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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.

his heart to Christ, and declared his purpose to spend himself in the service of God. In order to avoid the temptations of the world, he went, as people then believed it necessary, when he was in the bloom of youth, into a hermit's life, and distinguished himself above his comrades by the strictness with which he lived.

After the death of his parents he resolved to employ the whole of his rich inheritance for the honor of God in services of brotherly love, and few have ever fulfilled their vow more truly and perfectly than he. Whenever want or need came to his knowledge, there was he to help as far as gold and silver could rescue. And this help always seemed to come down directly from heaven, for it was his whole care to let no one know from whence came the charitable deed to the needy. His cup of joy was full, if God alone received the praise. He not only helped out of present trouble, but he foresaw and averted as much as possible troubles that threatened to come. The knowledge of a household care or a secret family sorrow was enough to open his heart and hand. In order to save a poor soldier whom he knew from an unpleasant embarrassment, he sent a rich gift of money to him for his three praiseworthy daughters, and did this in such a manner that they could only lay down their offering of thanks on the steps of the throne of God. He had secretly put the gift into the warrior's shoe in order to prepare a pleasant surprise for him in the morning. The widely prevailing custom of the children's placing a candy shoe or slipper upon the table in order that St. Nicholas may understand that they hope for a gift, has been referred to this event. He was a wise counselor of the oppressed, a comforter of the sorrowing, and an enlightened leader of those who were not yet firm in the faith. He was also a powerful preacher of repentance to the hardened and those gone astray.

He became honored as a patron saint of the children, because he found his greatest joy in instructing them and in watching their childish simplicity, which is often wiser than the wisest among the old. His remarkable humility and modesty did not hinder the light of his virtues from spreading out far beyond the boundaries of his cloister. He early received from the high and low the honor and admiration due to him. At Myra, in Lycia, where Paul stopped when sailing to Rome, there happened a vacancy in the bishopric, and when the heads of the Church assembled to elect one to fill this, one of the number called a few together and stated that a voice had spoken to him in the night and indicated the one who should become bishop, namely, the person who on the morning of the election should be first seen upon the way to the church. This was received as a command from God, and so they anxiously watched, and lo! almost at break of day the good Nicholas was seen wending his way thither, and was the chosen one.

Nicholas closed his godly and richly charitable life in 342, in a peaceful and happy death. Soon after his memory was celebrated as that of one of the most distinguished saints. The Emperor Justinian built at Constantinople a church in honor of him, and many temples since then have been adorned with his name.

In the year 1087 the merchants of Naples stole his remains out of his cathedral and took them to Apulia, where the Church of St. Stephanas boasts of their possession to-day. When the remains were interred here, a legend relates that a fountain of fragrant oil burst forth as a symbol of the spiritual healing stream of consolation and peace which once poured out in such rich abundance from the earnest activity of this pious man's life. His fame spread wide, and the Russian Church holds no saint in higher esteem than him. He possessed in its fullness that brotherly love which in all its charitable deeds seeks alone the honor of God, and does not let the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

An idle boy will probably make a mean old man.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### RUB-A-DUB DUB!

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A LITTLE boy stands in the sunlight gay,  
On the broad front door-step over the way:  
A crowd of children about him come,  
While he merrily beats on a little drum,  
Rub-a-dub dub!

Now he strikes up a march with its measured notes;  
Then a call to arms on the March wind floats;  
Then a patriot air echoes full and free,  
And a sturdy roll beats the *reville*:  
Rub-a-dub dub!

The wondering children hear with awe  
The martial clangor which calls to war,  
For the drummer-boy is a soldier's son,  
And he wears his mimic sword and gun.  
Rub-a-dub dub!

A gentle lad is the soldier's boy,  
His father's pride and his mother's joy,  
With moral courage to choose the right,  
But little spirit for murderous fight.  
Rub-a-dub dub!

In the morning fair you can see him stand  
With his sounding drum in his little hand;  
His soldier airs make him look so droll,  
As he roughly wakens the rattling roll,  
Rub-a-dub dub!

All boys should brave little patriots be;  
All children should love the songs of the free;  
But O for a drum and a warlike din  
That should marshal the children to fight with sin.  
Rub-a-dub dub!

We're soldiers all in the battle of life,  
And we fiercely join in its varied strife;  
Some faint on the field, some cowardly flee,  
And few at the last shout, *Victory!*  
Rub-a-dub dub!

There's glorious news from the war to-day—  
Ah, little one, out in the sunshine gay,  
Forget not the holler strife to come  
While you merrily beat your little drum,  
Rub-a-dub dub!

### WHAT CHARLIE DID.

TURNING into a certain street, I saw a company of boys playing very earnestly, and evidently enjoying themselves finely. One I noticed in particular, who seemed to be the leader of their sports; and just as I came up with them he was proposing a new game, and giving instructions in regard to it. His whole heart seemed to be in the thing.●

At this moment a window was thrown open in the house I was passing, and a sweet, gentle voice called, "Charlie, your father wants you."

The window was at once closed, and that mother, as I took her to be, immediately withdrew, without even stopping to see whether Charlie heard.

The boy was so busy that I doubted if that quiet

voice would reach his ear. But it seemed she knew better than I. The words hardly escaped her lips when everything was dropped, the boys left at play, and Charlie within the doors, where, of course, I could not follow him.

"A fine fellow that," thought I; "he will make his mark in the world. If a man would govern others, he must learn to obey; and surely Charlie has learned to obey."

Yes, boys, that is the way. Prompt, cheerful obedience is what you are to render parents and teachers. Do not wait to be spoken to the second time, but drop all and run at the first call.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### IDLE JOE.

JOE was an idler. Of course, Joe was always in mischief. Did you ever know an idler whose fingers were not found meddling with what did not concern him?

Joe often got into bad scrapes, for which he was sometimes soundly thwacked. But the whip did



not make Joe mend his manners much. It is hard work to whip evil out of a thoroughly bad boy.

One day Joe went to church. The minister in his sermon quoted these words, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Joe started to his feet, forgetful of everything but the words spoken, and cried aloud:

"Then Joe is called to repentance, for Joe is a big sinner."

From that time Joe repented and sought the Saviour. Do you suppose the Saviour cared for idle Joe? Yes he did, for Jesus knew the value of his soul. So when Joe prayed Jesus heard him, answered his prayer, and forgave his "big" sins.

Joe was now no longer idle Joe. The love of Jesus did what the whip failed to do, it drew the laziness out of his bones and the sin out of his heart. It made Joe a diligent, faithful, loving, and lovable boy. No one wanted to whip Joe any more.

Listen! ye idle, prankish, wicked boys and girls who, like Idle Joe, are always in mischief! Jesus loves *you*. You grieve him, but he loves you and wishes to make you worthy of his love. Will you let him? If you will, tell him so directly. Down upon your knees, each of you, and cry, "O Jesus, save me from my sins! O Saviour, wash my heart! O Lord Jesus, make me a good, a pure, and a true child!"

U. U.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1865.



SOWING SEED.

SPRING has been here and is gone to give place to summer. Farmers and gardeners who sowed seed are now looking for a harvest. It was hard work to plow and sow, but people did it cheerfully because they thought of the crop which it would yield in the autumn.

Now every child's heart is a garden, and its early life is its spring or sowing-time. Thoughts are seeds. So are purposes; that is, every time a child chooses to do something he sows a seed.

Good thoughts and purposes are good seed. Evil ones are bad seed. The bad seeds grow without sowing just as weeds do. They are already in the heart. They sow themselves. Good seeds must be sown by the child himself.

Do you understand? *Not very clearly?* Well, let me make my meaning clear by a story.

In the olden time there were no books made of paper such as you now have. There were, however, books made of horn, but even they were very dear.

In those days there was a little boy whose mother was too poor to buy him a hornbook. This was bad, but the boy made his case worse by fretting because he could not have a book. From fretting he went on to envying those children who had books. He also coveted their books very strongly indeed. In all this that boy was letting bad seed spring up in his heart. Fretting was a bad seed. Envying was a bad seed. Coveting was a bad seed. The little boy should have pulled these seeds up as a gardener does weeds. He should have sowed the good seed of submission and contentment by saying, "O Lord, it hath pleased thee to make my mother poor. Help me to go without a book and not to envy those who have one. Please, God, help me not to covet my neighbor's book!"

That would have been sowing good seed. But this boy didn't sow it. He let the bad seed grow, and what do you think it did for him? It made him a thief. He stole a hornbook from one of his schoolmates.

"See!" said he to his mother, holding up the book, "see what I have got."

"You are a smart boy," said that naughty woman. She ought to have whipped him, sent him back with the book,

prayed with him, and talked with him until he was sorry. Perhaps if she had he would have repented. Perhaps he would not have minded her.

Mark what came of that bad seed! The boy was not found out, and when he coveted something else he stole that also. Thus he went on from bad to worse until he grew up to be a great robber. After several years of crime he was caught and tried, and sentenced to be hung. Wasn't it terrible?

When he stood under the gallows he saw his mother in the crowd and asked permission to speak to her. She was led to his side. He stooped as if he meant to kiss her. But, instead of kissing her, he bit her ear, and then said angrily:

"Mother, if you had punished me when I stole the hornbook I should not have been here."

That was a hard saying for his mother to hear, but it was a poor excuse for the boy. He knew he did wrong when he fretted, coveted, and stole. Perhaps he didn't think that those seeds would grow up into the crimes for which he was hung. Still, he knew they were bad seeds and he should have pulled them up.

Now you cannot help seeing what I meant by letting evil seed grow in your hearts. And you see that it is a very sad thing to do. Will you do it? Will you let those fretful, angry, lazy, envious, selfish, proud, vain thoughts grow, or will you pluck them out? Out with them whenever they show their naughty heads. Go to work sowing the seeds of truth, honor, faithfulness, humility, mercy, obedience, and love. Jesus will help you grow them by giving you his Holy Spirit. Who will sow good seed in his heart?

EASY CHAIR.

WHEW! It's hot weather, is it not? So hot it puts an old man's strength to the test. But who will complain that knows how needful these hot days and nights are to the growth and ripening of the corn? No, let us rather thank God and pray that he will so mingle

the refreshing showers with the hot days that the earth may bring forth a bountiful harvest. Now, Corporal, what have you for the children?

"Here are some questions about snow:

"1. Who became white as snow? 2. What did Benaiah



do in time of snow? 3. Who sends snow upon the earth? 4. What does Job say of washing in snow-water? 5. What is snow called on to do? 6. To what is snow compared? 7. What will make us whiter than snow? 8. What is as unnatural as would be a fall of snow in summer? 9. What shall be made as white as snow, and when? 10. What is said of the snow of Lebanon? 11. What was white as snow in Salmon? 12. What is compared to snow water-

ing the earth and making it bring forth? 13. What does Daniel compare to snow? 14. Where is the raiment of an angel compared to snow? 15. What is compared to the cold of snow in time of harvest?

"The answers to the puzzles in our last may be found by folding their upper lines partly over the lower ones. The first answer is 'RUM,' the second 'SIN.'

"Here is a letter from CHARLES A. F., of Washington, U. S., who says:

"One year ago last February you admitted me to your Try Company. I was then a Cretian, living in a rural village upon one edge of the grand prairie of Illinois, thirty-three miles from the city of Chicago. My father was at that time and had been for several years a colporteur, doing missionary work in the West. He is now and has been for over a year a clerk in the Paymaster General's Office, Washington, D. C. I came to this city last fall with some expectation of being a page in the House of Representatives, but I was disappointed. I used to go occasionally and sit in the galleries. When I heard the congressmen make speeches I thought I would like to be smart enough to be a congressman. I attended several of the President's receptions during the winter. I was introduced to Mr. Lincoln as the 'Prairie Boy from the West.' He appeared to be pleased when he found I was from the same state he was. He pressed my hand warmly while he talked with me. But he is gone. Murdered by an assassin! I saw his remains while lying in state at the White House. As I looked upon that noble form, I thought, How changed! Those eyes that looked upon me so pleasantly were forever closed upon the scenes of earth. Those lips that spoke so kindly were motionless. Those hands that pressed mine so warmly were cold as marble. He was a good man. I hope to meet him in heaven. When I saw the admiring crowds at the receptions paying their homage to Mr. Lincoln, I thought I would like to be a president; but after attending several missionary meetings I felt that I would rather be a missionary than a congressman or even president.

"At one of the missionary meetings I was introduced as a speaker from the prairies of the West. After giving a little history of my life and relating some western incidents, I took from my pocket the little box I wrote to you about, and held it up before the congregation and said, 'I hold in my hand a box. Upon its cover are engraved these words, "Once I was a tobacco-box. Now I am a missionary-box." Its object is to elicit money for the missionary cause. Contributions for this box will be thankfully received. God loveth a cheerful giver.' I then put the contents of the box upon the table and walked to a seat. Soon after a gentleman said, 'I will give a dollar toward making the prairie boy a life member of the Missionary Society.' 'I will give another,' 'I will give another,' was heard in quick succession until the twenty dollars were pledged.

"I am going to try and be a good boy and learn all I can, so that when I grow up to be a man, if God wants me to be a missionary and go to 'Greenland's icy mountains' or 'Afric's sunny fountains' to tell the story of the cross I will go.

"I like our new President very much. I have heard him make two speeches. He talks well. He is no friend to traitors.

"That prairie boy will do. He has grit and will paddle his own canoe across the sea of life right manfully," thus says the Corporal, and I guess the old gentleman is at least half right. I give my hand to Charlie.

"EDA M. F., of I—, says:

"My pa died last spring away in the West, where he had gone to buy a home. I have no brother or sister. I try to be good and comfort my ma all I can. There is a Good Templar's Society here, and they will not allow any to join them under fifteen; but I thought I wanted to be doing good in some way, and perhaps you would admit me to your Try Company. I will try to be good and do good. I ask God to bless my ma and all my friends, and to bless myself and make me a good girl."

Eda writes as if she loved her mother, and that is one of the best marks of a good girl the Corporal knows of. The love of Jesus and the love of mother will carry any child safely along the path of life. Eda is enrolled. May the Father of the fatherless bless her!

"The 'Dr. Wise Missionary Class,' of East L—, say:

"Jennie, Fannie, Mary, Clara, Emma, Frank, Eva, Mary, Minnie, and Ella are members of the Dr. Wise Missionary Class of the East Liberty Sunday-school, and wish to become members of your Try Company. Will you accept them? They mean to take 'I'll try' for their motto in future. They love their Sunday-school very much, and mean to try and be worthy scholars.

"That class is admitted," says the Corporal, and then winking his eye at the editor, he adds, "not for the sake of the name it bears, but for its own sake." The editor owns to being snubbed by the Corporal, and meekly bows his head in silence.

Selected for the S. S. Advocate.

## TRUTH AND HONESTY.

A TRUE STORY.

Two boys were one day amusing themselves with that dangerous though not uncommon pastime, pelting each other with stones. They had chosen one of the squares of the playground, thinking by this means to avoid doing mischief. To the consternation of the thrower, however, a missile, instead of resting on the shoulders of the boy at whom it was aimed, entered the library window of one of the lordly mansions opposite.

"Why don't you take to your heels, you block-head? you will have the police after you while you are standing there!" exclaimed his companion as he caught him by the arm, in order to drag him from the spot.

The author of the mischief did not attempt to run; he did not even walk away.

"If your father is obliged to pay for that, you will stand a chance of having a good thrashing, John," the other boy urged.

"Never mind, Tom, leave me to myself," was the reply, and the young stone-thrower moved steadily toward the door of the mansion, the knocker of which he raised. A servant soon appeared.

"Is the master of the house at home?" he with some difficulty inquired.

"He is."

"Then I wish to see him, if you please."

"That you can't do, my man; but I'll deliver any message for you."

"No, that will not do. I must, indeed I must see the gentleman himself."

The earnestness and perseverance of the boy at length induced the servant to comply with his request, and, opening the door of the library, he told his master that there was a shabby little fellow waiting to see him, adding, that he could neither learn his business nor get rid of him.

"Bring him in," said the gentleman, who, having from his window seen the transaction, and overheard the conversation, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit.

The poor child, whose ideas had never soared beyond his father's second floor, stood for some moments in stupefied amazement when shown into an elegant apartment. When he regained his self-possession, he said, in a fluttering voice:

"I am very sorry, sir, but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and I cannot pay you for it; but if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I get it, I will be sure to make it up:" and as he spoke he drew a few halfpence from his pocket, and laid them on the table.

"That's an honest speech, my lad; but how am I to be sure you will fulfill your engagement?" Mr. Cavendish replied. "Do you not know that I could send you to the station-house until the money is made up?"

"O don't send me there, sir, it would break my poor mother's heart! I will pay you all, indeed I will, sir," and he burst into tears.

"I am glad you have so much consideration for your mother's feelings, and for her sake I will trust to your honesty."

"O thank you, sir; thank you!"

"But when do you expect to make another payment? This is a very small sum toward the price of a large square of plate-glass," and as he spoke he looked at the four halfpence which were spread before him.

"This day week, sir, if you please."

"Very well, let it be so. At this hour I shall be at home to see you."

Poor John made his very best bow, and left the room.

True to his appointment, our high-principled boy appeared at the door of Mr. Cavendish's mansion. As the servant had orders to admit him, he was immediately shown into the library.

"I have a shilling for you to-day, sir!" he said exultingly, and his face was radiant with smiles.

"Indeed! that is a large sum for a boy like you to get in so short a time. I hope you came by it honestly?"

A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor John, but it was not a flush of shame.

"I have earned every penny of it excepting one my mother gave me to make it up," he energetically replied; and he went on to say that he had been on the look-out for jobs all the week; that he had held a horse for one gentleman, and had run on an errand for another; in this way he accounted for eleven pence.

"Your industry and perseverance do you credit, my lad," exclaimed Mr. Cavendish, his benevolent countenance lighted up with a smile.

"And now I should like to know your name, and where you live."

"I will write it, sir, if you please. Indeed, I brought a piece of paper for the purpose of putting down the money. I hope I shall be able to make it up in a few weeks, for I am trying to get a place as an errand-boy."



"You can write, then! Do you go to school?"

"O yes, sir; I go to a free school," and John stepped forward to take the pen which Mr. Cavendish held toward him.

"You write a tolerably good hand, my little man. You may, I think, do better than take an errand-boy's place. Let me see if you have any knowledge of arithmetic."

John stood up boldly, and unhesitatingly replied to the various questions which were put to him.

"That will do, my good boy. Now when do you think you will be able to bring me more money?"

"I will come this time next week, sir, if I am alive and well."

"That was wisely added, my lad, for our lives are not in our own keeping; this, I see, you have been taught."

Another week passed, and again the boy appeared, but his face wore a look of sadness.

"I am sorry, sir," he said; "I have been unfortunate, and have only a small sum to give you." And, as he spoke, he laid three pennyworth of halfpence before Mr. Cavendish. "I assure you, sir," he earnestly added, "I have offered my services to every gentleman on horseback I could see."

"I believe you, my boy; I am pleased with your honest intentions. Perhaps you will meet with better success another time. Let me see, you have now paid one shilling and fivepence; that is very fair," and with an encouraging smile Mr. Cavendish suffered him to depart.

Though Mr. Cavendish had from the first concealed his plans, his heart was contriving a work of benevolence, which was nothing less than to befriend the poor boy whose upright conduct had won his admiration. For this end, he in a few days paid the parents a visit, when he knew their son would be at school. He related the incident which had brought him under his notice, and asked whether his conduct toward themselves was equally praiseworthy.

"O yes, sir!" exclaimed the mother, her eyes filled with tears. "He has ever been a dutiful child to us, and always acts in this honest and straightforward manner."

"He has a noble spirit, sir," the father rejoined; "we cannot be thankful enough for such a son."

"Would you part with him?" Mr. Cavendish asked. "I have something in view for his future benefit."

"Undoubtedly we would, for his benefit," was the reply of both.

"Well, then, purchase him a new suit of clothes with these pieces of gold and bring him to my house this day week. I will acquaint you with my views for him for the future."

Language cannot describe the heartfelt gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents; nor could they readily find words to express it.

When their honest boy next came into the presence of his benefactor his appearance was certainly altered for the better; but it was his principles, not his dress, which were his true ornaments. Mr. Cavendish had made arrangements for him to live in his own house, and had also entered his name as a pupil at a neighboring school.

John is now receiving a liberal education, and enjoying many advantages. Such a sudden change of condition and prospects would, in many instances, prove injurious; but with a mind based upon the solid and scriptural principles which he possesses, little fear may be entertained that such will be the result.

Boys! follow John's example. Remember, godliness hath the promise of the life *that now is* as well as of that which is to come.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

BY F. A. S.

THOU, LORD, hast kept me through the night,  
Given health to rise and see the light:  
Protect and guide me through the day,  
Save me from sin I humbly pray;  
If I should die before the even,  
For Jesus' sake take me to heaven.

Do no sinful action  
Speak no angry word:  
Ye belong to Jesus,  
Children of the Lord.

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TORONTO, C. W.

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