

ten dollars. Piyare, one of the oldest girls, wrote a letter in Hindoostanee in behalf of all the girls, and Joel, a native preacher, translated it for the bishop, who was very much pleased, and wrote the girls a nice letter in reply."

Now, I think that was a very pretty thing for those dear little girls of our orphanage in Bareilly to do. It shows they have warm, loving hearts, and begin to realize how much cause for gratitude they have to Christians in America, and, more than all, to the merciful God who put it into their hearts to send missionaries to lift them out of their ignorance and darkness. God bless those dear girls, and in all their learning may they learn the way of salvation thoroughly.

Speaking of the Boy's Orphanage, Mrs. Thomas writes: "We heard of the death of Willie Wheeler a few days ago. You remember Willie, the sweet singer of the Orphanage. He died of consumption. He was very happy, and even triumphant, in view of death. When Brother Waugh went to see him Willie said that he knew he was going to die, and was happy in prospect of living in heaven; he was not afraid, for he believed Jesus had washed away his sins."

Now, do you not think, dear children, that the missionary work pays when boys who have been taught for ten years to worship hideous images and trust to the water of the Ganges for salvation can learn in five years to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and rejoice in the prospect of a home with him in paradise? But it doesn't take *five* years. Many learn that great lesson in a few months, and even *weeks*, and I presume Willie learned it some time ago.

How well I remember Willie Wheeler. When he came to us in 1858 we were living in a place called Nynce Tal, (which means "little lake,") away up on the Himalaya Mountains. Willie was a mountain boy—the plains-folk don't often have consumption—and when he came to us he was a wild-looking little lad about nine or ten years of age. His hair was matted, and he had no clothing except a filthy black woolen blanket. But even then his eye was bright, and his little round face wore a winning expression. Of course, his name wasn't Willie Wheeler then, but some queer Hindoo name instead, Gunga Deen, or Nundoo, or something of that sort. After he was dressed in nice clean clothes and closely clipped and washed he looked like another boy. He was baptized and named William Wheeler.

Somehow everybody who knew Willie always loved him. There was a sweetness and earnestness about him that touched all hearts. I was particularly drawn toward him as the clear ringing voice in which he sang our hymns reminded me of a dear brother at home.

I have no doubt that Willie is now singing the Saviour's praises "On the banks beyond the stream," and it seems to me, children, that if I am ever so happy as to reach that blessed country, and through divine grace I hope to, I should rather meet Willie Wheeler and others who have been saved from among the heathen first of all the blood-washed throng.

God grant, dear children, that we may appreciate our privileges better, and feel a still deeper sympathy for those who are sitting in the region and shadow of death. E. J. HUMPHREY.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

"I NEVER ASK ANY ONE TO LOVE ME."

SAID sweet little Isabella to her mother one day, "I love every one and every one loves me, and yet I never ask any one to love me."

To be sure not. What is the use of asking for love? If Isabella had been unloving, selfish, and ugly, do you suppose any one would have loved her if she had said, "Please, love me?" Not at all. Love is not to be obtained by begging for it. It can only be won as Isabella won it—by being loving and

lovely. She said truly, "I love every one and every one loves me." That's it, my child. If you want others to love you, you must love them. I know only one lovely being who asks for love, and that is He who says, "My son, give me thine heart." He loves us and yet we won't love him. O how wicked we are! May he give us better hearts! X.



THE CANARY.

MARY had a little bird,
With feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs; upon my word,
He was a nice young fellow.

Sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary:
Often when his cage was hung,
She sat to hear Canary.

Crumbs of bread and dainty seeds
She carried to him dally;
Seeking for the early weeds,
She decked his palace gaily.

This, my little readers, learn,
And ever practice duly;
Songs and smiles of love return
To friends who love you truly.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE OLD SCOTCHMAN AND HIS "LADDIES."

It's hard work sometimes to make old people believe that they are old, or that they cannot get along about as well as ever. There was once an old Scotchman by the name of John Gordon, who had lived to be *one hundred and thirty-two years old*. That was quite young compared to Methuselah, but for these times it is doing pretty well. All the travelers who chanced to put up at the neighboring village tavern were urged by good Dame Wallace, the landlady, to go to the cottage of the patriarch, where she said they would see "the aldest man i' Banffshire—ay, or in a' the world."

One day, about the close of harvest-time, a young Englishman, who had heard much about the old man, thought he would like to see him. So he started from Dame Wallace's tavern, and after walking a mile or two he came to a small, humble looking cottage, at the door of which was seated a venerable looking old man, taking his comfort and at the same time knitting stockings.

The young man stood and looked at him for some time, thinking of how much he must have seen and felt in one hundred and thirty-two years. What a sight to see so aged a man! and to find him still active, and able to knit!

"My old friend," said he, "I'm glad to see you. I've heard a great deal about you, and, being in the neighborhood, thought I would come over. Is it possible that you can see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is a rare old age."

"Why, mon," said the old pilgrim, "it'll be my grandfather ye're seeking. I'm only seventy-three. Ye'll find him round the corner o' the house."

On turning the corner of the house and coming to a back door of the cottage, the stranger found a very old man sitting in an arm chair and leaning on a staff with both head and hands. He did not move as the young man came near him. His eyes were closed, and he was either asleep or meditating. Not wishing to disturb him, the visitor stood gazing at him for a few minutes, thiaking of the many wonderful things so old a man must have seen, when the venerable man raised his head and saw him.

"I beg pardon for intruding," said the stranger; "I hope I have not disturbed you."

"What's your wull, sir?" said the old man, who was quite deaf.

"I have only come to see you, as it is so seldom one sees a man one hundred and thirty-two years old." This the young man spoke in a loud tone, and close to the ear of the other.

"O it's not me ye want. I'm only ninety-five. Ye'll be wanting my father I reckon. He's i' the yard there."

The stranger now went into the garden, where he found the old man whom he was seeking busily employed in digging potatoes and humming some ancient tune.

"I've had hard work to find you, my old friend," said the young man. "I have seen your son and your grandson, each of whom I mistook for you. Indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one of your advanced age."

"It is," replied the aged man, "but I'm thankfu' I'm able for't, as the *laddies*, puir things, are no' very stout now."

Seventy-three and ninety-five make rather old "laddies," yet to this old man they still seemed but as children. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

BIG GIRL AND LITTLE LADY.

I MET a little lady in the car the other day. I do not know her name, but it was the same one I told you about that persevered in following the car until she overtook it. That was quite a while ago, and I had not seen her since till now. I felt very much like asking her who she was, and how old she was, and where she lived; but she seemed so lady-like that I feared it would appear rude. So I sat still and observed her.

All the seats in the car were full when she came in, and when a seat was vacated she waited a moment before taking it to see whether any one else wanted it. After a while another person came in—I was going to say another lady, for she was old enough and big enough to be a lady, and she was finely dressed in furs and velvets, but she did not act like a lady, and so I will call her a big girl. When she came in she looked around very sternly for some one to get up and give her a seat. This the little lady did not see, for she sat partly behind her, but she quietly slipped off her seat, and pulling the big girl's cloak to attract her attention, she offered her the place where she had been sitting. The big girl very coolly sat down. The little lady looked up modestly in her face, but the big girl did not seem to know enough even to say, "Thank you." Then the little lady took no further notice of her, but stood patiently until it was time for her to get off, and then she tripped lightly away to school.

My dear readers, which do you admire most—the big girl or the little lady? You can take your choice, and pattern after which you please.

AUNT JULIA.