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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

CANADA

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPER LITTLUS

UNTO M.E.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 15.

MAY 13, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 231.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## SOMEBODY CARES FOR YOU.

"STUFF and nonsense!" muttered little Bob King to himself as he skulked away to the further part of the entry. "All they care for us anyway is to knock and cuff us about. Dad hits ye on one side of the head and ma'am on t'other, and she says all boys is good for is to make trouble. The man at the mission did talk mighty fine to us yesterday about how folks loved children and how much they was trying to do for them, but I don't see nothing that looks much like it to-day. All the men and women is going about their business just as if there was no children."

Here Bob's soliloquy was cut short by the opening of a door just behind him, and he displayed remarkable agility in dodging a cuff from an old man who passed out with some fierce words about little brats that were "always kicking about in the way." Poor little Bob had some reason to feel as if there was no place for him in the world. There certainly was not much for him in this crowded tenement-house that he called his home. He was not one of those robust boys that can pick themselves up when they have been knocked down and run off without minding it, and he got plenty of abuse but no sympathy.

The Sunday previous he had been at the mission-school, where he was particularly pleased with the man who talked to the scholars from the desk, telling them how much folks loved them because they were children, and had immortal souls, and were going to grow up to be men and women by and by. He said, too, that God loved them and cared for them every day. You have heard such talk many times, and you probably know that it is true; but if you had such a home and such treatment as Bob had, perhaps you, too, would have been tempted to think it "all nonsense," that God had forgotten you, and that all that grown people care about you is to have you get out of the way.

But I can tell you of a worse case than Bob's. It



happened among slaves who were so cruelly oppressed and down-trodden that they did not seem to have energy enough left to enable them to do anything good. Their little boys were all not merely cuffed and kicked about; they were killed outright—thrown into the river. If Bob had lived in those times he might almost have been excused for thinking that God does not care for little children. But God did care even for those. He took all the little ones that died to his own bosom, to be with him forever, just as he did your dear little baby sister that died a short time ago. But that was not all, for God prepared a way to save

until he hears the beautiful story of Moses and learns that God cares for him as well as for all other children; that he watches over him every moment, and is waiting to help him do right and be happy. I think it will make a man of him to feel that he has such a Friend, and I know that if he tries with all his heart to serve God he will be happy now and forever.

AUNT JULIA.

EXCELLENCE is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.—COWPER.

one of these little boys alive and make him the deliverer of his friends and of their whole nation from the cruel bondage that oppressed them. For you will remember, if you have read the story, that it was their cruel masters that obliged these slaves to kill all the little boys.

But God put it into the heart of one mother to hide her babe a few weeks. And when the little fellow became so old that she could not keep him in the house any longer without being found out, she made a little water-tight cradle, put him into that, and hid him away among the reeds and rushes in the shallows of the river. And then God led the king's daughter there to find him and admire him so much that she determined to raise him and adopt him as her own son. She let his mother take care of him at first, and when old enough he was brought to the princess and taught to call her mother. She took him and gave him the best education in her power, so that he became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Of course, this was of great use to him when God chose him to be a law-giver and a leader to his people to take them out of slavery to the promised land.

Here, you see, God not only preserved the life of this little boy, but he opened the way to give him a good education, and in return Moses gave all his life to the service of God. As for little Bob King, I hope

he will go to Sunday-school

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## WAKE UP, SOLOMON!

"Sol, wake up! It's time to get up," shouted young Harry to his sluggish brother one fine July morning as he jumped gayly out of bed and began dressing himself.

"What time is it?" yawned Solomon.

"Nearly six," replied his brother; "and mind, Sol, we start at seven."

"It's too early to get up yet," said Solomon; "I'll snooze till a quarter to seven."

So the lazy fellow turned round and was soon fast asleep again. When he awoke his room looked very full of sunshine. The house was very quiet too, and rubbing his eyes, he muttered:

"I wonder if it is seven o'clock yet?"

Crawling out of bed, he dressed himself and went down stairs. There was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the sitting-room, nobody in the dining-room. "What can be the matter?" thought Solomon as he rang the bell for the maid to bring him his breakfast.

"Where are they all?" he asked as soon as she appeared.

"Gone to the city," replied the maiden. "They started two hours ago."

"Why, what time is it?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock! But why didn't they call me?"

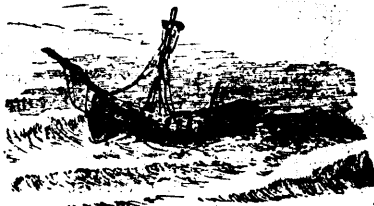
"You were called at six o'clock and wouldn't get up. Your father wouldn't have you called again. He said he would teach you a lesson."

"It's too bad!" cried Solomon, dropping his head upon the table and bursting into tears.

It was too bad that the lazy boy did not learn the lesson of that morning so as to turn over a new leaf in the book of life. I am sorry to say he did not. He loved sleep. He hated work. He was the slave of lazy habits, and is so to this day.

What sort of a man will Solomon Slowcoach be? Well, if he don't die of idleness before he becomes a man, he will be a shiftless good-for-nothing fellow. He won't have any knowledge, because he is too lazy to study; nor any money, because he is too lazy to work; nor any good character, because he is too lazy to conquer himself.

Wake up, Solomon! Wake up, my dear boy! Shake off the chains that are upon you! Be manly, be wide awake, be something! If you don't wake up you will soon be a lost boy. Wake up, Solomon,



wake up! If you don't you will make shipwreck of your life. Q. Q.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## WHAT A CHICAGO MAN SAID ABOUT CATCHING SLAVES.

A MAN who is weak enough to believe in slavery was at Chicago some months since attending a big convention. While talking with a gentleman named John Wentworth he said:

"I believe slavery originated with God, and he will protect it."

"Well," replied Mr. Wentworth, "let us leave it with God. We have repealed the fugitive slave law, and when a slave runs away I am for letting him alone until God catches him."

I like this idea. Runaway slaves will be all right if they never go back to their old masters until the Lord sends them. God is the God of freedom, and slavery belongs to Satan. Thank God, my children, that God has come down from his throne to destroy it, and very soon there will not be a slave on the earth. U. U.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE BOY'S DREAM; OR, THE GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN we dream everything is as real to us as if we are awake, and we feel just as we should if what seems to happen in our sleep really occurred when we were awake. Little boys and girls often cry out in their sleep and awaken themselves sobbing, just as much affrighted and distressed as if their dreams were all actual troubles into which they had fallen. Sometimes they are so much affected as to be almost afraid to go to sleep again. We dream because our minds do not go to sleep when our bodies do, but keep on thinking. Sometimes our dreams may be a benefit to us. We are permitted to see and to know just what our feelings would be if any great trouble should fall upon us.

I knew a lad who once had a dream that proved to be a great blessing to him. He was the son of an excellent minister. His mother died when he was about three years of age. She was a very good woman. He could only recollect her as looking tenderly upon him with a very pale and loving face, and talking to him with a very gentle voice. His father often told him how much she loved her little boys, how she prayed for them, and how happy she was when she died. He never forgot a dream that his father told him his mother had just before she died. She thought herself to be standing upon the bank of a deep, dark river, with some of her friends near to her. On the other side of the stream the shore was very beautiful, covered with flowering trees and shrubs. Shining ones were wandering through the groves. She could see many of her former friends who had died among them, and they were all beckoning to her to come to them. The only way to cross the stream was to place her hands around the neck of a horse and permit him to bear her over. She trembled a moment upon the brink of the stream, the waters seemed so dark, and the crossing so perilous. Her friends around her encouraged her with kind words and prayers. Placing her hands upon the mane of the horse she entered the river and quickly passed over, shouting aloud for joy as she went.

When the hour of her death came, while the family was standing around her bed, after a prayer was offered, she lifted up her voice in strains of praise, and it died away upon human ears with the shout of glory lingering upon it. The oldest son had often sat upon his mother's grave and thought of this remarkable dream and this wonderful death. He tried to think how his mother looked in heaven, and prayed that he might go to meet her there when

he died. As he grew older his thoughts of his dead mother wore away, and falling among gay companions, he gave little attention to serious things, and lived as if he thought it impossible for one of his age to die.

One night he dreamed that he was on board a ship far out to sea. It was a terrible night—a sudden tempest had come down upon them. The waves were thrown up into mountain-peaks, their tops white with foam. The ship groaned and staggered as the heavy gusts almost buried her under the waves. The sharp and constant streams of lightning alone illuminated the frightful scene, as the heavy clouds had put out every star, and the awful thunder pealed and rolled all along the heavens.

In such an hour and scene as this the boy dreamed that he was thrown into the sea by a sudden lurch of the ship. No one saw him as he fell overboard, and the night was fearfully dark. Down he sank into the boiling sea. He struggled to the surface. Just then a sharp gleam of lightning lit up the awful scene. He saw the ship driven madly along by the storm; he could hear the creaking of her rigging, and the beating of her sails like the reports of cannon; but in the momentary illumination he could see no one looking from the ship toward the lost boy. He was not missed. He tried to shout aloud, but the winds drove his voice with briny spray back into his throat again. Down he sank once more in the sea. He struggled up, gazing anxiously to see if there was anything that he could grasp. He stretched out his hand toward something upon the surface, but it was only the reflection of the lightning, and it vanished as he seized it. And now it came to him all at once, and so powerfully, that he must die! Once more he would sink down into the depths of the sea, and it would be all over with him for this world!

O how terribly real all this was! What could he do? He burst out into heart-breaking cries, saying as it seemed to him, "I cannot die now. I am not prepared. I have delayed too long. I always expected to go to heaven. My mother is there, my father will be there, and I can never see them!"

No language can describe the anguish of this moment. Sinking for the last time, the poor boy lifted up his cry, "O Jesus, have mercy upon me! I have waited too long. I do not deserve to be forgiven. I deserve to be lost; but if thou canst forgive a poor dying sinner, forgive me."

The poor boy thought he lifted up his eyes through the waves, and in his prayer did trust in the Saviour. Jesus heard him and forgave him. In the great relief and joy of the moment he awoke from sleep. The boy never forgot that dream. He was thankful that an opportunity was left him to pray. He saw there was no time for him to lose, or he might, after all, be disappointed of reaching heaven, and lose forever the company of the beloved friends that had died before, and those that should afterward gather there.

Children of religious parents and those that attend Sabbath-school, hearing so much of heaven, constantly singing about and enjoying the presence of those that are going thither, are apt to overlook their own preparation. They are resting upon their friends, and in the dying hour will pray and say in vain, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out."

If we would be with them, if we desire a peaceful dying, and if we would be sure of heaven, we must have the new heart and the blessed, filial feeling of love to God. We want it now; then it matters little whether we are called at midday or midnight. We shall always be ready to say when we hear the voice, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly!" P.

## IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child—a boy or girl—  
I'm sorry it is true—  
Who doesn't mind when spoken to;  
Is it you? It can't be you!

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1865.

DEATH OF A HEATHEN BOY.



ANY of you, my children, give your pennies to the Missionary Society. Don't you often wish to know what good heathen children get from the teaching of your missionaries? I will give you one fact, out of many, that will please you, I know.

There was a boy in India named RUNGIAH. He belonged to the lowest or pariah caste, as it is called there. He was very poor, but when he was taken into a mission school he believed in Jesus and became very rich in faith.

It pleased God that Rungiah should die. His father being too feeble to visit him at the mission, he was taken home to his poor pariah hut to die. He died a grand death. Listen to some of his last words!

"Weep not for me," he said, "I am not a heathen. I have been a great sinner, but I have been pardoned. Idols are nothing, caste is nothing, time is nothing; we are as the flower that withers. Leave your idols and go to Jesus."

That was grand talk for a poor pariah boy, wasn't it? But listen to him again. Said he:

"I am going now to God and heaven; you must not shed one tear for me, but you should rather rejoice."

That was triumphant faith, was it not? Now hear him as his feet touch the waters of the dark river. He cries:

"Hark! I hear the call of my Redeemer. It is all dark now. Farewell! O Lord Jesus, secure my soul; I come to thee."

These were his last words. A sweet smile settled over his face and he slept in Jesus. The poor pariah boy was gone where he became a king and a priest unto God.

Such, my children, are the fruits which grow on the missionary-tree. Be sure you put plenty of pennies at its root, and don't forget to water it with earnest prayers and loving tears.

IS THAT YOU, TEACHER?

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was expected home one Saturday night from a long journey. The village in which he lived was several miles from the railroad-station. There was no public conveyance, and not feeling able to hire a private carriage, he set out, cold and dark as it was when he left the cars, to walk home. As he plodded along he kept his spirits cheerful by thinking of the pleasant greeting he should receive from his class at Sunday-school the next morning.

While he was yet some miles from home he heard a voice cry through the darkness:

"Is that you, teacher?"

"What, are you here?" he exclaimed, for he recognized the voice as that of one of his scholars.

"Yes, we are here," responded half a dozen boys as they seized his umbrella and carpet-bag and prepared to lead him home in triumph.

What made those boys walk so many miles on a dark winter evening to meet their teacher, think you? Because they loved him, eh? Ay, that was the secret. They loved him. Happy teacher! I wish all our teachers were as sure of their scholars' love as that good man was. How it would cheer them in their work!

My child, do you love your teacher? Show it by your good conduct, attention, and smiles. Depend upon it, your teacher values your love at a high price. He would prefer it to rubles or diamonds.

BOORISH BOYS AND GIRLS.

DID you ever see a well-dressed boy or girl compel a poor woman carrying a big basket or bundle to step off the sidewalk? I have, and I have also seen a glossy-coated boy or a silk-clad miss give such poor person a look of scorn which seemed to say:

"I am china, you are delf. Get out of my way! How dare you presume to stand in my path?"

"You civilized little boor," I have said to myself at such a sight, "you haven't a particle of politeness in you. If you had you would pity that burdened woman and get out of her way."

If I have such an impolite boy or girl among my readers, I wish he would take a lesson from the life of Napoleon. When he was on the island of St. Helena he walked out with a lady one day. A poor man with a heavy pack on his shoulders met them. The lady kept straight on, but the ex-emperor gently waved her on one side, saying:

"Respect the burden, madam."

Respect the burden! That's a good motto. You will find that most of your schoolmates and friends carry burdens of some sort. Not on their backs, perhaps, but in their hearts. Little Maggie, for example, carries a burden of bashfulness. Respect it by being kind and gentle to the little dearie. Your friend Robert, whom you call a "slow coach," carries a burden of dullness. Respect it by explaining his lessons to him. Your mother carries a burden of sickness, your father of care and work. Respect their burdens by giving them love, and obedience, and help. In short, you must respect everybody's burden whom you know, and thus help make the world happier. Do you understand? Yes? Very good. Then mind you respect the burden!



MY LETTER BUDGET.

I SAW a man plowing the other day. He drove a splendid team and had a fine plow. His furrows were nicely turned, and the fields around him looked as if they had been well cared for. It was a pleasure to look upon them. I paused in my walk to admire the farmer's skill and taste. "Ah," thought I, "that man puts brains into his land as well as manure." A queer thought for an editor, wasn't it? But queer though it was, it was true. Of course, you know I meant to say that the farmer thought as well as worked. He used his brains as well as his hands. If he had used his hands only his farm would have looked more like a nursery for weeds than like a cultivated farm.

Thousands of my readers live on farms. Happy children! There is no better place to live in the world than on a farm. Children can spend happier lives on farms than in city mansions, if they choose to be contented. Now I want my farmers' sons and daughters to be contented to love their homes, to make up their minds to till the ground like Adam, and dress the garden as Eve did in Eden, all the days of their lives. Don't pine for the city, ye children of the prairie and mountain. Men built cities, but God made the country.

But to enjoy your lives on farms you must fill your brains with good ideas or thoughts. You must read and think. You must gather up a store of good books as fast as you can. Get a library and read it, especially during the long winter evenings. We print lots of just such books as you need.

Among your books, children of the country, you should have those which tell you about land, trees, plants, and vines. I have two periodicals sent me as exchanges which are worthy a place in your libraries. One is the *American Agriculturist*, published by my friend and your friend, ORANGE JUDD, of New York. The other is *The Horticulturist*, published by WOODWARD & Co., also of New York.



The latter is best suited for your parents. It is a most excellent magazine of horticulture. The former will suit both you and your parents. It is the most useful paper that comes into my office. I never get weary of perusing it, and I always get new ideas from its pages. It treats of almost everything, from plowing a field to making a pie or pudding. I recommend every farmer's son and daughter to take it. Mr. Judd is your friend, I said; that is, he is a Sunday-school man. He is the author of

"Lessons for every Sunday in the Year," three volumes of which most capital question-books have been published. But I must stop or you will be weary. Don't forget what I have said, however, about being contented with your lot, boys and girls of the country. Christ expects his disciples to cherish gratitude to him for every-day mercies, and where gratitude dwells contentment always pitches her tent.—Here are the answers to questions for bright children in our last:

The Old Testament has 39 books; the New, 27. Total, 66.

The Old Testament has 929 chapters; the New, 260. Total, 1,189.

The Old Testament has 23,214 verses; the New, 7,959. Total, 31,173.

The Old Testament has 592,439 words; the New, 181,253. Total, 773,692.

The Old Testament has 2,723,100 letters; the New, 838,380. Total, 3,566,480.

- Here are some more questions about the Bible:
- Which is the middle book of the Old Testament?
  - Which is the middle chapter of the Old Testament?
  - Which is the middle verse of the Old Testament?
  - Which is the middle book of the New Testament?
  - Which is the middle verse of the New Testament?
  - Which is the middle chapter of the entire Bible?
  - Which is the middle verse of the entire Bible?
  - Which is the shortest chapter in the entire Bible?
  - Which is the shortest verse in the entire Bible?
  - Which verse contains all the letters of the English alphabet?

Now, Corporal, open your budget, and let us hear from the children.

"I obey, sir. F. S. H., of D—, writes:

"The little girls and boys connected with the Methodist Sunday-school in this place desire their superintendent to notify you that they wish to become members of your noble Try Company. They number in all forty-six scholars, and are attentive to their lessons, obedient to their parents, and respectful to their teachers. I must say, however, Mr. Editor, that the little misses are ahead of the boys in good conduct; but there are only three who give us any trouble, and they promise to do better. I think you need have no fears in receiving them all.

"Let them all be admitted," says the Corporal, "and let those girls be honored more than the boys. Those three doubtful cases shall be received in faith. I will trust their honor that they will not disgrace either themselves or my company.—EMILY F. M. says:

"My pa is away on a long journey, and we don't hear from him very often. I hope he will be spared to come home again. Hurrah for our Canada Sunday-schools! I love the Sunday-school."

Yes, hurrah for the Sunday-school! But it is not enough to merely hurrah. Children must mind what is taught there, and live so that all who know them shall say, "There goes some Sunday-scholar. They are good children." Hurrah for good children! I hope Emily will soon be able to shout, "Hurrah, here comes papa!" What next, Corporal?

"ANNA W. C., of L—, says:

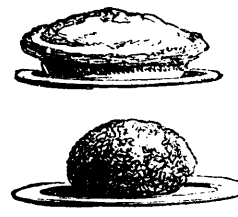
"I have four brothers and one sister. We can all but two read your paper, and take turns reading it to father and mother. We want to belong to your Try Company. We sometimes say 'I can't,' but will try to avoid it in the future."

Anna writes like a frank-hearted girl. I admit her and all the rest, beseeching them all to give their hearts to Jesus.

"FRANKIE H., of S—, writes:

"Please to accept this little gift from a boy of nine years, who is a member of the H— street Methodist Sunday-school and church, and who loves Jesus and wants to join your Try Company."

The gift is a book-mark, most beautifully done by Frankie himself. May heaven bless him! He shall go into the Try Company with the prayer of the Corporal that the world may be made better by Frankie's life and labor. The photo was sent, and the balance given to the Sunday-School Union.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### THE HUNGRY CHILDREN.

THERE were four little brothers and sisters who came to school every day; but sometimes they looked so sad and weary that the teacher made some inquiries. She found that the parents were so poor that they could not get food enough for the children to eat. For many days all they had was a little bread and water. Yet the dear little ones came to school every day, and studied their books and behaved very nicely. When the head teacher heard this he asked them to go home with him; but the youngest said he did not like to go in. He did not know that his mother would like to have him go to a strange house. At last, after much persuasion, they were all brought into the house and seated at the table, where there was plenty of food. It must have looked very good to their hungry little eyes. Their plates were well filled, and they were urged to eat; but they would not touch a mouthful. Do you think you would have done so? I know some little folks that would have gone pushing and scrambling to get about it first.

The good folks who were so kindly trying to supply their wants were much perplexed, but finally concluded to leave them alone. No sooner had they left the room than, looking back through the half open door, they saw the eldest boy put his little hands together, thank God for supplying their wants, and ask his blessing on the food, of which they then partook cheerfully.

When I heard this little story it shamed me to think of the many little boys and girls that have plenty to eat every day and never thank God for it. I hope if you have not always said grace you will begin now. If you cannot think just what to say repeat the following, and then by and by you can think up one in your own words:

"O Lord, we thank thee for this food. Help us to partake of it temperately, and may it make us strong to serve thee. Feed our souls with the bread of life. Feed the hungry everywhere, and let all men learn to love thee. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen."

A. J.

### TWENTY IMPOLITE THINGS.

1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing.
6. Cutting finger-nails in company.
7. Leaving church or chapel before worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourselves, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and,
20. Not listening to what one is saying in company.

WRITE your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year and you will never be forgotten.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

### LITTLE KIM.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A LITTLE dog, its color black,  
Its figure lithe and slim,  
Its tail curtailed, likewise its ears,  
Its quaint pet nickname, *Kim*.

Of all the anxious, burdened souls,  
Whose watchful eyes grow dim  
With ceaseless worry, we must give  
The palm to little *Kim*.

He never has an hour of peace;  
E'en Sunday brings to him  
No respite from his heavy cares,  
No rest to little *Kim*.

The house and grounds he holds in charge,  
The walks and borders trim;  
Their shadows, whether small or large,  
Are sacred all to *Kim*.

Whoever goes along the street  
Must note his visage grim,  
The careworn, antiquated phiz  
Of faithful little *Kim*.

Let one but pause before the door,  
He shakes in every limb;  
But not with fear, for very brave  
Is spunky little *Kim*.

His bark comes out by rapid jerks;  
It is too big for him;  
He can't express it all at once—  
A little dog is *Kim*.

A stranger cannot choose but think  
He barks to suit some whim,  
He fires such braggart minute guns  
Which frighten—only *Kim*.

He barks himself all out of shape,  
He is so full of vim;  
Yet peaceful as a Quaker's creed,  
In truth, is valiant *Kim*.

In vain my pen aspires to trace  
A sketch complete of him;  
Its simple truth will only serve  
To introduce pet *Kim*.

### WHAT THE BOYS WOULD BE.

Four or five good little boys were talking one evening, as boys often do, of the future. One asked the tallest of the group:

"What are you going to be when you are a man, Willie?"

"A lawyer," answered Willie. "It is very important to have justice done in courts."

"Yes, but lawyers don't always look out for justice. I've heard that most of them will plead a case on either side, right or wrong, for the money," replied Charles.

"Well, that may be so; but that's not the kind of a lawyer I'm going to be. I'll always take the right

side whether I get paid or not. I'll look out for all the widows and orphans, to see that nobody cheats them," said Willie. "What will you be, Charlie?"

"O, I'm going to be a doctor, so that I can ride day and night. I'll keep four horses and change them often, and always have a fresh one. I'll not go poking along with a worn-out horse and a spattered gig, like Dr. Grey."

At this little Jimmy sprung up, and cried very earnestly, as if already in the business, "Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I'm going to be a blacksmith."

His brothers laughed, and Willie said, "I shall never be ashamed of you, Jimmy, if you're a good, honest blacksmith; but you must always wash your face and hands before you come to my office."

"Yes, I will, and put on my Sunday clothes," replied the good-natured little fellow.

"Well, that is settled, then, that father is to have a lawyer, a doctor, and a blacksmith in his family," said Willie.

Grandma sat all this time in her arm-chair, knitting away very fast on a striped stocking. At her feet sat the family pet, Harry, sticking pins into grandma's ball of yarn. Ah! it was for his tiny plump feet that the yarn was flying over the dear old lady's needles.

"Boys," said grandma, "here is one who has not told what he is going to be when a man."

"O no!" cried Willie, stooping down, and taking dear Harry in his arms. "What are you going to be when you're a big man like papa?"

Harry put his little arms round Willie's neck and said, "When I am a great big man I'll be—I'll be—kind to my mother."

"You darling boy," cried grandma, "that is a sweet little vision of your future! I would far rather have you a humble working man, with this same affectionate heart, than see you cold and selfish in the seat of a judge. Willie and Charlie might be great and wise men in their professions, and yet be no comfort to their parents in old age, unless they were at the same time loving and kind.

"Greatness alone makes no one happy; but goodness, like the sun, sheds light and joy everywhere. Whenever, after this, dear boys, you are laying plans for coming life, always add to your plans and promises sweet Harry's words: 'When I'm a man I'll be kind to my mother.'"

### AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

THE prisoner here may break his chains,  
The weary rest from all his pains,  
The captive feel his bondage cease,  
The mourner find the way of peace.

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