

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TALK ABOUT THE HEATHEN.

WHEN I was a child I used to love to get pennies for the missionaries, so that the heathen might have the Bible and know about my dear Saviour who wanted to bless and save them too. And so do many of you, dear romping boys and sprightly girls. You stop sometimes in the midst of a "royal frolic," and the laughing face grows sad while mamma or auntie tells about the little ones—fond of life as you are, with eyes and hands like yours, and who, like you, are "so afraid of the dark," but who are yet sometimes buried alive. O how you wish you had their bad gods! you "would burn them up, every one of them!" And you want to be grown up so that you can tell them about your loving God. You can easily do without "sour balls," and make your dollies of paper or rags, can't you, if your pennies will help to make these poor little things happy and send them to heaven when they die? Now, stop reading for a moment, little fellow, and pray, O God, save the poor heathen, for Jesus' sake. God hears prayer.

Do you hear sometimes about the other heathen too, nearer to you, whose children are far worse off than if they were buried alive or thrown to the river-god? Or do you, as I did once, think they all live "across the big water," with their houses full of idols?

Now listen while I tell you. There are some just around the corner, in that house you pass on your way to school. That little beggar you think so ugly, and dirty, and saucy is one. Yes, Jesus loves her so much that he died to save her, and is praying for her now; but she knows nothing about it. Don't dislike her so much next time you meet her, but think about this and ask God to bless her. Some of these young heathen, ah, perhaps some of the old ones, are like the little boy I heard of who begged the policeman to release him, saying he would like to be good, but nobody showed him how. Poor little fellow! But some one tried to show him after that, and he was not so naughty again.

Perhaps if you will tell this to papa or some friend they will help these poor people to be good. Why, you can do it yourself; aren't you glad of that? You can tell them about your Sunday-school and about Jesus while the cook is hunting up scraps for them. Ask God to help you; it will do more good if you do.

There are other heathen, rich ones, who live in some of those splendid houses where you think they must be all so happy. You can help them, too, by prayer. O, my little fellow, it is wicked not to pray for all these.

Are you tired of Sister Em's talk now? Run away, then, and be happy, but don't forget. Some other day, if your "dear Mr. Wise" says so, I will talk to you again, perhaps.

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SUGAR BOILING.

ONE of the pleasant things in the life of the northern farmer is sugar-making in early spring. When OLD WINTER lets go his stern grip upon nature, when graceful, coquettish Miss SPRING, with her smiles and tears, her merriment and her scolding, comes to melt the snows, unbind the rivers, woo the buds to swell, and the flowers to bloom, then the farmer goes into his maple groves with his rude sap-troughs, his pails, and his kettles. Then he inserts little tubes or spouts in the trees, through which the clear sap trickles into the troughs. This sap he carries off in pails to his camping-ground. After he has enough sap he makes it into sugar by boiling it. I like maple sugar, don't you?

When "sugaring-off-time" comes all the young folks go to the sugar-camp to taste the syrup and nibble at the sugar-cakes. They have a sweet time then and enjoy it finely. Look at some of them in



the picture! Don't they look happy? I should like to join them, and give my opinion about the quality of that syrup which the good farmer has just put into the bowl, shouldn't you?

The farmer has to work hard, but then how independent and healthy he is! I know his hard work often frightens boys and girls, and they say, "We wouldn't like to live on farms." They think city life is easier. They would rather live in shops and sewing-rooms. They are mistaken. City people have to work very hard to get a bare living. Rich men work as hard as poor ones, and generally die younger. In fact, everybody who gets along honestly in this world must work hard somehow. On the whole, I think a farmer who loves God and cultivates his mind as well as his land, is in the most pleasant place on earth. You know, God made the first man a farmer and gardener, and the first woman was a farmer's wife. Be content, therefore, O child of the country. Learn to till the soil. Be a reader, a thinker, above all, be a Christian, and you will find the dear old farm the happiest corner of the world for you to live and die in.

ADAM.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

MAKING CHIPS TALK.

A MISSIONARY in one of the South Sea islands was one day attending to some work at quite a distance from the mission-house when it happened that he wanted more tools. So taking out his pencil, he picked up a large smooth chip of wood, wrote his wishes upon it, and requested one of the natives to take it to the mission-house and he would receive the required tools. The native was not a little surprised to be asked to carry a *chip*; perhaps he thought it very silly; but when he saw the missionary's wife look at it attentively and then hand him the very tools that were wanted, he changed his mind, begged permission to keep the chip, and then hung it about his neck, showing it to every one he met, and telling the marvelous achievement of the English, who could "make chips talk."

But this is not a whit more marvelous than it is to make paper talk, and we would think just as strangely of that if we had never seen it done before. But however common it may be, it still is wonderful. Only think of sending your thoughts, your words just as you utter them, away over long distances and make people understand what you would say just as if you went yourself. Then, again, you can shut them up in a book and keep them, so

that people who shall live many years afterward may know just what you thought, and felt, and said.

But the most wonderful of all is that God, whose voice we cannot hear, has put down *his thoughts* and his wishes about us in a book that we can read, and it is just what he would say to us if we could see him and hear his voice. O that is far more wonderful than for a man to make chips talk! We should keep the precious book by us and look in it often, and ask him to help us to understand and love the things he has written for us there.

A. J.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

WILLIE'S PROMISE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

YES, I remember very well,
'Tis scarce one year ago,
That Willie sat upon my knee—
Dear child! I loved him so.
And I was telling him how bright
And beautiful was heaven,
And how to happy children there
Sweet, holy joys were given.

I told him of the Saviour's love;
How little ones were brought
To share his blessing, and to hear
The lessons that he taught
And that a host, by him redeemed,
Dwelt in that region fair,
And throngs of childish worshippers
Were with the blessed there.

Ah, little one, I said, when I
Shall reach that happy place,
And free from sorrow and from pain,
Shall only sing of grace,
I'll wait beside the pearly gates
To greet your coming too.
"Perhaps I'll get there first," he said,
"And then I'll watch for you."

His full lips showed the rose of health,
His eyes were bright and clear;
Yet ere five fleeting months were gone
He was no longer here.
With weary feet we slowly tread
The path that leadeth home,
Remembering that Promise sweet,
To watch until we come.

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HOW MARY WENT HOME.

LITTLE MARY died well. She had long been a Sunday-scholar, and though, like other children, she expected to live and grow up, yet when she heard the summons to go she was ready. Her illness was short but severe, yet she thought of all around her with tender affection. She distributed her little treasures with perfect composure. She knew that she would need them no longer. When her pa expressed his fears that she was dying, she replied promptly that she was not afraid to die, and begged her mamma not to weep for her when she was gone, because it would make her sick.

During her last agonizing sufferings she begged her pa to tell her what to do. His reply was, "My dear, we have done all we can to help you; there is only one help now, ask God to help you."

She immediately put up her hands and with touching simplicity said, "Dear heavenly Father, if you will take away this pain and make me well I will serve you all my life; but if I am to die, please take me now."

The pain immediately ceased, and she lay easily upon her side waiting for an hour or more, when she passed quietly away to be forever with the Lord.

O.

WHEN we devote our youth to God
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.