for her in paper such pretty trees and flowers; and the two Misses M— would teach her such nice kinds of fancy work! and once they actually helped her to embroider a doll's frock; and, what Nita's mama valued more highly, they taught her to speak French. No wonder the little girl delighted in their society. These people loved God, and were grateful to Him for His mercies; and they used a peculiar form of grace after their meals. They all stood up and sang the following verse:—

"For my life, and clothes, and food,  
And every mercy here;  
Thee, my most indulgent God,  
I thank with heart sincere:  
For the blessings numberless,  
Which thou hast already given;  
For the smallest spark of grace,  
And for my hope of heaven."

The tears frequently came in the eyes of the dear old gentleman while singing the last lines, and he tried to conceal them by adjusting the front of his wig with his left hand, while he passed his handkerchief over his face with his right hand; and Nita has seen him occasionally turn his face to the wall, and at such times the bass voice was silent! But she is quite sure *that* voice is not silent now, nor are there any tears among the redeemed whom the happy spirit has long since joined.

Nita's mama explained to her that it was late in life when this gentleman became religious; and that his tears were those of joy at the near prospect of heaven, and of gratitude to God for having accepted him for Christ's sake at the eleventh hour. So the child learned to look away from the dear old face, and think about heaven, that sometimes seemed to her to be not "far off," while her friends were singing about it!

On her return from the hills she joyfully recommenced her accustomed visits to her neighbors. The Saturday afternoon was a lovely one in August. During the week Nita had overcome several difficulties at school. She had repeated her catechism without a mistake, had conquered the crotchets and quavers, also the French verb, "avoir," "to have," and had completed a detestable piece of needle work

which the lady of the school had compelled her to do, she said, to cure Nita of pride! *The experiment was a sad failure!* Only fancy the pretty cap which she had been embroidering for a baby, having been taken from her, and a great, coarse, grey linen kitchen cloth having been substituted, with orders to darn carefully seventeen yawning holes that appeared to grin at her!! Well, she had surmounted even that dark wave of trouble; and some writer says, that "Pleasure is in the debt of pain;" so, on this bright happy afternoon, Nita's spirits rebounded from the pressure, and were just up to alto!

After dinner and grace, as usual, the old gentleman and lady went to their easy chairs for their nap. The blinds were drawn down, and Nita was told to go and amuse herself in the drawing-room, and when tired there, to take a run in the garden and gather a bouquet for her mama. The ladies were going to make sweets for Sabbath day.

Now, this drawing-room looked out upon the lovely garden. The large bow window was open. The balcony was filled with fragrance, plants and flowers. The canaries were warbling their best. An open port-folio lay on the table before the window, and Nita had permission to look at the beautiful drawings. The sun-light was streaming in on the shells and flowers, and on the China and Indian curiosities. In short, everything looked lovely. Nita kept humming to herself, "For my life, and clothes, and food, and every mercy here." In this word "every," she included sunshine, birds, flowers, half-holidays, and friends. She had been singing the lines in the parlour, and she thought she was just then about the happiest little girl in the whole world, and that she ought to be very grateful. However, she was unwilling to sing aloud for fear of disturbing the dear old friends below stairs; and after some time, away she ran to the garden, and then her joyous spirit burst out into song as she flitted about gathering flowers.

All at once she was startled by a loud mocking laugh! When she looked up she saw a young gentleman and three young ladies on the other side of the low hedge. What was Nita's horror to hear the young man begin to mock the verse! screaming it away to some queer tune, while the young ladies appeared to enjoy the fun exceedingly. Nita was stunned; she dropped her flowers and fled into the house—a black cloud had fallen on her spirit. She shivered with fright. What! could it be possible that the very verse that often seemed to bring with it peace, and joy, and thoughts of heaven, was now wickedly mocked with peals of laughter! Besides, she feared she had herself been guilty of irreverence in singing in the garden; and perhaps she judged correctly in this respect. At all events, she was now very unhappy, poor child. She dared not return to the drawing-room, because that overlooked the scene of mockery, and she remembered the window was open, and she dreaded hearing any more wickedness; so she crept quietly into the darkened parlour, and remained still until the gentleman and lady awoke, which was very soon. A servant then entered, drew up the blinds, and brought in tea. Then came the two ladies, having finished their confectionery, and the party approached the tea table. Just as they were taking their seats, they were startled by a loud noise in the street. Every one hastened to the window to see what was the matter. Judge of Nita's surprise when she saw the *mocking gentleman* being thrust into a chaise by officers of the law! His face was pale as marble, and his head was bare, the hat having fallen off in the scuffle.

Captain M. sent a servant outside to enquire the particulars; this servant returned with the intelligence that the gentleman had been guilty of some

fraudulent act—that he resided in a distant part of the city—that he had lately come to the adjoining house to escape detection—that the officers of the law had got a whisper of his place of concealment—that they had been moving about the back streets all day watching for him, and that they were now bearing him to prison! The mob seemed to rejoice in his capture.

Nita then summoned up courage to tell her tale and Captain M. said, "I see how it was, he betrayed himself by his laughing and mocking! My dear child, God never prospers the scoffer." And now, dear children, NITA must bid you *farewell* for the present.

### S. S. ADVOCATE.

*The Canada Sunday School Advocate* has been visiting the schools and families of its friends nearly another year—one more number and the volume ends. We hope it has pleased and profited its little readers. This has been its aim. Many have spoken very kindly of it, and have sent us their subscriptions to help us pay for the paper and the printing. For these expressions of good-will we thank them.

We expect to commence the new volume the first week in October, and shall be glad to have all the subscribers renew their subscriptions, and to get as many more subscribers as they can. Please let us hear from you, dear friends, as soon as the first of next month, that we may know how many papers to print. We ought to have 20,000. What say you to this? If you say yes, and help us, we shall have the number. Now, little readers, for a try!

### BOYS USING TOBACCO.

A strong and sensible writer says a good, sharp, thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco. It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth. It produces an unhealthy state of the throat and lungs, hurts the stomach, and blasts the brain and nerves.

### A WIDOW RELIEVED.

A poor but pious woman was left a widow some time ago with five small children. Her circumstances became very hard and straitened, notwithstanding her utmost care and industry. Yet she frequently comforted herself with the assurance that bread should be sure, and water should not fail. One Saturday evening, however, she set before her five hungry children all the food she had—being two threepenny loaves and a jug of water—telling them that was her Lord's fare, and that they must be thankful. Doubtless she retired to bed that night with her children in much anxiety about the morrow, having not one morsel for the dear babes in store. However, He that remembers the sparrows remembered her. That very night Divine Providence undertook her cause. A person, not one of the richest, dreamed that the pious widow was wanting bread for her family. The impression was so strong on her mind that she could get no rest, but hurried off her husband at the break of day with a loaf of bread. A knock at the door soon announced that "the Lord will provide" when pious wifely trust in Him.