

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE FIRST MARTYR OF METHODISM.

"PA," said Henry Lennox, "I read the other day of the *first martyr of Methodism*. I didn't know before that Methodism ever had any martyrs."

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Lennox, "Methodism has had its martyrs both in this country and in England. People hated its doctrines, its zeal, its warfare against sin just as they hated the same things in the times of the primitive Church, and therefore they persecuted its preachers and professors."

"But did they really kill anybody, pa, for being a Methodist?" asked Henry.

"They did not try and sentence any one to the stake or gallows, my son, as they did in earlier and ruder times. But they ill-used Methodists, beating and stoning them very cruelly, so that many died. THOMAS BEARD, a preacher and companion of John Nelson, was so ill-treated that he died in a hospital at Newcastle. He has been called the 'Protomartyr (the first martyr) of Methodism.' Others were afterward killed by mob violence, especially in Ireland; and even in America a DAUGHADAY, and, in later times, a BEWLEY, have lost their lives for uttering the truth as held by the Methodists. Many, no doubt, have suffered the mental pains of martyrdom in secret places."

"Well, pa," rejoined Henry, "I should not like to be a martyr, but I would rather die than deny what I believe to be true."

"Bravely spoken, my Henry. That is the true martyr spirit. Cherish it, my son. You may, even in this age, have need of it before you die."

Mr. Lennox was right. There is need enough of that spirit which is ready to die for the truth, which prefers death to dishonor. May Jesus give it to every member of my happy Advocate family!

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LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB AND ARISE WITH THE LARK.

How sweet is the evening, when shadows are long!
How fresh is the morning, when daylight is strong!
How good is the lesson, for dawning and dark,
"Lie down with the lamb and arise with the lark!"

The lamb is an emblem of Him whom I praise;
The lark may instruct me my music to raise:
Whatever the business in which you embark,
"Lie down with the lamb and arise with the lark."

Lie down in sweet lowliness, simple and meek;
Arise with devotion, Christ's praises to speak;
But resting or rising, this maxim remark,
"Lie down with the lamb and arise with the lark."

Thus lamb-like and lark-like my days I would spend,
All peaceful and joyful, till all my days end;
If, then, you have ears for my parable—hark!
"Lie down with the lamb and arise with the lark."

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HOW LITTLE EDWARD COMFORTED HIS FATHER.

EDWARD'S father was a minister, and he and his older brother had been taught to pray to our heavenly Father to take care of them and their dear father and mother. They had been told that he would hear their prayers and help them whenever they were in trouble. The good minister, Edward's father, was taken sick. He grew more and more feeble, month after month. By and by he began to think that he should never get well again. He was so weak that he was obliged to give up his preaching, and he was confined to his house. He had no means of obtaining bread for his little family except by preaching, and now that he was too sick to do this, he could not see how his family was to be fed.

The mother of Edward, too, was not strong, and often was quite ill. The afflicted father's money was almost gone. One day he was sitting upon his



bed feeling very much discouraged. For a moment, as he thought of himself and his suffering wife, and his little children, who might soon be left without a father, the tears began to start from his eyes. Edward's mother, ill herself and very much affected by the sorrow of his father, wept also, and the older brother, who could understand the reason why his parents felt so badly, sat near them and mingled his tears with theirs.

Little Edward saw it. He was playing quietly in the sick-room. It made him feel badly to see the tears of his father and mother. Edward had always been remarkably fond of prayer. He loved the Saviour, and enjoyed going to him to tell him all his troubles, and to seek his blessing. There was comfort somewhere for his parents, but he was too small a boy to know how to give it to them. He had a feeling in his heart that the blessed Jesus could make them happy and take care of them all, even if father and mother should be sick. He played a little while silently about the room, while the weeping continued, then he went into the next chamber, leaving the door open. In a very few moments his little voice was heard singing aloud, but tenderly,

"O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end."

It was like a voice from heaven to the fainting father. Jesus was his friend. He would give him grace to conquer. He would keep him to the end. It brought a beam of heavenly sunshine into the sick-room. Jesus wiped away their tears, and the little boy and his parents rejoiced together. These words are now as a voice from heaven to these parents. The little boy has since that singing gone to Jesus. The Saviour said to his parents, "Suffer the little boy to come unto me," and they gave him to Jesus, for it was better for Edward, although their hearts were made sad. He speaks to them from heaven and says:

"O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend."

Jesus has in a wonderful manner been their friend, taking care of them during all the long months of their sickness.

If we have Jesus for a friend we shall never want for a home, or food, or comforts; he will help us to overcome all our temptations, and he will keep us to the end.

There will be some one that we can speak to in a moment if we are in trouble; one that is ready and

pleased to hear us, and one that is able and willing to help us.

"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end." P.

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THE OPEN DOOR.

A poor widow in Holland was out of food. Evening came, her children were crying for bread and she had none to give them. But she knew where to go for help. She gathered her little ones about her and laid their case before their heavenly Father. When they rose from their knees one little boy of eight called up the story of Elijah, who was fed by the ravens in the wilderness.

"Yes, my child," said the mother; "but that was a great while ago."

The little fellow did not see what difference that made. He thought that what God had done once he might do again, and so he opened the door to let the birds in if they should come.

Pretty soon a neighbor passing by, stopped to inquire why the door stood open so at night. The widow told him that it was a childish fancy of her boy's. He thought perhaps the ravens might come in and bring some food to satisfy their hunger.

"Ah," said the good man, "have you nothing to eat? I'll be your raven then. Come home with me, my lad, and you shall get a plenty."

Soon the boy came back with an abundant supply of food for his little brothers and sisters, and when it was disposed of he went to the door, and looking up, said reverently, "Many thanks, good Lord."

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

ONCE upon a time, during a famine in France, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house and said to them:

"In this basket is a loaf for each one of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled, and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend.

Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home her sick mother cut the loaf and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins!

The mother was alarmed and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread by some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he, "it was *no mistake*. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread."

SLOTH makes all things difficult, but industry all easy: and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.