

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1865.

A LITTLE ACT THAT WAS NOT LITTLE.



"MEAN to do some great thing when I am a man," says earnest NAT. Well, Nat's purpose is not a bad one in itself, and yet I think the boy hardly understands how great things are done. He thinks a boy can't do a great thing, and that men who do great things never begin to do them when they are boys. These are false notions. Boys can do great deeds, and men who do famous actions most always begin to do them while they are boys. I will tell Nat a story by way of showing him what I mean.

A poor boy was once apprenticed to a mechanic. As the youngest boy in the shop, he had to do many errands for the workmen and senior apprentices. Among other things they sent him for beer and liquor. He did not like doing this, but would not refuse because it was part of his duty to run on errands. But when they asked him to drink he said "No." When they urged him he still replied "No" with greater firmness. They laughed at him, but he would not touch the poison. They then mocked and threatened to beat him, but his answer was still "No, I won't drink a drop of your poisonous drink!"

Now that was a great act done by a boy. It was great because it was right; because it showed pluck, firmness, and perseverance. That boy did right and stuck to it like a hero.

Mark what followed! Every one of those drinking shopmates became miserable drunkards. What became of our hero? He grew up a sober youth; became a master mechanic, employing a hundred men, all of whom he taught to be cold-water men, and finally he made a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars.

Now my friend Nat can see what great deeds are and how they are done. They are done by putting forth right acts which appear small but which are really great—great because they are right, and because they often grow into great results. Let Nat and all earnest boys and girls mark this and begin the great things they aspire to by doing little deeds of right every hour *with all their might*. Stick a pin here, my dear Nat—do what you do **WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT!**

CHILDREN'S TALK.

Two children are playing in the graveyard while Jessie, their young aunt, is watching them. One of the children, pointing to a short grave, says:

"Look! on the grass, between the little hills,
Just where they planted Amy."

The aunt with an astonished look replies:

"Amy died—
Dear little Amy! When you talk of her
Say, She is gone to heaven."

The other child rejoins:

"They planted her—
Will she come up next year?"

The first child then makes answer:

"No, not so soon;
But some day God will call her to come up,
And then she will. Papa knows everything—
He said she would before we planted her."

Papa was right. Amy was planted when she was buried, and will come up again when it shall please God to call her. In like manner all the dead are only planted when they are buried, and they will all come up in the day of the resurrection, for Jesus hath said, "The hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

Many of the dear ones whose eyes used to light up with

pleasure when looking on the pages of our little Advocate have gone with Amy to be planted. Many other pairs of bright eyes were clouded with tears, and many little hearts beat quickly with pain the day those sweet forms were put into the ground. Let these sad hearts be cheered and these wet eyes be dried, because the little bodies placed in the ground are sure to come up when Jesus calls them. And they will be more beautiful then than they were at the time they were planted. Blessed Jesus! I thank thee that my buried ones are *only* planted, and that they are sure to come up again.

EASY CHAIR.

THE easy chair is a very pleasant place now the hot summer days are come. There is plenty of room to move about in it. But even the easy chair is not without its faults. It has the bad habit of trying to persuade its occupants to go to sleep. Now it won't do for an editor to fall asleep in his chair, because if he does his paper will be dull and stupid, and his readers will yawn at him—which is very ill-mannerly, you know—and say, "You ought to go to Sleepy Hollow and stay till the frost comes to make you lively." But I don't mean to let my children catch me napping in my easy chair. If I did, the 'Squire would pull my beard, while the Corporal would tickle me with the corners of your letters, and, worse than all, you



would lose your interest in our dear little Advocate. But if I resist the hot weather for your sakes, you must do the same for mine. Rub your eyes, therefore, you sleepers, and brighten up your wits, you dullards, that you may unravel the letters below, which I have purposely made into the hardest knot you ever saw. The above curious picture contains examples of two classes of persons who are spoken to in the text which is contained in the following chaos of letters:

wwwrrrrrrtltelcofeestonplesesadoohsteltstwtahendabes boe.

Put these letters in order and they will give you a valuable text which will explain the picture. Attention, Try Company! and let me see what you are worth. Here are the answers to questions about snow in our last Advocate:

1. Num. xii. 2. 2 Sam. xxiii. 3. Job xxxvii. 4. Job ix. 5. Psa. cxlviii. 6. Psa. cxlvii. 7. Psa. li. 8. Prov. xxvi. 9. Isa. i. 10. Jer. xviii. 11. Psa. lxxviii. 12. Isa. lv. 13. Dan. vii. 14. Matt. xxviii. 15. Prov. xxv.

Here is a letter from one of my older children named JESSIE. She says:

"Although I am out of my 'teens' I am still an interested reader of your little paper, and consider myself as one of your *older children*. I trust the Advocate has done much and is still doing a great deal of good among the children. I am quite sure that it had a great influence upon my own childhood in awakening and deepening the better impulses of my wayward heart. I would like to tell you how grateful I feel for the many precious lessons you have taught me in this dear little paper. I shall always love it for the good it has done me, and also for what it still does, for I seldom read a copy of it now without learning something good or new.

"I suppose you feel interested for all of your Advocate family, and want to have them all do right. I am sorry to tell you of one who does not seem to profit by your instructions. It is a little girl of ten or eleven years of age, who lives with a kind aunt who takes great pains to train her aright. I do not know whether she is a member of

the Try Company or not, but she is a reader of the Advocate and a regular attendant at the Sunday-school. As she has a great respect for you, I think that anything you might say to her would have more weight than what any one else might say.

"One morning she went to her aunt's tea-box, and taking out a handful shyly put it in her pocket, and taking her basket of dinner, started for school. At the noon recess, while the teachers were gone home to their dinner, she succeeded in persuading one of her little schoolmates to go with her to the house of an old woman who professes to tell fortunes. Handing her the tea, Jennie, as I will call her, for I should hardly want to tell you her real name, told her they had come to have their fortunes told. A cup of tea being a luxury seldom enjoyed by the fortune-teller, she very readily promised to gratify the silly little girls. They waited with breathless curiosity while the preliminaries were gone through with, and then listened to a senseless, foolish 'lingo' until little Mary declared she would stay no longer, (she having come with a vague sort of idea that she was doing wrong,) and ran back to school, leaving Jennie to hear the rest of the wonderful things that were 'surely to happen to her.' Now, Mr. Editor, I will leave her case for you to deal with as you may see fit."

Jennie robbed her aunt when she took that tea from the box, which was a great sin. When she went to the "fortune-teller" she did a foolish thing, for the words of "fortune-tellers" are as vain as the quack of geese. She should be ashamed of the latter act and penitent for the former. Let her confess her fault first to her aunt and then to Jesus, and not rest until she is forgiven. As for Jessie I give her my blessing. May she teach others what I have taught to her!—I. N. R. says:

"While passing from my morning appointment to my appointment for the afternoon, thought being my only companion, I heeded not the distance I had gone until my attention was attracted by a little girl of scarcely eleven years, to all appearance awaiting my approach. Upon my arrival opposite where she was standing she gave me a very cordial invitation to call the evening prior to my next appointment. Josephine, for that was her name, was a member of our Sunday-school during the summer months, for we of the country, as some of the little readers of the Advocate know, are not blessed with the Sunday-school during the winter. She was loved by all that knew her. She loves the Advocate, and prominent among her choice photographs is that of its editor. I called at the appointed time, and almost immediately she brought me the last copy of her paper, and called my attention to that beautiful little piece called 'The Little Girl's Fair,' and

then said with great zeal, 'I want to do something for the cause,' evidencing an earnest desire to carry out the spirit of the piece referred to. After some little advice the subject was dismissed and almost forgotten. About one week before conference she handed me fifteen dollars, to be used, she said, in sending papers and other necessities to poor schools, and I wish the dear readers of the Sunday-School Advocate could have seen how good she looked just as she handed the moneys over for the benefit of our poor children. I was surprised at the largeness of the amount, and I could but say, 'God bless the Sunday-School Advocate in its mission of love! God bless the children who read its impressive truths! God bless the editor in simplifying truth to meet the wants of the children! Inclosed you will find five dollars sent to you by the request of the little girl before mentioned, to be used in sending proper reading matter to poor children.'

That little girl is building her house on a rock, for she is a *doer* as well as a hearer or reader of the truth. The five dollars have been applied to the payment of our bills for papers, etc., sent to those who need them. May that dear little girl live to be the Dorcas of her generation!—MIRIAM F. FISHER writes:

"I joined your Try Company and the Lord has blessed my soul. I have a little sister and she says she wants to seek the Saviour. I hope you will pray for me and my little sister. I had a sister who was seventeen years old, but she died, and she said she was going to heaven, and if she only could take mother along she would be satisfied. We have a Sunday-school, but we can't attend it regular, for it is three miles from our house."

May Miriam and her sister be like Deborah of old—full of sacred joy.—H. V. G., of N—, writes:

"I am trying to read the Bible through every year, and to be a good boy. I want to join your Try Company, I see so many others have joined it. Pray for me that I may be faithful. I was converted last winter at my father's protracted meeting."

Henry must be a valiant soldier of Christ, and he will be sure to train well in the Try Company.