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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE RICH POOR WOMAN.

Who is that woman? Her face is pale and sad. She is poor, for her dress is coarse and plain, and she carries her babe in her arms. Yet, poor as she is, she appears to be putting money into that big box. What does it all mean?

"Ah, I know," exclaims Miss Blue-eyes; "that's the widow Jesus saw casting two mites into the treasury in the temple."

Rightly judged, O sharp-eyed miss! That is the poor widow whom Jesus praised because she put less than a cent into the temple treasury. Her gift was small, very small indeed. Yet it delighted Jesus, and he spoke warm words in her praise.

"I know why he did that," says Master Keen-eyes. "She gave all she had to give."

You are right, my son. The widow's mite was all the money she had. In giving that to God she gave what was to her a greater sum than the pieces of gold which rich men put into the treasury. They

gave only what they could spare, she gave all she had. Most likely she had to eat less food because of that gift. No wonder the Saviour praised her.

Christ's praise was greater riches to her than gold. It gave peace to her soul, and that is more than all the gold in the world can give to a single person. The poor widow was, therefore, a wealthy woman. She possessed true riches.

Let children, even little children, imitate this rich poor woman in giving their money to God. The penny of a little child given to the missionary, or Sunday-school, or other good cause, is as precious in God's sight as the dollar, or even as the ten thousand dollars of some men. Let all the children learn to give a portion of their own money to Jesus Christ. X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LAME BOY'S BITTER LESSON.

WILLIAM EDWARDS was lame. A fall in his babyhood had crippled him for life. I am sorry to add that his temper was as crooked as his legs. He was moody, cross, revengeful, and unforgiving.

Do you think lame Will had many friends among the boys? Of course he had not. Boys with ugly tempers never have many friends. Will had but one friend among all the boys, and his name was John Rogers.

John was as brave, generous, and genial a boy as ever walked in a pair of boots. Why he loved Will nobody knew, but love him he did, and that right truly and well. Will often quarreled with him, but he always went and asked Will to make up and be friends again.

One evening while John was playing with the other boys, Will sat looking on. It made the cripple feel vexed to see the fine lithe figure of his friend leaping and running so gayly on the grass. The sight ought to have given him joy, but it didn't. It only roused his anger, and he muttered to himself:

"What is he better than I am? Why should he have everything and I nothing? It's unfair! It's unjust!"

Then Will bent his aching head upon his knees and brooded over his troubles until his heart was as full of pain as if a fire had been burning in it. It was, indeed, full of fire—full of the fire of jealousy, anger, revenge, discontent, and hatred. Such fires hurt the heart more than the flames from burning coals can hurt the body. Alas, poor Will!

John saw Will's head bowed and pitied him. Leaving his play, he ran to him and said: