

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1863.

GOD HEARD YOU.



SAY, Jem, that's teacher as sure as a gun. I wonder if he heard me swear?" said Henry Henly, pointing to a well-dressed gentleman who had just passed him and his companion on the sidewalk.

"Can't say, Harry. He passed us just as you ripped out, but he didn't seem to know us. If he did he was precious sly, for he went by us as if he didn't even see us," replied James Fenton.

"Well, I hope he didn't," rejoined Henry, gravely. "He read me a big lecture last Sunday about swearing, and I was so cut up by what he said that I promised I wouldn't swear any more. Wont he give me a talking to next Sunday if he heard what I said just now!"

"It'll serve you right, Harry," rejoined James. "I don't think boys ought to swear. It's bad enough for ignorant Five Point boys to do it, but I'm sure we Sunday-school fellows shouldn't, because we know it's wicked. And then you know, Harry, if teacher didn't hear you swear, God did."

James was right. God did hear Henry Henly swear, and he heard that other member of our Advocate family—a boy of fourteen—swear for the first time in his life last week. I'm sorry we have one boy swearer in our pleasant circle, because it is a very shocking thing for a boy to swear. But we have one or two who are just beginning to pollute their lips with foul words. They will very soon quit our happy band if they don't quit swearing, for no such boy can stay long in our company. Could I talk to those young swearers personally I would say:

"God hears your oaths, my sons. God is grieved to hear them. God commands you to 'Swear not at all.' God will cast you out from the company of his children if you persist in swearing. If you cease to do that and all other evil and repent, he will pardon you for Jesus's sake. If you do not he will let his curse fall upon you. Stop swearing! Stop sinning, O my children, and, fly to the Saviour, for it is 'a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!'"

OUR CONVERSATION COLUMN.



CORPORAL, you look as sober as a merchant whose notes are under protest. What ails you?

"I feel a little sad, Mr. Editor. Not because my notes are under protest, for nobody has any note of mine to protest; (the corporal's face brightened at this comfortable thought;) but because some boys have just thrown a dark shadow over my heart by their bad conduct."

Poor old corporal! You are too sensitive. You should not let such things trouble you.

"Too sensitive!" cries the corporal, flashing a half angry glance from his eye and striking the floor sharply with his stick. "Too sensitive, did you say? Do you think I have no heart? Do—"

Be calm, my good corporal, if you please. I did not mean to offend you.

The corporal laughs at this remark and replies, "Offend me, indeed! You can hardly do that without offending yourself also. But let me tell you what sobered me. Coming to my office to-day, I saw three big boys with heads as thick as their boot-soles poking fun at a bright little fellow whose jacket was big enough for a man, and whose head was covered with a girl's hood instead of a cap. 'Where did you get that tight jacket?' 'He's got a girl's bonnet on. Aint he sweet?' 'Be careful, Little-coat, or you'll split your jacket.' 'Crikey! what a fit! Guess he bought that coat at Barnum's,' were the taunts which those big boobies threw at the pale-faced little fellow. If they had thrown stones at him he would not have felt worse, for I saw a big tear stealing down his cheek as I passed. I felt sorry for the poor boy, and sorry

that the big ones were so wicked as to take pleasure in teasing the poor child about his clothes, and that's what made me look sober. I always feel sad when I see wicked children or sorrowful ones."

All honor to your noble heart, corporal. You are a real lover of children, and if you will allow me a Yankee's privilege, I guess those mocking boys didn't pass you without hearing from you.

"You are right, Mr. Editor. I knocked them down with a club!"

Fie! fie! my corporal. I'm afraid you acted worse than the boys. I—

"Stop! don't blame me before you know all. My club was taken from the Gospel armory. I merely said, 'Boys, do you know what the golden rule teaches?' They held down their heads and slunk away before this simple question. I guess they were Sunday-school boys who had forgotten themselves. Thus you see I knocked the wicked spirit out of them with the golden rule."

Huzza for you, Corporal Try! Your thoughtless boys remind me of how some village boys once treated two Quaker children. These children's parents had rigged



them up in very broad brims and very big shad-bellied coats, cut after the strictest and latest Quaker fashion. The little Quakers did look odd, I confess, and the first day they went out in their new rig the village boys gathered round them like hornets and said all the stinging things they could think of, until I doubt if the poisoned shirt given to brave old Hercules by Nessus gave him more pain than those coats gave their wearers. Poor boys! How they writhed under the idle but cutting speeches of the thoughtless fellows about them! It was cruel treatment. I hope none of your company are ever guilty of such conduct, corporal.

"My company is made up of boys and girls who keep the golden rule, Mr. Editor. If I knew of one who teased his companions for any cause, I'd drum him out of my company this very hour. Do you suppose I wouldn't?"

No, corporal, I don't suppose any such thing—but let us hear from the mail-bag.

"The bag is full, Mr. Editor. I admit about threescore applicants whose letters you wont have time to hear read. After the enigma is recorded I will read a few. Here is the answer to the Scripture puzzle in our last budget: 'How is it that ye sought me?' Luke ii, 49.

"Here is a new enigma:

"I am composed of six letters:

"My 1, 2, 3 is a favorite vegetable.

"My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a delicious fruit.

"My 6, 3, 1 is found within the bark of trees.

"My 5, 2, 3, 1 is what playful boys often do.

"My whole was once seen by an apostle in the gates of a wonderful city.

"Here is a letter from L. H., who says:

"I am afraid all your five hundred thousand readers (is that number too large?) have not heard what a magnificent Sunday-school we have out here in this little western city,

and as it is one of the best schools in the world, (do you think that is 'too steep?') I thought I would write and let them know about it. Waukegan is a beautiful little city situated on the western bank of Lake Michigan, some thirty-five miles north of Chicago, containing some four thousand inhabitants. There are five evangelical Churches in the town—Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, and Episcopal—all of which have Sunday-schools in successful operation. The Methodists have a large house of worship, well finished and furnished, and a nice parsonage on the same lot, also furnished, and a nice preacher's office. But our Sunday-school is the largest in the place, numbering over two hundred, and is manned by a most noble and devoted corps of officers and teachers. We meet at two o'clock in the afternoon and hold our session about two hours. The first half hour is devoted to singing, and such singing! O but you ought to hear it! It must be heard in order to be appreciated. I expect they have better singing up in heaven, but I doubt if there is much better in many places in this world. We take one hundred and fifty copies of the S. S. Advocate, one hundred of the Good News, (going to send for fifty more,) one hundred of the Missionary Advocate, and ten of the Teachers' Journal.

"The pride of our school is the infant class, numbering between fifty and sixty sweet little boys and girls, under the charge of Sister Kingsley, who probably has no superior as an infant-class instructor, being by both nature, grace, and experience adapted to the work. We call these little ones our 'canaries.' Their singing is charming.

"But the best part of the story about our school is yet to be told. We are having a gracious revival in our Church, and many of the dear Sunday-school children have been happily converted to God, and I hope it will continue till they are all converted. Don't you hope so too, Mr. Editor?"

"Tell the corporal that we have organized a new company out here called the 'Do company,' that we have all enlisted, and ask him if he would like to enlist with us."

The corporal approves of "Do companies," providing their doings are good, as those of the Waukegan school appear to be.

"ALICE, of Lowell, says:

"I would like to call you father, because you give us such good advice in your little paper and have such a fatherly care for all the Sabbath-school family. I am a little girl nine years old. I have been a member of St. Paul's M. E. Sabbath-school four years. We love our minister very much. He has a warm, kind heart. I am sure he loves all little children, because he loves to talk to us. One year ago he formed a mission school near where I live. I have attended it ever since it was formed. We have a very interesting school. We have a missionary prayer-meeting every Friday evening. Father prays and talks with the children, and we have good singing. Father thinks this school will be the means of saving many souls. I mean to be a Christian. I feel very happy when I pray to God and try to love him. Please come to Lowell and see our mission school."

The Lord bless you, my dear Alice, and fill you with his love forever! Your sweet little note wins a warm place in my heart for you.

"EDWIN M. H., of Rock Creek, says:

"I am eight years of age. I took your Advocate before I could read. I loved to hear my mother read those pretty stories in your paper. I love our Sunday-school, and will try to be good. I am afraid you can't read my letter. It is the best that I can do.

"When a boy does his best I'm satisfied," says the corporal. Easily pleased, isn't he? Why, corporal, you couldn't ask more than that of the Angel Gabriel. Could even he do more than his best? I hope Edward will look to Jesus for strength to be good.

"M. A. B., of Marathon, says:

"I love to go to Sunday-school very much. We like our superintendent first rate. I had a beautiful red Bible from him, with his photograph in it, as a reward for truth. I think a great deal of it. Please admit me to the Try Company.

"Certainly, certainly. A girl who merits a reward for truthfulness would honor any company." So says Corporal Try, and so say I.

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