

happy face, saying, "God will send you something, mother; I know he will."

That evening a neighbor came in with a little present, just for neighborly kindness, of flour.

"There mother," said the child, "I asked him, and I knew he would."—*Little Pilgrim.*

## Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

### "AND HE WAS A SAMARITAN."

"A Samaritan and a leper, doubly marked, one of an accursed race, and branded by a loathsome and accursed disease," said my Uncle Alick to his niece, May Wilmot, as they read together on Sabbath afternoon the story of the 'curing of the lepers.'

"Yes," said May, "they appear to have been outcasts from society, yet attracted to each other by a common wretchedness and sorrow. I have often thought of their wondrous cure."

"Ah!" said my Uncle, "there they are: I fancy I can see them; men whom society could not cure and would not own; wild, yet gloomy; their matted and uncombed hair proclaims their utter abandonment! Afar off, fulfilling the ceremonial law, they see the Saviour; they dare not approach him; but, lifting up their voices, they cry for mercy, and are directed to go and show themselves to the priests."

"What an example of faith!" said May. "Away they went, with an unquestioning confidence, and as they went, they were healed. I think I shall not forget this example of obedient faith."

"The judgment of the priests," continued Uncle Alick, restored them to their position in society; but, now mark, my dear, you will find many people like these lepers, who forget in their prosperity the benefits conferred upon them in adversity. Among these lepers there was one who, moved by gratitude, returned to give thanks to Him who had so marvellously cured him of his leprosy: yet he was a Samaritan."

"Yes, Uncle," said May, "we are frequently surprised in finding gratitude to God in most unexpected places, and persons. We do not always, I think, find the greatest love where there has been the greatest benefit. I was just thinking of Simon, the leper, and the reception our Lord met with in his house. How different the feelings!—yet Simon had been cured of his leprosy."

"Thankfulness for small mercies," said my Uncle, "is one of the surest signs of a faithful and loving heart. There is old Mrs. Gorham, no matter what you do for her, she always acts as if she was conferring a favour upon you by accepting of your bounty; she would worry any one with her talk of her greatness, and of her better days; but you never hear her say she is thankful. But poor Mary Phelps, who was found by our City Missionary, some years ago, exposed to destitution, and brought by him to our Sabbath School, became a new creature in Christ, and was received into a kind happy family,—we have seen her expression of thankfulness, the glow of joy, her tearful speechlessness; and we have heard her say: 'I was a poor outcast, and made up my mind for the worst, when I heard the Missionary singing in our court—

"Millions of transgressors poor,  
Thou hast for Jezu's sake forgiven;  
Made them of thy favour sure;  
And snatch'd from hell to heaven."

I rested on Jesus, and now I have a hope—a blessed hope.' Yet she was a 'Samaritan.'"

W.

### SORROWFUL SIGHTS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Some time last month, while walking down the streets of this city, Toronto, I saw a little girl, with no shoes on her feet, ragged dress, and half-starved looks, who was crying out—"Evening Leader, ONLY a copper." "Want an Evening Leader, Sir, ONLY a copper?" All the coppers that were given her, she put in a little bag, which was hung about her neck.

I also saw following her, one whom I thought was her mother, whose face was bloated with drink, whose eyes were red, and who did not look much like those who are created in the image and likeness of God, but more like those who, as John tells us, had the mark of the *beast* in their forehead.

One arm she put around the child's neck, while with the other she took all the coppers out of the little bag.

Then she went away to get more rum, and, no doubt, when the little girl went home that night, she found her mother drunk, perhaps lying on the floor, or if not, so cross that she would have to hide herself to avoid the cruel blows.

A few days after that, I saw a poor old woman with gray hairs, lying at the corner of the street drunk, and a crowd of wicked boys and girls were around her, making fun of her, and trying to make her angry. It may be she was somebody's mother too. By-and-by, a gentleman came along, who had her put in a cart and taken away, perhaps to the cells; and if so, the next day she would be sent to gaol, where she will stay for two months or more.

Did you ever, my young friends, thank God for comfortable homes, warm clothing, and that your parents were not drunkards? How sad it would be to have a mother's presence all through life hang over us like a cloud, through which no ray of light could come to cheer our hearts or enliven our homes! And our pathway being ever thus under a shadow, life would become a dark and dreary thing. But remember that—

"If of parents you came,  
Who honour God's name,  
'Twas his mercy that ordered it so"

The Indians call whiskey fire-water, and very correctly; for it arouses our hate, inflames our lusts, sets on fire all the baser passions, and is itself set on fire of hell.

Solomon, the wisest man in the world, said—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright;" for "at the last it biteth like a *serpent*, and stingeth like an *adder*."

Never begin to drink intoxicating drinks, and you will never have to stop. Never begin, and you will be in no danger of becoming either drunken men or drunken women, and of being lost for ever. May the Lord help you!

"NED."

### HALLELUJAH!

Mothers, listen! Two dear children were one day seen very ill in the same room; the older of the two was heard frequently attempting to teach the younger one to pronounce the word "Hallelujah!" but without success—the dear little one died before he could repeat it. When his brother was told of his death, he was silent for a moment, and then, looking up at his mother, said, "Johnny can say 'Hallelujah' now, mother."

In a few hours the two little brothers were united in heaven, singing "Hallelujah" together.

Mothers! many of your little ones could not sing the praises of the Redeemer while resting in your arms, but they have been taught the music of the Upper Temple now, and they sing among the celestial choristers.

### HAPPY HOMES.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—There is nothing in this world more beautiful, than a home where love and piety reign. It is the best type of heaven. All children should be grateful to God, and to their parents, for the blessing of a happy home. I fear many children take their daily blessings, without thinking how much love and gratitude they owe to those who supply their wants. Children, did you ever think of all your father and mother did for you, before you were able to do anything in return for their kindness? Your mother watched over you and nursed you tenderly, when you could not do the least thing for yourselves. And your father toiled at his daily business, that you might want for nothing, long before you had any thought about your own wants. They were glad when you were born; and ever since they have prayed and hoped that you might grow up to be a comfort and a blessing to them. Hence it must give them deep sorrow and regret, if you fail to fulfill their hopes. Do not forget that when you disobey their commands, or give way to bad tempers and selfish dispositions, or neglect your lessons, or go with bad companions, or be unkind to your brothers and sisters and playmates, you cause them much pain, and reward their love with unkindness.

There is one way in which every little boy and girl may do much to reward their parents, for all their care and love—I MEAN BY TRYING WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT TO MAKE HOME HAPPY. You can do this, by promptly and kindly obeying them—by keeping down all angry and bitter feeling—by learning all your lessons well—by being kind and gentle to every one—and by trying to be good children; for nothing is more pleasing to all christian parents, than to see their children growing up as children of God, doing his will in all things.

Nor should you forget that the Lord loves and promises to bless all those who love and obey their parents. But he threatens with fearful punishment those who disobey: "The eye that mocketh at his father, or despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Prov. xxx. 17. How many of the children who read the *Advocate*, will resolve at once that they will try their best for the future to make home happy?  
UNCLE EDWARD.

### "Honour thy Father and thy Mother."

EXODUS XXII. 12.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word." "But do they understand it?—that is the question," said the clergyman.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little fellow, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper, "Yesterday, Sir, I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain, the sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw them bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she."

The clergyman then looked very much pleased; and the old schoolmaster only quietly remarked, "God gives us His grace and His blessings."—*Christian Treasury.*

WHAT IS PATIENCE?—A beautiful answer was once given by a little Scotch girl, when her class at school was examined, she replied—"Wait a wee, and dinna weary!"