

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · WE ·

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 19.

JULY 8, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 235.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## "I CANNOT, SIR."

A YOUNG man—we will call him Honest Frank—who loved truth, was a clerk in the office of some rich merchants. One day a letter came recalling an order for goods which had been received the day before. One of the merchants handed the letter to Honest Frank, and with a most persuasive smile, said:

"Frank, reply to this letter. Say the goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanning the order."

Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad but firm glance and replied:

"I cannot, sir."

"Why not, sir?" asked the merchant very angrily.

"Because the goods are now in the yard, and it would be a lie on my part, sir."

"I hope you will always be so particular," replied the merchant, turning upon his heel and going away.

Honest Frank did a bold as well as a right thing in refusing to answer that letter. What do you suppose happened to him? *He lost his place?*

No he didn't. The merchant was too shrewd to turn away a clerk who wouldn't write a lying letter. He knew the value of such a youth, and instead of turning him away, made him his confidential clerk.

Noble Frank! Don't you admire him? I know you do. You can't help it. Then prove your admiration sincere by resolving to never speak or write a lie either for yourself or any one else. Stick to the truth if you starve or die for it, my dear boys and girls. I say this, not because I think it likely you will ever suffer loss for being truthful—though you may for a time—but because I want you to love the truth for its own sake, and because God loves it. All liars are to be shut out of heaven, but truthful souls are jewels which God will count among his choice treasures. Be truthful, therefore, for the sake of pleasing your dear Lord and Saviour. U. U.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE SICK RABBIT.

POOR WALTER! His face, which is usually round and merry, now looks grave and sad. What troubles him? His pet rabbit is sick. "Pooh," you cry, "that's nothing."

"Nothing, is it? Would Etta think it nothing to have her wax doll's nose cut off or its head smashed?



Learn then, my pets, to go and tell Jesus all your little sorrows, and say to him, Please, Jesus, comfort my heart, and make it strong and brave to suffer all things cheerfully for thy sake.

U. U.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## ST. NICHOLAS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY C. A. L.

Who knows not St. NICHOLAS of the child-world? Yet, I might ask, Who knows him? All over Christendom, a little before Christmas every year, St. Nicholas, who appears as a knight with a long gray beard, begins his journey upon his snow-white but good and gentle horse. As soon as it becomes evening he stops, now here, now there, before the still houses, and asks the parents whether or not the children are good and gentle. After one of these visits, when the mother goes in, how the children listen with great wide-open eyes as she relates that St. Nicholas has been at the door with a great rod in one hand and a basketful of cakes and pretty toys in the

other, and that he has asked very particularly about the conduct of the little boys and girls, and said if it could be praised that he would come again soon and bring them beautiful gifts. If they had behaved badly he would either pass them by because they had been unkind or impolite, or if they were not trying to become better he might severely punish them.

After this how the little ones watch the eyes of their father and mother, and through obedience and gentle ways try to please them. They often count the days that must come and pass before the one on which their thoughts and wishes hang so anxiously. If they have been good through the day, at night when they lie down to sleep they see visions of good old Nicholas that make them joyful; but if they have been otherwise the sight of the wonderful man terrifies them and gives them bad dreams. As soon as the first dawn peeps into their little bed-chamber, already they are awake, and with timid hand venture to feel around on the little table or chair to see if they have a gift, and if so they long for the broad daylight that they may see it more plainly and also show it to their friends.

This is the Nicholas of child-fancy that everybody knows; but there was a real Nicholas. He was born in Patara, in Asia Minor, and lived in the time of Constantine the Great. He had good Christian parents, who brought him up well, and he early gave

Would Peter think it nothing if he found his pet dog Fido dying? Would little May think it nothing if she found her favorite rose-bush torn up by the roots? No, no. No child can see its pet hurt without feeling very badly about it. It is so with Walter. Long-ears is his favorite rabbit, and it is sick. Its beautiful ears droop, it wont eat, and I shouldn't wonder if it were dying. Walter feels as if the light of his life was going out, and he has coaxed his sisters out into the garden to see if they can help him save Long-ears.

To Walter the death of Long-ears will be a great grief, as all of you who have pets can understand. I couldn't love a child much who had no pets, for I should fear he had no heart. But I think you all have them, and I know you all have what you call great sorrows sometimes. Perhaps you wonder why these sorrows come upon you. I will tell you. They are meant to prepare you for the *really great sorrows* which are sure to come to your hearts when you grow older. If you bear these little griefs bravely, you will grow strong to bear big ones hereafter. If you fret and fume about your little troubles, you will fret and fume more when great ones come upon you by and by. So you must try to be brave when you have little troubles. Go and tell Jesus about them. He is as ready to comfort you when your pets are hurt or die as he is to comfort your father and mother when their pet schemes are overthrown.