

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1863.

SELF-WILLED RODMAN.

"RODMAN, my son," said Mr. Welsh to his son one evening, "take a light, go down cellar, and get me my hammer. You will find it in the tool-box at the foot of the stairs."

"Yes, sir," said Rodman, "I will."

Rodman arose, left the room, and began to go down the cellar-stairs. He took no light, however, for it was his way to do things as he pleased, and not just as he was told. He was a self-willed boy.

The stairway was dark, and having no light, Rodman did not see a water-pail which some one had left on the top stair. He stepped right into it and fell headlong down stairs, making a great noise as he fell.

The noise of his fall roused his father and mother. They ran with lights to see what had happened. Mr. Welsh found Rodman insensible on the cellar-floor. He carried him up stairs, and after much effort brought him to his senses. He proved to be not seriously hurt. A big bump on the forehead, however, remained several days to remind him of what his self-will had done for him.

Those boys and girls who, while they do not refuse to do what they are told, are in the habit of doing things in their own way, should learn a lesson from Rodman's fall. They had better let his bump teach them the wisdom of doing exactly what they are told. Disobedience is always dangerous. In obedience alone is safety.

A SEWED-UP MOUTH.

It is said that in the country of Siam if one is found guilty of lying the law dooms him to have his mouth sewed up! A queer punishment, truly. Now, suppose that everybody who told a lie in this country was sure to have his mouth sewed up with an invisible thread by an invisible needle, how many open mouths should we see in the streets? I wonder how many of my Advocate boys and girls would have sewed-up mouths.

"None of them!" shouts the corporal. O charitable corporal!

"Nine tenths of them would have threads in their mouths!" cries Esquire Forrester. O harsh Esquire Forrester!

Which is right, my children, the corporal or the esquire? For my part, I think the truth lies between them both. Many would have open mouths, for I believe many of you never have told a lie and you never will; but, alas! some of you have, and if you are ever sent to Siam and tried for lying your mouths will be sewed up tight as a bag of beans. I'm sorry. But by-gones are by-gones. Let those who have never told a lie stick to their love of truth. Let those who have lied repent and lie no more. Let all remember that

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight."

OUR COUNCIL-TABLE.

WALK in, corporal. Be seated, friend Forrester. The day is warm, very warm; yea, it is hot; but we must work for our children so long as we have any starch left in us.

"Truth, Mr. Editor," says the corporal, "and you must not be dull this hot weather. Your paper should be more full of spice at this season than at any other, because, you see, if you don't put ginger enough in it the boys and girls won't keep awake long enough to read it. By the way, did you ever see the children sleep over the Sunday-School Advocate?"

"No, sir, nor you either," replied the squire, "and if I should I'd shoot them as sure as a gun."

Shoot them, esquire? Shoot children?

"Yes, shoot them! I'd shoot them—with my tongue. I give them a loud call to the duty of listening when you, and I, and the corporal are speaking."

Pshaw! That's rather a flat speech for the squire. It smacks of the hot weather. Here is another

PICTURE PUZZLE.

Even them will I bring to my holy



and make them joyful in my



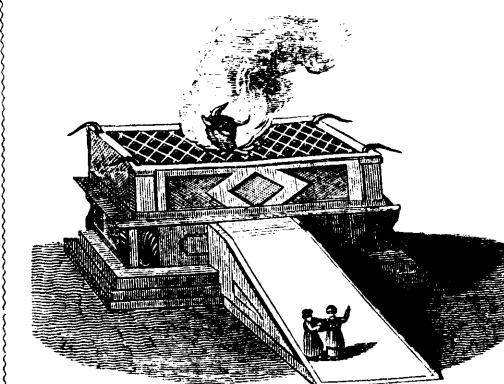
their



and their



shall be accepted upon mine



for mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people.

The answer to the picture puzzle in our last may be found in Psalms civ, 16-18.

"JAMES E. B., of Harvard, says:

"We have had a revival here this winter, and about twelve of the scholars have given their hearts to the Saviour and joined the class on probation. We hold prayer-meetings twice a week, in which we all talk and pray, and we hope your corporal will admit us into the Try Company, for, by grace assisting us, we are determined to be faithful soldiers in the army of the Lord. We are very much attached to our new Captain, and he has given each of us a splendid new uniform, consisting of the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, shoes for our feet, and the sword of the Spirit, and we hope to fight the old rebel Sin as long as we live, and we want the Try Company to pray for us.

"May those children never be found on Satan's ground again!" says the corporal; to which good wish I add mine, "May they conquer their own spirits, and leave no place in their hearts for GENERAL SELF!"

"N. ELLA P., of Batchelorville, writes:

"My little sister, five years old, has recently been very sick. She was very much pleased with the stories in the last paper, and I have read them to her again and again. There is no part of the paper but what she listens to with great eagerness. I have to go two miles on foot to Sunday-school, but I seldom stay away, for I love the Sabbath-school. There has been a revival in our Church this winter and about thirty have become Christians. My father, mother, and oldest sister are members of the Methodist Church. I do not think I am a Christian, but I have been trying this winter to be good with God's help. I should like very much to join the Try Company with my little sister. Do you think the corporal will take us? I think I will send you some flowers next summer.

"I'll take that pair of sweet sisters," says the corporal, "and shall beg a share of the flowers when they come. A girl who walks two miles to Sunday-school and is trying to give her heart to Jesus is a girl that I like."

My taste agrees with yours, corporal. What have you next?

"Here is some rhyme by ALICE. I'm not much in the habit of reading poetry, but I'll read you this. It runs thus:

"A dreadful thought to some, the thought of death,
To think that they shall go where Jesus saith
The wicked and ungodly all shall go,
Where the pure streams of joy do never flow.

"But pleasant thought to some, the thought of death,
To think they live just as they cease to breathe;
To think that they will go where Jesus is,
And they shall see him in the world of bliss.

"In pleasant groves they'll while away their hours,
And then lie down to sleep on beds of flowers;
There they will feel no sorrow, grief, or pain,
And their white garments shall be free from stain.

"It will be sweet to hear the angel song,
And see the Lord amid the seraph throng;
So then the good will never fear to die,
For they will go to heaven beyond the sky.

"I call that pretty fair for a girl scarcely in her teens," adds the corporal smiling. "She has the music in her soul, I judge, and if so it will come out by and by; but I don't know as it is best for her to hurry into print. Let her read, study, and wait a while."

Alice went thank you for that piece of advice, corporal.

"I suppose not; but when she is thirty years old she will say the corporal was a wise man, see if she don't."

When Alice is thirty years old the moss will most likely be growing on my brow; but read on, corporal!

"CLARA S., of Lisbon, says:

"MR. CORPORAL,—I would like to join your Try Company if you will please admit me. We have a very pleasant school of about one hundred, and the scholars seem to be doing all they can to make the school interesting. We have got the same superintendent we have had for four years, and we like him better every year. The most of our school take the Advocate, and we think we couldn't get along without it.

"Scholars who do all they can to make the school interesting are my delight," says the corporal.

He is right. I don't wonder they keep a superintendent four years. I think with such scholars I should make a good superintendent myself. Read on, corporal!

"F. A., of Logan, Ohio, says:

"I write for admission into the Try Company. I have formed a resolution never to say can't again, but my motto shall be, 'Try: where there is a will there is a way.'"

Of course you grant her request, corporal, and I approve the motto. But you must tell her that her story about "Our Willie" will not quite answer for my columns. If F. A. has a will to be clever under disappointment the way will be easily found.