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CHILDREN AND

FORBID THEM NOT

TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUPER-LITTLE

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

UNTO ME

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 9.

FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 225.



HOT COALS; OR, HOW FRITZ WAS CONQUERED.

BY REV. DR. NEWTON.

JOE BENTON lived in the country. Not far from his father's home was a large pond. His Cousin

Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, elegantly rigged, with masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond. Joe had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little

eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying, "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it." "Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

cave near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of this day Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself as he finished dressing. "Now, I've just time to run down to the pond before breakfast and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon, for the captain must be up to time."

Away he went, scampering toward the cave where the boat had been left ready for the launch. As he drew near he saw the signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away. The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then, with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed:

"I know who did it—the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch; but I'll pay him up for *this* caper, see if I don't."

Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cove, and hurrying on some way down the road, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along, but instead of that it was his Cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to see just then, so he unfastened the string and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him. But Herbert's quick

"Why, you see Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash 'em all."

Joe knew that this was not a right feeling, and expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, he only said in a quiet way:

"Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! burn him?" asked Joe doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head. With a queer smile Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he, "that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now, tell me how to do it—quick!"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." There," said Herbert, "that's God's way of doing it, and I think that's the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now, I do say, Cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that's a real take in. Why, it's just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill-temper, and he said sullenly, "But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said Herbert: "I've known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose—'ut no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that."

Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away. Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts he saw Fritz coming down the lane carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string!" but he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the good fellow began at once with, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home and done all my work I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "O may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And, Fritz," he added a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast, but after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said:

"O Joe! I did it; but I can't begin to tell you

how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean when you promised me the books, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

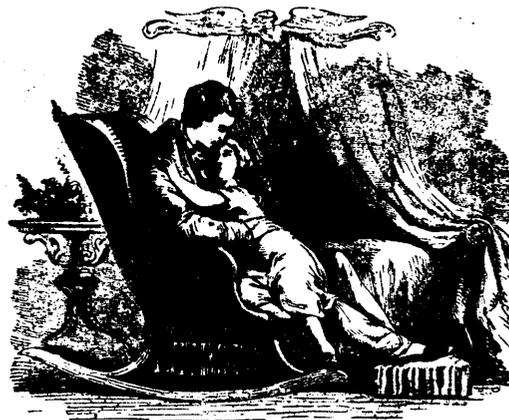
"And yet you didn't—" Fritz could get no further. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal *does* burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine."

Joe took two or three somersaults, and went home with a light heart and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg-money. The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he was never more happy in his life. And Joe found out afterward that the more he used of this curious kind of coal the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be. Joe was sowing righteousness when he put that coal on Fritz's head, and he had "a sure reward" in the pleasure which it yielded him. *Pleasure is one part to the reward of sowing righteousness. This is sure.*



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

ROSIE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

WHY have the children all stopped in their playing?

Bright shines the sun in the sky overhead;
Icicles clear on the bare trees are swaying,
What is it that the young voices are saying?
Softly they murmur, "Rose Percy is dead!"

Dear little Rosie! Thy course is soon ended;
Five fleeting summers make up thy brief day;
Vainly hath wealth sheltered thee and defended,
Vainly hath love all thy footsteps attended,
Like the May flowers thou hast faded away.

Miss we thy laugh and thy voice softly humming
Its unstudied music, so artless and clear;
Miss we the light step so cheerfully coming,
All thy sweet presence so bright and so dear;
Ah, who will fill up thy empty place here?

We must not regret thee, though pale death doth sever
The cords that unite thy loved being to ours;
We still catch thy smiles, and our spirits can never
Forget that we shall in the coming Forever
Recover again earth's loveliest flowers.

I WILL devote an hour each day
In prayer to God on high;
That he will guide me in the way
To joys beyond the sky.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE MARTYR SADOH.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF PETERMAN.



DURING the long reign of Sapor II., King of Persia, the Christians of that country were subjected to many cruel persecutions. The Jews and heathen priests inflamed Sapor against them by representing them as Greek spies.

Under this influence he put to death, in the thirty-first year of his reign, about one hundred of the most holy persons of his kingdom.

In subsequent persecutions the good Simeon, Bishop of Seleucia and Ctesiphon, suffered death. His successor was Sadoth, who, as an archdeacon, had been sent to the Nicene council. He was bishop, however, only a short time. In a dream he was forewarned of persecution. He seemed to see by night, as Jacob of old, a ladder reaching up to heaven, on the top of which stood Simeon, who looked kindly on him and said, "Come up hither, Sadoth, to me; for I ascended yesterday and thou shalt come up to-day." From this he inferred that as Simeon had perished so would he, and he related the dream to his friends, and exhorted them to stand firm to their favour and to put on the whole armor of holiness.

When Sapor, two years after the first persecution, was dwelling in Seleucia, he caused the pure and God-fearing Sadoth to be arrested, and at the same time with him one hundred and twenty-eight others, among whom were presbyters, deacons, old and young. These he cruelly imprisoned and bound in chains and fetters for five months. Three times during this period were they taken out and fearfully tortured in order to compel them to offer idolatrous worship to the sun, which if they had done they would all have been restored to freedom and honor. But Sadoth, in the name of all of them, said:

"We stand in one strength, in one wisdom, and in one will; and in one faith praise we the only God whom we serve with our whole soul. But the sun which he made and preserves we worship not; and fire, which he gave us to use, we reverence not. We cannot obey thy command and displease the true God."

When this was reported to the king he sent word to them that if they would not obey him they should immediately be destroyed. To this they replied:

"To our God we cannot die, and to his Son we cannot be lost; for he is ready to awaken us to a new life and to receive us into his kingdom. Destroy us in whatever manner you please, we are ready and content to die for our God."

Then the king ordered their execution. They were led in fetters outside the city, but as they went they all sang together the forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation," etc. When they reached the place of death they joyfully said, "Praised be God who has given us this crown for which we longed, and praised be his Son who leaves us not in this world, but calls us and raises us up to himself through the sacrifice of our own blood." And this song of praise did not cease until the last death-blow had been struck.

J. P. L.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

LOVE FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN THE DEATH-HOUR.

WHEN ELVA LESTER was near her end the Sabbath came. She knew the holy day and requested to be carried to her Sabbath-school. This, of course, was impossible; but her request shows how she loved her school, and it ought to shame those children who, with the best of health, can hardly be forced to attend. Elva is at school now where the great Teacher hears the lessons.

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.



BOYS AND THEIR PETS.

WHAT are those boys doing? They are schoolboys out on a stroll upon a holiday afternoon. They are standing on a bridge which crosses a river. A small steamboat is puffing away below them, and they are watching the wreaths of smoke which curl up from the water and vanish in the air.

But what of the lamb and the goat which are standing behind them? Look at them! Did you ever see animals wear more contented and quiet faces? They are not tied with cords, yet they do not run away. They are not even restless. What holds them? Ah, Miss Keen-brain, you have the secret. They are bound to those boys by the invisible cords of love.

Yes, that is the secret. Those boys are kind to their pets, and kindness has made those dumb animals love them. The creatures cannot speak words, but their looks tell the story quite as well—perhaps better than their tongues could if they spoke as eloquently as those famous old orators, CICERO and DEMOSTHENES.

Kindness is a jewel. It adorns the characters of boys more than diamonds do the brows of beautiful women. Everybody loves to see children kind. Jesus is pleased to see them so too. But did you ever know an unkind boy to be loved? Boys, if you wish to feel right yourselves, to be loved by others, to enjoy the smile of the kind Redeemer, be kind, be kind.

CHARLIE AND HIS MOTHER.

A BOY named Charlie stood beside his dying father with a heaving heart and eyes blinded with tears. With his last breath the good man said:

"Charlie, my boy, be kind to your mother."

Charlie never forgot those words, except when he wanted to disobey his mother. At other times he was ready to do anything to show his love for her—at least, he always said so, but somehow when he wanted to have his own way he always forgot.

One afternoon after school he rushed into the parlor and said:

"Mother, there's going to be fireworks on the common to-night because the new water-works are finished. Tom Childs, and Peter Christy, and Harry Townsend, and all the boys are going. May I go too? I want to hurrah for the man who built the works."

Charlie's mother stroked the boy's face, patted his head, and replied:

"I should like to have you see the fireworks, my dear, but I can't trust you with those boys. They are not good boys. Stay with me this evening. I will take you for a walk down to the bridge, where we can see the fireworks as well as we can on the common. Indeed, I think it will be much more pleasant there because there will be no crowd."

This was very kind, and Charlie ought to have loved his mother more dearly than ever for proposing such a plan. I am sorry to say he did not. He pouted, scolded, stamped, and finally shouting, "I will go with the boys!" ran out of the house and joined idle Tom, naughty Peter, and wicked Harry on the common.

Did Charlie enjoy the fireworks? Not one bit. His mother's sweet, pale face kept rising up between him and the brilliant colors of the fireworks. The last words of his dead father kept ringing in his ears louder than the rushing sounds of the fiery rockets. He was miserable, and the boys said, "We never saw Charlie so stupid before."

Charlie hurried home as soon as the last piece went off. He found his home very much disturbed. Nothing looked right. There were no lights in the parlor. Strange faces were seen on the stairs.

"What's the matter?" asked Charlie.

"Your mother is dead!" replied one of the servants. "She died suddenly an hour ago. Your name was on her lips when she died."

Poor Charlie's misery was now perfect. If all the world had been his he would have given it to bring his mother back to life, or even to undo the disobedience of that sad evening. But the deed was done. His mother's sweet face was as marble now, her eyes were closed, her tongue was silent. Charlie was an orphan. He lived to be a man, but he never forgave himself for the disobedience of that sad evening.

Charlie was a boy of good intentions. He always meant to be kind to his mother, but his SELF-WILL was stronger than his love for his mother, and stronger than his sense of duty. Are there not many such children in my Advocate family? I fear so, and I commend them all to go to Jesus for grace to conquer themselves. How many of them will go? Who will go to Jesus first?



EDITOR'S CABINET.

"WAR is a sad calamity. Battles are wholesale sorrows. They carry swift death to thousands, wounds and broken bones to thousands more, and weeping to unnumbered homes. The bullet that kills a father breaks a mother's heart and bequeaths a legacy of grief and often of poverty to his children. Isn't it sad? Let all our children pray, 'O Lord, give speedy victory to the Gospel, that wars may cease all over the earth and the smiles of universal peace make all nations happy!'"

"That's my composition," says the Corporal sighing.

"There is too much truth in it," replies Mr. Forrester. "I hope you will soon be called to write another, the burden of which shall be 'On earth peace, good will to men.'"

Amen to that, 'Squire—but, Corporal, open your budget and let the little folk speak.

"Let me first give the answers to the questions in our last number. Here they are: THE BODY. (1.) Phil. iii, 21. (2.) 1 Cor. vi, 19. (3.) Rom. xii, 1. (4.) Bones, Exod. xiii, 19. (5.) Opinions, 1 Kings xviii, 21. (6.) Dinner, Deut. xviii, 14. (7.) Yesterday, Heb. xiii, 8.

"UNCLE D., of K—, says:

"I am sorry to be obliged to report to the Corporal one of his Try Company whose heart is as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. He throws stones at the birds, frightens the ponies, and keeps the pigs and poultry well stirred

up. This is not all. He keeps his little brothers and sisters so vexed that they have been constrained to nickname him 'Squealer,' because he makes everything that he meets with squeal that has breath. I must relate one instance. We had a beautiful dove called Dickey, and he was a great pet to all in the neighborhood, old and young. He would perch on the window-sill and coo, and when the window was raised would come into the house and stand on the children's heads and shoulders, and be petted and caressed for a long time. Very fond of peas and wheat, which he would pick from the hand, I assure you he would get his crop well filled with dainties before he finished his call. He had as many friends as neighbors. Even Squealer was not his enemy, although he was the cause of his death. I will tell how. The other morning I heard a loud cry among the children. They said, 'Dickey's tied fast by the neck to the top of the mill!' You can soon guess how he came there. I told this mischievous boy to let him go at once and went about my business. He did let him go, but left the string fastened to his neck, and he flew to another place, and when about to alight the string caught fast to a stick and strangled the poor little fellow to death right in the sight of many of his little friends, who could not climb up where he was soon enough to save him. Alas! sure enough, they brought poor Dickey into the house with his wings and head hanging down, his eyes closed, feathers all ruffled up, a sad sight to us! Such piercing cries and sad wailing were seldom heard among children. Even Aunt Mary and Cousin Gitty shed tears, and I felt my heart choking to hear the lamentation, 'Poor Dickey's dead! Poor Dickey's dead! O poor Dickey's dead!' The little girls took him to the hillside and buried him. There he lies. Poor Dickey!

"We hope the Corporal will say something to this unlucky boy that will make him try very much harder to leave off his mischief.

"Well, well," says the Corporal, taking off his spectacles and sighing, "if that boy, 'Squealer,' really belongs to my company he must be a spy from the enemy's camp. I disown him. Why, he is trying to be wicked and not to be good. He can't belong to my company. Uncle D. must be mistaken. Will he please inquire when Squealer enlisted? If it turns out that he does belong he shall be court-martialed. Will Uncle D. please report?—A little girl in W— wrote a letter to her father about her soul. Here is an extract from it:

"I feel that I am a sinner, but I know if I ask Jesus he will forgive me. Dear pa, if you will only take me somewhere and talk to me about Jesus, and pray for me, for I have such a burden of sin that I am afraid I cannot get in the gate, for narrow is the way, but very straight, that leads to that better land. O if I was only a Christian! Pa, I can pray now. I just ask Jesus to help me to pray, and I can pray now. Pa, I don't care how soon you take me, for I feel I have such a load of sin I don't know if Jesus will ever forgive me. O if you will only ask Jesus to forgive me and make me one of his dear lambs! O if I was only one of his dear lambs how happy I would be! Will you not take me into the room and lock the door, and then pray and talk to me about Jesus? I am going to try and be a good girl and love my Saviour, and when I come to die, that I may not be afraid to die, and I hope, dear pa, that Jesus will go with me through the dark valley and shadow of death. Dear pa, I hope you will meet me in heaven if I should die first. I hope you will pray for me that when I come to die I may go to heaven and live with Jesus and the holy angels forever. O that I may become one of his children and one of his sweet little lambs."

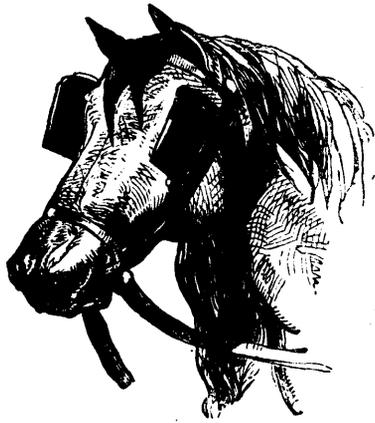
If every child was as anxious about her soul as this little girl Jesus would be glad. He would open his arms to receive them all. There is room in his bosom for all the children on earth. Praise his holy name!

"ALICE G., of C—, says:

"I like to read the letters in the Advocate from China, India, and so forth, for it interests me to hear from those far-off parts of the world, and to hear what the poor little heathen children do. I am going to try to send all my pennies to the poor heathen to buy Bibles with. I do not go to school, and expect I do not know much. I have a little sister Sarah, one year old, but she is too little to fight in your ranks, isn't she?"

"Sister Sarah" is a little too young to join my army, but Alice can begin to train her in a few months. I appoint her to that work, with the Corporal's consent. Alice must read and pick up all the knowledge she can even if she is not able to attend school. She must use her eyes and ears, ask questions, and think. I guess she will never let "I Can't" be her master.

EMILY G. M., of E—, says, "If you will send me your photograph I will send you mine." That proposal looks very fair, and I should like Emily's photo very well; but, ah me! if I should begin to exchange faces with every reader I should need Uncle Sam's purse or Johnny Bull's big bank to pay the bills. I have half a million readers, and should need money to pay for that number of photographs. Can't do it, really. Emily must be content with my mental phiz as it appears in the Advocate every time she reads it.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

RICHARD HOODLESS, THE HORSE-SWIMMER.

RIDING on horseback is good exercise for men, or women, or children. Most people, however, would rather ride on land than through the water. It is safer and more pleasant. But here is a story of a man who rode on horseback in the sea!

Many years ago there lived on the stormy coast of Lincolnshire, England, a farmer by the name of Richard Hoodless. The place where he lived was very lonely, being far away from villages and public roads, and close to the sea. Many a good ship had been wrecked in sight of his dwelling and many lives lost.

Farmer Hoodless always felt sad when the wind blew up a storm, for he knew there would be danger to any vessels that were near the coast. Whenever he saw a storm coming he took his big spy-glass to the top of the house and carefully looked out toward the sea to see if there were any ships in distress. By night or by day he was always ready.

He had no life-boat or strong ropes by which wrecked sailors might be saved; but he had a warm heart, a strong arm, and a stout horse!

"You don't mean to say that he saved the sailors' lives by his horse?"

Yes, that is just what I mean. Whenever this brave man saw a vessel wrecked in front of his house, he went to the stable and put the saddle and bridle on his faithful horse and started right through the breakers for the wreck. The noble animal plunged through the waves, and as soon as he felt himself free from the ground began to swim, while Farmer Hoodless guided him by the bridle as easily as a waterman could steer a boat.

It was very hard work for man and beast to face the storm and the waves. Often they were beaten back, but they tried again, and kept on trying until they reached the wreck. Here the farmer would first get the women and children, as many as he could put on his horse, and then start back for the shore. Then he came to the vessel again and took others off until all were saved.

One stormy night he heard the cry of distress coming from the waters. He knew well what it meant, and it did not take him long to get to the barn and saddle his horse and start out in the darkness through the wild waves. The wind blew hard and the billows dashed fiercely around him, throwing the spray in his face and making it hard for him to breathe.

"Steady, Dick, steady!" he said to his noble horse as a great wave broke over them. After swimming and struggling for a while, they at last reached the ship. The wind and waves had completely upset the vessel, so that the masts and rigging were under the water, the ends of the masts pointing to the shore. This made it very hard to get close enough to the ship to save any one, since the horse was in danger of getting his feet entangled in the rigging.

Farmer Hoodless managed at last to get close to the ship. He first got the captain's wife, who was on board, fastened behind him on the horse. Then he put the captain in front of him, and telling some of the crew to hold on to the stirrups, he started

for the shore. But soon his horse's feet became fastened in the rigging. By the help of one of the men he cut the rope and slowly worked his way to shore. Tired as he was, he went back and brought the rest of the sailors in a similar way. All honor to brave and noble Farmer Hoodless! F.

CAN YOU MAKE ME A CHRISTIAN?

"SAHIB, can you make me a Christian?" asked a little girl in India of a missionary one day.

"No, my little girl, I cannot make you a Christian," was the reply.

She looked very sorrowful. She thought none were so happy as Christians, and she wished to share their joy.

"I will tell you who can make you a Christian," continued the missionary. He bade her pray to Jesus for his Holy Spirit, and referred her to some text in the Bible. She had learned to read in the mission school. A few days after the little girl came to Sahib looking, O so very happy!

"And what makes my little girl so happy?" he inquired.

"I'm a Christian," she replied; "I have prayed to Jesus, and I know he has forgiven me my sins, and given me his Holy Spirit."

Happy little girl!—*Missionary Recorder.*

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW THE REV. JOHN WESLEY RECONCILED ANGRY BOYS.



TOWARD the close of Mr. Wesley's life he preached in Midsomer Norton Church, England, and was entertained at the house of Mr. Bush, who was a local preacher, and kept a large boarding-school in that place. While Mr. Wesley was there two of the boys had a quarrel, and fought and kicked each other most fiercely. While thus engaged Mrs. Bush went into the schoolroom and parted them, and brought them into the parlor, where Mr. Wesley was about to take tea with Mr. Bush and family. In a most kind and affectionate manner Mr. Wesley talked to them, and concluded his advice by repeating those lines of Dr. Watts:

"Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

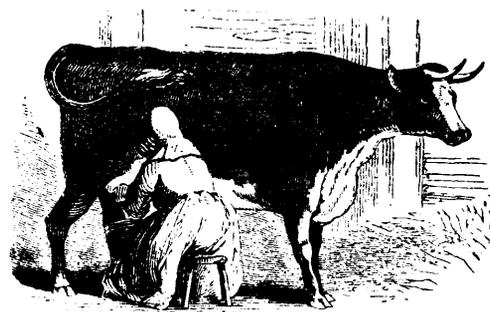
He then said, "You must be reconciled. Go and shake hands with each other," which they did. "Now," said he, "put your arms round each other's neck and kiss each other." When this was done Mr. Wesley said, "Come to me," and taking two pieces of bread and butter, he folded them together and desired each to take a part. "Now," said he, "you have broken bread together." He then gave them a cup of tea and told them they had both drunk of the same cup, and after putting his hands upon their heads he blessed them, when they went into the schoolroom and forgot their angry feelings. The next morning when the scholars came in to prayers Mr. Wesley singled out these two boys, took them in his arms, and sent them away with his blessing.

Now, my young readers, was not this better than to do as some larger boys do, urge them on to see which is the master?

This anecdote was related to the late Rev. R. Treffry by a magistrate of Berkshire, who was one of the boys thus kindly reprovved and instructed.

D. NASH.

GRANDMOTHER used to say to grandfather, "It is no use of quarreling, my dear, when you know we must make it up again."



THE COW.

COME, children, listen to me now,
And you shall hear about the cow;
She is of use, alive or dead,
Whether she's black, or brown, or red.

When Bridget milks her morn and night,
She gives us milk all fresh and white;
And this, we little children think,
Is very nice for us to drink.

The eurdled milk they press and squeeze,
And so they make it into cheese:
The cream they skim and shake in churns,
Until it into butter turns.

And when she's dead her flesh is good,
For beef is very wholesome food:
And though in health it makes us strong,
To eat too much is very wrong.

Then lime and bark the tanner takes,
And of her skin our leather makes;
And this we know they mostly use
To make soles for our boots and shoes.

The hair that grows upon her back
Is taken, whether brown or black,
Or coarse or fine, or short or long,
It makes the mortar firm and strong.

And last of all, if cut with care,
Her horns make combs to comb our hair;
And so we learn, with thanks to teachers,
That cows are very useful creatures.

RIGHT-SORT OF PLUCK.

A MAN looking up from sawing wood saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard.

"See here; what are you about, George?" asked the man.

"I am turning two swearers out of the yard, sir," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I wont."

That is the right time and place to say "I wont." I wish every boy would take the stand, *no play with swearers*. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

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